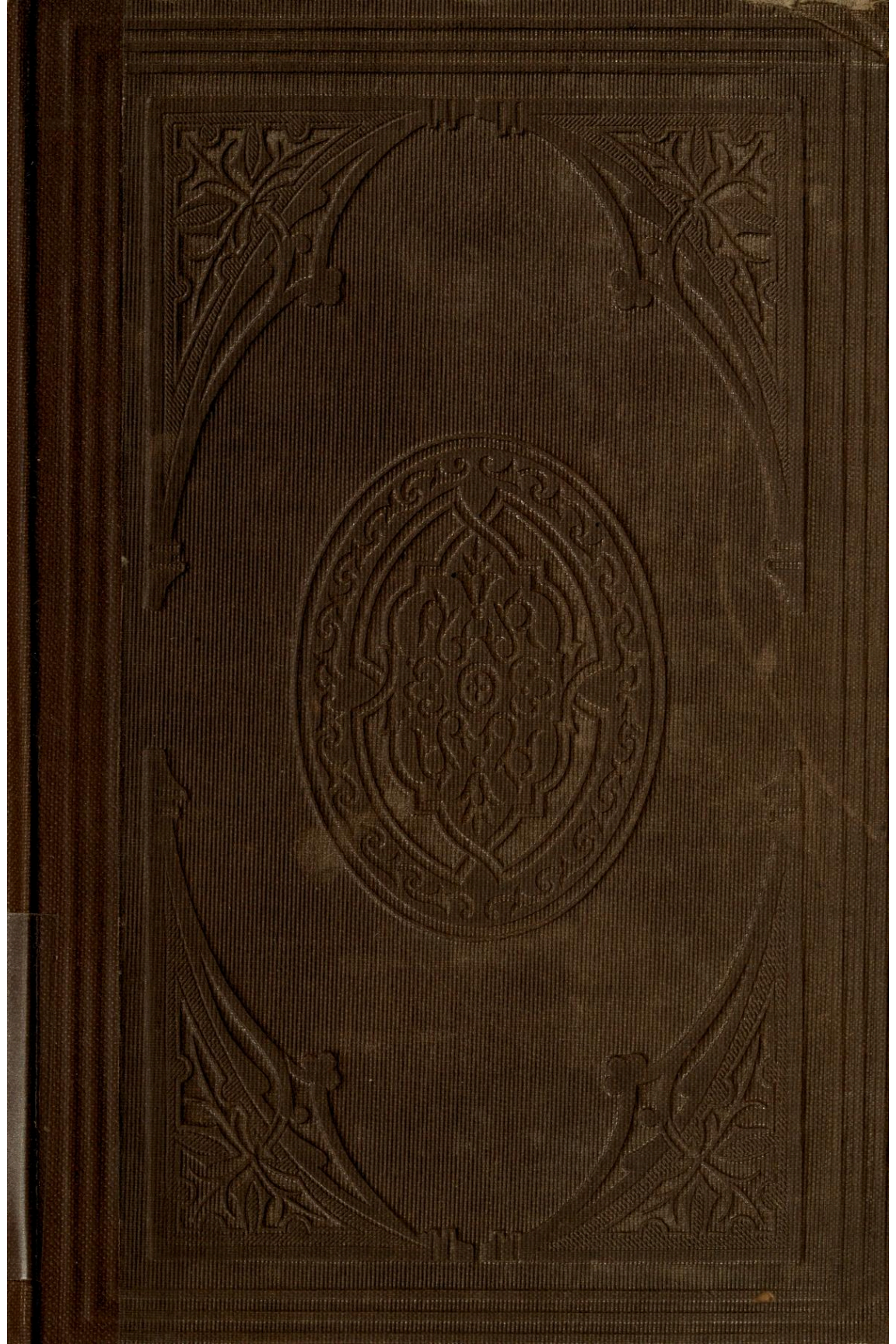


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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE ***



"Are you de man advertised for de dogs, sa-a-ay? You needn't be afraid o' dem; come a'here, lay down, Balty—day's de dogs, mister, vot you read of!" "Ain't they rather fierce," responded the rural sportsman, eyeing the ugly brutes. "Fierce? Better believe dey are—show 'em a f-f-ight, if you want to see 'em go in for de chances! You want to see der

teeth?"—*Page* 136.

THE

HUMORS OF

FALCONBRIDGE:

A COLLECTION OF

HUMOROUS AND EVERY DAY SCENES.

BY

JONATHAN F. KELLEY.

Philadelphia:
T. B. PETERSON, No. 102 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
T. B. PETERSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

TO

ISAAC S. CLOUGH, ESQ.,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF MY REGARDS FOR
YOUR JUST
APPRECIATION OF A GOOD THING,

AS WELL AS FOR

YOUR RARE GOOD SOCIAL WIT AND AGREEABLE

QUALITIES;

AND MORE THAN ALL,

FOR YOUR GENEROUS SPIRIT AND WELL-TESTED

FRIENDSHIP,

I DO WITH SINCERE PLEASURE,

Dedicate unto you this Volume of my Sketches.

FRATERNALLY YOURS,

FALCONBRIDGE.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

This etext differs from the original in the following ways. First, the work used "somehow" and "some how" about equally; these all have been changed to "somehow." Second, a number of minor typographical errors have been corrected. Corrected words are indicated by a dotted gray underline. Hover the cursor over them to see the original

spelling (to find them all, search the source file for the string "<ins"). Finally, a table of illustrations has been added.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE JONATHAN F. KELLY.

The life of a literary man offers but few points upon which even the pens of his professional brethren can dwell, with the hope of exciting interest among that large and constantly increasing class who have a taste for books. The career of the soldier may be colored by the hues of romantic adventure; the politician may leave a legacy to history, which it would be ingratitude not to notice; but what triumphs or matters of exciting moment can reasonably be hoped for in the short existence of one who has merely been a writer for the press? After death has stilled the pulses of a generous man such as Mr. Kelly was, it is with small anticipation of rendering a satisfactory return, that any one can undertake to sketch the principal events of his life.

It is, perhaps, a matter for felicitation that Mr. Kelly has been his own autobiographer. His

narratives and recitals are nearly all personal. They are mostly the results of his own observation and experience; and those who, in accordance with a practice we fear now too little attended to, read the Preface before the body of the work, will, we trust, understand that the stories in which "Falconbridge" claims to have been an actor, are to be received with as much confidence as truthful accounts, as if some Boswell treasured them up with care, and minutely detailed them for the admiration of those who should follow after him.

Jonathan F. Kelly was born in Philadelphia, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1817. Young Jonathan was, at the proper age, placed at school, where he acquired the rudiments of a plain English education, sufficient to enable him, with the practice and experience to be gained in the world, to improve the advantages derived from his tuition. He was, while yet a boy, placed for a time in a grocery store, and subsequently was employed by Lewis W. Glenn, a perfumer, whose place of business was then in Third street above Walnut.

In 1837, Jonathan, being of the age of nineteen years, determined to go out into the world to seek adventure and fortune. He accordingly set out for that great region to which attention was then turned —the Western country. Having but slight means to pay the expenses of traveling, he walked nearly the

whole of the journey. At Chillicothe, in Ohio, his wanderings were for a time ended. The exposure to which he had been subjected, caused a very severe attack of pleurisy. It happened most fortunately for him that a kind farmer, Mr. John A. Harris, pitied the boy; whose sprightliness, social accomplishments, and good conduct, had made a favorable impression. He was taken into Mr. Harris' family, and assiduously nursed during an indisposition which lasted more than two months. This circumstance appeased his roving disposition for a time, and he remained upon the farm of his good friend, Mr. Harris, for two years, making himself practically acquainted with the life and toils of an agriculturist. In 1839, he concluded to return to Philadelphia, where he remained for a time with his family. But the spirit of adventure returned. He connected himself with a theatrical company, and traveling through Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, was finally checked in his career at Pittsburg, where he undertook the management of a hotel. This business not being congenial, he soon sold out the establishment, and returned to Philadelphia. He shortly afterwards started away on a theatrical tour, which extended through most of the Southern States, and into Texas. In this tour, Mr. Kelly went through a great variety of adventures, saw many strange scenes, and obtained a fund of amusing experience, which afterward served him to great advantage in his

literary sketches. After having thoroughly exhausted his roving desires, he returned to Philadelphia, where, indeed, upon his previous visit, he had become subject to a new attraction, the most powerful which could be found to restrain his wandering impulses. He had become acquainted with a worthy young lady, to whom, upon his return, and in the year 1842, he was married.

This union changed the thoughts and objects of Mr. Kelly. His wild, bachelor life was over; and he seriously considered how it was possible for him who had been educated to no regular business, to find the means of support for himself and family. Believing himself to have some literary capacity, he was induced to go to Pittsburg, in order to commence a newspaper in partnership with U. J. Jones. This enterprise was not a successful one, and with his companion he went to Cincinnati, where he enlisted in another newspaper speculation. The result of that attempt was equally unpropitious. Dissolving their interests, Mr. Kelly then removed with his family to New York. Here he commenced a journal devoted to theatrical and musical criticism, and intelligence, entitled "The Archer." Mr. J. W. Taylor was a partner with him in the publication. The twain also engaged in the fancy business, having a store in Broadway, above Grand street. The adventure there not being very successful, the partnership in that branch of

their concern was dissolved, and Mr. Kelly commenced a book and periodical store nearly opposite. This was about the year 1844. "The Archer" was soon after discontinued, and Mr. K. returned to Philadelphia. About this time he commenced writing contributions for various newspapers, under the signature of "Falconbridge." His essays in this line, which were published in the "New York Spirit of the Times," were received with much favor, and widely copied by the press throughout the country. The reputation thus attained, was such that he found himself in a fair way to make a lucrative and pleasant livelihood. His sketches were in demand, and were readily sold, whilst the prices were remunerative, and enabled him to attain a degree of domestic comfort which he had before that time not known. From Philadelphia he removed to Boston, where he hoped to find permanent employment as an editor. During six months he relied upon the sale of his sketches, and again returned to New York, from which he was recalled by an advantageous offer from Paige & Davis, if he would undertake the control of "The Bostonian." He filled the editorial chair of that paper for two years, when it was discontinued. He had now plenty to do, and was constantly engaged upon sketches for the "Yankee Blade," "The N. Y. Spirit of the Times," and many other journals and magazines, adopting the signatures, "Falconbridge," "Jack Humphries," "O. K.," "Cerro Gordo," "J. F. K.,"

etc. During this time he projected "The Aurora Borealis," which was published in Boston. It was really one of the most handsome and humorous journals ever commenced in the United States, but it was very expensive. After some months' trial, "The Aurora Borealis" was abandoned. Mr. Kelly remained in Boston as a general literary contributor to various journals until, in 1851, he was induced to undertake the management of a paper at Waltham, Mass., entitled "The Waltham Advocate." This enterprise, after six months trial, did not offer sufficient inducements to continue it, and Mr. Kelly returned with his family to Boston. Whilst in that city, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, a fine promising boy about five years and four months old; he died after a sickness of between two and three days. Mr. Kelly was a kind and excellent husband, and affectionate father. He doted on his child; and the loss so preyed upon his spirits, that it produced a brooding melancholy, which he predicted would eventually cause his death. After this time, General Samuel Houston, of Texas, made him very advantageous and liberal offers if he would establish himself in that State. He left Boston for the purpose, but was detained in Philadelphia by the sickness of another favorite child. Whilst thus delayed, a proposal was made him to undertake the editorship of "The New York Dutchman." He remained in that position about four months, when still more

advantageous offers were tendered him to conduct "The Great West," published at Cincinnati. In September, 1854, he reached that city, and entered upon his duties. He continued in the discharge of them about four months. In the meanwhile, he had become associated with the American party; and induced by those promises which politicians make freely, and perform rarely, he left the journal to which he was attached, to establish a paper entitled "The American Platform." But two numbers of this effort were published. Whilst his writings were lively and flowing, he was sick at heart. The loss of his son still weighed on his mind, and he was an easy prey to pestilence. He was attacked by Asiatic cholera; and died on the 21st of July, 1855, after twenty-four hours' illness, leaving a widow and three children to mourn his early death. His remains were deposited in Spring Grove Cemetery. There rests beneath the soil of that beautiful garden of the dead, no form whose impulses in life were more honest, generous, and noble, than those which guided the actions of Jonathan F. Kelly.

The writer of this short biography, who only knew Mr. Kelly by his literary works, and whose narrative has been made up from the information of friends, feels that he would scarcely discharge the duty he has assumed, without a few words of reflection upon the fitful career so slightly traced. For the useful

purpose of life, it may well be doubted whether a dull, plodding disposition is not more certain of success, than lively, impulsive genius. Perseverance in any one calling, with a steady determination to turn aside for no collateral inducements, and a patience which does not become discouraged at the first disappointment, is necessary to the ultimate prosperity of every man. The newspaper business is one which particularly requires constant application, a determination to do the best in the present, and a firm reliance upon success in the future. There is scarcely a journal or newspaper in the United States, which has succeeded without passing through severe ordeals, whilst the slow public were determining whether it should be patronized, or waiting to discover whether it is likely to become permanently established. Mr. Kelly's wanderings in early life seem to have tinctured his later career with the hue of instability. Ever, it would seem, ready to enlist in any new enterprise, he was led to abandon those occupations, which, if persevered in, would probably have been triumphant. His life was a constant series of changes, in which ill-luck seems to have continually triumphed, because ill-luck was not sufficiently striven with. In all these mutations, it will be the solace of those who knew and loved him, that however his judgment may have led him astray from worldly advantage, his heart was always constant to his family. Affectionate and generous in

disposition, he was true to them; and he persevered in laboring for them under every disadvantage. Altering his position—at times an editor—at times an assistant-editor—anon changing his business as new hopes were roused in his bosom—and then being a mere writer, depending upon the sale of his fugitive sketches for the means of support—in all these experiments with Fortune, he was ever true to the fond spirit which gently ruled at home. For the great purposes, and high moral lessons of existence, a faithful, constant heart has a wealth richer and more bountiful than can be bought with gold.

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THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE.

If it ain't right, I'll make it all right in the Morning!

A keen, genteely dressed, gentlemanly man "put up" at Beltzhoover's Hotel, in Baltimore, one day

some years ago, and after dining very sumptuously every day, drinking his Otard, Margieux and Heidsic, and smoking his "Tras," "Byrons," and "Cassadoras," until the landlord began to surmise the "bill" getting voluminous, he made the clerk foot it up and present it to our modern Don Cæsar De Bazan, who, casting his eye over the long lines of perpendicularly arranged figures, discovered that—which in no wise alarmed him, however—he was in for a matter of a cool C!

"Ah! yes, I see; *well*, I presume it's all right, all correct, sir, no doubt about it," says Don Cæsar.

"No doubt at all, sir," says the polite clerk,—"we seldom present a bill, sir, until the gentlemen are about to leave, sir; but when the bills are unusually large, sir—"

"Large, sir? Large, my dear fellow"—says the Don —"bless your soul, you don't call *that* large? Why, sir, a—a—that is, when I was in Washington, at Gadsby's, sir, bless you, I frequently had my friends of the Senate and the Ministers to dine at my rooms, and what do you suppose my bills averaged a week, there, sir?"

"I can't possibly say, sir—must have counted up very *heavy*, sir, I think," responds the clerk.

"Heavy! ha! ha! you may well say they were *heavy*,

my dear fellow—*five and eight hundred dollars a week!*" says the Don, with a nonchalance that would win the admiration of a flash prince of the realm.

"O, no doubt of it, sir; it is very expensive to keep company, and entertain the government officers, at Washington, sir," the clerk replies.

"You're right, my dear fellow; you're right. But let me see," and here the Don stuck a little glass in the corner of his eye, and glanced at the bill; "ah, yes, I see, $102.51—a—a—something—all right, I presume; if it ain't right, *we'll make it all right in the morning*."

"Very good, sir; that will answer, sir," says the clerk, about to bow himself out of the room.

"One moment, if you please, my dear fellow; that Marteux of yours is really superb. A friend dined here yesterday with me—he is a—a gentleman who imports a—a great deal of wine; he a—a—pronounces your Schreider an elegant article. I shall entertain some friends to-night, here, and do you see that we have sufficient of that 'Marteux' and 'Schreider' cooling for us; my friends are judges of a pure article, and a—a I wish them to have a—a good opinion of your house. Understand?"

"Ah, yes, sir; that'll be all right," says the clerk.

"Of course; if it ain't, I'll make it all right in the

morning!" says the Don Cæsar, as the official vanished.

"Well, Charles, did you present that gentleman's bill?" asks the host of the clerk, as they met at "the office."

"Yes, sir; he says it's all right, or he'll make it all right in the morning, sir," replies the clerk.

"Very well," says the anxious host; "*see that he does it.*"

That evening a Captain Jones called on Don Cæsar —a servant carried up the card—Captain Jones was requested to walk up. Lieutenant Smith, U. S. N., next called—"walk up." Dr. Brown called—"walk up." Col. Green, his card—"walk up;" and so on, until some six or eight distinguished persons were walked up to Don Cæsar's private parlor; and pretty soon the silver necks were brought up, corks were popping, glasses were clinking, jests and laughter rose above the wine and cigars, and Don Cæsar was putting his friends through in the most approved style!

Time flew, as it always does. Capt. Jones gave the party a bit of a salt-water song, Dr. Brown pitched in a sentiment, while Colonel Green and Lieutenant Smith talked largely of the "last session," what *their* friend Benton said to Webster, and Webster to Benton, and what Bill Allen said to 'em both. And

Miss Corsica, the French Minister's daughter, what she had privately intimated to Lieutenant Smith in regard to American ladies, and what the Hon. so and so offered to do and say for Colonel Green, and so and so and so and so. Still the corks "popped," and the glasses jingled, and the merry jest, and the laugh jocund, and the rich sentiment, and richer fumes of the cigars filled the room.

Don Cæsar kept on hurrying up the wine, and as each bottle was uncorked, he assured the servants —"All right; if it ain't all right, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

And so Don Cæsar and his *bon vivant* friends went it, until some two dozen bottles of Schreider, Hock, and Sherry had decanted, and the whole entire party were getting as merry as grigs, and so noisy and rip-roarious, that the clerk of the institution came up, and standing outside of the door, sent a servant to Don Cæsar, to politely request that gentleman to step out into the hall one moment.

"What's that?" says the Don; "speak loud, I've got a buzzing in my ears, and can't hear whispers."

"Mr. Tompkins, sir, the clerk of the house, sir," replies the servant, in a sharp key.

"Well, what the deuce of Tompkins—hic—what does he—hic—does he want? Tell—hic—tell him it's

—hic—all right, or we'll make it all right—hic—*in the morning*."

Mr. Tompkins then took the liberty of stepping inside, and slipping up to Don Cæsar, assured him that himself and friends were *a little too merry*, but Don Cæsar assured Tompkins—

"It's all—hic—right, mi boy, all—hic—right; these gentlemen—hic—are all *gentlemen*, my—hic—personal friends—hic—and it's all right—hic—all perfectly—hic—right, or we'll make it all right in the morning."

"That we do not question, sir," says the clerk, "but there are many persons in the adjoining rooms whom you'll disturb, sir; I speak for the credit of the house."

"O—hic—certainly, certainly, mi boy; I'll—hic—I'll speak to the gentlemen," says the Don, rising in his chair, and assuming a very solemn graveness, peculiar to men in the fifth stage of libation deep; "Gentlemen—hic—*gentle*men, I'm requested to state —hic—that—hic—a very *serious* piece of intelligence —hic—has met my ear. This *gentle*man—hic—says somebody's dead in the next—hic—room."

"Not at all, sir; I did not say that, sir," says the clerk.

"Beg—hic—your pardon, sir—hic—it's all right; if it ain't all right, I'll make it—hic—*all right in the*

morning! Gentlemen, let's—hic—us all adjourn; let's change the see—hic—scene, call a coach—hic—somebody, let's take a ride—hic—and return and go to—hic—our pious—hic—rest."

Having delivered this order and exhortation, Don Cæsar arose on his pins, and marshalling his party, after a general swap of hats all around, in which trade big heads got smallest hats, and small heads got largest hats, by aid of the staircase and the servants, they all got to the street, and lumbering into a large hack, they started off on a midnight airing, noisy and rip-roarious as so many sailors on a land cruise. The last words uttered by Don Cæsar, there, as the coach drove off, were:

"All right—hic—mi boy, if it ain't, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

"Yes, that we will," says the landlord, "and if I don't stick you into a bill of costs '*in the morning*,' rot me. You'll have a nice time," he continued, "out carousing till daylight; lucky I've got his wallet in the fire-proof, the jackass would be robbed before he got back, *and I'd lose my bill!*"

Don Cæsar did not return to make good his promise *in the morning*, and so the landlord took the liberty of investigating the wallet, deposited for safe keeping in the fire-proof of the office, by the Don; and lo! and behold! it contained old checks,

unreceipted bills, and a few samples of Brandon bank notes, with this emphatic remark:—"All right, if it ain't all right, WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!"

Don't you believe in 'em?

We are astounded at the incredulity of some people. Every now and then you run afoul of somebody who does not believe in spiritual knockers. Enter any of our drinking saloons, take a seat, or stand up, and look on for an hour or two, especially about the time "churchyards yawn!" and if you are any longer skeptical upon the *spirit*-ual manifestations as exhibited in the knee pans, shoulder joints, and thickness of the tongue of the *mediums*,—education would be thrown away on you.

The Old Black Bull

It's poor human natur', all out, to wrangle and quarrel now and then, from the kitchen to the parlor,

in church and state. Even the fathers of the holy tabernacle are not proof against this little weakness; for people will have passions, people will belong to meetin', and people will let their passions *rise*, even under the pulpit. But we have no distinct recollection of ever having known a misdirected, but properly interpreted *letter*, to settle a chuckly "plug muss," so efficiently and happily as the case we have in point.

Old John Bulkley (grandson of the once famous President *Chauncey*) was a minister of the gospel, and one of the best *edicated* men of his day in the wooden nutmeg State, when the immortal (or ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull was "around," and in his youth. Mr. Bulkley was the first *settled* minister in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Connecticut. It was with him, as afterwards with good old brother Jonathan (Governor Trumbull, the bosom friend of General Washington), good to confer on almost any matter, scientific, political, or religious—any subject, in short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. As a philosophical reasoner, casuist, and *good* counselor, he was "looked up to," and abided by.

It so fell out that a congregation in Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to loggerheads, and were upon the apex of raising "the evil one" instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed and *split* upon. The very nearest they could come to a mutual cessation of the

hostilities, was to appoint a *committee* of three, to wait on Mr. Bulkley, state their *case*, and get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with grave attention to their conflicting grievances.

"It appears to me," said the old gentleman, "that this is a very simple case—a very trifling thing to cause you so much vexation."

"So I say," says one of the *committee*.

"I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley," said another.

"No case at all," responded the third.

"It ain't, eh?" fiercely answered the first speaker.

"No, it ain't, sir!" quite as savagely replied the third.

"It's anything but a trifling case, anyhow," echoed number two, "to expect to raise the minister's salary and that new steeple, too, out of our small congregation."

"There is no danger of raising much out of *you*, anyhow, Mr. Johnson," spitefully returned number one.

"Gentlemen, if you please—" beseechingly interposed the sage.

"I haven't come here, Mr. Bulkley, to quarrel," said one.

"Who started this?" sarcastically answered Mr. Johnson.

"Not me, anyway," number three replies.

"You don't say I did, do you?" says number one.

"Gentlemen!—gentlemen!—"

"Mr. Bulkley, you see how it is; there's Johnson—"

"Yes, Mr. Bulkley," says Johnson, "and there's old Winkles, too, and here's Deacon Potter, also."

"I *am* here," stiffly replied the deacon, "and I am sorry the Reverend Mr. Bulkley finds me in such company, sir!"

"Now, gentlemen, *brothers*, if you please," said Mr. Bulkley, "this is ridiculous,—"

"So I say," murmured Mr. Winkles.

"As far as *you* are concerned, it is ridiculous," said the deacon.

This brought Mr. Winkles *up*, standing.

"Sir!" he shouted, "sir!"

"But my dear *sirs*—" beseechingly said the philosopher.

"Sir!" continued Winkles, "sir! I am too old a man —too good a Christian, Mr. Bulkley, to allow a man, a mean, despicable *toad*, like Deacon Potter—"

"Do you call me—*me* a despicable *toad*?" menacingly cried the deacon.

"Brethren," said Mr. Bulkley, "if I am to counsel you in your difference, I must have no more of this unchristian-like bickering."

"I do not wish to bicker, sir," said Johnson.

"Nor I don't want to, sir," said the deacon, "but when a man calls me a toad, a mean, despicable *toad* —"

"Well, well, never mind," said Mr. Bulkley; "you are all too excited now; go home again, and wait patiently; on Saturday evening next, I will have prepared and sent to you a written opinion of your case, with a full and free avowal of most wholesome advice for preserving your church from desolation and yourselves from despair." And the committee left, to await his issue.

Now it chanced that Mr. Bulkley had a small farm, some distance from the town of Colchester, and found it necessary, the same day he wrote his opinion and advice to the brethren of the disaffected church, to drop a line to his farmer regarding the fixtures of said estate. Having written a long, and of

course, elaborate "essay" to his brethren, he wound up the day's literary exertions with a despatch to the farmer, and after a reverie to himself, he directs the two documents, and next morning despatches them to their several destinations.

On Saturday evening a full and anxious synod of the belligerent churchmen took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came the despatch from the Plato of the time and place,—Rev. John Bulkley. All was quiet and respectful attention. The moderator took up the document, broke the seal, opened and—a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the features of the worthy president of the meeting.

"Well, brother Temple, how is it—what does Mr. Bulkley say?" and another pause followed.

"Will the moderator please proceed?" said another voice.

The moderator placed the paper upon the table, took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips—replaced his specs upon his nose, and with a very broad *grin*, said:

"Brethren, this appears to me to be a very singular letter, to say the least of it!"

"Well, read it—read it," responded the wondering hearers.

"I will," and the moderator began:

"You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care *of the old Black Bull*."

There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the community; the moderator dropped the paper to a "rest," and gazing over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word.

"Repair the fences!" muttered the moderator at length.

"Build them strong and high!" echoed Deacon Potter.

"Take special care *of the old Black Bull!*" growled half the meeting.

Then another pause ensued, and each man eyed his neighbor in mute mystery.

A tall and venerable man now arose from his seat; clearing his voice with a hem, he spoke:

"Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of our learned adviser. To me nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such a profound and applicable reply to us as we should have hoped and looked for, from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences, is to take heed in the admission and

government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold! And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, and who has already broken into our enclosures and sought to desolate and lay waste the fair grounds of our church!"

The effect of this interpretation was electrical. All saw and *took* the force of Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and unanimously resolved to be governed by it; hence the old black bull was put *hors du combat*, and the church preserved its union!

Dobbs makes "a Pint."

Dobbs walked into a *Dry Goodery*, on Court street, and began to look around. A double *jinted* clerk immediately appeared to Dobbs.

"What can I *do* for you, sir?" says he.

"A good deal," says Dobbs, "but I bet you won't."

"I'll bet I will," says the knight of the yard-stick, "if I *can*."

"What'll you bet of that?" says the imperturbable

Dobbs.

"I'll bet a fourpence!" says the clerk, with a cute *nod*.

"I'll go it," says Dobbs. "Now, trust me for a couple of dollars' wuth of yur stuffs!"

"*Lost*, by Ned!" says yard-stick. "Well, there's the fourpence."

"Thank you; call again when I want to *trade!*" says Dobbs.

"Do, if you please; wouldn't like to lose your custom," says the clerk, "no how."

Polite young man that—as soon as his chin vegetates, provided his dickey don't cut his throat, he'll be arter the gals, Dobbs thinks!

Used Up.

I am tempted to believe, that few—very few men can start in the world—say at twenty, with a replete invoice of honesty, free and easy—kind, generous—good-natured disposition, and keep it up, until they greet their fortieth year. There are, doubtless, plenty

of men—I hope there are, who *would* be entirely and perfectly generous-hearted, if they *could*, with any degree of consistency; and I know there are multitudes who wouldn't exhibit an honorable or manly trait, of any human description, if they could. That class thrive best, it appears to me—if the accumulation of dollars and dimes be Webster, Walker, or Scriptural interpretation of that sense—in this sublunary world. Meanness and dishonesty win what good nature and honesty lose, hence the more thrift to the former, and the less gain, pecuniarily considered, to the latter. The subject is very prolific, and as my present purpose is as much to point a humorous *sketch* as to adorn a *moral*, I needs must cut speculative philosophistics for facts, in the case of my friend John Jenks, an emphatic—"used up" good fellow.

Jenks started in this world with a first-rate opinion of himself and the rest of mankind. No man ever started with a larger capital of good nature, human benevolence, and common honesty, than honest John. Few men ever started with better general prospects, for "a good time," and plenty of it, than Jenks. He *graduated* with honor to himself and the Institute of his native State, and with but little knowledge beyond the college library and the social circles of his immediate friends. At twenty-three, John Jenks went into business on his own hook.

Of course John soon formed various and many business acquaintances; he learned that men were brothers—should love, honor, and respect one another, from precepts set him at his father's fireside. He formed the opinion, that this brotherhood was not to be alienated in matters of business, for he never refused to act kindly to all; he freely loaned his *autograph* and purse to his business acquaintances; but, being backed up by a snug business capital, he seldom felt the necessity of claiming like accommodation, or he would have gotten his eye teeth cut cheaper and sooner.

"Jenks," said a business man, stopping in at Jenks' counting room one September morning, "Perkins & Ball, I see, have *stopped*—gone to smash!"

"Have they?" quickly responded Jenks.

"They have, and a good many fingers will be burnt by them," replied the informant. "By the way, Barclay says you have some of their *paper* on hand; is it true?" continued the man.

"I have some, not much," answered Jenks—"not enough at all events to create any alarm as to their willingness or ability to take it up."

But in looking over his "accounts," Jenks found a considerably larger amount of Perkins & Ball's *paper* on hand, than an experienced business man might

have contemplated with entire Christian resignation. The gazette, in the course of a few days, gave publicity to the *smash* of the house of Perkins, Ball & Co. There was a buzz "on 'change;" those losers by the *smash* were bitter in their denunciatory remarks, while those gaining by the transaction snickered in their sleeves and kept mum. Jenks heard all, and said nothing. He reasoned, that if the firm were *smashed* by imprudences, or through dishonest motives, they were getting "an elegant sufficiency" of public and private vituperation, without his aid. Though far from his thoughts of entering into such "lists," and inclined to hold on and see how things come out—Jenks, for the credit of common humanity, seldom recapitulated the amount, by discounting, &c.—he was likely to be *in* for, if P. & B. were really "done gone." This resolve, like some *rules*, worked both ways.

As "honest John" was drawing on his gloves to leave his commercial institution, after the above occurrences had had some ten days' *grace*; one evening, the senior partner of the house of Perkins & Ball came in. Greetings were cordial, and in the private office of Jenks, an hour's discourse took place between the merchants; which, in brief transcription, may be summed up in the fact, that Jenks received a two-third indemnification on all *his* liabilities *for* the *smashed* house of P. & B., which the senior partner

assured him, arose from the fact of his, Jenks', gentlemanly forbearance in not joining the clamor against them, in the adverse hour, nor pushing his claims, when he had reason to believe that they were down; quite down at the heel. Jenks "hoped" he should never be found on the wrong or even doubtful side of humanity, gentlemanly courtesy, or Christian kindness; they shook hands and parted; the senior partner of the exploded firm requesting, and Jenks agreeing, to say every thing he could towards sustaining the honor of the house of P. & B., and recreating its now almost extinguished credit. Those who fought the bankrupt merchants most got the least, and because Jenks preserved an undisturbed serenity, when it was known that he was as deeply a loser, they supposed, as any one, they were staggered at his philosophy, or amused at his extreme good nature. This latter result seemed the most popular and accepted notion of Jenks' character, and proved the ground-work of his pecuniary destruction.

The firm of Perkins & Ball crept up again; Jenks had, on all occasions, spoken in the most favorable terms of the firm; he not only freely endorsed again for them, but stood their *referee* generally. In the meantime, Jenks' celebrity for good nature and open-heartedness had drawn around him a host of patrons and admirers. Jenks' name became a circulating medium for half his business acquaintances. If Brown

was short in his cash account, five hundred or a thousand dollars——

"Just run over to Jenks'," he'd say to his clerk; "ask him to favor me with a check until the middle of the week." It was done.

"Terms—thirty days with good endorsed paper," was sufficient for the adventurous Smith to *buy* and depend on Jenks' *autograph* to *secure* the goods. When in funds, Bingle went where he chose; when a little *short*, Jenks had his patronage. Jenks kept but few memorandums of acts of kindness he daily committed; hence when the evil effects of them began to revolve upon him—if not mortified or ashamed of his "bargains," he at least was astounded at the results. Brown, whose due bills or memorandums Jenks held, to the amount of seven thousand dollars, accommodation *loans*, took an apoplectic, one warm summer's day, after taking a luxurious dinner. Jenks had hardly learned that Brown's affairs were pronounced in a state of deferred bankruptcy, when the first rumor reached him that Smith had *bolted*, after a heavy transaction in "woolens"—Jenks his principal endorser—Smith not leaving assets or assigns to the amount of one red farthing.

"By Jove!" poor Jenks muttered, as he tremulously seated himself in his back counting room—"that's

shabby in Smith—very shabby."

The next morning's Gazette informed the community that Bingle had failed—liabilities over $200,000—prospects barely giving hopes of ten per cent, all around; and even this hope, upon Jenks' investigation, proved a forlorn one; by a *modus operandi* peculiar to the heartless, self-devoted, *they* got all, Jenks and the *few* of his ilk, got nothing!

For the first time in his life, Jenks became pecuniarily moody. For the first time, in the course of his mercantile career, of some six years, the force of reflection convinced him, that he had not acted his part judiciously, however "well done" it might be, in point of honor and manliness.

The next day Jenks devoted to a scrutiny of his accounts in general with the business world. He found things a great deal "mixed up;" his balance-sheet exhibited large surplusages accumulated on the score of his leniency and good nature; by the credit of those with whom he held business relations. A council of war, or expediency, rather,—*solus*, convinced Jenks, he had either mistaken his business qualifications, or formed a very vague idea of the soul—manners and customs of the business world; and he broke up his council, a sadder if not a wiser man.

"By Jove, this is discouraging; I'll have to do a very

disagreeable thing, very disagreeable thing: *make an assignment!*"

"Who'd thought John Jenks would ever come to that?" that individual muttered to himself, as he proceeded to his hotel. And ere he reached his plate, at the tea-table, a servant whispered that a gentleman with a message was out in the "office" of the hotel, anxious to see Mr. Jenks.

"Mr. Jenks—John Jenks, I believe, sir?" began the person, as poor Jenks, now on the *tapis* for more ill news, approached the person in waiting.

"Precisely, that's my name, sir," Jenks responded.

"Then," continued the stranger, "I've disagreeable business with you, Mr. Jenks; *I hold your arrest!*"

"Good God!" exclaimed Jenks; "my arrest? What for?"

"There's the writ, sir; you can read it."

"A *writ*? Why, God bless you, man, I don't *owe* a dollar in the world, but what I can liquidate in ten minutes!"

"Oh, it's not debt, sir; you may see by the writ it's *felony!*"

If the man had drawn and cocked a revolver at Jenks, the effect upon his nervous system could not

have been more startling or powerful. But he recovered his self-possession, and learned with dismay, that he was arrested—yes, *arrested* as an accessory to a grand scheme of fraud and general villany, on the part of Smith, a conclusion arrived at, by those most interested, upon discovery that Jenks had pronounced Smith "good," and endorsed for him in sums total, enormously, far beyond Jenks' actual ability to make good!

It was in vain Jenks declared, and no man before ever dreamed of doubting his word, his entire ability to meet all liabilities of his own and others, for whom he kindly become responsible; for when the *bulk* of Smith's *paper* with Jenks' endorsement was thrust at him, he gave in; saw clearly that he was the victim of a heartless *forger*.

But his calmness, in the midst of his affliction, triumphed, and he rested comparatively easy in jail that night, awaiting the bright future of to-morrow, when his established character, and "troops of friends" should set all right. But, poor Jenks, he reckoned indeed without his host; to-morrow came, but not "a friend in need;" they saw, in their far-reaching wisdom, a sinking ship, and like sagacious rats, they deserted it!

"I always thought Jenks a very good-natured, or a very *deep* man," said one.

"I knew he was too generous to last long!" said another.

"I told him he was *green* to endorse as freely as he did," echoed a third.

"Good fellow," chimed a fourth—"but devilish imprudent."

"He knows what he's at!" cunningly retorted a fifth, and so the good but misguided Jenks was disposed of by his "troops of friends!"

But Perkins & Ball—they had got up again, were flourishing; they, Jenks felt satisfied, would not show the "white feather," and the thought came to him, in his prison, as *merrily* as the reverse of that fond hope made him *sad* and sorrowful, when at the close of day, his attorney informed him, that Perkins & Ball regretted his perplexing situation, but proffered him no aid or comfort. They said, sad experience had shown them, that there were no "bowels of compassion" in the world for the fallen; men must trust to fortune, God, and their own exertions, to defeat ill luck and rise from difficulties; *they* had done so; Mr. Jenks must not despair, but surmount his misfortunes with a stout heart and a clear conscience, and profit, as they had, *by reverses!*

"Profit!" said Jenks, in a bitter tone, "*profit* by reverses as *they* have!"

"Why, Powers," he continued to his counsel, "do you know that if I had been a tithe part as base and conscienceless as they are *now*, Perkins & Ball would be beggars, if not inmates of this prison! Yes, sir, my casting vote, of all the rest, would have done it. But no matter; I had hoped to find, in a community where I had been useful, generous and just, friends enough for all practical purposes, without carrying my business difficulties to the fireside of my parents and other relations. But that I must do now; if, *if they fail me, then—— I cave!*"

Two days after that conference of the lawyer and the merchant, "honest John" learned, with sorrow, that his father was dead; estate involved, and his friends at home in no favorable mood in reference to what they heard of John Jenks and his "bad management" in the city.

John Jenks—heard no more—he "caved!" as he agreed to.

We pass over Jenks' *Smithsonian* difficulty, which a prudent lawyer and discerning jury brought out all right.

We come to 1850—some fifteen or eighteen years after John Jenks "caved." The John Jenks of 183- had been ruined by his good nature, set adrift moneyless, in a manner, with even a spotted reputation to begin with; he "profited by his reverses," he was now a man

of family—fifty, fat, and wealthy, and altogether the meanest and most selfish man you ever saw!

Jenks freely admits his originality is entirely —"*used up!*" The reader may affix the *moral* of my sketch—at leisure.

The Greatest Moral Engine.

Say what you will, it's no use talking, poverty is more potent and powerful, as a moral engine, than all the "sermons and soda water," law, logic, and prison discipline, ever started. All a man wants, while he *has* a chance to be honest, and to get along smoothly, is a good situation and two dollars a day; give him five dollars a day, and he gets lazy and careless; while at ten, or a hundred a day, he is sure to cultivate beastly feeling, eat and sleep to stupefaction, become a *roue,* or a rotten politician. A poor man, in misery, applies to God for consolation, while a rich man applies to his banker, and tries on a "bender," or goes on a tour to Europe, and studies foreign folly and French license. Poverty is great; in a Christian community, or a thriving village, it is equal to "martial law," in suppressing moral rebellion and keeping down the "dander!" And how faithful, too, is

poverty, says Dr. Litterage, for it sticks to a man after all his friends and the rest of mankind have deserted him!

The Story of Capt. Paul.

I love to speak, I love to write of the mighty West. I have passed ten happy and partly pleasant years travelling over the immense tracts of land of the West and South. I have, during that time, garnered up endless themes for my pen. It was my custom, during my travels, to keep a "log," as the mariners have it, and at the close of the day I always noted the occurrences that transpired with me or others, when of interest, and opportunities were favorable to do so.

Several years ago I was stopping at Vevay, Indiana, a small village on the Ohio river, waiting for a steamboat to touch there and take me up to Louisville, Ky. It was in the fall of the year, water was very low, and but few boats running. Shortly after breakfast, I took my rifle and ammunition and started down along the river to amuse myself, and kill time by hunting. Game was scarce, and after strolling along until noon, I got tired and came out to

the river to see if any boats were in sight, as well as take shelter from a heavy shower of rain that had come on. I sought an immense old tree, whose broad crown and thick foliage made my shelter as dry as though under a roof, and here I sat down, bending my eyes along the placid, quiet and noble river, until I was quite lost in silent reverie. The rain poured down, and presently I heard a footstep approaching from the woods behind, and at the same moment a rough, curly dog came smelling along towards me. The dog came up to within a few rods of me and stopped, took a grin at me and then disappeared again. But my further anxiety was soon relieved by the appearance of a tall, gaunt man, dressed in the usual costume of a western woodsman, jean trowsers, hunting shirt, old slouched felt hat, rifle, powder horn, bullet pouch, and sheath knife. He was an old man, face sallow and wrinkled, and hair quite a steelish hue.

"Mornin', stranger," said he; "rayther a wet day for game?"

I replied in the affirmative, and welcomed him to my shelter. Having taken a seat near me, on the fallen trunk of a small tree, the old man, half to himself and partly to me, sighed—

"Ah! yes, yes, *our* day is fast gwoin over; an entire new set of folks will soon people this country, and

the old settler will be all gone, and no more thought of."

"I imagine," said I, interrupting his soliloquy, "that you are an old settler, and have noted vast, wonderful changes here in the Ohio Valley?"

"Wonderful; yes, yes, stranger, thar you're right; I have seen wonderful changes since I first squatted 'yer, thirty-five years ago. Every thing changes about one so, that I skearse know the old river any more. 'Yer they've brought their steamboats puffin', and blowin', and skeerin' off the game, fish, and alligators. 'Yer they've built thar towns and thar store houses, and thar nice farm houses, and keep up sich a clatter and noise among 'em all, that one fond of our old quiet times in the woods, goes nigh bein' distracted with these new matters and folks."

"Well," said I, "neighbor, you old woodsmen will have to do as the Indians have done, and as Daniel Boone did, when the advancing axe of civilization, and the mighty steam and steel arms of enterprise and improvement make the varmints leave their lairs, and the air heavy and clamorous with the gigantic efforts of industry, genius, and wealth, you must *fall back*. Our territories are boundless, and there are yet dense forests, woods, and wilds, where the Indian, lone hunter, and solitary beast, shall rove amid the wild grandeur of God's infinite space for a

century yet to come."

"Ah, yes, yes, young man; I should have long since up stakes and rolled before this sweeping tide of new settlers, only I can't bar to leave this tract 'yer; no, stranger, I can't bar to do it."

"Doubtless," I replied; "one feels a strong love for old homes, a lingering desire to lay one's bones to their final resting place, near a spot and objects that life and familiarity made dear."

"Yes, yes, stranger, that's it, that's it. But look down thar—thar's what makes this spot dear to me—thar, do you see yon little hillock—yon little mound? Thar's what keeps old Tom Ward 'yer for life."

The old man seemed deeply affected, and sighed heavily, as he wiped the moisture from his eyes with the back of his hand. I gazed down towards the spot he had called my attention to, and there I beheld, indeed, something resembling a solitary and lonely grave; wild flowers bloomed around it, and a flat stone stood at the head, and a small stake at the foot.

"'Tisn't often one comes this way to ask the question, and the Lord knows, stranger, I'm always willing to tell the sad story of that lonely grave. Well, well, it's no use to grieve always, the red whelps have paid well for thar doins, and now, but few of 'em are spared to repent—the Lord forgive 'em all,"

to which I involuntarily echoed—"Amen!"

"Well, stranger, you see, about five-and-thirty years ago, I left Western Virginia to come down 'yer in the Ohio valley. I well remember the first glimpse I got of this stream; it war a big stream to me, and I gloried in the sight of it. Thar war but few settlements then upon its banks, and thar war none of your roarin', splashin' steamboats about; but I like the steamboats—thar grand creatures, and go it like high-mettled horses. Well, I war a young man then; me and my brother and our old mother joined in with a neighbor, built a family boat, put in our goods, and started off down the stream, towards the lower part thar of Kentucky.

"Captain Paul, our neighbor, war an old woodsman, though he war a young man; he had a wife and several fine, growin' children along with us, and our journey for many days war prosperous and pleasant. Capt. Paul's wife's sister war along with us, a fine young creature she war too. My brother and her I always carc'lated would make a match of it when we reached our journey's end; but poor Ben, God bless the boy, he little dreampt he'd be cut off so soon in the prime of life, and leave his bones 'yer to rot. I war young too, then, and little thought I should ever come to be this old, withered-up creature you see me now, stranger."

"Why, you appear to be a hearty, hale man yet," said I, encouraging the old man to proceed in his narrative, "and no doubt shoot as well and see as keenly and far as ever?"

"Ay, ay, I can drive a centre purty well yet; but my hand begins to tremble sometimes, and I'm failing—yes, yes, I know I'm failing. But, to go on with my story: I acted as sort of pilot. Then the country were yet pretty full of Ingins, and mighty few cabins war made along the river in them times. The whites and red-skins war eternally fighting. I won't say which war to blame; the whites killed the creatures off fast enough, and the Ingins took plenty of scalps and war cruel to the white man whenever they fastened on him.

"Our old ark or boat war well loaded down; a few loose boards served as a shelter from the sun and rain, and a few planks spiked to the sides 'bove water, kept the swells from rollin' in on us. Two black boys helped the captain and I to manage the boat, and an old black woman waited on the wimin folks and did the cooking.

"You see yon pint thar, up the river?" continued the narrator, pointing his long, bony finger towards a great bend, and a point on the Kentucky side of the stream.

"Yes," I replied, "I see it distinctly."

"Well, it war thar, or jest above thar, about sunset of a pleasant day, that we came drifting along with our flat-boat, or *broad horn*, as they were called in them days, when Captain Paul said he thought it would be a snug place just behind the pint, to tie up to them same big trees yet standin' thar as they did then. Ben, poor Ben and I concluded too, it would be a clever place to camp for the night; so we headed the boat in—for, you see, we always kept in the middle of the stream, as near as possible, to keep clear of the red skins who committed a mighty heap of depredations upon the movers and river traders, by decoyin' the boat on shore, or layin' in ambush and firin' their rifles at the incautious folks in the boats that got too nigh 'em. Guina and Joe, the two black boys, rowed enough to get around the pint. We had no fear of the Ingins, as we expected we war beyond thar haunts just thar; mother war gettin' out the supper things, and Captain Paul's wife and sister were nestling away the children. Just then, as we got cleverly under the lee of the shore thar, I heard a crack like a dry stick snappin' under foot—

"'Thar's a deer or bar,' said the captain.

"'Hold on your oars,' says I—'boys, I don't like that —it 'tain't a deer's tread, nor a bar's nether,' says I.

"By this time we had got within thirty yards of the bank—another slight noise—the bushes moved, and I

sung out—'Ingins, by the Lord! back the boat, back, boys, back!'

"Poor Ben snatched up his rifle, so did the captain; but before we could get way on the boat, a band of the bloody devils rushed out and gave us a volley of shouts and shower of balls, that made these hills and river banks echo again. Poor Ben fell mortally wounded and bleeding, into the bottom of the boat; two of the captain's children were killed, his wife wounded, and a bullet dashed the cap off my head.

"I shouted to the boys to pull, and soon got out of reach of the Ingins. They had no canoes, bein' only a scoutin' war party; they could not reach us. The wounded horses and cows kicked and plunged among the goods, the wimin and children screamed.

"Oh! stranger, it war a frightful hour; one I shall remember to my dyin' day, as it war only yesterday I saw and heard it. It war now dark, the boat half filled with water, my brother dyin', Captain Paul nerveless hangin' over his wife and children, cryin' like a whipped child. I still clung on to my oar, and made the poor blacks pull for this side of the river, as fast and well as thar bewildered and frightened senses allowed 'em.

"My poor mother leaned over poor Ben. She held his head in her lap; she opened his bosom and the blood flowed out. He still breathed faintly—

"'Benjamin, my son,' said she, 'do you know me?'

"'Mother,' he breathed lowly. Mother tried to have him drink a cup of water from the river, but he war past nourishment—and she asked him if he knew he war dyin'?

"He gasped, 'Yes, mother, and may the Lord our God in heaven be merciful to me, thus cut from you and life, mother—'

"'God's will be done,' cried my mother, as the pale face of her darlin' boy fell upon her hand—he was gone.

"We reached shore, but dar not kindle a light, for fear the Ingins might be prowlin' about on this side; yes, under this very tree, did we 'camp that gloomy night. The whole of us, livin', dead, and wounded, lay 'yer, fearin' even to weep aloud. About midnight, I took the two blacks, and we dug yon grave and laid poor Ben in it, and the two children by his side. It war an awful thing—awful to us all; and our sighs and sobs, mingled with the prayers of the old mother, went to God's footstool, I'm sure. We made such restin' places as circumstances permitted. I lay down, but the cries of poor Captain Paul's wife and sister, cries of the two survivin' children, and moans of us all, made sleep a difficult affair. By peep of day I went down to the grave, and thar sat the old mother. She had sat thar the live-long night; the

sudden shock had been too much for her.

"Two days afterwards the grave was opened and enlarged, and received two more bodies, the wife of Captain Paul, and our kind, good old mother. Thirty-five years have now passed. Could I leave this place? No; not a day at a time have I missed seeing the grave, when within miles of it. No, here must I rest too."

The old man seemed deeply affected. I could not refrain from taking up the thread of his narrative to inquire what had become of Captain Paul and his wife's sister.

"Well, poor thing, you see it war natural enough for her to love her sister's children, and the captain, he couldn't help lovin' her too, for that. The captain settled down here, about two miles back, and in a few years the sister-in-law and he war man and wife, and a kind, good old wife she is too. I've 'camped with 'em ever since, and with 'em I'll die, and be put thar—thar, to rest in that little mound with the rest. But I must bide my time, stranger—we must all bide our time. Now, stranger, I've told you my sad story, I must ax a favor. Seeing as you are a town-bred person, perhaps a preacher, I want you to kneel down by that grave and make a prayer. I feel that it is a good thing to pray, though we woods people know but little about it."

I told him I was not a minister in the common acceptation of the term, but considering we all are God's ministers that study God's will and our own duty to man, I could pray, did pray, and left the poor woodsman with an exalted feeling, I hope, of divine and infinite grace to all who seek it.

A boat touched Vevay that evening, and I left, deeply impressed with this little story.

Hereditary Complaints.

Meanness is as natural to some people, as gutta percha beefsteaks in a cheap boarding-house. Schoodlefaker says he saw a striking instance in Quincy market last Saturday. An Irish woman came up to a turkey merchant, and says she—

"What wud yees be after axin' for nor a chicken like that?"

"That's a turkey, not a chicken," says the merchant.

"Turkey? Be dad an' it's a mighty small turkey—it's stale enough, too, I'd be sworn; poor it is, too! What'd yees ax for 'un?"

"Well, seein' it's pooty nigh night, and the last I've

got, I'll let you have it for *two and six*."

"Two and six? Hoot! I'd give yees half a dollar fur it, and be dad not another cint."

"Well," says the *satisfied* poultry merchant, "take it along; I won't dicker for a cent or two."

Mrs. Doolygan paid over the half, boned the turkey, and went on her way quite elated with the brilliancy of her talents in financiering! There's one merit in meanness, if it disgusts the looker-on, it never fails to carry a pleasing sensation to the bosom of the gamester.

Nights with the Caucusers.

Office-Seeking has become a legitimatized branch of our every-day business, as much so as in former times "reduced gentlemen" took to keeping school or posting books. In former times, men took to politics to give zest to a life already replete with pecuniary indulgences, as those in the "sere and yellow leaf" are wont to take to religion as a solacing comfort against things that are past, and pave the way to a very desirable futurity. But now, politicians are of no peculiar class or condition of citizens; the success of

a champion depends not so much upon the matter, as upon the manner, not upon the capital he may have in real estate, bank funds or public stocks, but upon the fundamental principle of "confidence," gutta percha lungs and unmistakable amplitude of—brass and bravado! If any man doubts the fact, let him look around him, and calculate the matter. Why is it that *lawyers* are so particularly felicitous in running for, securing, and usurping most of all the important or profitable offices under government? Lungs—gutta percha lungs and everlasting impudence, does it. A man might as well try to bail out the Mississippi with a tea-spoon, or shoot shad with a fence-rail, as to hope for a seat in Congress, merely upon the possession of patriotic principles, or double-concentrated and refined integrity. Why, if George Washington was a Virginia farmer to-day, his chance for the Presidency wouldn't be a circumstance to that of Rufus Choate's, while there is hardly a lawyer attached to the Philadelphia bar that would not beat the old gentleman out of his top boots in running for the Senate! But we'll *cut* "wise saws" for a modern instance; let us attend a small "caucus" where incipient Demostheneses, Ciceros, and Mark Antonies most do congregate, and see things "workin'." It is night, a ward meeting of the unterrified, meat-axe, non-intervention—hats off—hit him again—butt-enders, have called a meeting to *caucus* for the coming fall contest. "Owing to the inclemency of the

weather," and other causes too tedious to mention, of some eight hundred of the *unterrified, non-intervention —Cuban annexation—Wilmot proviso, compromise, meat-axe, hats off—hit him again—butt-enders*—only eighty attend the call. Of these eighty faithful, some forty odd are on the wing for office; one at least wants to work his way up to the gubernatorial chair, five to the Senate, ten to the "Assembly," fifteen to the mayoralty, and the balance to the custom house.

Now, before the "curtain rises," little knots of the anxious multitude are seen here and there about the corners of the adjacent neighborhood and in the recesses of the caucus chamber, their heads together —caucusing on a small scale.

"Flambang, who'd you think of puttin' up to-night for the *Senate*, in our ward?" asks a cadaverous, but earnest *unterrified*, of a brother in the same cause.

"Well, I swan, I don't know; what do you think of Jenkins?"

"Jenkins?" leisurely responded the first speaker; "Jenkins is a pooty good sort of a man, but he ain't known; made himself rather unpop'ler by votin' agin that *grand junction railroad to the north pole* bill, afore the Legislature, three years ago; besides he's served two years in the Legislature, and been in the custom house two years; talks of going to California or somewhere else, next spring—so I-a, I-a—don't think

much of Jenkins, anyhow!"

"Well, then," says Flambang, "there's Dr. Rhubarb; what do you think of him? He's a sound *unterrified*, good man."

"A—ye-e-e-s, the doctor's pooty good sort of a man, but I don't think its good policy to run doctors for office. If they are defeated it sours their minds equal to cream of tartar; it spiles their practice, and 'tween you and I, Flambang, if they takes a spite at a man that didn't vote for 'em, and he gets sick, they're called in; how easy it is *for 'em to poison us!*"

"Good gracious!—you don't say so?"

"I *don't* say, of course I don't say so of Dr. Rhubarb. I only supposed a case," replied the wily *caucuser*.

"A case? Yes-s-s; a feller would be a case, under them circumstances. I'm down on doctors, then, Twist; but what do you say to Blowpipes? He's one of our best speakers—"

"*Gas!*" pointedly responded Twist.

"Gas? Well, you voted for him last year, when he run for Congress; you were the first man to nominate him, too!"

"So I was, and I voted for him, drummed for him, fifed and blowed; that was no reason for my thinking him the best man we had for the office. He's a

demagogue, an ambitious, sly, selfish feller, as we could skeer up; but, he was in our way, we couldn't get shut of him; I proposed the nomination, and tried to elect him, so that we should get him out of the way of our local affairs, and more deserving and less pretendin' men could get a chance, don't you see? Now, Flambang, you're the man I'm goin' in for to-night!"

"Me! Mr. Twist? Why, bless your soul, I don't want office!"

"Come, now, don't be modest. I'll lay the ground-work, you'll be nominated—I'll not be known in it—you'll get the nomination—called out for a speech—so be on the trigger—give 'em a rouser, and you're in!"

Poor Flambang, a modest, retiring man, peaceable proprietor of a small shop, in which, by the force of prudence and economy, he has laid up something, has a voice among his fellow-citizens and some influence, but would as soon attempt to carry a blazing pine knot into a powder magazine, or "ship" for a missionary to the Tongo Islands, as to run for the Legislature *and make a speech in public!* Twist knows it; he guesses shrewdly at the effect.

"Why don't you run?" says Flambang, after many efforts to get his breath.

"Me? Well, if you don't want to *run*."

"*Run?* I would as soon think of jumping over the moon, as running for office!" answers Flambang. "But I thank you, thank *you* kindly, for your good intentions, for *your* confidence(!), Twist, and whatever good I can do for you, I'll do, and—"

Twist having secured the first step to his *plot*, enters the caucus chamber in deep and earnest consultation with Flambang, and while preparations are being made to "histe the rag," he is seen making converts to his sly purposes, upon the same principle by which he converted his modest friend, Flambang.

"Who are you going in for to-night?" asks another "ambitious for distinction" *unterrified* of "a brother."

"Well, I don't know; it's hard to tell; good many wants to be nominated, and good many more than will be," was the cogent reply.

"That's a fact!" was the equally clear response. "But 'tween you and I, Pepper—I'd like to get the nomination for the Senate myself!"

"No-o-o?"

"Yes, sir; why shouldn't I? Hain't I stood by the party?"

"Well, and hain't I stood by it, hung by it, fastened to it?"

"Pepper, you have; so have I; now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You hang by me, for the Senate, and I'll go in for you for the House."

"Agreed; hang by 'em, give 'em a blast, first opening, and while you are fifing away for me, I'll go around for you, Captain Johns."

"Flammer, you going to go in for Smithers, to-night?" asks another of "the party," of a confederate.

"Smithers? I don't know about that; I don't think he's the right kind of a man for mayor, any how; do you?"

"Well, you know he's an almighty peart chap in talkin', and I guess he'll be elected, if he's nominated and goes around speaking; but here he is; let's feel his pulse." After a confab of some minutes between Flammer, Smithers, and Skyblue, things seem to be fixed to mutual satisfaction, and something is "dropped" about "go in for me for the Mayoralty, I'll go in for you for the Senate," etc.

"Don't let on, that I'm *anxious*, at all, you know," says Smithers, to which the two allies Skyblue and Flammer respond—"O, of course not!"

Now the curtain rises, the meeting's organized, with as much formality, fuss and fungus as the opening of the House of Parliament; soon is heard the work of balloting for nominations, and soon it is

known that *Twist* is *the* man for the Senate—this calls *Twist* out; he spreads—feels overpowered—this unexpected (!) event—attending as a spectator, not anticipating any thing for himself—proud of the unexpected honor—had long served as a *private* in the ranks of the *unterrified*—die in the front of battle, if his friends thought proper, etc., etc. And Twist falls back, mid great applause of the multitude, to give way to Capt. Johns, who also felt overpowered by the unexpected rush of honor put upon him, in connecting his name with the senatorial ticket. He was proud of being thought capable of serving his country, etc., etc.; gave his friend Pepper "a first-rate notice." Pepper was nominated, made a speech, and so highly piled up the agony in favor of Smithers, that Smithers was nominated—made a speech in favor of Skyblue and Flammer, upon the force of which both were nominated—the wheel within a wheel worked elegant; and the organs next day were sublimely eloquent upon the result of the grand caucus—candidates—unanimity—etc., etc., of these subterranean politicians. So are our great men manufactured for the public.

Affecting Cruelty.

A hard-fisted "old hunker," who has made $30,000 in fifty-one years, by saving up rags, old iron, bones, soap-grease, snipping off the edges of halves, quarters, and nine-pences, raised the whole neighborhood t'other evening. He came across a full-faced Spanish ninepence, and in an attempt to extract the jaw-teeth of the head, the poor thing squealed so, that the bells rang, and the South End watchmen hollered fire for about an hour! This "old gentleman" has a way of *sweating* the crosses from a smooth fourpence, and makes them look so bran new, that he passes them for ten cent pieces! One case of his benevolence is "worthy of all praise;" he recently *gave away* to a poor Irishman's family, a bunch of cobwebs, and an old hat he had worn since the battle of Bunker Hill; upon these bounties the Irishman started into business; he boiled the hunker's hat, and it yielded a bar of soap and a dozen tallow candles! If old Smearcase continues to fool away his hard-earned wealth in that manner, his friends ought to buy an injunction on his *will!*

The Wolf Slayer.

In 1800 the most of the State of Ohio, and nearly

all of Indiana, was a dense wilderness, where the gaunt wolf and naked savage were masters of the wild woods and fertile plains, which now, before the sturdy blows of the pioneer's axe, and the farmer's plough, has been with almost magical effect converted into rich farms and thriving, beautiful villages.

In the early settlement of the west, the pioneers suffered not only from the ruthless savage, but fearfully from the *wolf*. Many are the tales of terror told of these ferocious enemies of the white man, and his civilization. Many was the hunter, Indian as well as the Angle-Saxon, whose bones, made marrowless by the prowling hordes of the dark forest, have been scattered and bleached upon the war-path or Indian trail of the back-woods. In 1812-13, my father was contractor for the north-western army, under command of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison. He supplied the army with beef; he bought up cattle along the Sciota valley and Ohio river, and drove them out to the army, then located at Sandusky. Chillicothe, then, was a small settlement on the Sciota river, and protected by a block house or rude fort, in which the inhabitants could scramble if the Indians made their appearance. My father resided here, and having collected a large drove of cattle, he set out up the valley with a few mounted men as a kind of guard to protect the drove against the prowling minions of

Tecumseh.

The third day out, late in the afternoon, being very warm weather, there arose a most terrific thunder-storm; the huge trees, by the violence of the wind and sharp lightning, were uprooted and rent into thousands of particles, and the panic-stricken herd scattered in every direction. I have seen the havoc made in forests through which one of these tornadoes has taken its way, or I should be incredulous to suppose whole acres of trees, hundreds of years old, could be torn up, or snapped off like reeds upon the river side.

The fury of the whirlwind seemed to increase as the night grew darker, until cattle, men and horses, were killed, crippled and dispersed. My father crawled under the lee of a large sycamore that had fell, and here, partly protected from the rain and falling timber, he lay down. I have camped out some, and can readily anticipate the comfort of the old gentleman's situation, and not at all disposed was he to go to sleep mounted upon such guard.

At length the work of destruction and ruin being done, the storm abated, the rain ceased to *pour* and the winds to wag their noisy tongues so furiously. A wolf *howl*, and of all fearful howls, or yelps uttered by beasts of prey, none can, I think, be more alarming and terrific to the ear than the *wolf* howl as

he scents carnage. A wolf howl broke fearfully upon the drover's ear as he lay crouched beneath the sycamore. It was a familiar sound, and therefore, and *then* the more dreadful. The drover carried a good Yeager rifle, knife, and pistols, but a man laden with arms in the midst of a troop of famished wolves, was as helpless as the tempest-tossed mariner in the midst of the ocean's storm. The *howl* had scarcely echoed over the dark wood, before it was answered by dozens on every side! And as the drover's keen eye pierced the gloom around him, the dancing, fiery glare of the wolf's eyes met his wistful gaze.

The forest now resounded with the maddened banqueting beast, and as the glaring eyes came nearer and nearer, the drover hugged his Yeager tightly, and prepared to defend life while yet it lasted. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and then a loud scream or cry of terror burst upon the air, a rushing sound, a man pursued by a troop of wolves fled by the drover and his cover; scream after scream rent the air, and the drover knew that a companion had fell a victim to the wolf in his attempt at self-defence. The night was a long one, and thus, among the savage beasts, a fearful one. The report of another rifle again broke upon the ear, and again, and again did the hunting iron speak, and the wolf howl salute it. A pair of eyes glared hurriedly upon the drover, and he could not resist the desire to

use his Yeager, and the wolf taking the contents of the rifle in his mouth, rolled over, while a score rushed up to fill his place. Oh! how dreadful must have been the suspense and feelings of the drover as he lay crouched under the old tree, surrounded by this horde of glaring eyes, his ears split with their awful *howl*, and their hot and venomous breath fairly in his face! But the wolf is a base coward, and will not meet a man eye to eye, and so protected lay the drover, with his clenched teeth and unquivering eye, that the wolf had no chance to attack, but by rushing up to his very front. The red tongue lapped, the fierce teeth were arrayed and the demon eyes glaring, but the drover quailed not, and the cowardly wolf stood at bay. The sharp crack of the distant rifle still smote upon the air and the loud howl still went up over the forest around. The first faint streaks that deck the sky at morn, the fresh breath of coming day caught the keen scent of the bloody prowlers, and they began to skulk off. The drover gave the retreating cowards a farewell shot from his pistols, tumbled a lank, grey demon over, and the wolf howl soon died off in the distance.

Daylight now appeared, and the drover crawled from his lair. His loud *whoop!* to the disbanded men and drove was answered by the neigh of a horse, who came galloping up, and proved to be his own good hunter, who seemed happy indeed to meet his

master. Another *whoop-e* brought a responsive shout, and finally four men out of the twelve, with seven horses and a few straggling cattle, were mustered. The forest was strewn with torn carcasses of cattle and horses, mostly killed by the falling timber, and partly devoured by the ravenous wolves. A few hundred yards from the tree where the drover lay, was found a few fragments of clothes, the knife and rifle, and a half-eaten body of one of the soldiers. He had fought with the desperation of a mad man, and the dead and crippled wolves lay as trophies around the bold soldier. In a hollow near the river they found a horse and man partly eaten up, and several cattle that had apparently been hotly pursued and torn to death by the rapacious beasts. They started out in search of the spot from whence the drover had heard the firing in the night. They soon discovered the place; at the foot of a large dead sycamore stump, some twelve feet high lay the carcasses of a dozen or twenty wolves. Each wolf had his scalp neatly taken off, and his head elaborately bored by the rifle ball. An Indian ladder, that is, a scrubby saplin', trimmed with footholds left on it, was laying against the old tree, at the top of which was a sort of a rude scaffold, contrived, evidently, by a hunter. At a distance, in a hollow, was seen a great profusion of wolf skulls and bones, but no sign of a human being could there be traced. The party made a fire, and as beef lay plenty around, they regaled themselves

heartily, after their night of horror and disaster. Having finished their repast, they separated, each taking different courses to hunt and drive up such of the stray cattle as could be found. My father, whom I have designated as the drover, pursued his way over the vast piles of fallen, tangled timber, leaping from one tree to the other. As he was about to throw himself over the trunk of a mighty prostrate oak, he found himself within two feet of one of the largest and most ferocious wolves that ever expanded its broad jaws and displayed its fierce tushes to the eye of man. Both parties were taken so suddenly by surprise, by this collision, that they seemed to be rooted to the spot without power to move. I have heard of serpents charming birds, said the drover, but I never believed in the theory until I found myself fairly magnetized by this great she-wolf. The wolf stood and snarled with its golden fiery eye bent upon the drover, who never moved his steady gaze from the wolf's face.

There is not a beast in existence that will attack a man if he keeps his eyes steady upon the animal, but will cower and sneak off, and so did the wolf. But no sooner had she turned her head and with a howl started off, than a blue pill from the drover's Yeager split her skull, and brought her career to a speedy termination.

Whoo-ep!

A shout so peculiar to the lusty lungs of the western hunter made the welkin ring again, and as the astonished drover turned towards the shouter, he beheld a sight that proved quite as formidable as the wolf he had just slain.

"Well done, stranger; you're the man for me; I like you. That shot done my heart good, though I was about to do the old she devil's business for ye, seeing as you war sort o' close quartered with the varmint."

"Thank you," responded the drover, addressing the speaker, a tall, gaunt, iron-featured, weather-beaten figure, with long grey hair, and a rude suit of wolf-skin clothing, cap and moccasins. He held in his long arms a large rifle, a knife in his belt, and a powder horn slung over his side. He seemed the very patriarch of the woods, but good humored, and with his rough hilarity soon explained his presence there.

"Well, stranger," said he, "you have had a mighty chance of bad luck yer last night, and I never saw them cursed varmints so crazy afore."

"Do you live in these parts?" inquired the drover.

"Ha! ha! yes, yes," replied the hunter. "I live yer, I live anywhar's whar wolf can be found. But you don't know me, I reckon, stranger?"

"I do not," said the drover.

"Ha! ha! well, that's quare, mighty quare. I thought thar warn't a man this side the blue ridge but what knows me and old *kit* here, (his rifle.) Well, seeing you are a stranger, I'll just take that old sarpent's top-knot off, and have a talk with ye."

With this introductory of matters, the hunter in the wolf-skins scalped the wolf, and tucking the scalp in his belt, motioned the drover to follow. He led the way in deep silence some half a mile to a small stream, down which they proceeded for some distance, until they came to a low and rudely-constructed cabin. Here the hunter requested the drover to take a seat on a log, in front of the cabin, while he entered through a small aperture in his hut, and brought forth a pipe, tobacco, and some dried meat. These dainties being discussed, old Nimrod the mean time kept chuckling to himself, and mumbling over the idea that there should be a white man or *Ingin* this side the blue ridge that didn't know *him*.

"Ha! ha! well, well, I swar, it is curious, stranger, that you don't know me, *me* that kin show more *Ingin* skelps than any white man that ever trod these war paths; *me*, who kin shoot more wolves and fetch in more of the varmints' skelps in one night than any white man or *Ingin* that ever trod this wilderness. But I'm gittin' old, very old, forgotten, and here comes a white man clean and straight from the settlements and he don't know me; I swar I've lived to be clean

ashamed o' myself." And with this soliloquy, half to himself and partly addressed to the drover, the old hunter seemed almost fit to cry, at his imaginary insignificance and dotage.

"But, friend," said the drover, "as you have not yet informed me by what name I may call you—"

"*Call* me, stranger? why I *am*"—and here his eyes glared as he threw himself into a heroic attitude —"Chris Green, *old* Chris Green, the *wolf slayer!* But, God bless ye, stranger, p'r'aps you're from t'other side the ridge, and don't know old Chris's history."

"That I frankly admit," replied the drover.

"Well, God bless ye, I love my fellow white men, yes, I do, though I live yer by myself, and clothe myself with the varmints' skins, go but seldom to the settlements, and live on what old kit thar provides me.

"Well, stranger, my history's a mighty mournful one, but as yer unlucky like myself and plenty of business to 'tend to 'fore night, I'll make my troubles short to ye.

"Well, you see about thirty years ago, I left the blue ridge with a party of my neighbors to come down yer in the Sciota country, to see it, and lay plans to drive the cussed red skins clean out of it. Well, the red skins appeared rather quiet, what few

we fell in with, and monstrous civil. But cuss the sarpints, there's no more dependence to be put in 'em than the cantankerous wolves, and roast 'em, I always sets old kit talkin' Dutch to them varmints, the moment I claps eyes on 'em. The wolf's my nat'ral inimy—I'd walk forty miles to git old kit a wolf skelp. Well, we travelled all over the valley, and we gin it as our opinion that the Sciota country was the garden spot o' the world, and if we could only defend ourselves 'gainst the inimy we should move right down yer at once. We went back home, and the next spring a hull settlement on us came down yer. My neighbors thought it best for us all to settle down together at Chillicothe, whar a few Ingin huts and cabins war. I had a wife, and son and da'ter; now, stranger, I loved 'em as dearer to me 'nor life or heart's blood itself. Well, the red skins soon began to show their pranks—they stole our cre'ters (horses), shot down our cattle, and made all manner o' trouble for the little settlement. At last I proposed we should build a clever-sized block house, strong and stanch, in which our wimen folks and children, with a few men to guard 'em, could hold out a few days, while a handful o' us scoured Paint hills and the country about, and peppered a few of the cussed red devils. We had been out some four or five days when we fell in with the inimy; it war just about sunset, and the red skins war camped in a hollow close by this spot. We intended to let 'em get through their smoking

and stretch themselves for the night, and then squar our accounts with 'em. Stranger, I've lived in these woods thirty years, I never saw such a hurricane as we had yer last night, 'cept once. The night we lay in ambush for the *Ingins*, six-and-twenty years ago, thar came up a hurricane, the next mornin' eleven of the bodies of my neighbors lay crushed along the bottom yer, and for a hundred miles along the Sciota, whar the hurricane passed, the great walnuts and sycamore lay blasted, root and branch, just as straight as ye'd run a bee line; no timber grow'd upon these bottoms since. Five on us escaped the hurricane, but before day we fell in with a large party of red skins, and we fought 'em like devils; three on us fell; myself and the only neighbor left war obliged to fly to the hills. I made my way to the settlement.

"Stranger, when I looked down from the hills of Paint creek, and saw the block house scattered over the bottom, and not a cabin standin' or a livin' cre'ter to be seen in the settlement of Chillicothe, my heart left me; I become a woman at once, and sot down and cry'd as if I'd been whipped to death." The old man's voice grew husky, and the tears suffused his eyes, but after a few sighs and a tear, he proceeded:

"Well, you see, stranger, a man cannot always be a child, nor a woman, either; my crying spell appeared to ease my heart amazin'ly. I shouldered old kit here,

and down I went to examine things. The hurricane had scattered every thing; the fire had been at work too, but, great God! the bloody *wolf* had been thar, the settlement was kivered with the bloody bones of my own family and friends; if any had escaped the hurricane, the fire or wolf, the *Ingins* finished 'em, for I never seen 'em afterwards; I couldn't bear to stay about the place, I'd no home, friend, or kindred. I took to the woods, and swore eternal death to the red skins and my nat'ral inimy, the *wolf!* I've been true to my word, stranger; that cabin is lined with skelps and ornamented with Ingin *top-knots!* Look in, ha! ha! see there! they may well call old Chris the *Wolf Slayer!*"

The drover regaled his eyes on the trophies of the old forlorn hunter, and then visited the *perch*, which was situated close by a "deer lick," where wolves resorted to fall upon their victims. And from this *perch* old *Wolf Slayer* had made fearful work upon his nat'ral inimy the night previous. The old hunter assisted, during the day, to collect such of the scattered drove as yet were alive or to be found; the men came with another of their companions, and the small drove and men left the scene of terror and disaster, wishing a God-speed to the *Wolf Slayer*.

The Man that knew 'em All.

If you have ever "been around" some, and taken notice of things, you have doubtless seen the man who knows pretty much every thing and every body!

I've seen them frequently. As the old preacher observed to a venerable lady, in reference to *forerunners*, "I see 'em now." Well, talking of that rare and curious specimen of the human family, the man that knows every body, I've rather an amusing reminiscence of "one of 'em." Stopping over night at the Virginia House, in that jumping off place of Western Virginia, Wheeling, some years ago, I had the pleasure or pastime of meeting several of the big guns of the nation, on their way from Washington city, home. It was in August, I think, when, as is most generally the case, the Ohio river gets monstrous low and feeble; when all of the large steamers are past getting up so far, and travelling down the river becomes quite amusing to amateurs, and particularly tedious and monotonous to business people, bound home. Three hundred travellers, more or less, were laying back at the "Virginia" and "United States," in the aforesaid hardscrabble of a city, or town, waiting for the river to get up, or some means for them to get down.

The session of Congress had closed at Washington, some time before, and as almost all of the M. C.'s, U.

S. S.'s, wire pullers, hangers on, blacklegs, horse jockeys, etc., etc., came over "the National Road" to Wheeling, to take the river for Southern and Western destinations, of course the assemblage at that place, at that time, was promiscuous, and quite interesting; at least, Western and Southern men always make themselves happy and interesting, home or abroad, and particularly so when travelling. It was a glorious thing for the proprietors of the hotels, to have such a host of guests, as a house full of company always is a "host," the guests having nothing else to do but lay back, eat, drink, and be merry, and foot the bills when ready, or when opportunity offers, to—— go.

They drank and smoked, and drank again, and told jests, and played games and tricks, and thus passed the time along. Among the multitude was one of those ever-talkative and chanting men of the world, who knew all places and all men—as *he* would have it. Just after removing the cloth, at dinner, a knot of the old jokers, bacchanalians and wits, settled away in a cluster, at the far end of a long table, and were having a very pleasant time. The man of all talk was there; he was the very *nucleus* of all that was being said or done. He was from below, somewhere, on his way, as he informed the crowd, to Washington city, upon affairs of no slight importance to himself and the country in general.

"Oho!" says one of the party, a sly, winking, fat

and rosy gentleman, whom we shall designate hereafter, "you're bound to the capital, eh?"

"Yes, *sir*," responded the man of all talk.

"Of course you've been there before?" says the interrogator, nudging a friend, and winking at the rest.

"*What?* Me been in Washington before? Ha, ha! *me* been *there* before! Bless you, me *been* in Washington city!"

"Oho! ha, ha!" says the interrogator, "you're one of the caucus folks, eh? One of them wire pullers we read about, eh?"

"*Me?* Caucus? Ha, ha! Mum's the word, gents, (looking killingly cunning.) Come, gentlemen, let's fill up. Ha, ha! me pulling the—ha, ha! Well, here's to the old Constitution; let's hang by her, while there's a—a—a button on Jabe's coat."

And they all responded, of course, to this eloquent sentiment.

"Here's to Jabe's buttons, coat, hat, and breeches."

"Excuse me," continued the first operator, after the toast was wet down, "you'll please excuse me, in behalf of some of my friends here; as you've been down in that dratted place, and must know a good deal of the goings on there, I'd like to inquire about a

few things we Western folks don't more than get an inkling of, through the papers."

"Certainly; go on, sir," says the victim, assuming all the dignity and depth of a man that's appealed to to settle a ponderous matter.

"I'd like to inquire if those Kitchen Cabinet disclosures of the Pennsylvania Senator, were true. Had you ever any means of satisfying yourself that there is, or was, a real service of gold in the President's house?"

"Aye! that's what we'd all like to know," says another.

"How many pieces were there?"

"*What* were they?"

"Aye, and what their *heft* was?"

"Mum, gentlemen; let's drink—no tales out of school, ha, ha! No, no—mum's the word." And looking funny and deep, merry and wise, all at one and the same time, the man of all talk proposed to drink and keep—— *mum*.

But they wouldn't drink, and insisted on the secret being let out—they wanted a decided and positive answer, from a man who knew the ropes.

"Gentlemen," said the victim, dropping his voice

into a sort of melo-dramatic stage whisper, and stooping quite over the table, so as to collect the several heads and ears as close into a phalanx as possible: "gentlemen, it's a *fact!*"

"What?" says the party.

"All gold!" says the victim.

"A gold service?" inquires the party.

"*Thirty-eight pieces!*" continued the victim.

"Solid gold?" chimed the rest.

"*Just half a ton in heft!*"

"You don't tell us *that*?"

"Know it; eat out of 'em, *then weighed 'em all!*"

"P-h-e-w!" whistled some, while others went into stronger exclamations.

"*Fact, by the great* ——"

"Oh, it's all right, sir; no doubt of it now, sir," said the mover of the business, grasping the victim's upraised arm.

"Then, of course, sir, you're well acquainted with Matty Van; on good terms with the little Magician," continued the leading wag.

"*Me?* me on good terms with Matty? Ha, ha! that is

a good joke; never go to Washington without cracking a bottle with the little fox, and staying over night with him. *Me* on good terms with Matty? *We've had many a spree together!* Yes, *sir!*" and the knowing one winked right and left.

"Well, there's old Bullion," continued one of the interrogators, a fine portly old gent, "you know him, of course?"

"What, Tom Benton? Bless your souls, I don't know my letters half as well as I know old Tom."

"And Bill Allen, of Ohio?" asked another. "What sort of a fellow is Bill?"

"Bill Allen? Lord O! isn't he a coon? Bill Allen? I wish I had a dime for every horn, and game of bluff, we've had together."

"Well, there's another of 'em," inquiringly asked a fat, farmer-looking old codger: "Dr. Duncan, how's he stand down there about Washington?"

"Oh, well, he's a pretty good sort of an old chap, but, gents, between you and I, (with another whisper,) there is a good deal of the 'old fogie' senna and salts about him. But then he's death and the pale hoss on poker."

"What, Doctor Duncan?" says they.

"Why, y-e-e-s, of course. Didn't he skin me out of

my watch last winter, playing poker, at Willard's?"

"Well," continued the fat farmer-looking man, "I didn't know Duncan *gambled*?"

"Mum, not a word out of school; ha, ha! Let's drink, gents. Gamble? Lord bless you, it's common as dish-water down there—I've played euchre for hours with old Tom Benton, Harry Clay and Gen. Scott, *right behind the speaker's chair!*"

Then they all *drank*, of course, and some of the party liked to have choked. The company now proposed to adjourn to the smoking room, and they arose and left the table accordingly. The man of all talk promenaded out on to the steps, and in course of half an hour, says the leading spirit of the late dinner, or wine party, to him:—

"Mr. ——a—a—?"

"Ferguson, sir; George Adolphus Ferguson is my address, sir," responded the victim.

"Mr. Ferguson, did you know that your friend Benton was in town?" inquired the wag.

"What, Tom Benton here?"

"And Allen," continued the wag.

"What, Bill Allen, too?" says the victim.

"And Doctor Duncan."

"You don't tell me all them fellows are here?"

"Yes, sir, your friends are all here. Come in and see them; your friends will be delighted," says the wag, taking Mister Ferguson by the arm, to lead him in.

"Ha, ha! I'm a—a—ha, ha! *won't* we have a time? But you just step in—I a—I'll be in in one moment," but in less than half the time, Mr. Ferguson mizzled, no one knew whither!

The gentlemen at the table, it is almost needless to say, were no others than Benton, Allen, Duncan, and some three or four other arbiters of the fate of our immense and glorious nation, in her councils, and fresh from the capital.

Ferguson has not been heard of since.

A Severe Spell of Sickness.

It is the easiest thing under heaven to be sick, if you can afford it. What it costs some rich men for family sickness per annum, would keep all the children in "a poor neighborhood" in "vittels" and clothes the year round. When old Cauliflower took sick, once in a long life-time, he was prevailed upon

to send for Dr. Borax, and it was some weeks before Cauliflower got down stairs again. At the end of the year Dr. Borax sent in his bill; the amount gave Cauliflower spasms in his pocket-book, and threatened a whole year's profits with strangulation.

"Doctor," says Cauliflower, "that bill of yours is all-fired steep, isn't it?"

"No, sir," says Borax; "your case was a dangerous case—I never raised a man from the grave with such difficulty, in all my practice!"

"But, fifty-three *calls*, doctor, one hundred and six dollars."

"Exactly—two dollars a visit, sir," said the urbane doctor.

"And twenty-seven prescriptions, four plasters, &c. —eighty-one dollars!"

"One hundred and eighty-seven dollars, sir."

"Well," says Cauliflower, "this may be all very *well* for people who can af-*ford* it, but I can't; there's your money, doctor, but I'll bet you won't catch me sick as that again—*soon!*"

The Race of the Aldermen.

In 183-, it chanced in the big city of New York, that the aldermen elect were a sort of *tie*; that is, so many whigs and so many democrats. Such a thing did not occur often, the democracy usually having the supremacy. They generally had things pretty much all their own way, and distributed their favors among their partizans accordingly. The whigs at length *tied* them, and the *locos*, beholding with horror and misgivings, the new order of things which was destined to turn out many a holder of fat office, many a pat-riot overflowing with democratic patriotism, whose devotion to the cause of the country was manifest in the tenacity with which he clung to his place, were extremely anxious to devise ways and means to keep the whigs at bay; and as the day drew near, when the assembled Board of Aldermen should have their sitting at the City Hall, various *dodges* were proposed by the locos to out-vote the whigs, in questions or decisions touching the distribution of places, and appointment of men to fill the various stations of the new municipal government.

"I have it—I've got it!" exclaimed a round and jolly alderman of a democratic ward. "To-night the Board meets—we stand about eight and eight—this afternoon, let two of us invite two of the whigs,

Alderman H—— and Alderman J——, out to a dinner at Harlem, get H—— and J—— tight as wax, and then we can slip off, take our conveyance, come in, and vote the infernal whigs just where we want them!"

"Capital! prime! Ha, ha, ha!" says one.

"First rate! elegant! ha, ha, ha!" shouts another.

"Ha, ha! haw! haw! he, he, he!" roared all the locys.

"Well, gentlemen, let's all throw in a V apiece, to defray expenses; we, you know, of course, must put the whigs *through*, and we must give them a rouse they won't forget soon. Champagne and turtle, that's the ticket; coach for four *out* and two *in*. Ha, ha!—The whigs shall see the elephant!"

Well, the purse was made up, the coach hired, and the two victims, the poor whigs, were carted out under the pretence of a grand aldermanic feast to Harlem, the scene of many a spree and jollification with the city fathers, and other bon vivants and gourmands of Gotham.

Dinner fit for an emperor being discussed, sundry bottles of "Sham" were uncorked, and their effervescing contents decanted into the well-fed bodies of the four aldermen. Toasts and songs, wit and humor, filled up the time, until the democrats

began to think it was time that one of them slipped out, took the carriage back to the city, leaving the other to *fuddle* the two whigs, and detain them until affairs at "the Tea Room," City Hall, were settled to the entire satisfaction of the democrats.

"Landlord," says one of the democrats, whom we will call Brown, "landlord, have you any conveyance, horses, wagons, carriages or carts, by which any of my friends could go back to town to-night, if they wish?"

"Oh, yes," says the landlord, "certainly—I can send the gentlemen in if they wish."

"Very well, sir,—they may get very *tight* before they desire to return—they are men of families, respectable citizens, and I do not wish them, under any circumstances, to leave your house until morning. Whatever the bill is I will foot, provided you deny them any of your means to go in to-night. You understand!"

"Oh! yes, sir—if you request it as a matter of favor, that I shall keep your friends here, I will endeavor to do so—but hadn't you better attend to them yourself?"

"Well, you see," says Brown, "I have business of importance to transact—must be in town this evening. Give the party all they wish—put that in

your fob—(handing the host an X)—post up your bill in the morning, and I'll be out bright and early to make all square. Do you hark?" says Brown.

"Oh, yes, sir—all right," responded the landlord.

Brown gave his confederate the *cue*, stepped out, promising to "be in in a minute," and then, getting into a carriage, he drove back to the city, almost tickled to death with the idea of how nicely the whigs would be "dished" when they all met at the City Hall, and came up minus *two!*

Smith, Brown's loco friend, did his best to keep the thing up, by calling in the New Jersey thunder and lightning—vulgarly known as Champagne—and even walked into the aforesaid t. and l. so deeply himself, that a man with half an eye might see Smith would be as blind as an owl in the course of the evening. But Smith was bound to do the thing up brown, and thought no sacrifice too great or too expensive to preserve the loaves and fishes of his party. All of a sudden, however, night was drawing on a pace, the whigs began to smell a *mice*. The absence of Brown, and the excessive politeness and liberality of Smith, in hurrying up the bottles, settled it in the minds of the whigs, that something was going on dangerous to the whig cause, and that they had better look out—*and so they did*.

"Jones," says one of the whigs, *sotto voce*, to the

other, "Brown has cleared; it is evident he and Smith calculate to corner us here, prevent your presence in 'the Tea Room' to-night, and thus defeat your vote."

"The deuce! You don't think that, Hall, do you?"

"Faith, I do; but we won't be caught napping. Waiter, bring in a bottle of brandy."

"Brandy?" said Smith, in astonishment. "Why, you ain't going to dive right into it, in that way, are you?"

"Why not?" says Hall. "Brandy's the best thing in the world to settle your nerves after getting half fuddled on Champagne, my boy; just you try it—take a good stiff horn. Brown, you see, has *cut*, we must follow; so let's straighten up and get ready for a start. Here's to 'the loaves and fishes.'" Jones and Hall took their horns of Cogniac, which does really make some men sober as judges after they are very drunk on real or spurious Champagne.

"Well," says Smith, "it's my opinion we'll all be very *tight* going in this way, brandy on Champagne; but here goes to the fishes and loaves—the loaves and fishes, I mean."

The brandy had a rather contrary effect from what it does usually; it did *settle* Smith—in five minutes he was so very "boozy" that his chin bore down upon his breast, he became as "limber as a rag," and snored like a pair of bagpipes.

"Now, Jones," says Hall, "let's be off. Landlord, get us a gig, wagon, carriage, cart, any thing, and let's be off; we must be in town immediately."

"Sorry, gentlemen, but can't oblige you—haven't a vehicle on the premises!"

"Why, confound it, you don't pretend to say you can't send us into town to-night, do you?" says Jones, waxing uneasy.

"Haven't you a horse, jackass, mule or a wheelbarrow—any thing, so we can be carted in, right off, too?" says Hall.

"Can't help it, gentlemen."

"What time do the *cars* come along?" eagerly inquires Jones.

"About nine o'clock," coolly replies the host.

"Nine fools!" shouted the discomfited alderman. "But this won't do; come, Jones, no help for it—can't fool us in that way—eight miles to the City Hall—two hours to do it in; off coat and *let's foot it!*"

The City Hall clock had just struck 7 P. M., the Tea Room was lighted up, the assembled wisdom of the municipal government had their toadies, and reporters and lookers-on were there; the room was

quite full. Brown was there, in the best of spirits, and the locos all fairly snorted with glee at the scientific manner in which Brown had "done" Jones and Hall out of their votes! The business of the evening was climaxing: the whigs missing two of their number, were in quite a spasm of doubt and fear. The chairman called the meeting to order. The roll was called: seven "good and true" locos answered the call. Six whigs had answered: the seventh was being called: the locos were grinning, and twisting their fingers at the apex of their noses!

"Alderman Jones! Alderman Jones!" bawled the roll-caller.

"Here!" roared the missing individual, bursting into the room.

"Alderman Hall!" continued the roll.

"Here!" responded that notable worthy, rushing in, entirely blowed out.

"Beat, by thunder!" roared the locos, in grand chorus; and in the modern classics of the Bowery, "they wasn't any thing else." The whigs not only had the cut but the entire *deal* in the appointments that time, and Alderman Brown had a *bill* at Harlem, a little more serious to foot than the racing of the aldermen to get a chance to vote.

Getting Square.

It seems to be just as natural for a subordinate in a "grocery" to levy upon the *till*, for material aid to his own pocket, as for the sparks to fly upwards or water run down hill. Innumerable stories are told of the peculations of these "light-fingered gentry," but one of the best of the boodle is a story we are now about to dress up and trot out, for your diversion.

A tavern-keeper in this city, some years ago, advertised for a bar-keeper, "a young man from the country preferred!" Among the several applicants who exhibited themselves "for the vacancy," was a decent, harmless-looking youth whose general *contour* at once struck the tavern-keeper with most favorable impressions.

"So you wish to try your hand tending bar?"

"Yes, sir," said he.

"Have you ever tended bar?"

"No, sir; but I do not doubt my ability to learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn fast enough," says the tavern-keeper. "In fact, I'm glad you are green at the business, you will suit me the better; the last fellow I had come to me recommended as one of the best bar-keepers in New Orleans; he was posted up in all the

fancy drinks and fancy names, he wore fancy clothes and had a fancy dog, and I fancied pretty soon that the rascal had taken a fancy to my small change, so I discharged him in double quick time."

"Served him right, sir," said the new applicant.

"Of course I did. Well now, sir, I'll engage you; you can get the 'run' of things in a few weeks. I will give you twenty-five dollars a month, first month, and thirty dollars a month for the balance of the year."

"I'll accept it, sir," says the youth.

"Do you think it's enough?"

"O, yes, indeed, sir!"

"Well," says Boniface. "Now mark me, young man, I will pay you, punctually, but you mustn't pay yourself extra wages!"

"Pay myself?" says the unsophisticated youth.

"Musn't take 'the run' of the till!"

"Run of the till?"

"No knocking down, sir!"

"O, bless you!" quoth the verdant youth, "I am as good-natured as a lamb; I never knocked any body down in all my life."

"Ha! ha!" ejaculated the landlord; "he *is* green, so I

won't teach him what he don't know. What's your name?"

"Absalom Hart, sir."

"Good Christian-like name, and I've no doubt we shall agree together, for a long time; so go to work."

Absalom "pitched in," a whole year passed, Absalom and the landlord got along slick as a whistle. Another year, two, three, four; never was there a more attentive, diligent and industrious bar-keeper behind a marble slab, or armed with a toddy stick. He was the *ne plus ultra* of bar-keepers, a perfect paragon of toddy mixers. But one day, somehow or other, the landlord found himself in custody of the sheriff, bag and baggage. Business had not fallen off, every thing seemed properly managed, but, somehow or other, the landlord broke, failed, caved in, and the sheriff sold him out.

Who bought the concern? Absalom Hart—nobody else. Some of the people were astonished.

"Well, who would have thought it?"

"Hurrah for Absalom!"

"By George, that was quick work!" were the remarks of the outsiders, when the fact of the sale and purchase became known. The landlord felt quite humbled, he was out of house and home, but he had

a friend, surely.

"Mr. Hart, things work queer in this world, sometimes."

"Think so?" quietly responded the new landlord.

"I do, indeed; yesterday I was up, and to-day I am down."

"Very true, sir."

"Yesterday you were down, to-day you are up."

"Very true; time works wonders, Mr. Smith."

"It does indeed, sir. Now, Mr. Hart, I am out of employment—got my family to support; I always trusted I treated you like a man, didn't I?"

"A—ye-e-s, you did, I believe."

"Now, I want you to employ me; I have a number of friends who of course will patronize our house while I am in it, and you can afford me a fair sort of a living to help you."

"Well, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Hart, "I suppose I shall have to hire somebody, and as I don't believe in taking a raw hand from the country, I will take one who understands all about it. I'll engage you; so go to work."

"Thank you, Mr. Hart." And so the master became

the man, and the man the master.

"Poor Smith, he's down!" cries one old habitue of the 'General Washington' bar-room. "I carkelated he'd gin out afore long, if he let other people 'tend to his business instead of himself."

"I didn't like that fellow Absalom, no how," says another old head; "he's 'bout skin'd Smith."

"Well, Smith kin be savin', he's larnt something," says a third, "and oughter try to get on to his pegs again."

But when Absalom gave his "free blow," these fellows all "went in," partook of the landlord's hospitality, and hoped—of course they did—that he might live several thousand years, and make a fortune!

Time slid on—Smith was attentive, no bar-keeper more assiduous and devoted to the toddy affairs of the house, than Jerry Smith, the pseudo-bar-keeper of Absalom Hart. Absalom being landlord of a popular drinking establishment, was surrounded by politicians, horse jockies, and various otherwise complexioned, fancy living personages. Ergo, Absalom began to lay off and enjoy himself; he had his horses, dogs, and other pastimes; got married, and cut it very "fat." One day he got involved for a friend, got into unnecessary expenses, was sued for

complicated debts, and so entangled with adverse circumstances, that at the end of his third year as landlord, the sheriff came in, and the "General Washington" again came under the hammer.

Now, who will become purchaser? Every body wondered who would become the next customer.

"I will, by George!" says Smith. And Smith did; he had worked long and *faith*fully, and he had saved something. Smith bought out the whole concern, and once more he was landlord of the "General Washington."

Absalom was cut down, like a hollyhock in November—he was dead broke, and felt, in his present situation, flat, stale, and unprofitable enough.

"Mr. Smith," said Absalom, the day after the collapse, "I am once more on my oars."

"Yes, Ab, so it seems; it's a queer world, sometimes we are up, and sometimes we are down. Time, Ab, works wonders, as you once very forcibly remarked."

"It does, indeed, sir."

"We have only to keep up our spirits, Ab, go ahead; the world is large, if it is full of changes."

"True, sir, very true. I was about to remark, Mr. Smith—"

"Well, Ab."

"That we have known one another—"

"Pretty well, I think!"

"A long time, sir—"

"Yes, Ab."

"And when I was up and you down—"

"Yes, go on."

"I gave you a chance to keep your head above water."

"True enough, Ab, my boy."

"Now, sir, I want you to give me charge of the bar again, and I'll off coat and go to work like a Trojan."

"Ab Hart," said Smith, "when you came to me, you was so green you could hardly tell a crossed quarter from a bogus pistareen—the 'run of the till' you learnt in a week, while in less than a month you was the best hand at 'knocking down' I ever met! There's fifty dollars, you and I are square; we will keep so—go!"

Poor Absalom was beat at his own game, and soon left for parts unknown.

People Do Differ!

Fifty years ago, Uncle Sam was almost a stranger on the maps; he hadn't a friend in the world, apparently, while he had more enemies than he could shake a stick at. Every body snubbed him, and every body wanted to lick him. But Sam has now grown to be a crowder; his spunk, too, goes up with his resources, and he don't wait for any body to "knock the chip off his hat," but goes right smack up to a crowd of fighting bullies, and rolling up his sleeves, he coolly "wants to know" if any body had any thing to say about him, in that crowd! Uncle Sam is no longer "a baby," his *physique* has grown to be quite enormous, and we rather expect the old fellow will have to have a pitched battle with some body soon, *or he'll spile!*

Bill Whiffletree's Dental Experience.

Have you ever had the tooth-ache? If not, then blessed is your ignorance, for it is indeed bliss to know nothing about the tooth-ache, as you know nothing, absolutely nothing about pain—the acute, double-distilled, rectified agony that lurks about the

roots or fangs of a treacherous tooth. But ask a sufferer how it feels, what it is like, how it operates, and you may learn something theoretically which you may pray heaven that you may not know practically.

But there's poor William Whiffletree—he's been through the mill, fought, bled, and died (slightly) with the refined, essential oil of the agony caused by a raging tooth. Every time we read *Othello*, we are half inclined to think that *more* than half of Iago's devilishness came from that "raging tooth," which would not let him sleep, but tortured and tormented "mine ancient" so that he became embittered against all the world, and blackamoors in particular.

William Whiffletree's case is a very strong illustration of what tooth-ache is, and what it causes people to do; and affords a pretty fair idea of the manner in which the tooth and sufferer are medicinally and morally treated by the *materia medica*, and friends at large.

William Whiffletree—or "Bill," as most people called him—was a sturdy young fellow of two-and-twenty, of "poor but respectable parents," and 'tended the dry-goods store of one Ethan Rakestraw, in the village of Rockbottom, State of New York.

One unfortunate day, for poor Bill, there came to Rockbottom a galvanized-looking individual,

rejoicing in the euphonium of Dr. Hannibal Orestes Wangbanger. As a surgeon, he had—according to the album-full of *certificates*—operated in all the scientific branches of amputation, from the scalp-lock to the heel-tap, upon Emperors, Kings, Queens, and common folks; but upon his science in the dental way, he spread and grew luminous! In short, Dr. Wangbanger had not been long in Rockbottom before his "gift of gab," and unadulterated propensity to elongate the blanket, set every body, including poor Bill Whiffletree, in a furor to have their teeth cut, filed, scraped, rasped, reset, dug out, and burnished up!

Now Bill, being, as we aforestated, a muscularly-developed youth, got up in the most sturdy New Hampshire style, *his* teeth *were* teeth, in every way calculated to perform long and strong; but Bill was fast imbibing counter-jumper notions, dabbling in stiff dickeys, greased soap-locks, and other fancy "flab-dabs," supposed to be essential in cutting a swarth among ye fair sex.

So that when Dr. Wangbanger once had an audience with Mr. William Whiffletree in regard to one of Mr. Whiffletree's molars which Bill thought had a "speck" on it, he soon convinced the victim that the said molar not only was specked, but out of the dead plumb of its nearest neighbor at least the 84th part of an inch!

"O, shocking!" says the remorseless *hum*; "it is well I saw it in time, Mr. Whiffletree. Why, in the course of a few weeks, that tooth, sir, would have exfoliated, calcareous supperation would have ensued, the gum would have ossified, while the nerve of the tooth becoming apostrophized, the roots would have concatenated in their hiatuses, and the jaw-bone, no longer acting upon their fossil exoduses, would necessarily have led to the entire suspension of the capillary organs of your stomach and brain, and—*death would supervene in two hours!*"

Poor Bill! he scarcely knew what fainting was, but a queer sensation settled in his "ossis frontis," while his ossis legso almost bent double under him, at the awful prospect of things before him! He took a long breath, however, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, inquired—

"Good Lord, Doctor! what's to be done for a feller?"

"Plug and file," calmly said the Doctor.

"Plug and file what?"

"The second molar," said the Doctor; though the treacherous monster *meant* Bill's wallet, of course!

"What'll it cost, Doctor?" says Bill.

"Done in my very best manner, upon the new and splendid system invented by myself, sir, and

practiced upon all the crowned heads of Europe, London, and Washington City, it will cost you three dollars."

"Does it hurt much, Doctor?" was Bill's cautious inquiry.

"Very little, indeed; it's sometimes rather agreeable, sir, than otherwise," said the Doctor.

"Then go at it, Doctor! Here's the *dosh*," and forking over three dollars, down sits William Whiffletree in a high-backed chair, and the Doctor's assistant—a sturdy young Irishman—clamping Bill's head to the back of the chair, to keep it steady, as the Doctor remarked, the latter began to "bore and file."

"O! ah! ho-ho-hold on, *hold on!*" cries Bill, at the first *gouge* the Doctor gave the huge tooth.

"O! be me soul! be aizy, zur," says the Irishman, "it's mesilf as untherstands it—*I'll howld on till yees!*"

"O—O-h-h-h!" roars Bill, as the Doctor proceeds.

"Be quiet, sir; the pain won't signify!" says the Doctor.

"Go-goo-good Lord-d-d! Ho-ho-hol-hold on!"

"O, yeez needn't be afeared of that—I'm howldin' yeez tight as a divil!" cries Paddy, and sure enough

he *was* holding, for in vain Bill screwed and twisted and squirmed around; Pat held him like a cider-press.



"Go—goo—good Lord-d d! Ho—ho—hol —hold on!" "O, yeez needn't be afear'd of that—I'm howldin' yeez tight as a divil!"—*Page* 92.

"Let me—me—O—O—O! Everlasting creation! let me go-o-o—stop, *hold on-n-n!*" as the Doctor bored, screwed, and plugged away at the tooth.

"All done, sir; let the patient up, Michael," says the Doctor, with a confident twirl of his perfumed handkerchief. "There, sir—there was science, art,

elegance, and dispatch! Now, sir, your tooth is safe—your life is safe—*you're a sound man!*"

"Sound?" echoes poor Bill, "sound? Why, you've broken my jaw into flinders; you've set all my teeth on edge; and I've no more feelin'—gall darn ye!—in my jaws, than if they were iron steel-traps! You've got the wuth of your money out of my mouth, and I'm off!"

That night was one of anxiety and misery to William Whiffletree. The disturbed *molar* growled and twitched like mad; and, by daylight, poor Bill's cheek was swollen up equal to a printer's buff-ball, his mouth puckered, and his right eye half "bunged up."

"Why, William," says Ethan Rakestraw, as Bill went into the store, "what in grace ails thy face? Thee looks like an owl in an ivy-bush!"

"Been plugged and filed," says Bill, looking cross as a meat-axe at his snickering Orthodox boss.

"Plugged and *fined*? Thee hain't been fighting, William?"

"Fined? No, I ain't been *fined* or fighting, Mr. Rakestraw, but I bet I do fight that feller who gave me the tooth-ache!—O! O!" moaned poor Bill, as he clamped his swollen jaw with his hand, and went around waving his head like a plaster-of-paris

mandarin.

"O! thee's been to the dentist, eh? Got the tooth-ache? Go thee to my wife; she'll cure thee in one minute, William; a little laudanum and cotton will soon ease thy pain."

Mrs. Rakestraw applied the laudanum to Bill's molar, but as it did no kind of good, old grandmother proposed a poultice; and soon poor Bill's head and cheek were done up in mush, while he groaned and grunted and started for the store, every body gaping at his swollen countenance as though he was a rare curiosity.

"Halloo, Bill!" says old Firelock, the gunsmith, as Bill was going by his shop; "got a bag in your calabash, or got the tooth-ache?"

Bill looked daggers at old Firelock, and by a nod of his head intimated the cause of his distress.

"O, that all? Come in; I'll stop it in a minute and a half; sit down, I'll fix it—I've cured hundreds," says Firelock.

"What are you—O-h-h, dear! what are you going to do?" says Bill, eyeing the wire, and lamp in which Firelock was heating the wire.

"Burn out the marrow of the tooth—'twill never trouble you again—I've cured hundreds that way!

Don't be afeared—you won't feel it but a moment. Sit still, keep cool!" says Firelock.

"Cool?" with a hot wire in his tooth! But Bill, being already intensely crucified, and assured of Firelock's skill, took his head out of the mush-plaster, opened his jaws, and Firelock, admonishing him to "keep cool," crowded the hot, sizzling wire on to the tin foil jammed into the hollow by Wangbanger, and gave it a twist clear through the melted tin to the exposed nerve. Bill jumped, bit off the wire, burnt his tongue, and knocked Firelock nearly through the partition of his shop; and so frightened Monsieur Savon, the little barber next door, that he rushed out into the street, crying—

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Ze zundair strike my shop!"

Bill was stone dead—Firelock crippled. The apothecary over the way came in, picked up poor Bill, applied some camphor to his nose, and brought him back to life, and—the pangs of tooth-ache!

"Kreasote!" says Squills, the 'pothecary. "I'll ease your pain, Mr. Whiffletree, in a second!"

Poor Bill gave up—the kreasote added a fresh invoice to his misery—burnt his already lacerated and roasted tongue—and he yelled right out.

"Death and glory! O-h-h-h-h, murder! You've pizened me!"

"Put a hot brick to that young man's face," said a stranger; "'twill take out the pain and swelling in three minutes!"

Bill revived; he seemed pleased at the stranger's suggestion; the Brick was applied; but Bill's cheek being now half raw with the various messes, it made him yell when the brick touched him!

He cleared for home, went to bed, and the excessive pain, finally, with laudanum, kreasote, fire, and hot bricks, put him to sleep.

He awoke at midnight, in a frightful state of misery; walked the floor until daylight; was tempted two or three times to jump out the window or crawl up the chimney!

Until noon next day he suffered, trying in vain, every ten minutes, some "known cure," oils, acids, steam, poultices, and the ten thousand applications usually tried to cure a raging tooth.

Desperation made Bill revengeful. He got a club and went after Dr. Wangbanger, who had set all the village in a rage of tooth-ache. Ten or a dozen of his victims were at his door, awaiting ferociously their turns to be revenged.

But the bird had flown; the *teuth-doctor* had sloped; yet a good Samaritan came to poor Bill, and whispering in his ear, Bill started for Monsieur

Savon's barber-shop, took a seat, shut his eyes, and said his prayers. The little Frenchman took a keen knife and pair of pincers, and Bill giving one awful yell, the tooth was out, and his pains and perils at an end!

A-a-a-in't they Thick?

During the "great excitement" in Boston, relative to the fugitive slave "fizzle," a good-natured country gentleman, by the name of Abner Phipps; an humble artisan in the fashioning of buckets, wash-tubs and wooden-ware generally, from one of the remote towns of the good old Bay State, paid his annual visit to the metropolis of Yankee land. In the multifarious operations of his shop and business, Abner had but little time, and as little inclination, to keep the run of *latest news*, as set forth glaringly, every day, under the caption of *Telegraphic Dispatches*, in the papers; hence, it requires but a slight extension of the imagination to apprise you, "dear reader," that our friend Phipps was but meagerly "posted up" in what was going on in this great country, half of his time. I must do friend Phipps the favor to say, that he was not ignorant of the fact that "Old Hickory" fout well

down to New Orleans, and that "Old Zack" flaxed the Mexicans clean out of their boots in Mexico; likewise that Millerism was a humbug, and money was pretty generally considered a cash article all over the universal world.

But what did Phipps know or care about the Fugitive Slave bill? Not a red cent's worth, no more than he did of the equitation of the earth, the Wilmot proviso, or Barnum's woolly horse—not a *red*. He came to Boston annually to see how things were a workin'; pleasure, not business. The very first morning of his arrival in town, the hue and cry of "slave hunters," was raised—Shadrack, the fugitive, was arrested at his vocation—table servant at Taft's eating establishment, Corn Hill, where Abner Phipps accidentally had stuck his boots under the mahogany, for the purpose of recuperating his somewhat exhausted inner-man. Abner saw the arrest, he was quietly discussing his *tapioca*, and if thinking at all, was merely calculating what the profits were, upon a two-and-sixpence dinner, at a Boston *restaurateur*. He saw there was a muss between the black waiter and two red-nosed white men, but as he did not know what it was all about, he didn't care; it was none of his business; and being a part of his religion, not to meddle with that that did not concern him, he continued his *tapioca* to the bottom of his plate, then forked over the equivalent

and stepped out.

As Phipps turned into Court square, it occurred, slightly, that the niggers had got to be rather thick in Boston, to what they used to be; and bending his footsteps down Brattle street, once or twice it occurred to him that the niggers *had* got to be thick —darn'd thick, for they passed and repassed him— walked before him and behind him, and in fact all around him.

"Yes," says Phipps, "the niggers are thick, thundering thick—never saw 'em so thick in my life. *Ain't they thick?*" he soliloquized, and as he continued his stroll in the purlieus of "slightly soiled" garments, vulgarly known as second-hand shops, mostly proprietorized by very dignified and respectable *col'ud pussons*, it again struck Phipps quite forcibly that the niggers were *a* getting thick.

"Godfree! but ain't they thick! I hope to be stabbed with a gridiron," said Phipps, "if there ain't more *niggers*—look at 'em—more niggers than would patch and grade the infernal regions eleven miles! Guess I've enough niggers for a spell," continued Phipps, "so I'll just pop in here, and see how this feller sells his notions." And so Abner, having reached Dock square, saunters into a gun, pistol, bowie, jack-knife, dog-collar, shot-bag, and notion-shop in general. Unlucky step.

The stiff-dickied, frizzle-headed, polished and perfumed shop-keeper was on hand, and particularly predisposed to sell the stranger something. Just then a nigger passed the door, and looked in very sharply at Phipps, and presently two more passed, then a fourth and fifth, all *looking* more or less pointedly at the manufacturer of wooden doin's, and white-pine fixin's.

"That's a neat *collar*," says the shop-keeper, as Phipps, sort of miscellaneously, placed his hand upon a brass-band, red-lined dog-collar.

"Collar! don't call that a *collar*, do you?"

"I do, sir, a beautiful collar, sir."

"What for, *solgers*?" asks Phipps.

"Soldiers, no, dogs," says the shop-keeper, puckering his mouth as though he had *sampled* a lemon.

"*O!*" says Phipps, suddenly realizing the fact. "I ain't got no dogs; bad stock; don't pay; tax 'em up where I live; wouldn't pay tax for forty dogs." More niggers passed, repassed, and looked in at Phipps and the storekeeper.

"I say, ain't the niggers got to be thick—infernal thick, in your town lately?"

"Well, I don't know that they are," replied the

shop-keeper; "getting rather scarce, I think, since the Fugitive bill has been put in force over the country, sir, but it does appear to me," said the shop-keeper, twiging sundry and suspicious-looking col'ud gem'en passing by his store, gaping in rather wistfully at the door, and peeping through the sash of the windows —"it does appear to me, that a good many colored persons are about this morning; yes, there is, why there goes more, more yet; bless me, there's another, two, three, four, why a dozen has just passed; they seem to look in here rather curiously, I wonder—only look; what has stirred them up, I want to know!" the fluctuation of the *Congo* market completely attracted the handsome man's attention; his surprise finally assumed the most tangible shape and complexion of fear, for the niggers, one and all, looked savage as meat-axes, and began to get too numerous to mention.



"What dat! got pistils in your pocket, eh?" says one of two big buck Niggers, shying up alongside of the new velocipeding up-country artisan. "What dat! got de hand-cuffs in he pocket!"—*Page* 99.

"Well, guess I'll be goin'," says Phipps, after fumbling over some of the shooting-irons, jack-knives, etc.; reaching the street, he was more fully impressed with the fixed fact, that the niggers were all sorts of thick. They fairly crowded him; one buck

darkey rubbed slap up against Phipps, as he moved out of the store. "Look here, Mister," says Phipps, "ain't all this street big enough for you without a crowdin' me?"

The nigger stopped, looked arsenic and chain lightning at Phipps, and then moved off, saying in a sort of undertone—

"Gorra, I guess you'll be crowded a wus'n dat afore dis day is ober."

"Will, eh?" responded Abner Phipps, slightly mystified as to the why and wherefore, that *he* should, in particular, be "crowded," especially by an Ethiopic gentleman.

"I guess I *won't* then," resumed Phipps; "if any body ventures to crowd me, just a purpose, I guess I'll be darn'd apt, and mighty quick to squash in their heads, or whoop'm on the spot."

"What dat? got pistils in your pocket, eh?" says one of the two big buck niggers, shying up alongside of the now velocipeding up-country artisan. Phipps looked back, the negroes were following him. "Pistils? who's talkin' about pistils, mister?" he ventured to ask.

"Dat's him, watch'm."

"Why, we see'd you goin' in dar, dat pistol shop;

want to lay in a stock of dirks and pistils, eh?" says the negro.

"You—you got any hand-cuffs in you' pocket?" inquired another.

"What dat? got de hand-cuffs in he pocket?"

"Pistils and bowie knibes!" says a third.

"Dat's him! watch'm!"

"Knock'm down, put dat white hat ober his eyes! Hoo-r-r!"

The negroes now fairly beset our victimized friend Phipps; he stopped, buttoned his coat, the negroes augmented; glared at him like demons; he fixed his hat firmly upon his head; the negroes began to grin and move upon him; he spat upon his hands; the negroes began to yell, and to close in upon him; with one grand effort, one mighty gathering of all the human faculties called into action by fear and desperation, Phipps bounded like a Louisiana bull at a gate post; he knocked down two, *square*; kicked over four, and rushing through the now very considerable and formidable array of ebony, he *broke* equal to a wild turkey through a corn bottom, or a sharp knife through a pound of milky butter; and it is very questionable whether Phipps ever stopped running until his boots *busted*, or he reached his bucket factory on Taunton river. His negro

deputation *waited on him* with a rush clear outside of town, where the speed and bottom of Abner distanced the entire committee. The key to this joke is: Phipps was dogged from Tafts'—by the "vigilant committee," as an informer, or slave-hunter at least, and hence the delicate attentions of the col'ud pop'lation paid him. I have no doubt, that if Abner Phipps be asked, how things look around Boston, he would observe with some energy,

"Niggers—niggers are thick—Godfree! *a-a-a-in't they thick!*"

A Desperate Race.

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter evening when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blythe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a

night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley! whose "narrative" of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known, all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have ever seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. —— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. —— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful,

though really marvellous adventures, Mr. —— coolly remarked, that the captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!" "Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters; and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, and—"

"Oh! never mind that, go on, Mr. ——," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was, at that time, but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. ——, a tailor, who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes,

about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catch'd napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by, I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a *bead* upon his top-knot and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what had that to do with an *adventure*?"

said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up 'the bottom.' My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies, on the lower bank, made it tedious travelling there, so I scrabbled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore and very little under-brush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman sitting at the table, "you took a tree of course?"

"Did I? No, gentlemen! I took no tree just then, but

I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me; and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a *bead*' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I layed *legs* to ground, and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran, until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact! gentlemen. Well, what I was to do I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scrabble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"O, certainly not! Go on, Mr. ——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see

what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, here goes to load any how. So at it I went—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half-way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top-notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red skin a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down; another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed *him*?" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir!* I missed fire!"

"And the red skin—" shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement—

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

Dodging the Responsibility.

"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, the lawyer, to an *unwilling witness*, "Sir! do you say, upon your oath, that Blinkins is a dishonest *man*?"

"I didn't say he was ever accused of being an honest man, did I?" replied Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Pipkins, that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon."

"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, "Sir-r! upon your oath—mind, upon your oath, upon your oath, you say that

Blinkins is a rogue, a villain and a thief!"

"*You* say so," was Pip's reply.

"Haven't *you* said so?"

"Why, you've said it," said Pipkins, "what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir-r!" thundered Fieryfaces, the Demosthenean thunderer of Thumbtown, "Sir-r! I charge you, upon your sworn oath, do you or do you not say—Blinkins stole things?"

"No, *sir*," was the cautious reply of Pipkins. "I never said Blinkins stole things, but I *do* say—*he's got a way of finding things that nobody lost!*"

"Sir-r," said Fieryfaces, "you can retire," and the court adjourned.

A Night Adventure in Prairie Land.

"I'll take a circuit around, and come out about the lower end of your *mot*,"[A] said I to my companion. "You remain here; lie down flat, and I'll warrant the old doe and her fawns will be found retracing their steps."

[A] *Mot* is the name given small clumps of trees or woods, found scattered over the prairie land of Texas.

We had started from camp about sunrise, to hunt, three of us; one, an old hunter, who, after marking out our course, giving us the lay of the land, and various admonitions as to the danger of getting too far from camp, looking out for "Injin signs," &c., "Old Traps," as we called him, took a tour southward, and left us. Myself and companion were each armed with rifles; his a blunt "Yeager," by the way, and mine an Ohio piece, carrying about one hundred and twenty balls to the pound, consequently very light, and not a very sure thing for a distance over one hundred yards. It was in the fall of the year, delightful weather: our wardrobe consisted of Kentucky jean trousers, boots, straw hats, two shirts, and jean hunting shirts—all thin, to be sure, but warm and comfortable enough for a day's hunt. We trudged about until noon, firing but once, and then at an alligator in a *bayou*, whose coat of mail laughed to scorn our puny bullets, and, barely flirting his horny tail in contempt, he slid from his perch back into the greasy and turbid stream. Seating ourselves upon a dead cotton-wood, we made a slight repast upon some cold *pone*, which, moistened with a drop of "Mon'galy," proved, I must needs confess, upon such occasions, viands as palatable as a Tremont dinner to a city gourmand. While thus quietly disposed, all of a

sudden we heard a racket in our rear, which, though it startled us at first, soon apprised us that game was at hand. Dropping low, we soon saw, a few yards above us, the large antlers of a buck. He darted down the slight bluffs, followed by a doe and two well-grown fawns.

As they gained the water, and but barely stuck their noses into the drink, we both let drive at them: but, in my rising upon my knee to fire at the buck, he got wind of the courtesies I was about to tender him, and absolutely dodged my ball. I was too close to miss him; but, as he "juked"—to use an old-fashioned western word—down his head the moment he saw fire, the bullet merely made the fur fly down his neck, and, with a back bound or double somerset, he scooted quicker than uncorked thunder.

Our eyes met—we both grinned.

"Well, by King," says my friend Mat, "that's shooting!"

"Both missed?" says I.

"Better break for camp, straight: if we should meet a greaser or Camanche here, they'd take our scalps, and beat us about the jaws with 'em!"

It was thought to bear the complexion of a joke, and we both laughed quite jocosely at it.

"Now," says I, "old Sweetener," loading up my rifle, "you and I can't give it up so, no how." Tripping up a cup of the alligator fluid, we washed down our crumbs, and started. We followed the deer about two miles up the *bayou*; the land was low prairie bottom, ugly for walking, and our track was slow and tedious. But, approaching a suspicious place carefully and cautiously, we had another fair view of the doe and fawns, feeding and watching on the side of a broad prairie. The distance between us was quite extensive; we could not well approach within shooting distance without alarming them. The only alternative was for my friend Mat to deposit himself among the brush and stuff, and let me circumvent the critters; one of us would surely get a whack at them. I started; a slow, tedious scratch and crawl of nearly a mile got me to the windward of the deer. As I edged down along the high grass and chapperel, about a branch of the *bayou*, the old doe began to raise her head occasionally, and scent the air: this, as I got still nearer, she repeated more frequently, until, at length, she took the hint, and made a break down towards my friend Mat, who, sharp upon the trigger, just as the three deer got within fifty yards, raised and fired. 'Bout went the deer, making a dash for my quarters; but before getting any ways near me, down toppled one of the young 'uns. Mat had fixed its flint; but my blood was up—I was not to be fooled out of my shot in that way; and perceiving my only chance,

at best, was to be a long shot, off hand, as the doe and her remaining fawn dashed by, at over eighty yards, I let her have the best I had; the bullet struck —the old doe jumped, by way of an extra, about five by thirty feet, and didn't even stop to ask permission at that. A sportsman undergoes no little excitement in peppering a few paltry pigeons, a duck or a squirrel, but when an amateur hunter gets his Ebenezer set on a real deer, bear, or flock of wild turkeys, you may safely premise it would take some capital to buy him off.

I forgot all about time and space, Mat, "Old Traps," greasers and Injins—my whole capital was invested in the old *doe*, and I was after *her*. She was badly wounded; I thought she'd "gin eout" pretty soon, and I followed clear across the prairie. Time flew, and finally, feeling considerably fagged, and getting no further view of my deer, and being no longer able to trace the red drops she sprinkled along, I sat down, wiped the salt water from my parboiled countenance, and began to—— think I'd gone far enough for old venison. In fact, I'd gone a little too far, for the sun was setting down to his home in the Pacific, the black shades of night began to gather around the timber, and I hurried out into the prairie, to get an observation. But it was no go. I had entirely reversed the order of things, in my mind; I had lost my bearings. The evening was cloudy, with a first rate

prospect of a wet night, and neither moon nor stars were to be seen.

Taking, at a hazard, the supposed back track, across the broad prairie, upon which flourished a stiff, tall grass, I plodded along, quite chilly, and my thin garments, wet from perspiration, were cold as cakes of ice to my flesh. I began to feel mad, swore some, hoped I was on the right track back to Mat and his deer, but felt satisfied there was some doubt about that. Mat had the flint and steel for raising a fire, and the *meat* and what bread was left at our last repast. Night came right down in the midst of my cares and tribulations. A slight drizzling rain began to fall. The stillness of a prairie is a damper to the best of spirits—the entire suspension of all noises and sounds, not even the tick of an insect to break the black, dull, dark monotony, is a wet blanket to cheerfulness. I really think the stillness of a large prairie is one of the most painful sensations of loneliness, a man ever encountered. The sombre and dreary monotony of a dungeon, is scarcely a comparison; in fact, language fails to describe the essentially double-distilled monotony of these great American grass-patches—you can't call them deserts, for at times they represent interminable flower-gardens, of the most elegant and voluptuous description.

Oh, how home and its comforts floated in my

mind's eye; how I envied—not for the first time either—the unthankful inmates of even a second-rate boarding-house! A negro cabin, a shed, dog kennel, and a hoe cake, had charms, in my thoughts, just then, enough to exalt them into fit themes for the poets and painters. Having trudged along, at least three miles, in one direction, I struck a large *mot*, that jutted out into the prairie. Here I concluded it was best to hang up for the night. I was soaking wet —hungry and wolfish enough. My utter desperation induced me to work for an hour with some percussion caps, powder, and a piece of greased tow linen, to get a blaze of fire, Ingins or no Ingins. I began to wish I was a Camanche myself, or that the red devils would surround me, give me one bite and a drink, and I'd die happy. All of a sudden, I got sight of a blaze! Yes, a real fire loomed up in the distance! It was Mat and his deer, in luck, doing well, while I was cold as Caucasus, and hollow as a flute. I riz, stretched my stiff limbs, and struck a bee line for the light. After wading, stumbling, and tramping, until my weary legs would bear me no longer, I had the mortification to see the fire at as great a distance as when I first started. This about knocked me. I concluded to give up right in my tracks, and let myself be wet down into *papier mache* by the descending elements. Blessed was he that invented sleep, says Sancho Panza, but he was a better workman that invented *spunk*. All of a sudden I

plucked up my spunk, and by a sort of martial command, ordered my limbs to duty, and marched straight for the fire in the weary distance. A steady and toilsome perseverance over brake and bush, mud, ravine, grass and water, at length brought me near the fire. And then, suspicion arose, if I fell upon a Mexican or Indian camp, the evils and perils of the night would turn up in the morning with a human barbecue, and these impressions were nearly sufficient inducement for me to go no further. It might be my friend Mat's fire, and it might not be: it wasn't very likely he would dare to raise a fire, and the more I debated, the worse complexion things bore. Involuntarily, however, I edged on up towards the fire, which was going down apparently. Coming to a *bayou*, I reconnoitered some time. All was quiet, save the pattering of the rain in the grass, and on the scattering lofty trees. I stood still and absorbed, watching the dying fire, for an hour or two. I was within half a mile of it; the intense darkness that usually precedes day had passed, and a murky, rainy morning was dawning. Cheerless, fatigued, and hungry beyond all mental supervision or fear, I marched point blank up to the fire, and there lay—not a tribe of Mexicans or Camanches, but my comrade Mat, fast asleep, under the lee of a huge dead and fallen cotton-wood, alongside of the fire, warm, dry, and comfortable as a bug in a rug!

I gave one shout, that would have riz the scalp lock of any red skin within ten miles, and Mat started upon his feet and snatched his "Yeager" from under the log quicker than death.

"Ho-o-o-ld yer hoss, stranger," I yelled, "I'm only going to eat ye!"

Mat and I fraternized, quick and strong. A piece of his fawn was jerked and roasted in a giffy. After gormandizing about five pounds, and getting a few whiffs at Mat's old stone pipe, I took his nest under the log, and slept a few hours sound as a pig of lead.

Waked up, prime—stowed away a few more pounds of the fawn, and then we started for camp. Living and faring in this manner, for from three to twelve months, may give you some idea of the training the heroes of San Jacinto had.

Roosting Out.

In 1837, after the capture of Santa Anna, by General Samuel Houston and his little Spartan band, which event settled the war, and something like tranquillity being restored to Texas, several of us adventurers formed a small hunting party, and took

to the woods, in a circuitous tour up and across the Sabine, and so into the United States, homeward bound.

There were seven men, two black boys, belonging to Dr. Clenen, one of our "voyageurs," and eleven horses and mules, in the party; and with a tolerable fair camp equipage, plenty of ammunition, one or two "old campaigners" and three monstrous clever dogs, it was naturally supposed we should have a pleasant time. The first five days were cold, being early Spring, wet, and not *very* interesting; but as all of the party had seen some service, and not expecting the comforts and delicacies of civilization, they were all the better prepared to take things as they came, and by the smooth handle. The idea was to travel slow, and reach Jonesboro' or Red River, or keep on the Arkansas, and strike near Fort Smith, in twenty or thirty days. We left Houston in the morning, passed Montgomery, and kept on W. by N. between the Rio Brasos and Trinity River, the first five days, then stood off north for the head of the Sabine.

Game was very sparse, and rather shy, but falling in with some wild turkeys, and a bee tree, we laid by two days and lived like fighting cocks. The turkeys were picked off the tall trees, as they roosted after night, by rifle shots, and no game I ever fed on can exceed the rich flavor of a well-roasted, fat wild

turkey. The bee tree was a crowder—a large, hollow cyprus, about sixty feet high, straight as a barber pole, and nearly seven feet in diameter at the base, and full three feet through at the first branch, forty feet up. This must have been the hive of many and many a swarm, for years past; the tree was cut down, and contained from one to three hundred gallons of honey and comb! Nor are such bee trees scarce about the head of the Sabine, Red River, &c. Bears are very fond of honey. The weather then being much improved, it was suggested that the camp should be moved a few miles off, and leave the bee tree and its great surplus contents, to the bears; and if they did come about, we should come back and have a few pops at them. The plan was feasible, and all agreed; so, removing a few gallons of the translucent delicacy, the camp was struck, and, following an old trail a few miles, we found a delightful site for recamping under some large oaks on a creek, a tributary of the Sabine river.

Some of the "boys," as each styled the others, during the day had found "a deer lick," about three miles above the camp, and to vary the *viands* a little, it was proposed that three of the boys should go up after dark, lay about, and see if a shot could be had at some of the visitors of "the lick."

One of the old heads, and by-the-way we called him "old traps," from the fact of his always being so

ready to explain the manner and uses of all sorts of traps, and the inexhaustible adventures he had with them in the course of twenty years' experience in the far west.

Well, "old traps," Dr. C., and myself, were the deputed committee, that night, to attend to the cases of the deer. Soon after dark we put out, and in the course of a couple of hours, after some floundering in a muddy "bottom" and through hazel brush, or chaparral, the "lick" was found, and positions taken for raking the victims. "Old traps" took a lodge in a clump of bushes. Dr. C. and I squatted on a dead tree, with a few bushes around it, and in a particularly dark spot, from the fact of some very heavy timber with wide-spreading tops standing around and nearly over us.

The ability of keeping still in a disagreeable situation, for a long time, is most desirable and necessary in the character of a hunter;—some men have a faculty for holding a fishing-rod hours at a time over a fishless tide, with wondrous ardor; and I have known men to watch deer, bear, and other game, in one position, for ten or twenty hours. Sauntering up and down in the dark, with wind and rain, and a musket in your arms for company, is not pleasant pastime; but my patience revolted at the idea of squatting on the wet log, all cramped up, three or four hours, and no deer making their

appearance; Doctor and I made up our minds to arouse "old traps," and patter back to the camp. Just as the resolution was about to be put in action, two deer, fine antlered customers, made their appearance about three hundred yards from us, out on a small plain, where their sprightly forms could just be made out as they leisurely stepped along. Getting near "old traps," he soon convinced us that *his* eye was still open, although we had concluded he was fast asleep. The sharp, whip-like crack of "old traps'" rifle brought down one of the deer, and the other, in bounds of thirty or forty feet at a spring, whisked nearly over us, and the Doctor and I fired at the flying deer as he came; neither shot took effect, and off he sped.

"Hurrah! for the old boy!" shouted the Doctor, as we all bustled up to where the deer lay kicking and plunging in his death throes. "By Jove, 'traps,' you've put a ball clean through his head!"

"Yes, sir," said traps; "I ollers fix game that way, myself."

"Except when you fix them with the traps, eh?" said I.

"'Zactly," said traps. "But now, boys," he continued loading up his rifle, "now let's snatch off the creature's hide, quarter it, and travel back to the camp, for we ain't gwoine to have any more deer to-

night."

This was soon accomplished. Trap seized the hind quarters and hide, and travelled; Doctor and I brought up the rear with the rest of the meat and fat.

To avoid the muddy "bottom," in going back, we concluded to take a little round-about way, and relieved one another by taking "spells" at carrying the rifles and the meat. We jogged along, chatting away, for some time, when it occurred to us that we were getting very near the camp, or ought to be, for we had walked long and fast enough.

Doctor was trudging on ahead with the meat; I was behind some twenty yards with both rifles; we were passing through some thin timber which skirted a little prairie, out on which we could see quite distinctly; Doctor made a sudden halt—

"Hollo! by Jove, what's that?"

"What? eh? where?" said I, bustling up to the Doctor, who made free to drop the meat, wheeled about, snatched his rifle out of my fists and *broke!*

"A grizzly bear coming, by thunder!"

Upon that *hint* there were two gentlemen seen hurrying themselves *somewhat,* I reckon, on the back track. Doctor was what you might call a fast trotter, but when he broke into a full gallop the odds against

me were dreadful! I was fairly distanced, and when perfectly blowed out stopped to pull the briars out of my torn trowsers, scratched face and dishevelled locks, listen to the enemy, and ascertain where the Doctor had got to. No sound broke the reigning stillness, save the sonorous "coo-hoot" of an owl. My rifle was empty, and a search satisfied me that my caps were not to be found. My own cap had also disappeared in the fright, and I was in a bad way for defence, and completely at a dead loss as to the bearings of the camp.

"Well," thinks I, "it's no particular use crying over spilt milk—it's no use to move when there is no idea existing of bettering one's self, so here I'll *roost* until daylight, unless Doctor comes back to hunt me up!" I judged it was not far from 2 o'clock, A. M., and believed it possible that our venison might only whet a grizzly bear's appetite to follow up the pursuit and gormandize me!—A proper site for a *roost* was the next matter of importance, and a scrubby oak with a thick top, close by, offered an inviting elevation to lodge.

A long, long time seemed the coming day; and the sharp air of its approach, and heavy dew, made "perching" in a crotch very fatiguing "pastime."

When light began to dawn, sliding down I took an observation that convinced me, according to Indian

signs, that Doctor and I had gone South too far to hit the camp, and, to the best of my reckoning, the old bee tree was not far out of my way, and that I now struck for.

About noon, and a lovely day it was, I discovered the bee tree, made a dinner on honey, which was scattered about considerably, giving evidence of its having been visited by our rugged Russian friends.

And now, feeling anxious to see human faces, and not linger about a spot where troublesome customers might abound, I made tracks for the camp, which was reached about sundown, and where I found, to my regret, the Doctor had not come in yet.

"Old Traps" had returned all safe enough, and had been prophesying "the boys" were lost, and would not soon be found again. However, the old fellow put away his deer skin, which he had been cleaning, &c., to give me a feed of the deer, a few remnants yet remaining, and from my exercise and fasting, never was a rude meal more luxurious. Two of the party, with one of the black boys, and a mule, had been out since noon in quest of us, and about midnight they returned with the Doctor, who congratulated me on what he had estimated as an escape. So did I. We all concluded *it was a* DEER *hunt!* Though we "had a time" at the bee tree, next night, that made us about square.

Rather Twangy.

Three Irishmen, green as the Isle that per-duced 'em, but full of sin, and fond of the crater, broke into a country store down in Maine, one night last week, and after striking a light, they *lit* upon a large demijohn, having the suspicious look of a whiskey holder. One held the light, while another held up the *demi* to his mouth, and took a small taster.

"Arrah, what a twang! An' it's what they call Shemaky, I'm thinkin'!" says the fellow, screwing his face into all manner of puckers.

"It's the very stuff, thin, for me, so hould the light, and I'll take a swig at 'im," says Paddy number two. "*Agh!*" says he, putting down the demijohn in haste, "it's rale bhrandy—*agh-h!*"

"Branthy? Thin it's meself as'll have a wee bit uv a swig at 'em," and Paddy number three took hold, and down he rushed a good slew of it!

"Murther and turf! It's every divil ov us are pizened —o-o-och! Murther-r-r!" and he raised such a hullaballoo, that the neighbors were awakened. They came rushing in, and arrested Paddy number three. The others fled, with their bellies full of washing fluid! The poor fellow had drank nearly a pint; being possessed with a gutta percha stomach, he stood the infliction without kicking the bucket, but he was

bleached, in two days—white as a bolt of cotton cloth!

Passing Around the Fodder!

A Dinner Sketch.

A few weeks ago, during a passage from Gotham to Boston, on the "*Empire State*," one of the most elegant and swift steamers that ever man's ingenuity put upon the waters, I met a well-known joker from the Quaker city, on his first trip "down East." After mutually examining and eulogising the external appearance and internal arrangements of the "Empire," winding up our investigation, of course, with a *look* into a small corner cupboard in the barber's office, where a superb *smile*—as *is* a smile—can be usually enjoyed by the *nobbish* investment of a York shilling; soon after passing through "Hell Gate"—gliding by the beautiful villas, chateaux, and almost princely palaces of the business men of the great city of New York, we were soon out upon the broad, deep Sound, a glorious place for steam-boating. Soon after, the bells announced "supper ready"—a general stampede into the spacious cabin took place, and though the tables strung along forty

rods on each side of the great cabin, not over half the crowd got seats upon this interesting occasion. I was *about* with my friend—in *time*, stuck our legs under the mahogany, and gazed upon the open prospect for a supper superb enough in all its details to tempt a jolly old friar from his devotions. We got along very nicely. An old chap who sat above us some seats, and whose rotund developments gave any ordinary observer reason to suppose his appetite as unquenchable as the Maelstrom, kept reaching about, and when tempting vessels were too remote, he'd bawl "right eout" for them.

"Halloo! I say you, Mister there, just hand along that saas; give us a chance, will ye, at that; notion on't, what d'ye call that stuff?"

"This?" says one, passing along a dish.

"Pshaw, no, t'other there."

"Oh! ah! yes, *this*," says my facetious friend.

"Well, that ain't it, but no odds; fetch it along!" and down we sent the biggest dish of meat in our neighborhood.

"Now," says I, "my boy, I'll show you a 'dodge.' We'll see how it works."

Filling a plate full to the brim, with all and each of the various *heavy* courses in our vicinity, I very

politely passed it over to my next neighbor with—

"Please to pass that up, sir?"

"Umph, eh?" says the gentleman, taking hold of the plate very gingerly; "pass it *up*?"

"Aye, yes, if you please," says I.

By this time he had fairly got the loaded plate in his fists, and began to look about him where to pass the plate *to*. Nobody in particular seemed on the watch for a *spare* plate. The gent looked back at me, but I was "cutting away" and watching from the extreme corner of my left eye the victim and his charge, while I pressed hard upon the corn pile of my friend's foot under the table.

At length, the victim thought he saw some one up the table waiting for the plate, and quickly he whispered to his next neighbor—

"Please, sir, to-to-a, *just pass this plate up!*"

The man took the plate, and being more of a practical operator than his neighbor, gave the plate over to *his* next neighbor, with—

"Pass this plate up to that gentleman, if you please," dodging his head towards an old gent in specs, who sat near the head of the table, grinning a ghastly smile over the field of good things.

"It's *going!*"

"*What?*" says my friend.

"The plate; it's going the rounds; just you keep quiet, you'll see a good thing."

The plate, at length, got to the head of the table. It was given to the old gentleman in specs; he looked over the top of his specs very deliberately at the "fodder," then back at the thin, pale, student-looking youth who handed it to him, then up and down the table. A raw-boned, gaunt and hollow-looking disciple caught the eye of the old gent; he must be the man who wanted the "load." His lips quacked as if in the act of—"pass this plate, sir,"—to his next neighbor; he was too far off for us to *hear* his discourse. Well, the plate came booming along down the opposite side; the tall man declined it and gave it over to his next neighbor, who seemed a little tempted to take hold of the invoice, but just then it occurred to him, probably, that he was keeping *somebody* (!) out of his grub, so he quickly turned to his neighbor and passed the plate. One or two more moves brought the plate within our range, and there it liked to have *stuck*, for a fussy old Englishman, in whom politeness did not stick out very prominently, grunted—

"I don't want it, sir."

"Well, but, sir, please *pass it*," says the last victim, beseechingly holding out the plate.

"Pass it? Here, mister, 's your plate," says Bull, at length reluctantly seizing on the plate, and rushing it on to his next neighbor, who started—

"Not mine, sir."

"Not yours! Who does it belong to? Pass it down to somebody."

Off went the plate again. Several ladies turned up their pretty eyes and noses while the gents *passed it* by them.

"Why, if there ain't that plate a going the rounds, that you gave me!" says my next neighbor, to whom I had first given the "currency."

"That plate? Oh, yes, so it is; well," says I, with feigned astonishment, "this is the first time I ever saw a good supper so universally discarded!"

The plate was off again. It reached the foot of the table. An elderly lady looked up, looked around, removed a large sweet potato from the pile—then passed it along. An old salty-looking captain, just then took a vacant seat, and the plate reached him just in the nick of time. He looked voracious—

"Ah," said he, with a savage growl, "that's your sort; thunder and oakum, I'm as peckish as a shark,

and here's the *duff for me!*"

That ended the peregrinations of the plate, and I and my friend—*yelled right out!*

A Hint to Soyer.

Magrundy says, in his work on *Grub*, that a Frenchman will "frigazee" a pair of old boots and make a respectable soup out of an ancient chapeau; but our friend Perriwinkle affirms that the French ain't "nowhere," after a feat he saw in the kitchen arrangement of a "cheap boarding house" in the North End:—the landlady made a chowder out of an old broom mixed with sinders, and after all the boarders had dined upon it scrumptiously, the remains made broth for the whole family, next day, besides plenty of fragments left for a poor family! That landlady is bound—*to make Rome howl!*

The Leg of Mutton.

I'm going to state to you the remarkable adventures of a very remarkable man, who went to market to get a leg of mutton for his Sunday dinner. I have heard, or read somewhere or other, almost similar stories; whether they were real or imaginary, I am unable to say; but I can vouch for the authenticity of my story, for I know the hero well.

In the year 1812, it will be recollected that we had some military disputes with England, which elicited some pretty tall fights by land and sea, and the land we live in was considerably excited upon the subject, and patriotism rose to many degrees above blood heat. Philadelphia, about that time, like all other cities, I suppose, was the scene of drum-beating, marching and counter-marching, and volunteering of the patriotic people.

The President sent forth his proclamations, the governors of the respective States reiterated them, and a large portion of our brave republicans were soon in or marching to the battle field. There lived and wrought at his trade, carpentering, in the city of Philadelphia, about that time, a very tall, slim man, named Houp; Peter Houp, that was his name. He was a very steady, upright, and honest man, married, had a small, comfortable family, and to all intents and purposes, settled down for life. How deceptive, how unstable, how uncertain is man, to say nothing of the more frail portion of the creation—woman! Peter

Houp one fair morning took his basket on his arm, and off he went to get a leg of mutton and trimmings for his next Sunday's dinner. Beyond the object of research, Peter never dreamed of extending his travels for that day, certain. A leg of mutton is not an indifferent article, well cooked, a matter somewhat different to amateur cooks; and as good legs of mutton as can be found on this side of the big pond, can be found almost any Saturday morning in the Pennsylvania market wagons, which congregate along Second street, for a mile or two in a string. Peter could have secured his leg and brought it home in an hour or two at most.

But hours passed, noon came, and night followed it, and in the course of time, the morrow, the joyous Sunday, for which the *leg of mutton* was to be brought and prepared, and offered up, a sacrifice to the household gods and grateful appetites, came, but neither the leg of mutton, nor the man Peter, husband and father Houp, darkened the doors of the carpenter's humble domicil, that day, the next or the next! I cannot, of course, realize half the agony or tortures of suspense that must have preyed upon that wife's heart and brain, that must have haunted her feverish dreams at night, and her aching mind by day. When grim death strikes a blow, whenever so near and dear a friend is levelled, cold, breathless, dead—we see, we know there is the end! Grief has its

season, the bitterest of woe then calms, subsides, or ceases; but *lost*—which hope prevents mourning as dead, and whose death-like absence almost precludes the idea that they live, engenders in the soul of true affection, a gloomy, torturing and desponding sorrow, more agonizing than the sting actual death leaves behind. I have endeavored to depict what must have been, what were the feelings of Peter Houp's wife. She mourned and grieved, and still hoped on, though months and years passed away without imparting the slightest clue to the unfortunate fate of her husband. Her three children, two boys and a girl, grew up; ten, eleven, twelve years passed away, with no tidings of the lost man having reached his family; but they still lived with a kind of despairing hope that the husband and father would yet *come home*, and so he did.

Let us see what became of Peter Houp, the carpenter. As he strolled along with his basket under his arm, on the eventful morning he sought the leg of mutton, he met a platoon of men dressed up in uniform, muskets on their shoulders, colors flying, drums beating, and a mob of hurrahers following and shouting for the volunteers. Yes, it was a company of volunteers, just about shipping off for the South, to join the "Old Zack" of that day, General Jackson. Peter Houp saw in the ranks of the volunteers several of his old *chums*; he spoke to them, walked along

with the men of Mars, got inspired—patriotic—*drunk*. Two days after that eventful Saturday, on which the quiet, honest, and industrious carpenter left his wife and children full of hope and happiness, he found himself in blue breeches, roundabout, and black cap, on board a brig—bound for New Orleans. A volunteer for the war! It was too late to repent then; the brig was ploughing her way through the foaming billows, and in a few weeks she arrived at Mobile, as she could not reach New Orleans, the British under General Packenham being off the Balize. So the volunteers were landed at Mobile, and hurried on over land to the devoted (or was to be) Crescent city. Peter Houp was not only a good man, liable as all men are to make a false step once in life, but a brave one. Having gone so far, and made a step so hard to retrace, Peter's cool reason got bothered; he poured the spirits down to keep his spirits up, as the saying goes, and abandoned himself to fate. Caring neither for life nor death, he was found behind the cotton bags, which he had assisted in getting down from the city to the battle ground, piled up, and now ready to defend his country while life lasted. Peter fought well, being a man not unlike the brave Old Hickory himself, tall, firm, and resolute-looking. He attracted General Jackson's attention during the battle, and afterwards was personally complimented for his skill and courage by the victorious Commander-in-chief. Every body

knows the history of the battle of New Orleans—I need not relate it. After the victory, the soldiers were allowed considerable license, and they made New Orleans a scene of revel and dissipation, as all cities are likely to represent when near a victorious army. Peter Houp was on a "regular bender," a "big tare," a long spree—and for one so unlike any thing of the kind, he went it with a *perfect looseness*.

A rich citizen's house was robbed—burglariously entered and robbed; and Peter Houp, the staid, plain Philadelphia carpenter, who would not have bartered his reputation for all the ingots of the Incas, while in his sober senses, was arrested as one of the burglars, and the imputation, false or true, caused him to spend seven years in a penitentiary. O, what an awful probation of sorrow and mental agony were those seven long years! But they passed over, and Peter Houp was again free, not a worse man, fortunately, but a much wiser one! He had not seen or heard a word of those so long dearly cherished, and cruelly deserted—his family—for eight years, and his heart yearned towards them so strongly that, pennyless, pale and care-worn as he was, he would have started immediately for home, but being a good carpenter, and wages high, he concluded to go to work, while he patiently awaited a reply of his abandoned family to his long and penitent written letter. Weeks, months, and a year passed, and no

reply came, though another letter was dispatched, for fear of the miscarriage of the first; (and both letters did miscarry, as the wife never received them.) Peter gave himself up as a lost man, his family lost or scattered, and nothing but death could end his detailed wretchedness. But still, as fortune would have it, he never again sought refuge from his sorrows in the poisoned chalice, the rum glass; not he. Peter toiled, saved his money, and at the end of four years found himself in the possession of a snug little sum of hard cash, and a fully established good name. But all of this time he had heard not a syllable of his home; and all of a sudden, one fine day in early spring, he took passage in a ship, arrived in Philadelphia; and in a few rods from the wharf, upon which he landed, he met an old neighbor. The astonishment of the latter seemed wondrous; he burst out—

"My God! is this Peter Houp, come from his grave?"

"No," said Peter, in his slow, dry way, "I'm from New Orleans."

Peter soon learned that his wife and children yet lived in the same place, and long mourned him as forever gone. Peter Houp felt any thing but merry, but he was determined to have his joke and a merry meeting. In an hour or two Peter Houp, the long lost

wanderer, stood in his own door.

"Well, Nancy, *here is thy leg of mutton!*" and a fine one too he had.

The most excellent woman was alone. She was of Quaker origin; sober and stoical as her husband, she regarded him wistfully as he stood in the door, for a long time; at last she spoke—

"Well, Peter, thee's been gone a *long time for it.*"

The next moment found them locked in each other's arms; overtasked nature could stand no more, and they both cried like children.

The carpenter has once held offices of public trust, and lives yet, I believe, an old and highly respected citizen of "Brotherly Love."

A Chapter on Misers.

We all love, worship and adore that everlasting deity—*money*. The poor feel its want, the rich know its power. Virtue falls before its corrupting and seductive influence. Honor is tainted by it. Pride, pomp and power, are but the creatures of money, and which corrupt hearts and enslaved souls wield to

the great annoyance—yea, curse of mankind in general.

It is well, that, though we are all fond of money, not over one in a thousand, prove miserable misers, and go on to amass dollar upon dollar, until the shining heaps of garnered gold and silver become a god, and a faith, that the rich wretch worships with the tenacious devotion of the most frenzied fanatic. In the accumulation of a competency, against the odds and chances of advanced life, a man may be pardoned for a degree of economical prudence; but for parsimonious meanness, there is certainly no excuse. I have heard my father speak of an old miserly fellow, who owned a great many blocks of buildings in Philadelphia, as well as many excellent farms around there, and who, though rich as a Jew (worth $200,000), was so despicably and scandalously mean, as to go through the markets and beg bones of the butchers, to make himself and family soup for their dinners! He resorted to a score of similar humiliating "dodges," whereby to prolong his miserable existence, and add dime and dollar to his already bursting coffers.

At length, Death knocked at his door. The debt was one the poor wretch would fain have gotten a little more time on, but the Court of Death brooks no delay—there is no cunning devise of learned counsel, no writs of error, by which even a miserable miser,

or voluptuous millionaire, can gain a moment's delay when death issues his summons. The miser was called for, and he knew his time had come. He sent for the undertaker, he bargained for his burial—

"They say I'm rich! it's a lie, sir—I'm poor, miserably poor. I want but three carriages. My children may want a dozen—I say but *three*; put that down. A very plain coffin; pine, stained will do, and no ornaments, hark ye. A cheap grave. I would be buried on one of my farms, but then the coach-drivers would charge so much to carry me out! Now, what will you ask for the job?"

"About thirty dollars, sir," said the almost horrified undertaker.

"Thirty dollars! why, do you want to rob me? Say fifteen dollars—give me a receipt—*and I'll pay you the cash down!*"

Poor wretch! by the time he had uttered this, his soul had flown to its resting-place in another world.

In the upper part of Boston, on what is called "the Neck," there lived, some years ago, a wealthy old man, who resorted to sundry curious methods to live without cost to himself. His house—one of the handsomest mansions in the "South End," in its day—stood near the road over which the gardeners, in times past, used to go to market, with their loads of

vegetables, two days of each week. Old Gripes would be up before day, and on the lookout for these wagons.

"Halloo! what have you got there?" says the miser to the countryman.

"Well, daddy, a little of all sorts; potatoes, cabbages, turnips, parsnips, and so on. Won't you look at 'em?"

At this, the old miser would begin to fumble over the vegetables, pocket a potato, an onion, turnip, or —

"Ah, yes, they are good enough, but we poor creatures can't afford to pay such prices as you ask; no, no—we must wait until they come down." The old miser would sneak into the house with his stolen vegetables, and the farmer would drive on. Then back would come the miser, and lay in ambush for another load, and thus, in course of a few hours, he would raise enough vegetables to give his household a dinner. Another "dodge" of this artful old dodger, was to take all the coppers he got (and, of course, a poor creature like him handled a great many), and then go abroad among the stores and trade off six for a fourpence, and when he had four fourpences, get a quarter of a dollar for them, and thus in getting a dollar, he made four per cent., by several hours' disgusting meanness and labor.

But one day the old miser ran foul of a snag. A market-man had watched him for some time purloining his vegetables, and on the first of the year, sent in a bill of several dollars, for turnips, potatoes, parsnips, &c. The old miser, of course, refused to pay the bill, denying ever having had "the goods." But the countryman called, in *propria persona*, refreshed his memory, and added, that, if the bill was not footed on sight, he should prosecute him for *stealing!* This made the old miser shake in his boots. He blustered for awhile; then reasoned the case; then plead poverty. But the purveyor in vegetables was not the man to be cabbaged in that way, and the old miser called him into his sitting-room, and ordered his son, a wild young scamp, to go up stairs and see if he could find five dollars in any of the drawers or boxes up there. The young man finally called out—

"Dad, which bag shall I take it out of, *the gold or silver*?"

"Odd zounds!" bawled the old man—"the boy wants to let on I've got bags of gold and silver!"

And so he had, many thousands of dollars in good gold and silver; he hobbled up stairs, got nine half dollars, and tried to get off fifty cents less than the countryman's bill; but the countryman was stubborn as a mule, and would not abate a farthing—so the

old miser had to hobble up stairs and fetch down his fifty cents more, and the whole operation was like squeezing bear's grease from a pig's tail, or jerking out eye-teeth.

The miser never waylaid the market-men again; and not long after this, he got a spurious dollar put upon him in one of his "exchanging" operations, and that wound up his penny shaving.

Time passed—Death called upon the wretched man of ingots and money bags,—but while power remained to forbid it, the old miser refused to have a physician. When, to all appearance, his senses were gone, his friends drew the miser's pantaloons from under his pillow, where he had always insisted on their remaining during his sleeping hours, and his last illness—but as one of the attendants slowly removed the garment, the poor old man, with a convulsive effort—a galvanic-like grab—threw out his bony, cold hand, and seized his old pantaloons!

The miser clutched them with a dying grasp; words struggled in his throat; he could not utter them; his jaw fell—he was dead!

Much curiosity was manifested by the friends and relatives to know what could have caused the poor old man to cling to his time-worn pantaloons; but the mystery was soon revealed—for upon examination of the linings of the waistbands and watch-fob, over

$30,000 in bank notes were there concealed!

The Lord's pardon and human sympathy be with all such misguided and wretched slaves of—money, say we.

Dog Day.

I used to like dogs—a puppy love that I got bravely over, since once upon a time, when a Dutch *bottier*, in the city of Charleston, S. C., put an end to my poor *Sue*,—the prettiest and most devoted female bull terrier specimen of the canine race you ever did see, I guess. My *Sue* got into the wrong pew, one morning; the crout-eating cordwainer and she had a dispute—he, the bullet-headed ball of wax, ups with his revolver, and—I was dogless! I don't think dogs a very profitable investment, and every man weak enough to keep a dog in a city, ought to pay for the luxury handsomely—to the city authorities. Some people have a great weakness for dogs. Some fancy gentlemen seem to think it the very apex of highcockalorumdom to have the skeleton of a greyhound and highly polished collar—following them through crowded thorough-fares. Some young ladies, especially those of doubtful ages, delight in

caressing lumps of white, cotton-looking dumpy dogs and toting them around, to the disgust of the lookers-on—with all the fondness and blind infatuation of a mamma with her first born, bran new baby. Wherever you see any quantity of white and black *loafers*—Philadelphia, for instance, you'll see rafts of ugly and wretched looking curs. Boz says poverty and oysters have a great affinity; in this country, for oysters read *dogs*. Who has not, that ever travelled over this remarkable country, had occasion to be down on dogs? Who that has ever lain awake, for hours at a stretch, listening to a blasted cur, not worth to any body the powder that would blow him up—but has felt a desire to advocate the dog-law, so judiciously practised in all well-regulated cities? Who that ever had a sneaking villanous cur slip up behind and *nip* out a patch of your trowsers, boot top and calf—the size of an oyster, but has felt for the pistol, knife or club, and sworn eternal enmity to the whole canine race? Who that ever had a big dog jump upon your Russia-ducks and patent leathers—just as he had come out of a mud-puddle, but has nearly forfeited his title to Christianity, by cursing aloud in his grief—like a trooper? Well, I have, for one of a thousand.

The fact of the business is, with precious few exceptions, dogs are a nuisance, whatever Col. Bill Porter of the "Spirit," and his thousand and one dog-

fancying and inquiring friends, may think to the contrary; and the man that will invest fifty real dollars in a dog-skin, has got a tender place in his head, not healed up as it ought to be.

While "putting up," t'other day, at the Irving House, New York, I heard a good dog story that will bear repeating, I think. A sporting gent from the country, stopping at the Irving, wanted a dog, a good dog, not particular whether it was a spaniel, hound, pointer, English terrier or Butcher's bull. So a friend advised him to put an advertisement in the Sun and Spirit of the Times, which he did, requesting the "fancy" to bring along the right sort of dog to the Irving House, room number —.

The advertisement appeared simultaneously in the two papers on Saturday. There were but few calls that day; but on Monday, the "Spirit" having been freely imbibed by its numerous readers over Sunday, the dog men were awake, and then began the scene. The occupant of room number —had scarcely got up, before a servant appeared with a man and a dog.

"Believe, sir, you advertised for a dog?" quoth he with the animal.

"Yes," was the response of the country fancy man, who, by the way, it must be premised, was rather green as to the quality and prices of fancy dogs.

"What kind of a dog do you call that?" he added.

"A greyhound, full blooded, sir."

"Full blooded?" says the country sportsman. "Well, he don't look as though he had much blood in him. He'd look better, wouldn't he, mister, if he was full bellied—looks as hollow as a flute!"

This remark, for a moment, rather staggered the dog man, who first looked at his dog and then at the critic. Choking down his dander, or disgust, says he:

"That's the best greyhound you ever saw, sir."

"Well, what do you ask for him?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"What? Seventy-five dollars for that dog frame?"

"I guess you're a fool any way," says the dog man: "you don't know a hound from a tan yard cur, you jackass! Phe-e-wt! come along, Jerry!" and the man and dog disappeared.

The man with the hollow dog had not stepped out two minutes, before the servant appeared with two more dog merchants; both had their specimens along, and were invited to "step in."

"Ah! that's a dog!" ejaculated the country sportsman, the moment his eyes lit upon the massive proportions of a thundering edition of Mt. St.

Bernard.

"That *is* a dog, sir," was the emphatic response of the dog merchant.

"How much do you ask for that dog?" quoth the sportsman.

"Well," says the trader, patting his dog, "I thought of getting about fifty-five dollars for him, but I—"

"Stop," interrupted the country sportsman, "that's enough—he won't suit, no how; I can't go them figures on dogs." The man and dog left growling, and the next man and dog were brought up.

"Why, that's a queer dog, mister, ain't it? 'Tain't got no hair on it; why, where in blazes did you raise such a dog as that; been scalded, hain't it?" says the rural sportsman, examining the critter.

"Scalded?" echoed the dog man, looking no ways amiable at the speaker, "why didn't you never see a Chinese terrier, afore?"

"No, and if that's one, I don't care about seeing another. Why, he looks like a singed possum?"

"Well, you're a pooty looking country jake, you are, to advertise for a *dog*, and don't know Chiney terrier from a singed possum?"

Another rap at the door announced more dogs, and

as the man opened it to get out with his singed possum, a genus who evidently "killed for Keyser," rushed in with a pair of the ugliest-looking—savage—snub-nosed, slaughter-house pups, "the fancy" might ever hope to look upon! As these meat-axish canines made a rush at the very boot tops of the country sportsman, he "shied off," pretty perceptibly.

"Are you de man advertised for de dogs, sa-a-ay? You needn't be afraid o' dem; come a'here, lay da-own, Balty—day's de dogs, mister, vot you read of!"

"Ain't they rather fierce?" asked the rural sportsman, eyeing the ugly brutes.

"Fierce? Better believe dey are—show 'em a f-f-ight, if you want to see 'em go in for de chances! You want to see der teeth?"

"No, I guess not," timidly responded the sportsman; "they are not exactly what I want," he continued.

"What," says Jakey, "don't want 'em? Why, look a'here, you don't go for to say dat you 'spect I'm agoin' for to fetch d-dogs clean down here, for nuthin', do you, sa-a-ay? Cos if you do, I'll jis drop off my duds and lam ye out o' yer boots!"

Jakey was just beginning to square, when his belligerent propositions were suddenly nipped in the bud, by the servant opening the door and ushering in more dogs; and no sooner did Jakey's pups see the

new-comers, than they went in; a fight ensued—both of Jakey's pups lighting down on an able-bodied, big-bone sorrel dog, who appeared perfectly happy in the transaction, and having a tremendous jaw of his own, made the bones of the pups crack with the high pressure he gave them. Of course a dog fight is the *cue* for a man fight, and in the wag of a dead lamb's tail, Jakey and the proprietor of the sorrel dog had a dispute. Jakey was attitudinizing *a la* "the fancy," when the sorrel dog man—who, like his dog, was got up on a liberal scale of strength and proportions—walked right into Jakey's calculations, and whirled him in double flip-flaps on to the wash-stand of the rural sportsman's room! Our sporting friend viewed the various combatants more in bodily fear than otherwise, and was making a break for the door, to clear himself, when, to his horror and amazement, he found the entry beset by sundry men and boys, and any quantity of dogs—dogs of every hue, size, and description. At that moment the chawed-up pups of Jakey, and their equally used-up master, came a rushing down stairs—another fight ensued on the stairs between Jakey's dogs and some others, and then a stampede of dogs—mixing up of dogs—tangling of ropes and straps—cursing and hurraing, and such a time generally, as is far better imagined than described. The boarders hearing such a wild outcry—to say nothing of the yelps of dogs, came out of their various rooms, and retired as quickly, to

escape the stray and confused dogs, that now were ki-yi-ing, yelping, and pitching all over the house! By judicious marshalling of the servants—broom-sticks, rolling-pins and canes, the dogs and their various proprietors were ejected, and order once more restored; the country sportsman seized his valise, paid his bills and "vamosed the ranche," and ever after it was incorporated in the rules of the Irving, that gentlemen are strictly prohibited from dealing in dogs while "putting up" in that house.

Amateur Gardening.

"I don't see what in sin's become of them dahlias I set out this Spring," said Tapehorn, a retired slop-shop merchant, to his wife, one morning a month ago, as he hunted in vain among the weeds and grass of his garden, to see where or when his two-dollars-a-piece dahlia roots were going to appear.

"Can't think what's the matter with 'em," he continued. "Goldblossom said they were the finest roots he ever sold—ought to be up and in bloom—two months ago."

"Oh, pa, I forgot to tell you," said Miss Tapehorn,

"that our Patrick, one morning last Spring, was digging in the garden there, and he turned up some things that looked just like sweet potatoes; mother and I looked at them, and thought they were potatoes those Mackintoshes had left undug when they moved away last winter!"

"Well, you-a—" gasped Tapehorn.

"Well, pa, ma and I had them all dug up and cooked, and they were the meanest tasting things we ever knew, and we gave them all to the pigs!"

Tapehorn looked like a man in the last stages of disgust, and jamming his fists down into his pockets, he walked into the house, muttering:

"Tut, tut, tut!—thirty-two dollars and the finest lot of dahlias in the world—*gone to the pigs!*"

The Two Johns at the Tremont.

It is somewhat curious that more embarrassments, and queer *contre temps* do not take place in the routine of human affairs, when we find so *many* persons floating about of one and the same name. It must be shocking to be named John Brown,

troublesome to be called John Thompson, but who can begin to conceive the horrors of that man's situation, who has at the baptismal font received the title of *John Smith*?

Now it only wants a slight accident, the most trivial occurrence of fate—the meeting of two or three persons of the same name, or of great similarity of name, to create the most singular and even ludicrous circumstances and tableaux. One of these affairs came off at the Tremont House, some time since. One Thomas Johns, a blue-nose Nova-Scotian —a man of "some pumpkins" and "persimmons" at home, doubtless, put up for a few days at the Tremont, and about the same time one John Thomas, a genuine son of John Bull, just over in one of the steamers, took up his quarters at the same respectable and worthy establishment.

Thomas Johns was a linen draper, sold silks, satinets, linen, and dimities, at his establishment in the Provinces, and was also a politician, and "went on" for the part of magistrate, occasionally. John Thomas was a retired wine-merchant, and, having netted a bulky fortune, he took it into his head to *travel*, and as naturally as he despised, and as contemptuously as he looked upon this poor, wild, unsophisticated country of ours, he nevertheless condescended to come and look at us.

Well, there they were, Thomas Johns, and John Thomas; one was "roomed" in the north wing, the other in the south wing. Thomas Johns went out and began reconnoitering among the Yankee shop-keepers. John Thomas, having a fortnight's pair of sea legs on, and full of bile and beer, laid up at his lodgings, and passed the first three days in "hazing around" the servants, and blaspheming American manners and customs.

Old John was quietly snoring off his bottle after a sumptuous Tremont dinner, when a repeated rap, rap, rap at his door aroused him.

"What are you—at?" growls John.

"It's ma, zur?" says one of the Milesian servants.

"Blast yer hies, what want yer?" again growls John.

"If ye plaze, zur, there's a young man below wishes to see you," says the servant.

"Ha, tell 'im to clear out!" John having predestinated the "young man," he gave an apoplectic snort, relapsed into his lethargy, and the servant whirled down into the rotunda, and informed the "young man" what the gentleman desired.

"He did, eh?" says the young man, who looked as if he might be a clerk in an importing house. The young man left, in something of a high dudgeon.

"What'r yer at now?" roared John Thomas, a second time, roused by the servant's rat-tat-too.

"It's a gentleman wants to see yez's, zur."

"Tell him to go to the d—!" and John snored again.

"Is John in?" asks the gentleman, as the servant returns.

"Mister *Thomas* did yez mane, zur?"

"No, yes, it is (looking at his tablets) same thing, I suppose; Thomas Johns," says the gentleman.

"I belave it's right, zur," says the servant.

"Well, what did he say?"

"Faith, I think he's not in a good humor, betwane us, zur; he says yez may go to the divil!"

"Did he? Well, that's polite, any how—invite a gentleman to dine with him, and then meet him with such language as that. The infernal 'blue nose,' I'll pull it, I'll tweak it until he'll roar like a calf!" and off went "the gentleman," hot as No. 6.

"I belave he's not in, zur," says the same servant, answering another inquiry for John Thomas, or Thomas Johns, the carriage driver was not certain which.

"Oh, ho!" says the servant, "it's a ride ould John's

going fur to take till himself, and didn't want any callers." Reaching John's door, he began his tattoo.

"Be hang'd to ye, what'r ye at now?" growls John, partly up and dressed.

"The carriage is here, zur."

"What carriage is that?" growls John, continuing his toilet.

"I don't know, zur; I'll go down and sae the *number*, if ye plaze."

"Thunder and tommy! What do I care for the number? Go tell the carriage——"

"To go to the divil, zur?" says the servant, in anticipation of the command.

"No, you bog-trotter, go tell the carriage to wait."

The servant went down, and John continued his toilet, muttering—

"Ah, some of their *haccommodations*, I expect; these American landlords, as they style 'em in these infernal wild woods 'ere, do manage to give a body tolerable sort of haccommodations; ha, but they'll take care to look hout for the dollars. I don't know, tho', these fellers 'ere appear tolerably clever; want me to ride hout, I suppose, and see some of their Yankee lions. Haw! haw! *Lions!* I wonder what they'd

say hif they saw Lun'un, and looked at St. Paul's once!"

Getting through his toilet—and it takes an Englishman as long to fix his stiff cravat and that *stiffer* and stauncher shirt-collar, and rub his hat, than a Frenchman to rig out *tout ensemble*, to say nothing of the gallons of water and dozens of towels he uses up in the operation—John found the carriage waiting; he asked no questions, but jumped in.

"Isn't there some others beside yourself going out, sir?" says the driver, supposing he had the right man, or one of them.

"No; drive off—where are you going to drive me?"

"Mount Auburn, sir, the carriage was ordered for."

"Humph! Some of the *battle-grounds*, I suppose," John grunts to himself, falls into a fit of English doggedness, and the coach drives off.

Thomas Johns made little or no noise or confusion in the house, consequently he was not known to the servants, and very little known to the clerks. John Thomas was another person—he was all fuss and feathers. He kept his bell ringing, and the servants rushing for towels and water, water and towels, boots and beer, beer and boots, the English papers, maps of America, &c., without cessation. He was John Thomas and Thomas Johns, one and

indivisible.

John got his ride, and returned to the hotel sulkier than ever; and by the time he got unrobed of his pea-jackets and huge shawls about his burly neck, he was telegraphed by a servant to come down; there was a gentleman below on business with him. John foreswore business, but the gentleman must see him, and up he came for that purpose. His unmistakable *mug* told he was "an officer."

"I've a bill against you, sir, $368,20. Must be paid immediately!" said the presenter, peremptorily.

John was thunderstruck.

"Me, and be hanged to ye!" says John, getting his breath.

"Yes, sir, for goods packed at Smith & Brown's, for Nova Scotia. The bill was to be paid this morning, as you agreed, but you told the clerk to go to the d—l! Won't do, that sort of work, here. Pay the bill, or you must go with me!"

John, when he found himself in custody, swore it was some infernal Yankee scheme to gouge him, and he started for the clerk's office, below, to have some explanation. As John and the officer reached the rotunda, a gentleman steps up behind John, and gives his nose a first-rate *lug*. They clinched, the bystanders and servants interposed, and John and his

assailant were parted, and by this time the nose puller discovered he had the wrong man by the nose!

"Is your name Thomas Johns?" says the nose puller.

"Blast you, no!"

"Who pays this bill for the carriage, if your name ain't Johns?" says a man with a bill for the carriage hire.

"I allers heard as ow you Yan-gees were inquisitive, and sharp after the dollars, and I'm 'anged if you ain't awful. My name's John Thomas, from Lun'un, bound back again in the next steamer. Now who's got any thing against *me*?"

Thomas Johns came in at this climax, an explanation ensued, John was relieved of his embarrassment, and all were finally satisfied, except John Thomas, who, venting a few bottles of his spleen on every body and all things—Americans especially—took to his bed and beer, and snorted for a week.

The Yankee in a Boarding School.

"Well, squire, as I wer' tellin' on ye, when I went around pedlin' notions, I met many queer folks; some on 'em so darn'd preoud and sassy, they wouldn't let a feller look at 'em; a-n-d 'd shut their doors and gates, *bang* into a feller's face, jest as ef a Yankee pedler was a pizen sarpint! Then there waa-s t'other kind o' human critters, so pesky poor, or 'nation stingy, they'd pinch a fourpence till it'd squeal like a stuck pig. Ye-e-s, I do *swow*, I've met some critters so dog-ratted mean, that ef you had sot a steel trap onder their beds, a-n-d baited it with three cents, yeou'd a cotch ther con-feoun-ded souls afore mornin'!"

"Massy sakes!" responded the squire.

"Fact! by ginger!" echoed the ex-pedler.

"Well, go on, Ab," said the squire, giving his pipe another 'charge,' and lighting up for the yarn Absalom Slamm had promised the gals, soon as the quilt was out and refreshments were handed around.

"Go on, Ab—let's hear abeout that scrape yeou had with the school marm and her gals."

"Wall, I *will*, squire; gals, spread yeourselves areound and squat; take care o' yeour corset strings, and keep deth-ly still. Wall; neow, yeou all sot? Hain't none o' ye been in the pedlin' business, I guess; wall, no matter, tho' it's dread-ful pleasant

sometimes: then again at others, 'taint."

"Go on, Ab, go on," said the squire.

"Ye-e-s; wall, as I was saying, 'beout tradin', none o' yeou ever been in the tradin' way? Wall, it deon't matter a cent; as I was agoin' to say, I had hard, hard luck one season—got clean busted all tew smash! O-o-o! it was *dre-a-a-dful times*; jest abeout the time Gineral Jackson clapped his *we-toe* on the hull o' the banks, kersock. Wall, yeou see, I got broke all tew flinders. My ole hoss died, the sun and rain beat up my wagon, I sold eout my notions tew a feller that paid me all in ceounter-fit money, and then he dug eout, as Parson Dodge says, to undiskivered kedn'try.

"There was only one way abeout it; I was beound to dew somethin', instead o' goin' to set deown and blubber; and as I layed stretched eout in bed one Sunday morning, in Marm Smith's tavern, in the cockloft among the old stuff, I spies a darn'd ole consarn that took my fancy immazin'! As Deb Brown said, when she 'sperienced rele-gen, I felt my sperrets raisin' me clean eout o' bed, and eout I beounced, like a pea in a hot skillet. Deown I goes to Marm Smith; the ole lady was dressed up to death in her Sunday-go-to-meetin's, and jest as preoud and sassy as her darn'd ole skin ceould heould in.

"'Marm Smith,' sez I, 'yeou hain't got no ole stuff yeou deon't want tew sell nor nuthin', dew ye?'

"'*Ab Slamm*,' sez she, plantin' her thumbs on her hip joints, and as the milishey officer ses on trainin' day, comin' at me, 'right face,' she spread herself like a clapboard. 'Ab Slamm,' sez she, 'what on airth possesses yeou to talk o' tradin' on the Sabbath?'

"'Wall,' sez I, 'Marm Smith, yeou needn't take on so 'beout it; I guess a feller kin ax a question witheout tradin' or breakin' the Sabbath all tew smash, either! Neow,' says I, 'yeou got some ole plunder up ther in the cockloft, where yeou stuck me to sleep; 'tain't much use to yeou, and one article I see I want to trade fur.'

"Wall, we didn't trade *'zactly*. Marm Smith, yeou see, got dre-e-e-adful relejus 'beout that time—wouldn't let her gals draw ther breth scacely, and shot her roosters all up in the cellar every Sunday. Fact, by ginger! Wall, yeou see, Marm Smith were agin tradin' on Sunday, but she sed I might arrange it with Ben, her barkeeper, and so I got the instrument, *any heow*."

"What was it, Ab?" inquired the squire.

"Massy sakes, tell us!" says the gals.

"I sha'n't dew it, till I tell the hull abeout it," Ab replied, rather choosing, like Captain Cuttle, to break the gist of his information into small chunks, and so make it the more *telling* and comparatively

interesting.

"When I got the *instrument*, and paid Marm Smith my board bill, I wer in possession of a cash capital of jest three fo'pences. I took my jack-knife, and unjinted the instrument, cleaned it off, then wrapped the different sections up in a paper, put the hull in my little yaller trunk, and dug eout. When I got clean eout o' sight and hearin' of everybody I'd ever hear'n tell on, I stopped r-i-g-h-t in my track. My cash capital wer gone, my mortal remains were holler as a flute, and my old trunk had worn a hole clean through the shoulder o' my best Sunday coat. I put up, and sez I tew the landlord:

"'Squire, what sort o' place is this for a sheow?'

"'For a sh-e-ow?' sez he.

"'Ye-e-e-s,' sez I.

"'What a' yeou got to sh-e-o-w?' sez he.

"'The most wonderful instrument ever inwent-'d,' sez I.

"'What's 't fur?' sez he.

"'For the wimen,' sez I.

"'O! sez he, lookin' alfired peart and smeart, as tho' he'd seen a flock o' l'fants; 'quack doctor, I s'pose, eh?'

"'No, I ben't a quack doctor, nuther,' sez I, priming

up at the insin-i-wa-tion.

"'Wall, what on airth hev yeou got, *any heow*?' sez he.

"When he 'poligized in that sort o' way, in course I up and told him the full perticklers 'beout a wonderful *instrument* I had for the ladies and wimen folks. A-n-d heow I wanted to sheow it before some o' the female sim-i-nar-ries, and give a lectoor on't.

"'By bunker!' sez he, 'then yeou've cum jest teou the spot; three miles up the road is the great *Jargon Institoot*, 'spressly for young ladies, wher they teach 'em the 'rethmetic, French scollopin', and High-tall-ion curlycues; dancin', tight-lacin', hair-dressin', and so forth, with the use of curlin' irons, forty pinanners, and parfumeries chuck'd in.'

"'Yeou deon't *say* so?' sez I.

"'Yes, I doos,' sez he; and then yeou had orter seen me make streaks fur the Jargon Institoot.

"I feound the place, knocked on the door, and a feller all starch'd up, lookin' cruel nice, kem and opened the door. I axed if the marm were in. Then he wanted tew kneow which of 'em I wanted tew see. 'The head marm of the Institoot,' sez I. 'Please to give me yeour keard,' sez he. 'You be darn'd,' sez I; 'I'd have yeou know, mister,' sez I, 'I don't deal in *keards* —never did, nuther!'

"The feller show'd a heap o' ivory, and brought deown the head marm. It weould a' dun Marm Smith's ole heart good to seen this dre-e-a-d-ful pius critter. She looked mighty nice, a-n-d she scolloped reound, and beow'd and cut an orful quantity o' capers, when I ondid my business to her. I went on and told her heow in course o' travel—

"'In furrin pearts?' sez she.

"'Yes,' sez I—'I kim across a great instrument,' sez I. 'It was well known to the wimen and ladies o' the past gin-i-rations,' sez I.

"'The an-shants?' sez she.

"'Yes, marm,' sez I. Then she axed me wether it wer a wind instrer-ment or a stringed instrer-ment. A-n-d I told her it wer a stringed instrer-ment, but went on the hurdy-gurdy pren-cipl', with a crank or treddle. But what I moost dwelt on, as the ox-ion-eer sez, were the great combinations of the instrer-ment, a-n-d I piled it up dre-e-e-adful! I told the marm I wanted to git the thing patented, and put before the people —the wimen and ladies in per-tick'ler—so that every gal in the univarsal world could play upon it—exercise her hands, strengthen her arms and chist, give her form a nater-al de-welop-ment, and so make the hull grist o' wimen critters useful, as well as ornamental, as my instrer-ment was a useful necessity; for while it lent grace and beauty to the female form,

and gin forth fust rate music, it was par-fect-ly scriptooral; it ceould be made to clothe the naked and feed the hon-gry. My il-o-quince had the marm. She 'greed to buy one of my machines *straight* fur use of her *Institoot*—each school-gal to 'put in' by next day, when I wer to bring the instrer-ment, get my $40, and deliver a lectoor on it. Next mornin', bright and early, I wer there; the *puss* wer made up, and the gals nigh abeout bilin' over with curiosity to see my wonderful *hand-limberer, arm-strengthener, chist-expander, female-beautifier, and univarsal musical machine!* When they all got assembled, I ondid the machine; they wer still as death! When I sot it up, they wer breathless with wonderment; when I started it, they gin a gineral screech of delight. Then I sot deown and played 'em *old hund'erd*, and every gal in the room vowed right eout she'd have one made *straight!* O-o-o! yeou'd a died to seen the excitement that instrer-ment made in Jargon Institoot. The head marm wanted my ortergraff, and each o' the gals a lock o' my hair. But just then, a confeounded ole woolly-headed Virginny nigger wench, cook o' the Jargon Institoot, kem in, and the moment she clapped her ole eyes on my inwention, she roared reight eout, 'O! de *Lud*, ef dar ain't one de ole Virginny *spinnin' wheels!*' I kinder had bus'ness somewheres else 'beout that time! I took with a leaving!"

A Dreadful State of Excitement.

A retrospective view of some ten or fifteen years, brings up a wonderful "heap of notions," which at their birth made quite a different sensation from that which their "bare remembrance" would seem to sanction now. The statement made in a "morning paper" before us, of a fine horse being actually scared stone and instantaneously dead, by a roaring and hissing locomotive, brings to mind "a circumstance," which though it did not exactly *do our knitting*, it came precious near the climax!

Some years ago, upon what was then considered the "frontier" of Missouri, we chanced to be laid up with a "game leg," in consequence of a performance of a bullet-headed mule that we were endeavoring to coerce at the end of a corn stalk, for his "intervention" in a fodder stack to which he could lay no legitimate claim. About two miles from our "lodgings" was a store, a "grocery," shotecary pop, boots, hats, gridirons, whiskey, powder and shot, &c., &c., and the post office. About three times a week, we used to hobble down to this modern ark, to read the news, see what was going on down in the world, and—pass a few hours with the proprietor of the store, who chanced to be a man with whom we had had a former acquaintance "in other climes."

Well, one day, we dropped down to the store, and found pretty much all the men folks—and they were not numerous around there, the houses or cabins being rather scattering—getting ready to go down the river (Missouri) some ten miles, to see a notorious desperado "stretch hemp." My friend Captain V——, the storekeeper, was about to go along too, and proposed that we should mount and accompany him, or—stay and tend store. We accepted the latter proposition, as we were in no travelling kelter, and had no taste for performances on the tight rope. Having officiated for Captain V —— on several former occasions, we had the run of his "grocery" and *postal* arrangements quite fluent enough to take charge of all the trade likely to turn up that day; so the captain and his friends started, promising a return before sunset.

One individual, living some seven miles up the road, called for his newspaper, and got his jug filled, spent a couple of hours with us—put out, and was succeeded by two squalid Indians, with some skins to trade for corn juice and tobacco; they cleared out, and about two or three P. M., some *movers* came along; we had a little dicker with them, and that closed up the business accounts of the day.

Having discussed all the availables, from the contents of the post office—seven newspapers and four letters per quarter!—to the crackers and cheese,

and business being essentially stagnated, we ups and lies down upon the top of the counter, to take a nap. Captain V——'s store was a log building, about 15 by 30, and stood near the edge of the woods, and at least half a mile from any habitation, except the schoolhouse and blacksmith's shop, two small huts, and at that time—"in coventry." Captain V—— was a bachelor; he boarded—that is, he took his meals at the nearest house—half a mile back from the wood, and slept in his store. We soon fell into the soft soothing arms of Morpheus, and—slept. It was fine mild weather—September, and, of course, the door was wide open. How long we slept we were not at all conscious, but were aroused by a heavy hand that gave us a hearty shake by the shoulder, and in a rather sepulchral voice says—

"How are you?"

Gods! we were up quick, for our sleep had been visited by dreams of southwest tragedies, hanging scrapes, and other nightmare affairs, and as we opened our eyes and caught a glimpse of the double-fisted, cadaverous fellow standing over us, a strong inclination to go off into a cold sweat seized us! Lo! it was after sunset! Almost dark in the store, the stars had already began to twinkle in the sky.

Captain V—— did a considerable trade at his store, and at times had considerable sums of money

laying around. Upon leaving in the morning, he notified us, in case we should require *change*, to look into the desk, where he kept a shot bag of silver coin, and—his pistols.

"How are you?" the words and manner and looks of the man gave us a cold chill.

"How do you do?" we managed to respond, at the same time sliding down behind the counter. The stranger had a heavy walking stick in his hand, and a knapsack looking bundle swung to his shoulder. He looked like the rough remnants of an ill-spent life; had evidently travelled somewhere where barbers, washer-women and such like civilian delicacies, were more matters of tradition than fact.

"Been asleep, eh?" he carelessly continued.

"It appears so," said we, feeling no better or more satisfactory in our mind, and no reason to, for night was now closing in, and we were going through our performances by the slight illumination of the stars, without any positive certainty as to where the Captain kept his tinder box and candle, that we might furnish some sort of light upon the lugubrious state of affairs.

"Do you keep this store?"

"No, we do not," we answered, watching the man as he put his bundle down upon the counter.

"Who does?" was the next question.

"The gentleman who keeps it," we replied, "is away to-day."

"Ah, gone to see a poor human being put out of the world, eh?"

We said "yes," or something of the kind, and thought to ourself, no doubt you know all that's going on of that sort of business like a book, and a host of other ideas flashed across our mind, while all the evil deeds of note transacted in that region for the past ten years, seemed awakened in our mind's eye, working up our nervous system, until the coon skin cap upon our excited head stood upon about fifteen hairs, with the strange and overwhelming impression that our time had come! We would have given the State of Missouri—if it were in our possession, to have heard Captain V——'s voice, or even have had a fair chance to dash out at the door, and give the fellow before us a specimen of tall walking—lame as we were!

"Ain't you got a *light*? I'd think you'd be a little timid (a *little* timid!) about laying around here, alone, in the dark, too?" said the fellow, sticking one hand into his coat pocket, and gazing sharply around the store. Mock heroically says we—

"Afraid? Afraid of what?" our valor, like Bob

Acres', oozing out at our fingers.

"These outlaws you've got around here," said he. "They say the man they hanged to-day was a decent fellow to what some are, who prowl around in this country!"

We very modestly said, "that such fellows never bothered us."

"Do you sleep in this store—live here?"

"No, sir, we don't," was our answer.

"Where do you lodge and get your eating?"

"First house up the road."

"How far is it?" says he.

"Half a mile or less."

"Well, close up your shop, and come along with me!" says the fellow.

Now we were coming to the *tableaux!* He wanted us to step outside in order that the business could be done for us, with more haste and certainty, and we really felt as good as assassinated and hid in the bushes! It was quite astonishing how our visual organs intensified! We could see every wrinkle and line in the fellow's face, could almost count the stitches in his coat, and the more we looked, and the keener and more searching became our observation,

the more atrocious and subtle became the fellow and his purpose. With a firmness that astonished ourself, we said—

"*No, Sir*; if *you* have business there or elsewhere, you had better *go!*" and with this determined speech, we walked up to the desk, and with the air of a "man of business" or the nonchalance of a hero, says we—

"What are you after—have you any business with *us*?"

"You're kind of crusty, Mister," says he. "I'm canvassing this State,—*wouldn't you like to subscribe for a first-rate map of Missouri*, OR A NEW EDITION OF JOSEPHUS?"

We felt too mean all over to "subscribe," but we found a light, and soon found in the stranger one of the best sort of fellows, a man of information and morality, and, though he had *looked* dangerous, he turned out harmless as a lamb, and we got intimate as brothers before Captain V—— returned that night.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Of all the public lecturers of our time and place,

none have attracted more attention from the press, and consequently the people, than RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Lecturing has become quite a fashionable science —and now, instead of using the old style phrases for illustrating facts, we call travelling preachers perambulating showmen, and floating politicians, *lecturers*.

As a lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson is extensively known around these parts; but whether his lectures come under the head of law, logic, politics, Scripture, or the show business, is a matter of much speculation; for our own part, the more we read or hear of Ralph, the more we don't know what it's all about.

Somebody has said, that to his singularity of style or expression, Carlyle and his works owe their great notoriety or fame—and many compare Ralph Waldo to old Carlyle. They cannot trace exactly any great affinity between these two great geniuses of the flash literary school. Carlyle writes vigorously, quaintly enough, but almost always speaks when he says something; on the contrary, our flighty friend Ralph speaks vigorously, yet says nothing! Of all men that have ever stood and delivered in presence of "a reporter," none surely ever led these indefatigable knights of the pen such a wild-goose chase over the

verdant and flowery pastures of King's English, as Ralph Waldo Emerson. In ordinary cases, a reporter well versed in his art, catches a sentence of a speaker, and goes on to fill it out upon the most correct impression of what was intended, or what is implied. But no such license follows the outpourings of Mr. Emerson; no thought can fathom his intentions, and quite as bottomless are even his finished sentences. We have known "old stagers," in the newspaporial line, veteran reporters, so dumbfounded and confounded by the first fire of Ralph, and his grand and lofty acrobating in elocution, that they up, seized their hat and paper, and sloped, horrified at the prospect of an attempt to "take down" Mr. Emerson.

If Roaring Ralph touches a homely mullen weed, on a donkey heath, straightway he makes it a full-blown rose, in the land of Ophir, shedding an odor balmy as the gales of Arabia; while with a facility the wonderful London auctioneer Robbins might envy, Ralph imparts to a lime-box, or pig-sty, a negro hovel, or an Irish shanty, all the romance, artistic elegance and finish of a first-class manor-house, or Swiss cottage, inlaid with alabaster and fresco, surrounded by elfin bowers, grand walks, bee hives, and honeysuckles.

Ralph don't group his metaphorical beauties, or dainties of Webster, Walker, &c., but rushes them out

in torrents—rattles them down in cataracts and avalanches—bewildering, astounding, and incomprehensible. He hits you upon the left lug of your knowledge box with a metaphor so unwieldy and original, that your breath is soon gone—and before it is recovered, he gives you another *rhapsody* on t'other side, and as you try to steady yourself, *bim* comes another, heavier than the first two, while a fourth batch of this sort of elocution fetches you a bang over the eyes, giving you a vertigo in the ribs of your bewildered senses, and before you can say "God bless us!" down he has you—*cobim!* with a deluge of high-heeled grammar and three-storied Anglo Saxon, settling your hash, and brings you to the ground by the run, as though you were struck by lightning, or in the way of a 36-pounder! Ralph Waldo is death and an entire *stud* of pale horses on flowery expressions and japonica-domish flubdubs. He revels in all those knock-kneed, antique, or crooked and twisted words we used all of us to puzzle our brains over in the days of our youth, and grammar lessons and rhetoric exercises. He has a penchant as strong as cheap boarding-house butter, for mystification, and a free delivery of hard words, perfectly and unequivocally wonderful. We listened one long hour by the clock of Rumford Hall, one night, to an outpouring of *argumentum ad hominem* of Mr. Emerson's—at what? A boy under an apple tree! If ten persons out of the five hundred present were put

upon their oaths, they could no more have deciphered, or translated Mr. Ralph's argumentation, than they could the hieroglyphics upon the walls of Thebes, or the sarcophagus of old King Pharaoh! When Ralph Waldo opens, he may be as calm as a May morn—he may talk for five minutes, like a book —we mean a common-sensed, understandable book; but all of a sudden the fluid will strike him—up he goes—down he fetches them. He throws a double somerset backwards over Asia Minor—flip-flaps in Greece—wings Turkey—and *skeets* over Iceland; here he slips up with a flower garden—a torrent of gilt-edged metaphors, that would last a country parson's moderate demand a long lifetime, are whirled with the fury and fleetness of Jove's thunderbolts. After exhausting his sweet-scented receiver of this floral elocution, he pauses four seconds; pointing to vacuum, over the heads of his audience, he asks, in an anxious tone, "Do you see that?" Of course the audience are not expected to be so unmannerly as to ask "What?" If they were, Ralph would not give them time to "go in," for after asking them if they see *that*, he continues—

"There! Mark! Note! It is a malaria prism! Now, then; here—there; see it! Note it! Watch it!"

During this time, half of the audience, especially the old women and the children, look around, fearful of the ceiling falling in, or big bugs lighting on them.

But the pause is for a moment, and anxiety ceases when they learn it was only a false alarm, only—

"Egotism! The lame, the pestiferous exhalation or concrete malformation of society!"

You breathe freer, and Ralph goes in, gloves on.

"Egotism! A metaphysical, calcareous, oleraceous amentum of—society! The mental varioloid of this sublunary hemisphere! One of its worst feelings or features is, the craving of sympathy. It even loves sickness, because actual pain engenders signs of sympathy. All cultivated men are infected more or less with this dropsy. But they are still the leaders. The life of a few men is the life of every place. In Boston you hear and see a few, so in New York; then you may as well die. Life is very narrow. Bring a few men together, and under the spell of one calm genius, what frank, sad confessions will be made! Culture is the suggestion from a few best thoughts that a man should not be a charlatan, but temper and subdue life. Culture redresses his balance, and puts him among his equals. It is a poor compliment always to talk with a man upon his *specialty*, as if he were a cheese-mite, and was therefore strong on Cheshire and Stilton. Culture takes the grocer out of his molasses and makes him genial. We pay a heavy price for those fancy goods, Fine Arts and Philosophy. No performance is worth loss of

geniality. That unhappy man called of genius, is an unfortunate man. Nature always carries her point despite the means!"

If that don't convince you of Ralph's high-heeled, knock-kneed logic, or *au fait* dexterity in concocting flap-doodle mixtures, you're ahead of ordinary intellect as far as this famed lecturer is in advance of gin and bitters, or opium discourses on—delirium tremens!

In short, Ralph Waldo Emerson can wrap up a subject in more mystery and science of language than ever a defunct Egyptian received at the hands of the mummy manufacturers! In person, Mr. Ralph is rather a pleasing sort of man; in manners frank and agreeable; about forty years of age, and a native of Massachusetts. As a lawyer, he would have been the horror of jurors and judges; as a lecturer, he is, as near as possible, what we have described him.

Humbug.

There is no end to the humbug in life. About half we say, and more than half we do, is tinged with humbug. "My Dear Sir," we say, when we address a

letter to a fellow we have never seen, and if seen, perhaps don't care a continental cent for him; *dear* sir! what a humbug expression! "Good morning," (what a lie!) says one, as he meets another *one*, on a stormy and nasty day, "quite a disagreeable wet day!" What's the use of such a humbug expression as that? If it's a disagreeable and stormy day, every body finds it out, naturally. Full half of the people who appear solicitous about your *health*, display a gratuitous amount of humbug, for your pocket-book is more beloved than your health; and we have often wondered why matter-of-fact people don't out with it, when they meet, and say—"How's your pocket to-day? Sorry to hear you're out of *money!*" Or, instead of soft soap, when they meet, why not discard humbug, and say, "Sorry to see you—was blackguarding you all day!" instead of "Glad to see you—have been *thinking* of you to-day!" or, "I'm glad to see you've been elected Mayor of the city!" when in fact they mean, "Curse you, I wish you had been defeated!" Compliments *pass*, they say, when *gentlemen* meet, but, as there are so many counterfeit gentry around, now-a-days, you may bet high that half the *compliments* that *pass* are—*mere bogus!*

Hotel Keeping.

Fortunes are made—very readily, it is said, in our large cities, by Hotel keeping. It does look money-making business to a great many people, who stop in a large hotel a day or two, and perhaps, after eating about two meals out of six—walking in quietly and walking out quietly—no fuss, no feathers, find themselves *taxed* four or five dollars!

We have had occasion to know something of travel and travellers, hotels, hotel-keepers and their bills, and it *has* now and then entered our head that money was or could be made—in the hotel business. We *have* stopped in houses where we honestly concluded—we got our money's worth, and we have again had reason to believe ourselves grossly shaved, in a "first-class" hotel, at two dollars a day—all hurry-scurry, poked up in the cock-loft, mid bugs, dirt, heat and effluvia, very little better than a Dutch tavern in fly time.

We did not fail to observe at the same time, that cool impudence and clamor had a most mollifying effect upon landlord and his *attaches*, the tinsel and mere electrotypes passing for real bullion, galvanized *hums* by their noise and pretensions faring fifty per cent. better for the same *price*—than the more republican, quiet and human wayfarer.

Under such auspices, it is not at all wonderful that ourself and scores of others, paying two dollars and a half per diem, got what we could catch, while Kossuth, and a score of his followers, fared and were favored like princes of a monarchical realm—"though all *dead heads!*"

Hotels now-a-days must be *showy*, abounding in tin foil, Dutch metal and gamboge, a thousand of the "modern improvements"—mere clap-trap, and as foreign to the solid comforts of solid people, as icebergs to Norwegians or "east winds" to the consumptive. Without the show, they would be quite deserted; men will pay for this *show*, must pay for it, and all this show costs money; Turkey carpets, life-size mirrors, ottomans and marble slabs, from dome to kitchen, *draw well*, and those who indulge in the dance, must pay the piper.

The fact is, most people understand these things about as well as we do, and it but remains for us to give a daguerreotype of a *few customers* which landlords or their clerks and servants now and then meet. The conductor of one of our first-class houses, gives us such a truly piquant and matter-of-fact picture of *his* experience, that we *up* and copy it, believing, as we do, that the reader will see some information and amusement in the subject.

A fussy fellow takes it into his head that he will go

on a little tour, he pockets a few dollars and a clean dickey or two, and—comes to town. He's no green horn—O! no, he ain't, he has been around some—he has, and knows a thing or two, and something over. He is dumped out of the cars with hundreds of others, in the great depots, and is assailed by vociferous *whips* who, in quest of stray dimes, watch the incoming *trains* and shout and bawl—

"Eh 'up! Tremont House!"

"Up—*a!* American House—right away!"

"Ha! *up!* Right off for the Revere!"

"Here's the coach—already for the United States!"

"Yee 'up! now we go, git in, best house in town, all ready for the Winthrop House!"

"Eh 'up, *ha!* now we are off, for the Pavilion!"

"Exchange Coffee House—dollar a day, four meals, no extra charge—right along this way, sir!"

"Hoo-*ray*, this coach—take you right up, Exchange Hotel!"

"Jump in, tickets for your baggage, sir, take you up—right off, best house in town, hot supper waitin'—way for the Adams House!"

And so they yell and grab at you, and our fussy friend, having heard of the tall arrangements and

great doings of the *American*, he hands himself over to the coachman, and with a load of others he is rolled over to that institution, in a jiffy. Our fussy friend is slightly "took down" at the idea of paying for the hauling up, having a notion that that was a part of the accommodation! However, he ain't a going to look small or verdant; so he pays the coachman, grabs his valise, and rushes into the long colonnaded office; and making his way to the *register*, slams down his baggage, and in a dignified, authoritative manner, says—

"A room!"

"Yes, sir," responds the Colonel, or some of the clerks—who may be officiating.

"Supper!" says Capt. Fussy, in the same tone of command.

"Certainly, sir—please register your name, sir!"

Captain Fussy off's gloves, seizes the pen, and down goes his autograph, Captain Fussy, Thumperstown, N. H.

"Now, I want a hot steak!" says he.

"You can have it, sir!" blandly replies the Colonel.

"Hot chocolate," continues Fussy.

"Certainly, sir!"

"Eggs, poached, and a—hot roll!"

"They'll be all ready, sir."

"How soon?"

"Five minutes, sir," says the Colonel, talking to a dozen at the same time.

"Ah, well—show me my room!" says Captain Fussy.

The bells are ringing—servants running to and fro, like witches in a whirlwind; fifty different calls—tastes—orders and fancies, are being served, but Capt. Fussy is attended to, a servant seizes his valise and a taper, and in the most winning way, cries—

"This way, sir, *right along!*" With a measured tread and the air of a man who knew what it was all about, the Captain follows the *garcon* and mounts one flight of the broad stairs, and is about to ascend another, when it strikes him that he's not going up to the top of the house, nohow!

"Where are you going to take me to—up into the garret?"

"Oh! no, sir; your room's only 182; that's only on the third floor!"

"Third floor!" cries Capt. Fussy, "take *me* up into the third story?"

"Plenty of gentlemen on the fifth and sixth floors,

sir," says the servant, and he goes ahead, Capt. Fussy following, muttering—

"Pooty doin's this, taking a *gentleman* up three of these cussed long stairs, to room 182! I'll see about this, I will; mus'n't come no gammon over me; I'm able to pay, and want the worth of my money!"

The third floor is reached, and after a brief meandering along the halls, 182 is arrived at, the door thrown open and Capt. Fussy is ushered in; his first effort is to find fault with the carpets, furniture, bedding or something, but as he had never probably seen such a general arrangement for ease, comfort and convenience—he caved in and merely gave a deep-toned—

"*Ah.* Got better rooms than this, ain't you?"

"There may be, sir, a few better rooms in the house, not many," said the servant.

"Well, you may go—but stop—how soon'll my supper be ready?"

"There'll be a supper set at eight, another at nine, sir."

"Ah, four minutes of eight," says Fussy, pulling out a "bull's eye" watch, with as much flourish as if it was a premium eighteen-*carat lever*. "Well, call me when you've got supper ready, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir; but you'll hear the gong."

"The gong—what's that? Ain't you got no bells?"

"The gong is used, sir, instead of bells," says the servant.

"*Ah*, well, clear out—but say, I want a fire in here."

"Yes, sir; I'll send up a fireman."

"A fireman? What do I want with *firemen*? Bring in some wood, and, stranger—start up—a hello! thunder and saw mills, what's all that racket about—house a-fire?"

"No, *sir!*" says the grinning servant—"the *gong*—supper's on the table!"

"*Ah*, very well; go ahead; where's the room?"

Conducted to the dining-room, Capt. Fussy's eyes stretch at the wholesale display of table-cloths, arm-chairs, "crockery" and cutlery, mirrors and white-aproned waiters. A seat is offered him, he dumps himself down, amazed but determined to look and act like one used to these affairs, from the hour of his birth!

"I ordered hot steak, poached eggs—hain't you got 'em?"

"Certainly, sir!" says the waiter, and the steak and eggs are at hand.

"Coffee or tea, sir?" another servant inquires.

"Coffee and tea! Humph, I ordered chocolate—hain't you got chocolate?"

"Oh, yes, sir; there it is."

"*Ah*, umph!" and Fussy gazes around and turns his nose slightly up, at the whole concern, waiters, guests, table, steak, eggs, chocolate, and—even the tempting hot rolls—before him.

Fussy calls for a glass of water, wants to know if there's fried oysters on the table; he finds there is not, and Fussy frowns and asks for a lobster salad, which the waiter informs him is never used at supper, in that hotel.

Eventually, Capt. Fussy being *crammed*, after an hour's diligent feeding, fuss and feathers, retires, asks all sorts of questions about people and places, at the *office*; what time trains start and steamers come, omnibuses here and stages there, all of which he is politely answered, of course, and he finally goes to his room, rings his bell every ten minutes, for an hour, and then—goes to bed; next day puts the servants and clerks over another course, and on the third day—calls for his bill, finds but few extras charged, hands over a *five*, puts on his gloves, seizes his valise, looks savagely dignified and stalks out, big as two military officers in regimentals!

"*Ah*," says Fussy, as he reaches the street, "*I* put 'em through—*I guess I got the worth of my money!*"

We calculate he did!

"According to Gunter."

Old Gunter was going home t'other night with a very heavy "turkey on"—about a forty-four pounder. Gunter accused the pavements of being icy, and down he came—*kerchug!* A "young lady" coming along, fidgetting and finiking, she made a very sudden and opposite *ricochet*, on seeing Gunter feeling the ground, and making abortive attempts to "riz." Gunter's gallantry was "up;" he knew his own weakness, and saw the difficulty with the "young lady;" so making a very determinate effort to get on his pins, Gunter elevated his head and then his voice, and says he: "My de-dea-dear ma'm, do-do-don't pu-pu-put yourself out of th-th-the way, on my account!" Tableaux—"young lady" quick-step, and Gunter playing all-fours in the *mud!*

Quartering upon Friends.

City-bred people have a pious horror of the country in winter, and no great regard for country visitors at any time, however much they may "let on" to the contrary.

In rushing hot weather, when the bricks and mortar, the stagnated, oven-like air of the crowded city threatens to bake, parboil, or give the "citizens" the yellow fever, then we are very apt to think of plain Aunt Polly, rough-hewed Uncle John, and the bullet-headed, uncombed, smock-frocked cousins, nephews, and nieces, at their rural homes, amid the fragrant meadows and umbrageous woods; the cool, silver streams and murmuring brooks of the glorious country. Then, the poetic sunbeams and moonshine of fancy bring to the eye and heart all or a part of the glories and beauties, uses and purposes in which God has invested the ruraldom.

Now, our country friends are mostly desirous, candidly so, to have their city friends come and see them—not merely pop visits, but bring your whole family, and stay a month! This they may do, and will do, and can afford it, as it is more convenient to one's pocket-book, on a farm, to *quarter* a platoon of your friends than to perform the same operation in the city, where it is apt to give your purse the tick-dollar-owe in no time.

It was not long since, during the prevalence of a hot summer, that Mrs. Triangle one morning said to her stewing husband, who was in no wise troubled with a surplus of the circulating medium—

"Triangle, it's on-possible for us to keep the children well and quiet through this dreadful hot weather. We must go into the country. The Joneses and Pigwigginses and Macwackinses, and—and—everybody has gone out into the country, and we must go, too; why can't we?"

"Why can't we?" mechanically echoed Triangle, who just then was deeply absorbed in a problem as to whether or not, considering the prices of coal, potatoes, house-rents, leather, and "dry goods," he would fetch up in prison or the poor-house first! It was a momentous question, and to his wife's proposal of a fresh detail of domestic expense, Triangle responded—

"Why can't we?"

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know—why can't *we*?"

"We *can't*, Mrs. Triangle," decidedly answered her lord and master.

Now Mrs. T., being but a woman, very naturally went on to give Mr. T. a Caudle lecture half an hour long, winding up with one of those time-honored perquisites of the female sex—a good cry.

Poor Triangle put on his hat and marched down to his bake-oven of an "office," to plan business and smoke his cigar. Triangle came home to tea, and saw at a glance that something must be done. Mrs. Triangle was to be "compromised," or far hotter than even the hot, hot weather would be his domicile for the balance of the season. Triangle thought it over, as he nibbled his toast and sipped his hot Souchong.

"My dear," said he, pushing aside his cup, and tilting himself upon the "hind legs" of his chair —"business is very dull, the weather is intolerable, I know you and the children would be much benefitted by a trip into the country—why can't we go?"

"Why can't we?—that's what I'd like to know!" was the ready response of Mrs. T.

"Well, we can go. My friend Jingo has as fine a place in the country as ever was, anywhere; he has asked me again and again to come down in the summer, and bring all the family. Now we'll go; Jingo will be delighted to see us; and we'll have a good, pleasant time, I'll warrant."

Mrs. Triangle was delighted; soon all the clouds of her temper were dispersed, and like people "cut out for each other," Triangle and his wife sat and planned the details of the tour to Jingo Hill Farm. Frederic Antonio Gustavus was to be rigged out in

new boots, hat, and breeches. Maria Evangeline Roxana Matilda was to be fitted out in Polka boots, gipsey bonnet, and Bloomer pantalettes, with an entire invoice of handkerchiefs, scarfs, ribbons, gloves, and hosiery for "mother," little Georgiana Victorine Rosa Adelaide, and *the baby*, Henry Rinaldo Mercutio. After three days' onslaught upon poor Triangle's pockets, with any quantity of "fuss and feathers," Mrs. Triangle pronounced the caravan ready to move. But just as all was ready, Bridget Durfy, the maid-of-all-work, who was to accompany them on the expedition as supervisor of the children, threw up her engagement.

"Plaze the pigs," said Biddy; "it's mesilf as niver likes the counthry, at all; an' I'll jist be afther not goin', ma'm, wid yez!"

Here was a go—or rather a "no go!" Triangle had bought tickets for all, and ordered the carriage at four; it was now three P. M., of a hot, roasting day. It would be "on-possible," as Mrs. T. said, to go without a girl; so poor, sweltering Triangle rushed down to the "Intelligence Office," where, from the sweating mass of female humanity awaiting a market for their time and labor, Triangle selected a stout, hearty Irish *blonde*, warranted perfect, capable, kind, honest, and the Lord only knows how many virtues the keeper of an "Intelligence Office" will not swear belong to one of their stock in trade.

Away went Triangle, sweating and swearing; the Irish maiden, swinging a bundle in one hand and a flaring *bandanna* in the other, following after her patron with a duck-waddle; and finally the carriage came; all got in but Triangle, who started on foot to the depot, carrying his double-barrelled gun and leading an ugly dog, which he rejoiced in believing was a full-blooded *setter*, though the best posted dog-fanciers assured him it was a cross between a tan-yard cur and a sheep-stealer! But, after a world of motion and commotion—on the part of Triangle, about the dog, tickets and baggage, and Mrs. Triangle, about the children, satchels, her new gown, and the sleepy Irish girl—they found themselves whisked over the rails, and after some three hours' carriage, they were dumped down in the vicinity of Jingo Hall, where they found the "private conveyance" of the proprietor of Jingo Hill Farm waiting to carry them, bandbox and bundle, rag-tag and bobtail, to Jingo Hall.

The carriage being overfull, Triangle concluded to walk up, stretch his legs, try his dog and gun, and have a pop at the game. But, alas, for the villanous dog; no sooner had he got loose and scampered off up the road, than he sees a flock of sheep some distance across the fields, and away he pitched. The sheep ran, he after the sheep; and poor Triangle after his dog.

"Hay! you Ponto—here—hay—Ponto-o-o! Hey, boy, come here, you dog—hi! hi!—do you hear-r-r?"

But Ponto was off, and after a run of half a mile, he came up with a lamb, and before Triangle could come to the rescue, Ponto had opened the campaign by killing sheep! Triangle was so put out about it that in wrath he up with his gun and was about to terminate the existence of the dog, but compromised the matter by hitting him a whack across the back with the barrels of his shooting-iron; in doing so, he broke off the stock, clean as a whistle! It is useless to deny that Triangle *was* mad; that he swore equal to an Erie Canal boatman; and that his fury so alarmed the dog that he took to his heels and went—as Triangle hoped—anywhere, head foremost.

With a face as long as a boot-jack, quite tuckered out and disgusted with things as far as he had got, Triangle reached Jingo Hall, where he met the warm welcome of his friend, Major Jingo, and soon recuperated his good humor and physical activity by the contents of the Major's "well-stocked" *wine-cellar*. Ashamed of the facts of the case, Triangle trumped up a cock-and-bull story about the dog and gun.

After a season, the Triangles got settled away, and the first day or two passed without anything extraordinary turning up, if we may except the upturning of several flower-pots and hen's nests by

the children. But the third day opened ominously. Triangle's dog was found with one of the Major's dead lambs under convoy, and the Irish hostler had caught him, tied him up in the stable, and given him such a dressing that Ponto's soul-case was nearly beaten out of him!

The next item was a yowl in the garden! Everybody rushed out—Mrs. Triangle in her excitement, lest something had happened to "baby," and Nora, the girl, struck the centre-table, upset the "Astral," and not only demolished that ancient piece of furniture, but spilled enough thick oil over the gilt-edged literature, table-cloth, and carpet, to make a barrel of soft soap.



"With a presence of mind truly unparalleled, she laid down 'baby' upon the grass, and made fight with 'the spiteful craturs.'"—*Page* 169.

The Irish girl came bounding, screeching forth! She had been sauntering through the garden, and ran against the bee-hives, when a bee up and at her.

With a presence of mind truly unparalleled, she laid down "baby" upon the grass, and made fight with "the spiteful craturs;" and of course she got her hands full, was beset by tens and hundreds, and was stung in as many places by the pugnacious "divils." Nora was done for. She went to bed; "baby" was found all right, laughing "fit to break its yitty hearty party, at naughty Nora Dory," as Mrs. Triangle very naturally expressed it.

These two tableaux had hardly reached their climax, when in rushed Frederic Antonio Gustavus, with his capacious apron full of "birds he killed in the yard, down by the barns." Poor Jingo! and we may add, poor Mrs. Jingo! for a favorite brood of the finest fowls in the country had been exterminated by the chivalrous young Triangle, and in the bloom of his heroic act he dropped the dead game at the feet of his horror-stricken mother, and astonished father, and the Jingos.

That night the effect of stuffing with green fruit to utter suffocation manifested itself in a general and alarming cholera-morbus among the junior Triangles, and the whole house was up in arms.

In the midst of this, a fresh clamor broke out in Nora's chamber. A huge bat had got into her room, and so alarmed her, that she yelled worse, louder, and longer than seven evil ones.

It was a night of horror to the whole family—to everybody in and about Jingo Hall. The dogs set up a howl; the children bawled, cried, and took on; the Irish girl screeched; gin and laudanum, peppermint and "lollypops," the de'il to pay and no pitch hot.

Triangle felt relieved when daylight came, and had it not been Sunday, he would have packed up and put back for the prosy office and stagnated quietude of the city. But it was Sunday, and after the children, Irish girl, and dogs had been partially quieted, down the carriage came to the door, and as many as could get into it of the Jingos and Triangles, rolled off to meeting.

Triangle and Jingo went to escape the din and noise of dressing "the babies," &c.; and after the service was over, poor Triangle was taken aside by a tall, bony man, who reported himself in no very ceremonious manner as the proprietor of a flock of sheep scared to death, and one rare lamb killed—"by your dog!" Triangle owned to the soft impeachment, and "compromised" for a V.

Returned to Jingo Hall, another *coup d'etat* all around the lot had broken out. Evangeline Roxana Matilda Triangle had disappeared. The baby, Georgiana Victorine Rosa Adelaide, had fallen from a swing in the grove and dislocated her wrist, and flattened her pretty nose quite to her pretty face.

Baby was very ill, and from the groans issuing from Nora's attic, it was not *on-possible* that she was sick as she could be. A general search took place for Evangeline Roxana Matilda, while Maj. Jingo mounted a horse and rode over to the village, to bring down a doctor for Georgiana Victorine Rosa Adelaide, "the baby," and—Nora Dougherty.

A glance at the Irish girl convinced poor *tried* Triangle that she was a case—of small-pox.

Maj. Jingo returned, but without a medical adviser; the village Esculapius having gone off to the city. Things looked gloomy enough. Triangle felt "chawed up," and wished he had been roasted alive in the city before venturing upon such a trip. But he felt he had a duty to perform, and he determined to put it through.

"Major, I'm very sorry, but the fact is"——

"Never mind, never mind, my dear fellow—no trouble to us."

"But," chokingly continued poor Triangle, "but, Major, the fact is, I—a—you've got a large family"——

"Never mind, my dear boy; don't say any more about it."

"But to have the—a—the—small-pox"——

"What?" gasped the Major—"the—a"——

"Small-pox!" seriously enough responded Triangle.

"Small-pox! Who? Where?"

"Our Irish girl—up stairs—awful!"

"O, good Lord! Irish—up stairs—small-pox!" reiterated the really alarmed proprietor of Jingo Hall.

"I wouldn't have"—said Triangle.

"The small-pox in my house"—echoed Jingo.

"For all the blessed countries in the world!" passionately exclaimed Triangle.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Major; "my wife has a greater dread of small-pox than yellow fever, or death itself!"

"What's to be done?" said poor Triangle.

"Remove the girl to an out-house, instantly!" said the Major, pacing up and down, in great *furore*.

"That's best, Major; go move her, at once."

"Me? Me move her, sir?" said Jingo.

"Why who will, Major?" responded Triangle.

"Who? Why, you, of course."

"Me?" exclaimed Triangle—"me? endanger my life, and the lives of all my family—me? No, sir, I'll—I'll —I'll be hanged if I do!"

"Blur a' nouns, zur!" bawled the Irish hostler, as he came trotting up to the front veranda, where Triangle and Jingo were discussing the transportation of small-pox—

"Blur a' nouns—the dog's loose!"

"Curse the dog!" said the Major.

"But, zur, it's raving mad, he is!"

"Mad! my dog?" cries Triangle.

"A mad dog, too!" exclaims the Major, in horror.

"O, too bad—horrible—wish I'd never seen"——

"Get your gun, quick—come on!" cried the Major.

"But, my dear Major, my gun's broke all to smash. O! that I had shot the blasted brute instead of breaking my gun!"

"Come on—never mind—seize a club, fork, or anything, and hunt around for the cursed dog. He'll bite some of our people, horses, or cattle." And away ran the Major, with a bit of stick about the size of a fence-rail. Paddy made himself scarce, and Triangle, in agony, flew around to hunt up his daughter, whom they found asleep in a summer-house.

Mrs. Major Jingo, when she heard that the Irish girl had introduced the small-pox on Jingo Hill, liked to have fainted away; but, conquering her weakness, she ordered the carriage, and bundled herself and four children into it, so full of terror and alarm that she never so much as said—"Take care of yourself, Mrs. Triangle!" Maj. Jingo returned, after a fruitless search for Triangle's mad dog, and just as he entered the hall, the Irish girl came rushing down stairs, crying—

"O! murther, murther! I'm dead as a door-nail, entirely, wid dese pains in my face. Be gorra! O, murther!"

One look at the swollen and truly frightful face of the girl put the Major to his *taps*; and stopping but a moment to tell Triangle to make out the best he could, he left.

Next morning, bag and baggage, the Triangles *vamosed*. The poor girl having recovered from her attack of the bees, which had led to the alarm of small-pox, looked quite respectable. Never did a party enjoy *home* more completely than the Triangles after that. Triangle has a holy horror of trips to the country, and the Jingos are down on visitors from the city.

Jake Hinkle's Failings.

In the village of Washington, Fayette Co., Ohio, there was a transient sort of a personage, a kind of floating farmer, named Hinkle,—Jacob Hinkle,—commonly called *Old Jake Hinkle*. Jake was, originally, a Dutchman, a Pennsylvania, Lancaster County Dutchman; and that was about *as* Dutch as Holland and Sour Krout could well make a human "critter." Well, Jake Hinkle owned, or had squatted on, a small patch of land, just beyond old Mother Rodger's "bottom," that is, about a mile east of the "Rattle Snake Fork" of Paint Creek, which, every thundering fool out West knows, empties itself into —"Big Paint," which finally rolls out into the Muskingum, and thence into the Ohio. Very well, having settled the geographical position of Jake Hinkle, let me go on to state what kind of a critter Jake was, and how it came about that he was pronounced dead, one cold morning, and how he came up to town and denied the assertion.

Jake Hinkle loved corn, lived on it, as most people do in the interior of Ohio and Kentucky; he loved *corn*, but loved corn whiskey more, and this love, many a time, brought Jake up to "the Court House" of Washington, through rain, hail and snow, to get a nipper, fill his jug, and go home. Now, in the West it is a custom more honored in the breach than in the

observance, perhaps, for grog shops of the village to play all sorts of fantastic tricks upon old codgers who come up to town, or down to town, hitch their horses to the fence, and there let the "critters" stand, from 10 A. M. to 12 P. M., more or less, and longer. The most popular dodge is, to shave the horse's tail, turn it loose, and let it go home. Of course, *that* horse is not soon seen in the village again, as a horse with a shored tail is about the meanest thing to look at, except a singed possum, or a dandy—you ever did see.

One very cold night, in January, '39, Jake Hinkle came down to the "Court House," hitched his horse to the Court Square fence, and made a straight bend for Sanders' "Grocery," and began to "wood up." Old Jake's tongue was a perfect bell-clapper, and when well oiled with corn juice, could rip into the high and low Dutch like a nor'easter into a field of broom corn. Jake talked and talked, and drank and talked, and about midnight, the cocks crowing, the stars winking and blinking, and the wind nipping and whistling around the grocery, Sanders notified Jake and others that he was going to shut up the concern, and the crowd must be "putting out." Jake made a break for his nag, but she was gone. "Why," says Jake, "she's broke der pridle and gone home, and by skure I shall walk,"—and off Jake put, through the cold and mud.

Next morning, when the Circleville stage came along between old Marm Rodger's "bottom," and the Rattle Snake Fork of Paint, the driver discovered poor old Jake laid out, stiff and cold as a wedge! Alas, poor old Jake! Gone! Quite a gloom hung over the "grocery;" Jake was an inoffensive, good old fellow, nobody denied that, and certain young "fellers" who had shaved the tail of Jake's mare the night previous, and set her loose, now felt sort of sorry for the deed. The editor of the "Argus of Freedom" came down to the "grocery," to get his morning "nip," heard the news, went back to his office, "set up" Jake's obituary notice, pitched in a few sorrowful phrases, and then put his paper to press; that afternoon, the whole edition, of some two hundred copies, were distributed around among the subscribers and "dead heads," and Jake Hinkle was pronounced stone dead—*pegged out!*

Two or three days afterwards, a man covered with mud and sweat, came rushing into Washington. He paused not, nor turned not right or left, until he found the office of the "Argus of Freedom," where he rushed in, and confronting the editor, he spluttered forth:—

"You der printer of dish paper,—der noosh paper?"

"Yes," says the 'responsible,' "I am the man," looking a little wild.

"Vell, bine de great Jehosaphat, what for you'n make me deat?"

"Me? Make you dead?" says the no little astonished editor.

"Yaas!" bawled old Jake, for it was he—"You'n tell de people I diet; *it's a lie!* And do you neber do it again, and fool de peeples, *witout you git a written order from me!*"

That editor, ever afterwards, insisted on seeing the funeral before he recorded an obituary notice.

What's Going to Happen.

In fifty years the steam engine will be as old a notion, and as queer an invention, as the press Ben. Franklin worked is now. In fifty years, copper-plate, steel-plate, lithography, and other fine engravings, will be multiplied for a mere song, in a beautiful manner, by the now infantile art of *Daguerreotyping*. A passage to California will then be accomplished in twenty-four hours, by air carriages and electricity; or, perhaps, they'll go in buckets down Artesian holes, *clean through the earth!* The arts of agriculture and horticulture will produce hams ready roasted,

natural pies, baked with all sorts of *cookies*. About that time, a man may live forever at a cent a day, and sell for all he's worth at last—for soap fat!

The Washerwoman's Windfall.

Some years ago, there lived, dragged and toiled, in one of our "Middle States," or Southern cities, and old lady, named Landon, the widow of a lost sea captain; and as a dernier resort, occurring in many such cases, with a family of children to provide for, —the father and husband cut off from life and usefulness, leaving his family but a stone's cast from indigence,—the mother, to keep grim poverty from famishing her hearth and desolating her home, took in gentlemen's washing. Her eldest child, a boy of some twelve years old, was in the habit of visiting the largest hotels in the city, where he received the finer pieces of the gentlemen's apparel, and carried them to his mother. They were done up, and returned by the lad again.

It was in mid-winter, cold and dreary season for the poor—travel was slack, and few and far between were the poor widow's receipts from her drudgery.

"To-morrow," said the widow, as she sat musing by her small fire, "to-morrow is Saturday; I have not a stick of wood, pound of meal, nor dollar in the world, to provide food or warmth for my children over Sunday."

"But, mother," responded her 'main prop,' George, the eldest boy, "that gentleman who gave me the half dollar for going to the bank for him, last week,—you know him we washed for at the United States Hotel, —said he was to be here again to-morrow. I was to call for his clothes; so I will go, mother, to-morrow; maybe he will have another errand for me, or some money—he's got so much money in his trunk!"

"So, indeed, you said, good child; it's well you thought of it," said the poor woman.

Next day the lad called at the hotel, and sure enough, the strange gentleman had arrived again. He appeared somewhat bothered, but quickly gathering up some of his soiled clothes, gave them to the lad, and bade him tell his mother to wash and return them that evening by all means.

"Alas! that I cannot do," said the widow, as her son delivered the message. "My dear child, I have neither fire to dry them, nor money to procure the necessary fuel."

"Shall I take the clothes back again, mother, and

tell the gentleman you can't dry them in time for him?"

"No, son. I must wash and dry them—we must have money to-day, or we'll freeze and starve—I must wash and dry these clothes," said the disconsolate widow, as she immediately went about the performance, while her son started to a neighboring coopering establishment, to get a basket of chips and shavings to make fire sufficient to dry and iron the clothes.

The clothes were duly tumbled into a great tub of water, and the poor woman began her manipulations. After a time, in handling a vest, the widow felt a knot of something in the breast pocket. She turned the pocket, and out fell a little mass of almost pulpy paper. She carefully unrolled the saturated bunch—she started—stared; the color from her wan cheeks went and came! Her two little children, observing the wild looks and strange actions of the mother, ran to her, screaming:

"Dear—dear mother! Mother, what's the matter?"

"Hush-h-h!" said she; "run, dear children—lock the door—lock the door! no, no, never mind. I a—I a—feel—dizzy!"

The alarmed children clung about the mother's knees in great affright, but the widow, regaining her

composure, told them to sit down and play with their little toys, and not mind her. The cause of this sudden emotion was the unrolling of five five hundred dollar bills. They were very wet—nearly "used up," in fact—but still significant of vast, astounding import to the poor and friendless woman. She was amazed—honor and poverty were struggling in her breast. Her poverty cried out, "You are made up—rich—wash no more—fly!" But then the poor woman's honor, more powerful than the tempting wealth in her hands—triumphed! She laid the wet notes in a book, and again set about her washing.

About this time, quite a different scene was being enacted at the hotel. The gentleman so anxious that his clothes should be returned that evening, was no other than a famous counterfeiter and forger; and it happened, that the day previous, in a neighboring city, he had committed a forgery, drawn some four or five thousand dollars, had the greater part of the notes exchanged—and, with the exception of the five large bills hurriedly thrust into the vest pocket, and which he had sent to the poor laundress, there was little available evidence of the forgery in his possession. The widow's son had scarcely left the traveller's room with the clothes, when in came two policemen. The forger was not arrested as a principal, but certain barely suspicious circumstances had led to an investigation of him and his effects.

"You are our prisoner, sir!" said one of the policemen, as a servant opened the door to let them in.

"Me! What for?" was the quick response of the forger.

"That you will learn in due season; at present we wish to examine your person and effects."

The forger started—his heart beat with the rapidity of galvanic pulsation—the evidence of part of his villany was, as he supposed, among his effects. It was a moment of terror to him, but it passed like a flash, and in a gay and careless tone, he quickly replied:

"O, very well, gentlemen—go ahead. There are my keys and baggage—search, and look around. I have no idea what you are after—probably you'll find." In a low tone, he continued, to himself, "By heavens, how lucky! that boy has saved me!"

A considerable amount of money was found upon the forger, but none that could be identified, and after a long and wearisome private examination at the police court, he was discharged. He returned to the hotel, and shortly afterwards the lad made his appearance with the clothes, presenting him with a small roll of damp paper, saying:

"Here, sir, is something mother found in one of

your pockets. She thinks it may be valuable to you, sir, and she is sorry it was wet."

The forger started, as though the little roll of wet money had been a serpent the lad was holding towards him.

"No, no, my little man; return it to your mother; tell her to dry it carefully, and that I will call and see her to-night, when she can return the little parcel."

George stood, his cap in one hand, and the other upon the door-knob; the man was much agitated, and perceiving the lad lingered, he thrust his hand into a carpet-bag, and hauling forth an old-fashioned wallet, he opened it, and taking thence a coin, put it in the hands of the lad and requested him to run home to his mother and deliver the message immediately. The lad did as he was ordered; and the poor washerwoman, the while, sat in her humble and ill-provided home, patiently awaiting the return of her boy, and fearing the anger of the gentleman at the hotel, when he should find his bank notes nearly, if not quite destroyed, would probably so indispose him towards the child that he would return empty-handed. But no; as the quick tread of the blithesome lad smote upon the widow's ear, she rushed to the door to receive him.

"Dear son, was the gentleman very angry?"

"Angry, dear mother? No! he was far from angry. He said you must dry these papers, and he would call to-night for them. And here, dear mother, he gave me a large piece of beautiful yellow money!" And the dutiful boy placed a golden doubloon in the trembling hand of the overjoyed mother. They were saved—the golden coin soon made the widow's domicil cheerful and happy.

It is almost needless to say, the five notes were not called for. They laid in the widow's bureau drawer two entire years, when a friend to the poor woman negotiated for their exchange into a dwelling-house and small store. And to this little incident does a certain elderly lady and her family owe their present prosperous and perfectly honorable position in the respectable society of the city of ——.

We don't Wonder at It.

In the city, we get so many new *kicks*, and put on so many new ways of living and doing up things, that no wonder the quiet and matter-of-fact country folks make awkward mistakes, and get mixed up with our conventionalities, and other doings. Dining at the American, last week, we sat *vis-a-vis* with an

old-fashioned agricultural gent, whose plate of mock turtle remained cooling for some time, while he was busy thinking over a silver four-pronged fork in his hand. At length a broad smile played over his manly features, as the novel-makers say, and he opened—

"Well, I'm jiggered!—ha! ha! *they've got to eating soup with split spoons, too!*"

Old Maguire and his Horse Bonny Doon.

Few animals possess the sagacity of the horse; passive and obedient, they are easily trained; bring them up the way you want them to go, and they'll go it! The horse in his old age does not forget the precepts of his youth. A very touching anecdote is told of a horse, in the cavalry service of the British army, during Napoleon's time. After the battle of Waterloo, when the combined force of Europe, through chicanery—not valor—defeated the greatest soldier the world ever saw, the British army was cut down, rank and file—Napoleon having promised to "be a good boy," and let 'em alone in future. Among the *cut offs*, was a troop of horse, and in this troop was an old veteran Bucephalus, who had stood and made charges, smelt fire and brimstone, faced

phalanxes of bayonets, and clashed rough-shod over many bloody fields, besides Waterloo,—this old fellow was turned out to grass—cashiered. When the balance of his retained companions in saddle were leaving the town where the dismemberment had taken place, the old war horse was quietly grazing in a field; the troop passed—the bugler "sounded his horn," and in less than forty winks the old old horse was up, off, over fences, and in the front ranks! The tenacity with which he clung to his place in the column caused—says the historian—the officers and men to shed tears.

So much by way of a prelude. Now for old Maguire and his horse. Some years ago, in the interior of Ohio, there did live an old Irish jintleman, who not only had a fine estate, but likewise a saw-mill, and as fine an old black mare as ever the rays of a noonday's sun lit down upon. "Bonny Doon," Maguire's old mare, was a wonderful "critter;" she opened gates, let down bars, seized the pump handle by her teeth, and actually extracted water from the barn-yard well, with all the facility of a regular double-fisted *genus homo*. As a sly old joker, she had performed various tricks, such as nipping off the tails of sucking calves, catching chickens in her manger, and making various pieces of them, and kicking in the ribs of strange dogs and horned cattle. But to the eccentric habits and bacchanalian customs of her ex-

military master, the old mare's dormant talents owed their "fetching out."

Old "Captain Maguire" had served with credit to himself and honor to the State, in her early struggles against the Indians and French Canadians. "Bonny Doon" was then in her "fille"-hood, and probably the most beautiful, as well as the most saucy jade, in the frontier army. Some twenty-five years had passed, and still the old captain and the mare were about, every-day cronies, for the old man no more thought of walking fifty rods, premeditatedly, than a South Carolina dandy would dream of the possibility of getting a glass of water without the immediate assistance of a son of Ethiopia! The old man had become possessed of wealth as well as years—was likewise the progenitor of a large and flourishing family, of the finest looking men and women in the State, and having gotten all things in this pleasant kind of train, he "laid off" in perfect lavender. The old captain's farm was about four miles from the large and flourishing town of Z——, and here the captain spent most of his time. Riding in on "Bonny Doon," in the morning, and hitching her to the sign-post, the poor beast would stand there—unless taken in by the ostler or others—until midnight, while the captain swigged whiskey, and smoked his pipe in the tavern. Yet "Bonny Doon's" affection for her old master did not flag; she waited patiently until he

came—her mane and long tail would then switch about, while she'd "snigger eout" with gladness at his coming, and carry the old man through rain or snow, moonshine, or total darkness, over corduroy railroads, bridges, ravines, and last, though by no means least, over the narrow plank-way of Captain Maguire's saw-mill dam, while the waters on each side foamed and roared like a mountain torrent, and while the old man was either asleep or his hat so full of "bricks," that he was about as difficult to balance in the saddle as a sack of potatoes or Turk's Island salt! A better citizen, when sober, never paid taxes or trod sole leather in that State, than old Captain Maguire; but when he was "up the tree," a little sprung, or *tight*, as you may say, he was ugly enough, and chock full of wolf and brimstone! One day the captain was summoned to attend court, and testify in a case wherein his evidence was to give a lift to the suit of a neighbor, for whom the old man entertained a most lively disgust and very unchristianly hate. The old man, finding that he must go, went. He wet his whistle several times before starting, repeated the dose several times before he reached the Court House, and about the time he supposed he was wanted, he mounted "Bonny Doon," and started, full chisel, up the steps, through the entry, and into the crowded Court room, just in the nick of time.

"Robert Maguire! Robert Maguire! Robert——"

"Be the help o' Moses, *I'm here!*" roared the captain, in response to the crier.

And sure enough, he wasn't anywhere else! There he sat, stiff, and formal as a bronze statue of some renowned military chieftain, on a pot-metal war steed. Some laughed, others stepped out of the way of the mare's heels, judge and jury "riz," some of the oldest sinners in law practice looked quite "skeery," doubtless taking the old captain and his black charger for quite a different individual! It was some time before order and decorum were restored, as it was much easier for the judge to *order* Captain Maguire to be arrested for his freak, than to do it, "Bonny Doon" not being disposed to let any man approach her head or heels. They shut the captain up, finally, for contempt of court, and fined him twenty dollars, but he escaped the disagreeable attitude of sustaining the suit of an enemy. At another time, the captain, being on a *time*, dashed into a meeting-house, running in at one door, and slap bang out at the other! This feat of Camanche horsemanship rather alarmed the whole congregation, and cost the captain five twenties! Riding into bar rooms and stores was a common performance of "Bonny Doon" and her master; and he had even gone so far as to run the mare up two entire flights of stairs of the principal hotel, dashing into a room where "a native" was shivering in bed

with the fever and ague; but the noise and sudden appearance of a man and horse in such high latitudes effected a permanent and speedy cure; the fright like to have destroyed the sufferer's crop of hair, but the "a-gy" was skeered clean out of his emaciated body.

After a variety of adventures by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes, and eccentricities of man and beast, they parted! "Bonny Doon" being about the only living spectator of her master's end. This tragic denouement came about one cold, stormy and snowy night, when few men, and as few beasts, would willingly or without pressing occasion, expose themselves to the pitiless storm. The old captain had been in town all day, with "Bonny Doon" hitched to the horse block, and being full of "distempering draughts," as Shakspeare modestly terms it, and malicious bravery in the midst of the great storm, late in the evening he mounted his half-starved and as near frozen mare, to go home.

"Better stay all night, captain," coaxed some friend.

"Hills are icy, and hollows filled with snow," suggested the landlord.

"I wouldn't ride out to your place to-night, captain, for a seat in Congress!" rejoined the first speaker.

"Ye wouldn't?" replied the captain. "And—and no wonder ye wouldn't, fer not a divil iv ye's iver had

the horse as could carry ye's over me road th' night. Look at that! There's the baste can do it!—d'ye see that?" and as the old man, reeling in the saddle, jammed the rowels of his heavy spurs into the flanks of the mare, she nearly stood erect, and chafed her bits as fiery and mettled as though just from her oats and warm stable, and fifteen years kicked off.

"Boys," bawled the captain, "here's the ould mare that can thravel up a frozen mountain, slide down a greased rainbow, and carry ould Captain Maguire where the very ould divil himsilf couldn't vinture his dirty ould body. Hoo-o-oo-oop! I'm gone, boys!"

And he was off, gone, too; for the old man never reached the threshold of his domicil.—Next morning Captain Maguire was found in the mill-dam, entirely dead, with poor "Bonny Doon," nearly frozen, and scarcely able to walk or move, standing near him. But there she stood, upon the narrow icy way over the dam, and from appearances of the snow and planks of the little bridge, the faithful mare had pawed, scraped, and endeavored by various means to rescue her master. The manner of the catastrophe was evident; the old man had become sleepy, and frozen, and while the poor mare was feeling her way over the icy and snow-covered bridge, her master had slipped off into the frozen dam, and no doubt she would have dragged him out, could she have reached him. As it was, she stood a faithful sentinel

over her lost master, and did not survive him long,—the cold and her evident sorrow ended the eventful life of "Bonny Doon."

Getting into the "Right Pew."

New Year's day is some considerable "pumpkins" in many parts of the United States. In the Western States, they have horse-racing, shooting-matches, quilting-frolics and grand hunting parties. In the South, the week beginning with Christmas and ending with New Year's day, is devoted to the largest liberty by the negroes, who have one grand and extensive *saturnalia*, visit their friends and relations, make love to the "gals" on neighboring plantations, spend the little change saved through the year, or now and then given to them by indulgent or generous masters, and in fact have a glorious good time! The holidays in New Orleans, and in Louisiana generally, is *a time*, and no mistake. The old French and Spanish families keep open house—dinners and suppers, music, song and dance. On New Year's eve, they decorate the graves of their friends with flowers. Lamps or lanterns are often required for this purpose, and as you pass the silent grave-yards, it is

indeed a novel sight to see the many glimmering lights about the tombs of the departed. In most of the South-Western towns, the day is given up to fun and frolic. The Philadelphians have a great blow out. The streets are filled by holiday-looking people, children with toys and "mint sticks"—making the air resound with tin trumpets and penny whistles. The men and boys used to load up every thing in the shape of cannons, guns, pistols and hollow keys, and bang away from sunset until sunrise, keeping up a racket, din and uproar, equal to the bombardment of a citadel. The authorities stopped that, and now the civil young men kill the night and day in dancing, feasting, and attending the amusements, the multitude of rowdies passing their time in concocting and carrying on street fights and running with the engines.

But the New Yorkers *bang* the whole of them; bear witness, O ye New Year's doings I have there seen. Visiting your friends, and your friends' friends. Open houses every where! "Drop in and take a glass of wine or bit of cake, if nothing else"—that's the word. Jeremy Diddlers flourish, marriageable daughters and interesting widows set their caps for the nice young men, the streets are noisy and full of confusion, the theatres and show-shops generally reap an elegant harvest, and the police reports of the second morning of the New Year swell monstrously!

Of a New Year's adventure of an innocent young acquaintance of mine, I have a little story to tell.

Jeff. Jones was caught, at a New Year's dinner in New York, by the fascinating grace and *cap*-tivating head-gear of a certain young widow, who had a fine estate. Jeff. was what you might call a good boy; he had never seen much of creation, save that lying between Pokeepsie (his birth-place) and the Battery, Castle Garden and Bloomingdale. He was a clever fellow, fond of rational fun and amusement, kept "a set of books" for a mercantile firm in Maiden Lane, dressed well, kept good hours, and in all general respects, was—a nice young man. He went with a friend on a tour—New Year's day, to make calls. After a number of glasses and chunks of cake, feeling altogether beautiful, he found himself in the presence of a charming widow, and some two months afterwards, himself and the widow, a parson and a brace of male and female friends, Jeff. Jones, aged 28, took a partner for life, ergo he hung up his hat in the snug domicil of the flourishing widow, who became Mrs. Jeff. Jones, thereafter.

Poor Jeff., he found out that there was some truth in the venerable saying—all is not gold that glitters. The charming widow was seriously inclined to wear the inexpressibles; and poor Jeff., being of such a gentlemanly, good and easy disposition, scarcely made a struggle for his reserved rights. However,

things, under such a state of affairs, grew no better fast, and as Jeff. Jones had neglected to go around and see the elephant before marriage, he came to the conclusion to see what was going on after that interesting ceremony. In short, Jeff. got to going out of nights—kept "bad hours," got blowed up in gentle strains at first, but which were promised to be enlarged if Mr. Jones did not mind his Ps. and Qs.

The third anniversary of Jeff. Jones's annexation to the widow was coming around. It was New Year's day in the morn; it brought rather sober reflections into Jeff.'s mind, on the head of which he thought he'd as soon as not—*get tight!* This notion was pleasing, and dressing himself in his best clothes, Jones informed Mrs. J. that he wished to call on a few old friends, and would be home to dine and bring some friends with him!

"See that you do, then," said Mrs. J., "see that you do, that's all!" and she gave Mr. J. "a look" not at all like Miss Juliet's to Mr. Romeo—she *spoke*, and she said something.

However, Jones cleared himself; dinner hour arrived, if Jeff. Jones did not; Mrs. Jones smiled and chatted, and did the honors of the table with rare good grace, but where was Jones?

"He'll be poking in just as dinner is over, and the puddings cold, and company preparing to leave; then

he'll catch a lecturing."

But don't fret your pretty self, Mrs. Jones—for dinner passed and tea-time came, but no Jones. Mrs. Jones began to get snappish, and by ten o'clock she had bitten all the ends from her taper fingers, besides dreadfully scolding the servants, all around. Mrs. J. finally retired—the clock had struck 12, and no Jones was to be seen; Mrs. J. was worried out; she could not sleep a blessed wink. She got up again, Jones might have met with some dreadful accident! She had not thought of that before! Perhaps at that very hour he was in the bottom of the Hudson, or in the deep cells of the Tombs! It was awful! Mrs. Jones dressed—the house was as still as a church-yard—she put on an old hood, and shawl to match, and noiselessly she crept down stairs; and by a passage out through the back area into a rear street. Mrs. Jones at the dead hour of night determined to seek some information of her husband. She had not gotten over a block, or block and a half from her mansion, when she spies two men coming along—wing and wing, merry as grigs, reeling to and fro, and singing in stentorian notes:

"A man that is (hic) married (hic) has lost every
hope—
He's (hic) like a poor (hic) pig with his foot in a
rope!
O-o-o! dear! O-o-o! dear—

cracky!

A man that is (hic) married has so (hic) many
ills—
He's like a (hic) poor fish with a (hic) hook in
his gills!

O-o-o-o! dear! O-o-o-o!
dear—cracky!"

In terror of these roaring bacchanalians, who were slowly approaching her, Mrs. Jones stood close in the doorway of a store; the revellers parted at the corner of the street, after many asseverations of eternal friendship, much noise and twattle. One of the carousers came lumbering towards Mrs. J., and she, in some alarm, left her hiding place and darted past the midnight brawler; and to her horror, the fellow made tracks after her as fast as a drunken man could travel, and that ain't slow; for almost any man inside of sixty can run, like blazes, when he is scarce able to stand upon his pins because of the quantity of bricks in his beaver. Mrs. Jones ran towards her dwelling, but before she could reach it, the ruffian at her heels clasped her! Just as she was about to give an awful scream, wake up all the neighbors and police ten miles around, she saw—*Jones!* Jeff. Jones, her recreant husband!

It was a moment of awful import—the widow was equal to the crisis, however, and governed herself accordingly; proving the truth of some dead and

gone philosopher who has left it in black and white, that the widows are always more than a *match* for any man in Christendom!

Jones was loving drunk, a stage that terminates and is a near kin to total oblivion, in bacchanalian revels. Jones had not the remotest idea of where he was—time or persons; his tongue was thick, eyes dull, ideas monstrous foggy, and the few sentences he rather unintelligibly uttered, were highly spiced with—"my little (hic) angel, you (hic), you (hic) live 'bout (hic) here? Can't you ta-take me (hic) home with you, eh? My-my old woman (hic) would raise-rai-raise old scratch if I (hic), I went home to-to-night. (Hic) I'll, I'll go home (hic) in the morning, and (hic) tell her, ha! ha! he! (hic) tell her I've be-be-been to a fire!"

"O, the villain," said Mrs. J. to herself; "but I'll be revenged. Come, sir, go home with me—I'll take care of you. Come, sir, be careful; this way—in here."

"Where the (hic) deuce are—are you going down this (hic) cellar, eh?"

"All right, sir. Come, be careful! don't fall; rest on my arm—there, shut the door."

"Why (hic), ha-hang it a—all; get a light—that's a de—ar!"

"Yes, yes; wait a moment, I'll bring you a light."

Mrs. J. having gotten her game bagged, left it in the dark, and retired to her bed-chamber. Some of the servants, hearing a noise in the basement, got up, stuck their noses out of their rooms, and being convinced that a desperate scoundrel was in the house, raised the very old boy. Poor Jones, in his efforts to get out, run over pots, pans, and chairs, and through him and the servants, the police were alarmed! lights were raised, and Jones was arrested for a burglar!

Never was a man better pleased to find himself in his own domicil, than Jones! It was all Greek to the watchmen and servants; it was a mysterious matter to Jones for a full fortnight—but upon promise of ever after spending his new year's at home, Mrs. J. let the cat out of the bag. Jones surrendered!

A Circuitous Route.

We know several folks who have a way of beating round and boxing the compass, from A to Z, and back again, that fairly knocks us into smithereens. One of these characters came to us the other day, and in a most mysterious manner, with the utmost earnestness, solemnity, and *hocus pocus*, says he—

"Cap'n, (winking,) I wanted to see you—(two winks;) the fact of the business is, (wink, nod, and double wink,) I've wanted to see you, badly; you see, I-a—well, what I-a (two winks)—was about to remark (two nods and a short cough),—that is to say, it don't make much matter, if-a—(wink, wink, wink;) you see it was in this way, I-a—wanted to—a, to tell you that (dreadful lot of winks) I've been—not, to be sure, that it's an uncommon-a thing, (nod, cough, and forty winks,) but no doubt if I-a—the fact is—"

"Well, what in thunder and rosin is *the fact*, old boy?" says we.

"The fact is, cap'n, I'd a told you at once, but-a—I don't know why I—shouldn't tho', (wink on wink,) *have you got two shillings you won't want to use to-day*?"

We hadn't!

Major Blink's First Season at Saratoga.

"Ha, ha!" said Uncle Joe Blinks, as the subject of summer travel, a jaunt somewhere, was being discussed among the regular boarders in Mrs. Bamberry's spacious old-fashioned parlors; "Ha! ha!

ha! ladies, did Mrs. Bamberry ever tell you of *my* tour to Saratogy Springs?—last summer was two years."

"No," said several of us *neuter genders* who had repeatedly heard all about it, but were desirous that those who had not been thus gratified, especially the ladies, and particularly a Miss Scarlatina, who was *dieting* for a tour to the famed Springs—"tell us all about it, Major."

"Then," said the Major, with his favorite exclamation, "then, by the banks of Brandywine, if I don't tell you. You see, last summer was two years, I came to the conclusion, that I'd stop off business, altogether, brush up a little, and go forth a mite more in the world, and I went. A friend of mine, a married man, was going up north to Saratogy, with his wife and sister—a plaguy nice young woman, the sister was, too; well, I don't know how it was, exactly, but somehow or other, it came into my head, especially as my friend Padlock had asked me if I wouldn't like to go up to Saratogy—that I'd go, and I went. It was odd enough, to be sure," said Uncle Joe, taking a pinch of rappee from his tortoise-shell box —"very odd, in fact, but somehow or other, Mrs. Padlock, being in poor health, and her sister, a rather volatile and inexperienced young woman, you may say—"

"So that you had to *beau* her along the way, Uncle Joe?" says several of the company.

"Well, yes; it was very odd, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, I-a—I-a—"

"Out with it, Uncle Joe—own up; you cottoned to the young lady, gallant as possible, eh?" says the gents.

"Ha! ha! it's a very delicate thing, very delicate, I assure you, gentlemen, for an old bachelor to be on the slightest terms of intimacy with a young—"

"And beautiful!" echoed the company.

"Unexperienced," continued the Major.

"And unprotected," says the chorus.

"Volatile," added the Major.

"And marriageable young lady, like Miss—"

"Miss Catchem," said the Major.

"Catchem!" cried the gents.

"Catchem, that was her name; she was the daughter of a very respectable widow," continued the Major.

"A widow's daughter, eh?" said they all, now much interested in Uncle Joe's journey to Saratoga, and—but we won't anticipate.

"Of a very respectable widow, whose husband, I believe, was a—but no matter, they were of good family, and a—"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Joe," said the ladies, "no doubt of that; go on with your story; you paid attention to Miss Catchem; you grew familiar—you became mutually pleased with each other, and you finally—well, tell us how it all came out, Uncle Joe, do!" they cried.

"Bless me, ladies! You've quite got ahead of my story—altogether! Miss Catchem and I never spoke a word to each other in our lives," said the Major.

"Why, Uncle Joe!" cried the whole party.

"By banks of Brandywine, it's a fact."

"Well, we never!" cried all the ladies.

"Well, ladies, I don't suppose you ever did," Uncle Joe responds. "The fact is, Mrs. Padlock died suddenly the week Padlock spoke to me of going to Saratogy, and he married her sister, Miss Catchem, in course of a few weeks after, himself! I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, I thought it was all for the best; things might have turned out that I should have got tangled up with that girl, and a—"

"Been a married man, now, instead of a bachelor, Uncle Joe!" said the young ladies.

"It's odd; I don't know how it was, ladies; it might have been so, but it turned out just as I have stated."

"Well, well, Major," said an elderly person of the group; "go on; how about Saratoga?"

"I will," says Uncle Joe, again resorting to his rappee, "I will. You see Padlock didn't *go*, it was very odd; but somehow or other, I made up my mind to *go*, and I went. I calculated to be gone three or four weeks, and I concluded for once, at least, to loosen the strings of my purse, if I never did again; so I laid out to expend three dollars or so, each day, say eighty dollars for the trip; a good round sum, I assure you, to fritter away; but, by banks of Brandywine, I was determined to *do* it, and I did. It was very odd, but the first person I met at New York was an old friend, a schoolmate of mine. I was glad to see him, and sorry enough to learn that he had failed in business—had a large family—poor—in distress. It was very odd, but somehow or other, we dined at the hotel together—had a bottle of Madeira, and I a—well, I loaned—yes, by banks of Brandywine, I gave the poor fellow a twenty dollar bill, shook hands and parted; yes, poor Billy Merrifellow, we never met again; he—he died soon after, in distress, his family broke up—scattered; it was very odd; poor fellow, he's gone;" and Uncle Joe again had recourse to his rappee, while a large tear hung in the corner of his full blue eye. Closing his box, and wiping his face

with his *pongee,* the Major continued:

"Next morning I called for my bill. I was astonished to find that a couple of bottles of good wine, two extra meals, and something over one day's board, figured up the round sum of ten dollars. I was three days out, so far, and my pocket-book was lessened of half the funds intended for a month's expenses! By banks of Brandywine, thinks Major, my boy, this won't do; you must economize, or you shall be short of your reckonings before you are a week out of port. That morning at the steam-boat wharf I meets a young man very genteelly dressed; he looked in deep distress about something. It was very odd, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, he came up to me and asked if I was going up the river, and I very civilly told him I was; then, he up and tells me he was a stranger in the city, had lost all his money by gambling, was in great distress—had nothing but a valuable watch—a present from his deceased father, a Virginia planter, and a great deal more. He begged me to buy the watch, when I refused at first, but finally he so importuned me, and offered the watch at a rate so apparently below its real value that I up and gave him forty dollars for it, thinking I might in part, indemnify my previous extravagance by this little bit of a trade. It was very odd; I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, upon my arrival at Saratogy, I found that watch

wasn't worth the powder that would blow it up! I was imposed upon, cheated by a scoundrel! Here I was, four days from home, and my whole month's outfit nigh about gone. In the stage that took us from the boat to the Springs, rode a very respectable youngish-looking woman, with a very cross child in her arms; we had not rode far before I found the other passengers, all gentlemen, apparently much annoyed by the child; for my part I sympathized with the poor woman, got into a conversation with her—learned she was on her way to Saratogy to see her husband, who was engaged there as a builder. Upon arriving at Saratogy, the young woman requested me to hold her child—it was fast asleep—until she stepped over to a new building to inquire about her husband. I did so; she went away, and I never saw her from that to this!"

A loud and prolonged laugh from his auditors followed this *tableau* in Uncle Joe's story. A little more rappee, and the Major proceeded:

"Well, it was very odd, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other I was left with the child, and a plaguy time had I of it; the town authorities refused to take charge of it, nobody else would; so by Brandywine, there I was; the people seemed to be suspicious of me—sniggered and went on as though I knew more about the woman and her child than I let on. In short, I had to father the child, and provide for

it, and I did," said the Major, quite patriotically.

"Well, never mind, Uncle Joe," said Mrs. Bamberry; "that boy may pay you yet—pay you for all your trouble; he's growing nicely, and will make a fine man."

"So you really had to keep the child!" cried several.

"O yes," says the Major; "I was in for it; I got a nurse and had the youngster taken care of. The hotels were crowded, very uncomfortable, rooms wretched, small, damp, and dirty. The landlords were quite independent, and the servants the most impudent set of extorting varlets I ever encountered! To keep from starving, I did as others—bribed a waiter to keep my plate supplied. At night they had what they called 'hops!' in other words, dances, shaking the whole house, and raising such a noise and hullabaloo, with cracked horns, squeaky fiddles —bawling and yelling, that no sailor boarding house could be half so disturbant of the peace. By banks of Brandywine, I got enough of such *folderols*; at the end of the week I asked for my bill, augmented by some few sundries—it made my hair stand up. Now what do you suppose my bill was, for one week, board, lodging, servants' *bribes* and sundries? I'll tell you," said the Major, "for you never could guess it—it was forty-one dollars, fifty cents. I took my *protege*, bag and baggage, and started for home. I was absent

on this memorable tour to Saratogy just two weeks, and by banks of Brandywine, if the expense of that tour—not including the time *wasted*, vexation, bother, mortification of feelings, fuss, and rumpus—was but a fraction less than three hundred dollars! Four times the cost of my anticipated trip, lessened half the time, with fifty per cent. more humbug about it than I ever dreamed of!"

Miss Scarlatina agreed with the rest of the company, that it cost Uncle Joe Blinks more to go to Saratogy than it came to, and they all concluded—not to go there themselves, just then—any how!

Old Jack Ringbolt

Had been spinning old Mrs. Tartaremetic any quantity of salty yarns; she was quite surprised at Mr. Ringbolt's ups and downs, trials, travels and tribulations. Honest Jack (!) had assured the old dame that he had sailed over many and many cities, all under water, and whose roofs and chimneys, with the sign-boards on the stores, were still quite visible. He had seen Lot's wife, or the pillar of salt she finally was frozen into!

"And did you see that—Lot's wife?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, marm; but 'tain't there now—the cattle got afoul of the pillar of salt one day, and licked it all up!"

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringbolt!"

"Fact, marm; I see'd 'em at it, and tried to skeer 'em away."

"Well, Mr. Ringbolt, you've seen so much, and been around so, I'd think you would want to settle down, and take a wife!"

Who Killed Capt. Walker?

Few incidents of the campaign in Mexico seem so mixed up and indefinite as that relative to the taking of Huamantla, and the death of that noble and chivalric officer, Capt. Walker. In glancing over the papers of Major Mammond, of Georgia, which he designates the "Secondary Combats of the Mexican War," we observe that he has given an account of the engagement at Huamantla, and the fall of Walker. We believe the Major's account, compiled as it is

from "the documents," to be in the main correct, but lacking incidental pith, and slightly erroneous in the grand *denouement*, in which our gallant friend—whose manly countenance even now stares us in the face, as if in life he "yet lived"—yielded up the balance of power on earth.

We have taken some pains, and a great deal of interest surely, in coming at the facts; and no time seems so proper as the present—several of the chivalric gentlemen of that day and occasion, being now around us—to give the story its veritable exhibition of true interest.

Capt. S. H. Walker was a Marylander, a young man of the truest possible heroism and gallantry. He entered upon the campaign with all the ardor and enterprise of a soldier devoted to the best interests of his country. He commanded a company of mounted men, whose bravery was only equalled by his own, and whose discipline and hardiness has been unsurpassed, if equalled, by any troops of the world. We shall skip over the thousand and one incidents of the line of action in which Walker, Lewis, and their brave companions in arms did gallant service, to come at the sanguinary and truly thrilling *denouement*.

Gen. Lane, after the landing and organization of his troops at Vera Cruz, with some 2500 men, started

for Puebla, where it was understood that Col. Childs required reinforcement. Lane left Jalapa on the 1st of October, and hurried forward with Lally's command. At Perote, Lane learned that Santa Anna would throw himself upon his muscle, and give the advancing columns jessy at the pass of Pinal, and there was every prospect of a very tight time. Col. Wynkoop was in command at Perote; the men were anxious to be "in" at the fight in prospective, and Wynkoop obtained permission to join the General with four companies of the Pennsylvania Regiment; a small battery of the 3d Artillery, under command of Capt. Taylor, with Capts. Walker, of the Texan Rangers, and Lewis, of the Louisiana Cavalry. The column was now swelled to some 2800. They moved rapidly forward, and upon reaching Tamaris, Lane heard that the old fox was off—Santa Anna had gone to Huamantla. Lane determined to hunt him up with haste. The main force was left at Tamaris. Troops were forwarded—advanced by Walker's Rangers and Lewis's Cavalry—who approached to within sight, or nearly so, of Huamantla. The orders to Walker were to advance to the town, and if the Mexicans were in force, to wait for the Infantry to come up. Walker's command rated about 200 men. Upon reaching the outskirts of Huamantla, the Mexican Cavalry were seen dashing forward into the town, and the brave Walker ordered a pursuit.

Santa Anna was evidently in the town. Capt. Walker, says his gallant comrade Lewis, made up his mind to be the captor of the wily old chief. The fair prospect of accomplishing the deed so excited Walker, that danger and death were alike secondary considerations, and so the command charged into the town. Some 500 lancers met the charge, but with terrific impetuosity the Rangers and Cavalry dashed in among them, cutting them down right and left, and soon sent them flying in all directions! It was at this moment, says Capt. Lewis, that one of the most heroic acts of bravery was performed, unsurpassed, perhaps, by any act of personal daring during the whole war! A tremendous negro, a fine, manly fellow, named Dave, belonging to Capt. Walker, with whom he was brought up—boys together—being mounted, and armed with a heavy sabre, dashed forward down a narrow street, (up which, a detached body of lancers were striving to escape,) and throwing himself between three poised lances and the person of Dr. Lamar, one of the surgeons, who would have been most inevitably torn to atoms, Dave raised himself in his saddle, and with a yell, and one fell swoop, the heroic fellow "chopped down" a lancer, clean and clear to his saddle! Two lancers pierced Dave's body, and he fell from his horse, dead!

Charging up to the Plaza—the Mexicans flying—

Capt. Walker dismounted, with some thirty of his men, and advanced up a flight of steps to force an entrance into a church or convent, where he supposed Santa Anna was hid away. The flying lancers were pursued by the Rangers, who, very injudiciously, of course, scattered themselves over the town.

Capt. Lewis, in the mean time, had found a large yard attached to a temporary garrison, in which were some sixty horses, equipped ready for immediate use, and which the Mexicans had, in their hurry to escape, left behind them! The irregular firing of the Rangers, in pursuit of the Mexicans, being deemed useless and unnecessary, Capt. Lewis left several of his men, among whom was "Country McCluskey," the noted pugilist, a volunteer in Capt. Lewis's company, to guard the horses, while he rode forward to the convent.

"Capt. Walker," said Lewis, "I deem it, sir, not only useless, but bad policy, to allow that firing by the men, around the town."

Capt. Walker immediately ordered the firing to cease, and being apprized of Capt. Lewis's discovery of the horses, &c., ordered him to bring up his command. Capt. Lewis wheeled his horse; some one fired close by, and Capt. Walker cried out—

"Who was that? I'll shoot down the next man who

fires against my orders!"

At that moment three guns were fired from the convent—and simultaneously a cannon was fired down the street, from a party of Mexicans in the distance. Capt. Lewis faced about just in time to see Capt. Walker drop down upon the steps of the convent, as he emphatically expresses it,—

"Like a lump of lead, sir!"

The piece up the street was fired again. Capt. Lewis ordered the fallen, gallant Walker, to be placed upon the steps close to the wall. A shot from the piece alluded to striking off the stone and mortar, he ordered the doors to be forced, and Capt. Walker to be taken in, which was done. The bugle sounded, and in an instant a horde of lancers poured into the town, rushing down upon the Americans from every avenue! Capt. Lewis had wheeled about to collect his men, when he found McCluskey and others leading out "the pick" of the captured horses.

"Drop—drop the horses, you fool, and mount! Mount, sir, mount!"

They mounted fast enough; Lewis formed, and met the enemy in gallant style; and though there were ten, aye, twenty to one, possibly, he drove them back! To quote our friend, Major Hammond's words, "Lewis, of the Louisiana Cavalry, assumed command,

struggled ably to preserve the guns (captured), and held his position fairly, until assistance arrived."

One hundred and fifty of the enemy fell, while of the Rangers and Cavalry some twenty-five were killed and wounded. They were engaged nearly an hour, and the bravery displayed by Walker, Lewis, and their men, was worthy of general admiration, and all honor.

Poor Walker! a ball struck him in the left shoulder, passed over his heart, and came out in his right vest pocket!

Thus fell the gallant leader of one of the most formidable war parties, of its numbers, known to history. Walker was a humane, impulsive man; a warm friend, a brave, gallant soldier. His dying words were directed to Capt. Lewis—to keep the town, and drive back the enemy; and that the chivalrous Captain did so, was well proven. Capt. Walker, and his heroic "boy" Dave, who fell unknown to his master, were buried together in the earth they so lately stood upon, in all the glory and heroism of men that were men!

Practical Philosophy

Skinflint and old Jack Ringbolt had a dispute on Long Wharf, a few days since, upon a religious *pint*. Jack argued the matter upon a *specie* basis, and Skinflint took to "moral suasion." Jack went in for equal division of labor and money—all over the world.

"Suppose, now, John," says Skinflint, "we rich men *should* share equal with the poor—their imprudence would soon throw all the wealth into our hands again!"

"Wall," says Jack, "s'pose it did! You'd only have to —*share all around again!*"

Borrowed finery; or, Killed off by a Ballet Girl.

Shakspeare has written—"let him that's robbed—not wanting what is stolen, not know it, *and he's not robbed at all!*" Now this fact often becomes very apparent, especially so in the case of Mrs. Pompaliner,—a lady of whom we have had occasion to speak before, the same who sent Mrs. Brown, the washerwomen, sundry boxes of perfume to mix in her *suds*, while washing the pyramids of dimity and

things of Mrs. P. There never was a lady—no member of the sex, that ever suffered more, from dread of contagion, fear of dirt, and the contamination of other people, than Mrs. Pompaliner.

"Olivia," said she, one morning, to one of her waiting maids, for Mrs. Pompaliner kept three, alternating them upon the principle of varying her handkerchiefs, gloves and linen, as they—in her double-distilled refined idea of things, became soiled by use, from time to time. "Olivia, come here—Jessamine, you can leave:" she was so intent upon odor and nature's purest loveliness, that she either sought sweet-scented cognomened waiting-maids, or nick-named them up to the fanciful standard of her own.

"Olivia, here, take this handkerchief away, take the horrid thing away. I believe my soul somebody has touched it after it was ironed. Do take it away," and the poor victim of concentrated, double extract of human extravagance, almost fainted and fell back upon her lounge, in a fit of abhorrence at the idea of her *mouchoir* being touched, tossed, or opened, after it entered her camphorated drawers in her highly-perfumed *boudoir*.

"Olivia!"

"Yes'm," was the response of the fine, ruddy, and

wholesome looking maid.

"Olivia, put on your gloves."

"Yes'm."

"Go down to Mrs. Brown's," she faintly says—"tell her to come here this very day."

"Yes'm."

"Olivia!"

"Yes'm," replied the fine-eyed, real woman.

"Got your gloves on?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, take this key, go to my boudoir, in the fifth drawer of my *papier mache* black bureau, you will find a case of handkerchiefs."

"Yes'm."

"Take out three, yes, four, close the case, lock the drawer, close the boudoir door, and bring down the handkerchiefs upon my rosewood tray. Do you comprehend, Olivia?"

"Yes'm," said the girl.

"But come here; let me see your hands. O, horror! such gloves! touch my handkerchiefs or bureau drawers with those horrid gloves! Poison me!" cries

the terrified woman.

"Olivia," she again ejaculates, after a moment's pause, from overtasked nature!

"Yes'm," the blushing, tickled *blonde* replies.

"Go call Vanilla, you are quite soiled now. I want a fresh servant, retire."

"Ah, Vanilla, girl, have you got your gloves on?"

"Yes'm," the yellow girl modestly answers.

"Then do go and bring me six handkerchiefs from my boudoir, in the fifth drawer of my black *papier mache* bureau. Let me see your gloves, dear.

"Ah, Vanilla, you are to be depended upon; your gloves are clean—now run along, dear, for I'm suffering for a fresh, new, and untouched handkerchief.

"Ah, that's well. Now, Vanilla, go to Mrs. Brown's, my laundress—say that I wish her to come here, immediately."

"Yes'm," says the bright quadroon, and away she spins for the domicil of democratic Mrs. Brown, the laundress.

"Now what's up, I'd like to know?" quoth the old woman.

"Dunno, missus wants to see you—guess you better come," says Vanilla.

"Deuce take sich fussy people," says Mrs. Brown; "I wouldn't railly put up with all her dern'd nonsense, ef she wa'n't so poorly, so weak in her mind and body, and so good about paying for her work. No, I declare I wouldn't," said the strong-minded woman.

"Bring the creature up," said Mrs. Pompaliner, as one of her fresh attendants announced the washerwoman.

"Ah, you are here?"

"Yes," said the fat, hardy, and independent, if awkward, Mrs. Brown, as she stood in the august presence of Mrs. Pompaliner, and the gorgeous trappings of her own private drawing-room.

"Yes, I believe I am, ma'am!" says the she-democrat.

"Vanilla, tell Olivia to bring Jessamine here."

"Yes'm."

"Now Mrs. a—what is your name?"

"Brown, Dorcas Brown; my husband and I—"

"Never mind, that's sufficient, Mrs. a—Brown," said the reclining Mrs. Pompaliner. "I wish to know if anybody is permitted to touch or handle any of my

wardrobe, my linen, handkerchiefs, hose, gloves, laces, etc., in your house?"

"Tetch 'em!" echoes the rotund laundress; "why of course we've got to tetch 'em, or how'd we get 'em ironed and put in your baskets, ma'am?"

"Do you pretend to say, Mrs. a—Brown—O dear! dear! I am afraid you have ruined all my clothes!"

"Ruined 'em?" quoth Mrs. Brown, coloring up, like a fresh and lively lobster immersed in a pot of highly caloric water.

"I want to know if the things ain't been done this week as well as I ever did 'em, could do 'em, or anybody could do 'em on this mighty yeath (earth), ma'am!"

"Come, come, don't get me flustered, woman," cries the poor, faint Mrs. Pompaliner. "Don't come here to worry me; answer me and go."

"So I can go, ma'am!" said Mrs. Brown, with a vigorous toss of her bullet head.

"Stop, will you understand me, Mrs.—a—"

"Brown, ma'am, Brown's my name. I ain't afeard to let anybody know it!" responded the spunky laundress.

The arrival of Olivia, who ushered in Jessamine,

turned the current of affairs.

"Jessamine, your gloves on, dear?"

"Yes'm."

"Then go to my *boudoir*, open the rose-wood clothes case, bring down the skirts, a dozen or two of the *mouchoirs*, the laces and hose."

The girl departed, and soon returned with a ponderous paper box, laden with the articles required.

"Now," said Mrs. Pompaliner, "now, Brown, look at those articles; don't you see that they have been touched?"

"Tetched! lord-a-massy, ma'am, how'd you get 'em ironed, folded and brought home, ma'am, without tetching 'em?"

"Olivia, Vanilla, where are you? Jessamine, dear, bring me a fresh handkerchief, ignite a *pastile*, there's such an odor in the room. Do you *smell*, Mrs. a—Brown, that horrid lavender or rose, or, or,—do you smell it, Brown?"

"Lord-a-massy, ma'am," said the old woman of suds, "I ollers smell a dreadful smell here; them parfumeries o' yourn, I often tell my Augusty, I wonder them stinkin'—"

"O! O! dear!" cries Mrs. Pompaliner, going off "into a spell;" recovering a little, Mrs. Pompaliner proceeds to state that for some time past, she had been troubled with *a presentiment*, that her fine clothes had been tampered with after leaving the smoothing iron, and how fatal to her would be the fact of any mortal daring to use, in the remotest manner, any fresh garment or personal apparel of hers! Suspicion had been aroused, the articles before the parties were now diligently examined, when, lo! a spot, not unlike a slight smear of vermilion, was discovered upon a splendid handkerchief—it gave Mrs. P. an electric shock; but, O horror! the next thing turned up was a *spangle*, big as a half dime, upon one of Mrs. P.'s most superb skirts! This awful revelation, connected with the smell of vile lavender and worse patchouly, upon another piece of woman gear, threw Mrs. Pompaliner into spasms, between the motions of which she gasped:

"You have a daughter, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, I have."

"How old is she?"

"About seventeen, ma'am."

"And she a—?"

"Dances in the theatre, ma'am!"

The whole thing was out: the sacred garments of Mrs. P. had not only been *touched* by sacrilegious hands, but had had an airing, and smelt the lamps of the play-house! Mrs. Pompaliner was so shocked, that four first-class physicians tended her for a whole season.

Mrs. Brown lost a profitable customer, and well walloped her ballet-nymph daughter Augusty, for attiring herself in the finery of her most possibly particular and sensitive customer! It was awful!

Legal Advice.

Old Ben. Franklin said it was his opinion that, between imprisonment and being at large in debt to your neighbor, there was no *difference* worthy the name of it. Some people have a monstrous sight of courage in debt, more than they have out of it, while we have known some, who, though not afraid to stand fire or water, shook in their very boots—wilted right down, before the frown of a creditor! A man that can *dun* to death, or stand a deadly *dun*, possesses talents no Christian need envy; for, next to Lucifer, we look upon the confirmed "diddler" and professional *dun*, for every ignoble trait in the

character of mankind. A friend at our elbow has just possessed us of some facts so mirth-provoking, (to us, not to him,) that we jot them down for the amusement and information of suffering mankind and the rest of creation, who now and then get into a scrimmage with rogues, lawyers and law. And perhaps it may be as well to let the *indefatigable* tell his own story:

"You see, Cutaway dealt with me, and though he knew I was dead set against *crediting* anybody, he would insist, and did—get into my books. I let it run along until the amount reached sixty dollars, and Cutaway, instead of stopping off and paying me up, went in deeper! Getting in debt seemed to make him desperate, reckless! One day he came in when I was out; he and his wife look around, and, by George! they select a handsome tea-set, worth twenty dollars, and my fool clerk sends it home.

"'Tell him to *charge it!*' says Cutaway, to the boy who took the china home; and I did charge it.

"The upshot of the business was, I found out that Cutaway was a confirmed *diddler*; he got all he wanted, when and where he could, upon the 'charge it' principle, and had become so callous to duns, that his moral compunctions were as tough as sole leather —bullet-proof.

"I was vexed, I was *mad*, I determined to break one

of my 'fixed principles,' and *go to law*; have my money, goods, or a row! I goes to a lawyer, states my case, gave him a fee and told him to go to work.

"Cutaway, of course, received a polite invitation to step up to Van Nickem's office and learn something to his advantage; and he attended. A few days afterwards I dropped in.

"'Your man's been here,' says Van Nickem, smilingly.

"'Has, eh? Well, what's he done?' said I.

"'O, he acknowledges the *debt*, says he thinks you are rather hurrying up the biscuits, and thinks you might have sent the bill to him instead of giving it to me for collection,' says the lawyer.

"'Send it to him!' says I. 'Why I sent it fifty times;—sent my clerk until he got ashamed of going, and my boy went so often that his boots got into such a way of *going* to Cutaway's shop, that he had to change them with his brother, *when he was going anywhere else!*'

"'He appears to be a clever sort of a fellow,' said Van.

"'He *is*,' said I, 'the cleverest, most perfectly-at-home *diddler* in town.'

"'Well,' said Van Nickem, 'Cutaway acknowledges

the debt, says he's rather straightened just now, but if you'll give him a little more *time*, he'll fork up every cent; so if I were you, I'd wait a little and see.'

"Well, I did wait. I didn't want to appear more eager for law than a lawyer, so I waited—three months. At the end of that time, early one Saturday morning, in came Cutaway. 'Aha!' says I, 'you are going to *fork* now, at last; it's well you come, for I'd been *down* on you on Monday, bright and early!'"

"You didn't say that to him, did you?" we observed.

"O, bless you, *no*. I said *that* to *myself*, but I met *him* with a smile, and with a 'how d'ye do, Cutaway?' and in my excitement at the prospect of receiving the $80, which I then wanted the worst kind, I shook hands with him, asked how his family was, and got as familiar and jocular with him as though he was the most cherished friend I had in the world! Well, now what do you suppose was the result of that interview with Cutaway?"

"Paid you a portion, or all of your bill against him, we suppose," was our response.

"Not by a long shot; with the coolness of a pirate he asked me to credit him for a handsome wine-tray, a dozen cut goblets and glasses, and a pair of decanters; he expected some friends from New York that evening, was going to give them a 'set out' at his

house, and one of the guests, in consideration of former favors rendered by him, was pledged—being a man of wealth—to loan him enough funds to pay his debts, and take up a mortgage on his residence."

"You laughed at his impudence, and kicked him out into the street?" said we.

"I hope I may be hung if I didn't let him have the goods, and he took them home with him, swearing by all that was good and bad, he would settle with me early the following Monday morning. I saw no more of *him* for two weeks! I went to Van Nickem's, he laughed at me. The bill was now $100. I was raging. I told Van Nickem I'd have my money out of Cutaway, or I'd advertise him for a villain, swindler, and scoundrel."

"'He'd sue you for libel, and obtain damages,' said Van.

"'Then I'll horsewhip him, sir, within an inch of his life, in the open street!' said I, in a heat.

"'You might *rue* that,' said Van. 'He'd sue you for an assault, and give you trouble and expense.'

"'Then I suppose I can do nothing, eh?—the *law* being *made* for the benefit of such villains!'

"'We will arrest him,' said Van.

"'Well, then what?' said I.

"'We will haul him up to the bull ring, we will have the money, attach his property, goods or chattels, or clap him in jail, sir!' said Van Nickem, with an air of determination.

"I felt relieved; the hope of putting the rascal in jail, I confess, was dearer to me than the $100. I told Van to go it, give the rascal jessy, and Van did; but after three weeks' vexatious litigation, Cutaway went to jail, swore out, and, to my mortification, I learned that he had been through that sort of process so often that, like the old woman's skinned eels, he was used to it, and rather liked the sensation than otherwise! Well, saddled with the costs, foiled, gouged, swindled, and laughed at, you may fancy my feelinks, as Yellow Plush remarks."

"So you lost the $100—got whipped, eh?" we remarked.

"No, *sir*," said our litigious friend. "I cornered him, I got old Cutaway in a tight place at last, and that's the pith of the transaction. Cutaway, having swindled and shaved about half the community with whom he *had* any transactions,—got his affairs all fixed smooth and quiet, and with his family was off for California. I got wind of it,—Van Nickem and I had a conference.

"'We'll have him,' says Van. 'Find out what time he sails, where the vessel is, &c.; lay back until a few

hours before the vessel is to cut loose, then go down, get the fellow ashore if you can, talk to him, soft soap him, ask him if he won't pay if he has luck in California, &c., and so on, and when you've got him a hundred yards from the vessel, knock him down, pummel him well; I'll have an officer ready to arrest both of you for breach of the peace; when you are brought up, I'll have a *charge* made out against Cutaway for something or other, and if he don't fork out and clear, I'm mistaken,' said Van. I followed his advice to the letter; I pummelled Cutaway well; we were taken up and fined, and Cutaway was in a great hurry to say but little and get off. But Van and the *writ* appeared. Cutaway looked streaked—he was alarmed. In two hours' time he disgorged not only my bill, but a bill of forty dollars costs! He then cut for the ship, the meanest looking white man you ever saw!"

If Mr. Cutaway don't take the *force* of that moral, *salt* won't save him.

Wonders of the Day.

The "firm" who save a hogshead of ink, annually, by not allowing their clerks and book-keepers to dot

their i's or cross their t's, are now bargaining (with the old school gentlemen who split a knife that cost a fourpence, in skinning a flea for his hide and tallow!) for a two-pronged pen, which cuts short business letters and printed bill-heads, by enabling a clerk to write on both sides of the paper, two lines at a time. Great improvement on the old method, ain't it?

"Don't Know You, Sir!"

We shall never forget, and always feel proud of the fact, that we *knew* so great an every-day *Plato* as Davy Crockett. Had the old Colonel never uttered a better idea than that everlasting good motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" his wisdom would stand a pretty good wrestle with tide and time, before his standing, as a man of genius, would pass to oblivion—be washed out in Lethe's waters. We remember hearing Col. Crockett relate, during a "speech," a short time before he lost his life at the *Alamo*, in Texas—a little incident, of his being taken up in New Orleans, one night, by a *gen d'arme*—lugged to the calaboose, and kept there as an out-and-out "hard case," not being able to find any body, hardly, that knew him, and being totally unable to

reconcile the chief of police to the fact that he *was* the identical Davy Crockett, or any body else, above par! "If you want to find out your 'level,'—*ad valorem*, wake up some morning, noon or night—*where nobody knows you!*" said the Colonel, "and if you ever feel so essentially chawed up, *raw*, as I did in the calaboose, the Lord pity you!"

There was a "modern instance" of Colonel Crockett's "wise saw," in the case of a certain Philadelphia millionaire, who was in the habit of *carting* himself out, in a very ancient and excessively shabby gig; which, in consequence of its utter ignorance of the stable-boy's brush, sponge or broom, and the hospitalities the old concern nightly offered the hens—was not exactly the kind of *equipage* calculated to win attention or marked respect, for the owner and driver. The old millionaire, one day in early October, took it into his head to ride out and see the country. Taking an early start, the old gentleman, and his old bob-tailed, frost-bitten-looking horse, with that same old shabby gig, about dusk, found themselves under the swinging sign of a Pennsylvania Dutch tavern, in the neighborhood of Reading. As nobody bestirred themselves to see to the traveller, he put his very old-fashioned face and wig outside of the vehicle, and called—

"Hel-lo! hos-e-lair? Landlord?"

Leisurely stalking down the steps, the Dutch hostler advanced towards the queer and questionable travelling equipage.

"Vel, vot you vont, ah?"

"Vat sal I vant? I sal vant to put oup my hoss, vis-ze stab'l, viz two pecks of oats and plenty of hay, hos-e-lair."

"Yaw," was the laconic grunt of the hostler, as he proceeded to unhitch old bald-face from his rigging.

"Stop one little," said the traveller. "I see 'tis very mosh like to rain, to-night; put up my gig in ze stab'l, too."

"Boosh, tonner and blitzen, der rain not hurt yer ole gig!"

"I pay you for vat you sal do for me, mind vat I sal say, sair, if you pleaze."

The hostler, very surlily, led the traveller's weary old brute to the stable; but, prior to carrying out the orders of the traveller, he sought the landlord, to know if it would *pay* to put up the shabby concern, and treat the old horse to a real feed of hay and oats, without making some inquiries into the financial situation of the old Frenchman.

The landlord, with a country lawyer and a neighboring farmer, were at the *Bar*, one of those

old-fashioned *slatted* coops, in a corner, peculiar to Pennsylvania, discussing the merits of a law suit, seizure of the property, &c., of a deceased tiller of the soil, in the vicinity. Busily chatting, and quaffing their *toddy*, the entrance of the poor old traveller was scarcely noticed, until he had divested himself of his old, many-caped cloak, and demurely taken a seat in the room. The hostler having reappeared, and talked a little Dutch to the host, that worthy turned to the traveller—

"Good even'ns, thravel'r!"

"Yes, sair;" pleasantly responded the Frenchman, "a little."

"You got a hoss, eh?" continued the landlord.

"Yes, sair, I vish ze hostlair to give mine hoss plenty to eat—plenty hay, plenty oats, plenty watair, sair."

"Yaw," responded the landlord, "den, Jacob, give'm der oats, and der hay, and der water;" and, with this brief direction to his subordinate, the landlord turned away from the way-worn traveller to resume his conversation with his more, apparently, influential friends. The old Frenchman very patiently waited until the discussion should cease, and the landlord's ear be disengaged, that he might be apprized of the fact that travellers had stomachs, and

that of the old French gentleman was highly *incensed* by long delay, and more particularly by the odorous fumes of roast fowls, ham and eggs, &c., issuing from the inner portion of the tavern.

"Landlord, I vil take suppair, if you please," said he.

"Yaw; after dese gentlemans shall eat der suppers, den somesing will be prepared for you."

"Sair!" said the old Frenchman, firing up; "I vill not vait for ze shentilmen; I vant my suppair now, directly—right away; I not vait for nobody, sair!"

"If you no like 'em, den you go off, out mine house," answered the old sour krout, "you old barber!"

"Bar-bair!" gasped the old Frenchman, in suppressed rage. "Sair, I vill go no where, I vill stay here so long, by gar, as—as—as I please, sair!"

"Are you aware, sir," interposed the legal gentleman, "that you are rendering gross and offensive, malicious and libellous, scandalous and burglarious language to this gentleman, in his own domicile, with malice prepense and aforethought, and a ——"

"Pooh! pooh! *pooh!* for you, sair!" testily replied the Frenchman.

"Pooh? To me, sir? *Me, sir?*" bullyingly echoed Blackstone.

"Yes, sair—pooh—*pooh!* von geese, sair!"

It were vain to try to depict the rage of wounded pride, the insolence of a travelling *barber* had stirred up in the very face of the man of law, logic, and legal lore. He swelled up, blowed and strutted about like a *miffed* gobbler in a barn yard! He tried to cork down his rage, but it bursted forth—

"You—you—you infernal old frog-eating, soap and lather, you—you—you smoke-dried, one-eyed,[B] poor old wretch, you, if it wasn't for pity's sake, I'd have you taken up and put in the county jail, for vagrancy, I would, you poverty-stricken old rascal!"

[B] Girard, it will be remembered, had but one eye. With that, however, he saw as much as many do with a full pair of eyes.

"Jacob!" bawled the landlord, to his sub., "bring out der ole hoss again, pefore he die mit de crows, in mine stable; now, you ole fool, you shall go vay pout your bishenish mit nossin to eat, mit yer hoss too!" said the landlord, with an evident rush of blood and beer to his head!

"Oh, veri well," patiently answered the old Frenchman, "veri well, sair, I sal go—but,"—shaking his finger very significantly at the landlord and

lawyer, "I com' back to-morrow morning, I buy dis prop-er-tee; you, sir, sal make de deed in my name—I kick you out, sair, (to the landlord,) and to you (the lawyer), I sal like de goose. Booh!"

With this, the poor old Frenchman started for his gig, amid the "Haw! haw! haw! and ha! ha! he! he!" of the landlord and lawyer. "That for you," said the Frenchman, as he gave the surly Dutchman-hostler a real half-dollar, took the dirty "ribbons" and drove off. Now, the farmer, one of the three spectators present, had quietly watched the proceedings, and being *gifted* with enough insight into human nature to see something more than "an old French barber" in the person and manner of the traveller; and, moreover, being interested in the Tavern property, followed the Frenchman; overtaking him, he at once offered him the hospitalities of his domicile, not far distant, where the traveller passed a most comfortable night, and where his host found out that he was entertaining no less a pecuniary miracle of his time—*than Stephen Girard*.

Early next morning, old Stephy, in his old and *shady* gig, accompanied by his entertainer, rode over to the two owners of the Tavern property, and with them sought the *lawyer*, the deeds were made out, the old Frenchman *drew* on his own Bank for the $13,000, gave the farmer a ten years' *lease* upon the place, paid the lawyer for his trouble, and as that

worthy accompanied the millionaire to the door, and was very obsequiously bowing him out, old Stephy turned around on the steps, and looking sharp—with his one eye upon the lawyer, says he—

"Sair! Pooh! pooh!—*Booh!*" off he rode for the Tavern, where he and the landlord had a *haze*, the landlord was notified to *leave*, short metre; and being fully revenged for the insult paid his millions, old Stephen Girard, the great Philadelphia financier, rode back to where he was better used for his money, and evidently better satisfied than ever, that money is mighty when brought to bear upon an object!

A Circumlocutory Egg Pedler.

We have been, frequently, much amused with the manœuvring of some folks in trade. It's not your cute folks, who screw, twist and twirl over a smooth fourpence, or skin a flea for its hide and tallow, and spoil a knife that cost a shilling,—that come out first best in the long run. Some folks have a weakness for beating down shop-keepers, or anybody else they deal with, and so far have we seen this *infirmity* carried, that we candidly believe we've known persons that would not stop short of cheapening the

passage to kingdom come, if they thought a dollar and two cents might be saved in the fare! Now the *rationale* of the matter is this:—as soon as persons establish a reputation for meanness—beating down folks, they fall victims to all sorts of shaves and short commons, and have the fine Saxony drawn over their eyes—from the nose to the occiput; they get the meanest "bargains," offals, &c., that others would hardly have, even at a heavy discount. Then some folks are so wonderful sharp, too, that we wonder their very shadow does not often cut somebody. A friend of ours went to buy his wife a pair of gaiters; he brought them home; she found all manner of fault with them; among other drawbacks, she declared that for the price her better half had given for the gaiters, *she* could have got the best article in Waxend's entire shop! *He* said *she* had better take them back and try. So she did, and poor Mr. Waxend had an hour of his precious time used up by the lady's attempt to get a more expensive pair of gaiters at a less price than those purchased by her husband. Waxend saw how matters stood, so he consented to adopt the maxim of—when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!

"Now, marm," said he, "here is a pair of gaiters I have made for Mrs. Heavypurse; they are just your fit, most expensive material, the best article in the shop; Mrs. Heavypurse will not expect them for a few

days, and rather than *you* should be disappointed, I will let *you* have them for the same price your husband paid for those common ones!"

Of course Mrs. —— took them, went home in great glee, and told her better half she'd never trust him to go shopping for her again—for they always cheated him. When the husband came to scrutinize his wife's bargain, lo! he detected the self-same gaiters—merely with a different quality of lacings in them! He, like a philosopher, grinned and said nothing. That illustrates one phase in the character of some people who "go it blind" on "bargains" and now, for the pith of our story—the way some folks have of going round "Robin Hood's barn" to come at a thing.

The other day we stopped into a friend's store to see how he was getting along, and presently in came a rural-district-looking customer.

"How'd do?" says he, to the storekeeper, who was busy, keeping the stove warm.

"Pretty well; how is it with you?"

"Well, so, so; how's all the folks?"

"Middling—middling, sir. How's all your folks?"

"Tolerable—yes, tolerable," says the rural gent. "How's trade?" he ventured to inquire.

"Dull, ray-ther dull," responded the storekeeper.

"Come take a seat by the stove, Mr. Smallpotatoes."

"Thank you, I guess not," says the ruralite. "Your folks are all stirring, eh?" he added.

"Yes, stirring around a little, sir. How's your mother got?" the storekeeper inquired, for it appeared he knew the man.

"Poorly, dreadful poorly, yet," was the reply. "Cold weather, you see, sort o' sets the old lady back."

"I suppose so," responded our friend; and here, think's we, if there is anything important or business like on the man's mind, he must be near to its focus. But he started again—

"Ain't goin' to Californy, then, are you?" says Mr. Smallpotatoes.

"Guess not," said our friend. "You talked of going, I believe?"

"Well, ye-e-e-s, I did think of it," said the rural gent; "I did think of it last fall, but I kind o' gin it up."

Here another *hiatus* occurred; the rural gent walked around, viewed the goods and chattels for some minutes; then says he—

"Guess I'll be movin'," and of course that called forth from our friend the venerated expression—

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, nothing 'special. Plaguy cold winter we've got!"

"That's a fact," answered the storekeeper. "How's sleighing out your way—good?"

"First rate; I guess the folks have had enough of it, this winter, by jolly. I hev, any how," says the rural gent. "Trade's dull, eh?"

"Very—very *slack*."

"Dullest time of the year, I reckon, ain't it?"

"Pretty much so, indeed," says the storekeeper.

"I don't see's Californy goold gets much plentier, or business much better, nowhere."

To this bit of cogent reason our friend replied—

"Not much—that's a fact."

"I 'spect there's a good deal of humbug about the Californy goold mines, don't you?"

"The wealth of the country or the ease of coming at it," said the storekeeper, "is no doubt exaggerated some."

"That's my opinion on't too," said the agriculturist. "Some make money out there, and then agin some don't; I reckon more don't than does." To this bright inference the storekeeper ventured to say—

"I think it's highly *probable*."

"All your folks are lively, eh?" inquired Smallpotatoes.

"Pretty much so," said the storekeeper; "troubled a little with influenza, colds, &c.; nothing serious, however."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it."

"All your folks are well, I believe you said?" the storekeeper, in apparent solicitude, inquired, to be reassured of the fact.

"Ye-e-e-s, exceptin' the old lady."

Another pause; we began to feel convinced there was speculation in the rural gent's "eyes," and just for the fun of the thing—as we "were up" to such dodges —we determined to hang on and see how he come out.

"Well, I declare, I must be goin'!" suddenly said the rural gent, and actually made five steps towards the handle of the door.

"Don't be in a hurry," echoed the storekeeper. "When did you come in town?"

"I come in this mornin'."

"Any of the folks in with you?"

"No; my wife did want to come in, but concluded it was too cold; 'spected some of your folks out to see us durin' this good sleighing—why didn't you come?"

"Couldn't very well spare time," said the storekeeper.

"Well, we'd been glad to see you, and if you get time, and the sleighin' holds out, you must come and see us."

"I may—I can't promise for certain."

Now another pause took place, and thinks we—the climax has come, surely, after all that small talk. The country gent walked deliberately to the door; he actually took hold of the knob.

"You off?" says the storekeeper.

"B'lieve I'll be off"—opening the door, then rushes back again—semi-excited by the force of some pent up idea, says the rural gent—"O! Mr. ——, *don't you want to buy some good fresh eggs*?"

"Eggs? Yes, I do; been looking all around for some fresh eggs; how many have you?"

"Five dozen; thought you'd want some; so I come right in to see!"

We nearly catapillered! After all this circumlocution, the man came to the *pint*, and—sold

his eggs in two minutes!

Jolly Old Times.

Either mankind or his constitution has changed since "the good old times," for we read in an old medicine book, that bleeding at the nose, and cramp, could be effectually prevented by wearing a dried toad in a bag at the pit of the stomach; while for rheumatism and consumption, a snake skin worn in the crown of your hat, was a sovereign remedy! Dried toads and snake skins are quite out of use around these settlements, and we think the Esculapius who would recommend such nostrums, would be looked upon as a poor devil with a fissure in his cranium, liable to cause his brains to become weather-beaten! We remember hearing of a learned old cuffy, who lived down "dar" near Tallahassee, who invariably recommended cayenne pepper in the eye to cure the toothache! Had this venerable old colored gem'n lived 200 years ago, he would doubtless have created a sensation in the medical circles!

The Pigeon Express Man.

In nearly all yarns or plays in which Yankees figure, they are supposed to be "a leetle teu darn'd ceute" for almost any body else, creating a heap of fun, and coming out clean ahead; but that even Connecticut Yankees—the cutest and all firedest *tight* critters on the face of the *yearth*, when money or trade's in the question—are "*done*" now and then, upon the most scientific principles, we are going to prove.

It is generally known, in the newspaper world, that two or three Eastern men, a few years ago, started a paper in Philadelphia, upon the penny principle, and have since been rewarded as they deserved. They were, and are, men of great enterprise and liberality, as far as their business is concerned, and thereby they got ahead of all competition, and made their *pile*. The proprietors were always "fly" for any new dodge, by which they could keep the lead of things, and monopolize the *news* market. The Telegraph had not "turned up" in the day of which we write—the *mails*, and, now and then, express horse lines, were the media through which *Great Excitements! Alarming Events!! Great Fires and Awful Calamities!!* were come at. One morning, as one of these gentlemen was sitting in his office, a long, lank genius, with a visage

as hatchet-faced and keen as any Connecticut Yankee's on record, came in, and inquired of one of the clerks for the proprietors of that institution. Being pointed out, the thin man made a *lean* towards him. After getting close up, and twisting and screwing around his head to see that nobody was listening or looking, the lean man sat down very gingerly upon the extreme verge of a chair, and leaning forward until his razor-made nose almost touched that of the publisher, in a low, nasal, anxious tone, says he,

"Air yeou one of the publishers of this paper?"

"I am, sir."

"Oh, yeou, sir!" said the visitor, again looking suspiciously around and about him.

"Did you ever hear tell of the *Pigeon Express*?" he continued.

"The Pigeon Express?" echoed the publisher.

"Ya-a-s. Carrier pigeons—letters to their l-e-g-s and newspapers under their wings—trained to fly any where you warnt 'em."

"Carrier Pigeons," mused the publisher—"Carrier—pigeons trained to carry billets—bulletins and—"

"Go frum fifty to a hundred miles an hour!" chimed in the stranger.

"True, so they say, very true," continued the publisher, musingly.

"Elegant things for gettin' or sendin' noos head of every body else."

"Precisely: that's a fact, that's a fact," the other responded, rising from his chair and pacing the floor, as though rather and decidedly *taken* by the novelty and feasibility of the operation.

"You'd have 'em all, Mister, dead as mutton, by a Pigeon Express."

"I like the idea; good, first rate!"

"Can't be beat, noheow!" said the stranger.

"But what would it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars, and a small wagon, to begin on."

"A small wagon?"

"Ya-a-s. Yeou see, Mister, the birds haff to be trained to fly from one *pint* to another!"

"Yes; well?"

"Wa-a-ll, yeou see the birds are put in a box, on the top of the bildin', for a spell, teu git the *hang* of things, and so on!"

"Yes, very well; go on."

"Then the birds are put in a cage, the trainer takes 'em into his wagon—ten miles at first—throws 'em up, and the birds go to the bildin'. Next day fifteen miles, and so forth; yeou see?"

"Perfectly; I understand; now, where can these birds be had?"

Putting his thin lips close to the publisher's opening ears, in a low, long way, says the stranger—

"*I've got 'em!* R-a-l-e Persian birds—be-e-utis!"

"You understand training them?" says the anxious publisher.

"*Like a book*," the stranger responded.

"Where are the birds?" the publisher inquired.

"I've got 'em down to the tavern, where I'm stoppin'."

"Bring them up; let me see them; let me see them!"

"Certainly, Mister, of course," responded the Pigeon express man, leaving the presence of the tickled-to-death publisher, who paced his office as full of effervescence as a jimmyjohn of spruce beer in dog days.

About this time pigeons were being trained, and in a few cases, now and then, really did carry messages for lottery ticket venders in Jersey City, to

Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore; but these exploits rarely paid first cost, and did not amount to much, although some noise was made about the wonderful performance of certain Carrier Pigeons. But the *paper* was to have a new impulse—astonish all creation and the rest of mankind, by Pigeon Express. The publisher's partner was in New York, fishing for novelties, and he determined to astonish him, on his return home, by the *bird business!* A coop was fixed on the top of the "bildin'," as the great inventor of the express had suggested. The wagon was bought, and, with two hundred dollars in for funds, passed over to the pigeon express man, who, in the course of a few days, takes the birds into his wagon, to take them out some few miles, throw them up, and the publisher and a confidential friend were to be on top of the "bildin'," looking out for them.

They kept looking!—they saw something werry like a whale, but a good deal like a first-rate bad "*Sell!*" The lapse of a few days was quite sufficient to convince the publisher that he had been taken in and done for—regularly *picked up* and done for,—upon the most approved and scientific principles. Rather than let the cat out of the bag, he made up his mind to pocket the *shave* and keep shady, not even "letting on to his partner," who in the course of the following week returned from Gotham, evidently feeling as fine as silk, about something or other.

"Well, what's new in New York—got hold of any thing rich?" was the first interrogatory.

"Hi-i-i-sh! close the door!" was the reply, indicating something very important on the *tapis*.

"So; my dear fellow, I've got a concern, now, that will put the sixpennies to sleep as sound as rocks!"

"No. What have you started in Gotham?"

"Exactly. If you don't own up the corn, that the idea is grand—immense—I'll knock under."

"Good! I'm glad—particularly glad you've found something new and startling," responded the other. "Well, what is it?"

"Great!—wonderful!—*Carrier Pigeons!*"

"What! Pigeons?"

"*Pigeons!*"

"You don't pretend to say that—"

"Yes, sir, all arranged—luckiest fellows alive, we are—"

"Well, but—"

"Oh, don't be uneasy—I fixed it."

"Well, I'm hanged if this isn't rich!" muttered his partner, sticking his digits into his trowserloons—

biting his lips and stamping around.

"Rich! *elegant!* In two weeks we'll be flying our birds and—"

"Flying! Why, do you—"

"Ha! ha! I knew I'd astonish you; Tom insisted on my keeping perfectly *mum*, until things were in regular working order; he then set the boys to work —we have large cages on top of the building—"

"Come up on top of this building," said the partner, solemnly. "There, do you see that bundle of laths and stuff?"

"Why—why, you don't pretend to say that—"

"I do exactly; a scamp came along here a week ago —talked nothing but Carrier Pigeons—Pigeon Expresses—I thought I'd surprise you, and—"

"Well, well—go on."

"And by thunder I was green enough to give the fellow $200—a horse and wagon—"

"Done! *done!*" roared the other, without waiting for further particulars—"$200 and a horse and wagon— just what Tom and I gave the scamp! ha! ha! ha!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" and the publishers roared under the force of the *joke*.

Whatever became of the pigeon express man is not distinctly known; but he is supposed to have given up the bird business, and gone into the manufacture of woolly horses and cod-liver oil.

Jipson's Great Dinner Party.

"Well, you must do it."

"Do it?"

"Do it, sir," reiterated the lady of Jipson, a man well enough to *do* in the world, chief clerk of a "sugar baker," and receiving his twenty hundred dollars a year, with no perquisites, however, and—plenty of New Hampshire contingencies, (to quote our beloved man of the million, Theodore Parker,) poor relations.

"But, my dear Betsey, do you *know*, will you consider for once, that to *do* a thing of the kind—to splurge out like Tannersoil, one must expect—at least I do—to sink a full *quarter* of my salary, for the current year; yes, a full quarter?"

"Oh! very well, if you are going to live up here" (Jipson had just moved up above "Bleecker street,")

—"and bought your carriage, and engaged——"

"Two extra servant girls," chimed in Jipson.

"And a groom, sir," continued Mrs. J.

"And gone into at least six hundred to eight hundred dollars a year extra expenses, to—a——"

"To gratify yourself, and—a——"

"Your—a—a—your vanity, Madam, you should have said, my dear."

"Don't talk that way to me—to me—you brute; you know——"

"I know all about it, my dear."

"*My dear*—bah!" said the lady; "my *dear!* save that, Mr. Jipson, for some of your—a—a——"

What Mrs. J. might have said, we scarce could judge; but Jipson just then put in a "rejoinder" calculated to prevent the umpullaceous tone of Mrs. J.'s remarks, by saying, in a very humble strain—

"Mrs. Jipson, don't make an ass of yourself: we are too old to act like goslings, and too well acquainted, I hope, with the matters-of-fact of every-day life, to quarrel about things beyond our reach or control."

"If you talk of things beyond your control, Mr. Jipson, I mean beyond your reach, that your income

will not permit us to live as other people live——"

"I wouldn't like to," interposed Jipson.

"What?" asked Mrs. Jipson.

"Live like other people—that is, some people, Mrs. Jipson, that I know of."

"You don't suppose *I'm* going to bury myself and my poor girls in this big house, and have those servants standing about me, their fingers in their mouths, with nothing to do but——"

"But what?"

"But cook, and worry, and slave, and keep shut up for a——"

"For what?"

"For a—a——"

But Mrs. J. was stuck. Jipson saw that; he divined what a *point* Mrs. J. was about to, but could not conscientiously make, so he relieved her with—

"My dear Betsey, it's a popular fallacy, an exploded idea, a contemptible humbug, to live merely for your neighbors, the rabble world at large. Thousands do it, my dear, and I've no objection to their doing it; it's their own business, and none of mine. I have moved up town because I thought it would be more pleasant; I bought a modest kind of family carriage

because I could afford it, and believed it would add to our recreations and health; the carriage and horses required care; I engaged a man to attend to them, fix up the garden, and be useful generally, and added a girl or two to your domestic departments, in order to lighten your own cares, &c. Now, all this, my dear woman, you ought to know, rests a very important responsibility upon my shoulders, health, life, and—two thousand dollars a year, and if you imagine it compatible with common sense, or consonant with my judgment, to make an ass or fool of myself, by going into the extravagances and tom-fooleries of Tannersoil, our neighbor over the way, who happens for the time to be 'under government,' with a salary of nothing to speak of, but with stealings equal to those of a successful freebooter, you—you—you have placed a—a bad estimate upon my common sense, Madam."

With this flaring burst of eloquence, Jipson seized his hat, gloves and cane, and soon might be seen an elderly, natty, well-shaved, slightly-flushed gentleman taking his seat in a down town bound *bus*, en route for the sugar bakery of the firm of Cutt, Comeagain, & Co. It was evident, however, from the frequency with which Jipson plied his knife and rubber to his "figgers" of the day's accounts, and the tremulousness with which he drove the porcupine quill, that Jipson was thinking of something else!

"Mr. Jipson, I wish you'd square up that account of Look, Sharp, & Co., to-day," said Mr. Cutt, entering the counting room.

"All folly!" said Jipson, scratching out a mistake from his day-book, and not heeding the remark, though he saw the person of his employer.

"Eh?" was the ejaculation of Cutt.

"All folly!"

"I don't understand you, sir!" said Cutt, in utter astonishment.

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir," said poor Jipson; "I beg pardon, sir. Engrossed in a little affair of my own, I quite overlooked your observation. I will attend to the account of Look, Sharp, & Co., at once, sir;" and while Jipson was at it, his employer went out, wondering what in faith could be the matter with Jipson, a man whose capacity and gentlemanly deportment the firm had tested to their satisfaction for many years previous. The little *incident* was mentioned to the partner, Comeagain. The firm first laughed, then wondered what was up to disturb the usual equilibrium of Jipson, and ended by hoping he hadn't taken to drink or nothing!

"Guess I'd better do it," soliloquizes Jipson. "My wife is a good woman enough, but like most women, lets her vanity trip up her common sense, now and

then; she feels cut down to know that Tannersoil's folks are plunging out with dinners and evening parties, troops of company, piano going, and bawling away their new fol-de-rol music. Yes, guess I'll do it.

"Mrs. Jipson little calculates the horrors—not only in a pecuniary, but domestic sense—that these dinners, suppers and parties to the rag-tag and bobtail, cost many honest-meaning people, who *ought* to be ashamed of them.

"But, I'll do it, if it costs me the whole quarter's salary!"

A few days were sufficient to concoct details and arrange the programme. When Mrs. Jipson discovered, as she vainly supposed, the prevalence of "better sense" on the part of her husband, she was good as cranberry tart, and flew around in the best of humor, to hurry up the event that was to give *eclat* to the new residence and family of the Jipsons, slightly dim the radiance or mushroom glory of the Tannersoil family, and create a commotion generally —above Bleecker street!

Jipson *drew* on his employers, for a quarter's salary. The draft was honored, of course, but it led to some *speculation* on the part of "the firm," as to what Jipson was up to, and whether he wasn't getting into evil habits, and decidedly bad economy in his old age. Jipson talked, Mrs. Jipson talked. Their almost

—in fact, Mrs. J., like most ambitious mothers, thought, *really*—marriageable daughters dreamed and talked dinner parties for the full month, ere the great event of their lives came duly off.

One of the seeming difficulties was who to invite—who to get to come, and *where* to get them! Now, originally, the Jipsons were from the "Hills of New Hampshire, of poor but respectable" birth. Fifteen years in the great metropolis had not created a very extensive acquaintance among solid folks; in fact, New York society fluctuates, ebbs and flows at such a rate, that society—such as domestic people might recognize as unequivocally genteel—is hard to fasten to or find. But one of the Miss Jipsons possessed an acquaintance with a Miss Somebody else, whose brother was a young gentleman of very *distingue* air, and who knew the entire "ropes" of fashionable life, and people who enjoyed that sort of existence in the gay metropolis.

Mr. Theophilus Smith, therefore, was eventually engaged. It was his, as many others' vocation, to arrange details, command the feast, select the company, and control the coming event. The Jipsons confined their invitations to the few, very few genteel of the family, and even the diminutiveness of the number invited was decimated by Mr. Smith, who was permitted to review the parties invited.

Few domiciles—of civilian, "above Bleecker st.,"—were better illuminated, set off and detailed than that of Jipson, on the evening of the ever-memorable dinner. Smith had volunteered to "engage" a whole set of silver from Tinplate & Co., who generously offer our ambitious citizens such opportunities to splurge, for a fair consideration; while china, porcelain, a dozen colored waiters in white aprons, with six plethoric fiddlers and tooters, were also in Smith's programme. Jipson at first was puzzled to know where he could find volunteers to fill two dozen chairs, but when night came, Mr. Theophilus Smith, by force of tactics truly wonderful, drummed in a force to face a gross of plates, napkins and wine glasses.

Mrs. Jipson was evidently astonished, the Misses J. not a little vexed at the "raft" of elegant ladies present, and the independent manner in which they monopolized attention and made themselves at home.

Jipson swore inwardly, and looked like "a sorry man." Smith was at home, in his element; he was head and foot of the party. Himself and friends soon led and ruled the feast. The band struck up; the corks flew, the wine *fizzed*, the ceilings were spattered, and the walls tattooed with Burgundy, Claret and Champagne!

"To our host!" cries Smith.

"Yes—ah! 'ere's—ah! to our a—our host!" echoes another swell, already insolently "corned."

"Where the—a—where is our worthy host?" says another specimen of "above Bleecker street" genteel society. "I—a say, trot out your host, and let's give the old fellow a toast!"

"Ha! ha! b-wavo! b-wavo!" exclaimed a dozen shot-in-the-neck bloods, spilling their wine over the carpets, one another, and table covers.

"This is intolerable!" gasps poor Jipson, who was in the act of being kept *cool* by his wife, in the drawing-room.

"Never mind, Jipson——"

"Ah! there's the old fellaw!" cries one of the swells.

"I-ah—say, Mister——"

"Old roostaw, I say——"

"Gentlemen!" roars Jipson, rushing forward, elevating his voice and fists.

"For heaven's sake! Jipson," cries the wife.

"Gentlemen, or bla'guards, as you are."

"Oh! oh! Jipson, will you hear me?" imploringly cries Mrs. Jipson.

"What—ah—are you at? Does he—ah——"

"Yes, what—ah—does old Jip say?"

"Who the deuce, old What's-your-name, do you call gentlemen?" chimes in a third.

"Bla'guards!" roars Jipson.

"Oh, veri well, veri well, old fellow, we—ah—are—ah—to blame for—ah—patronizing a snob," continues a swell.

"A what?" shouts Jipson.

"A plebeian!"

"A codfish—ah——"

"Villains! scoundrels! bla'guards!" shouts the outraged Jipson, rushing at the intoxicated swells, and hitting right and left, upsetting chairs, tables, and lamps.

"Murder!" cries a knocked down guest.

"E-e-e-e-e-e!" scream the ladies.

"Don't! E-e-e-e! don't kill my father!" screams the daughter.

Chairs and hats flew; the negro servants and Dutch fiddlers, only engaged for the occasion, taking no interest in a free fight, and not caring two cents who whipped, laid back and—

"Yaw! ha! ha! De lor'! Yaw! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Jipson fainted; ditto two others of the family; the men folks (!) began to travel; the ladies (!) screamed; called for their hats, shawls, and *chaperones*,—the most of the latter, however, were *non est*, or too well "set up," to heed the common state of affairs.

Jipson finally cleared the house. Silence reigned within the walls for a week. In the interim, Mrs. Jipson and the daughters not only got over their hysterics, but ideas of gentility, as practised "above Bleecker street." It took poor Jipson an entire year to recuperate his financial "outs," while it took the whole family quite as long to get over their grand debut as followers of fashion in the great metropolis.

Look out for them Lobsters.

Deacon ——, who resides in a pleasant village inside of an hour's ride upon Fitchburg road, rejoices in a fondness for the long-tailed *crustacea*, vulgarly known as lobsters. And, from messes therewith fulminated, by *some* of our professors of gastronomics that we have seen, we do not attach

any wonder at all to the deacon's penchant for the aforesaid shell-fish. The deacon had been disappointed several times by assertions of the lobster merchants, who, in their overwhelming zeal to effect a sale, had been a little too sanguine of the precise *time* said lobsters were caught and boiled; hence, after lugging home a ten pound specimen of the vasty deep, miles out into the quiet country, the deacon was often sorely vexed to find the lobster no better than it should be!

"Why don't you get them alive, deacon?" said a friend,—"get them alive and kicking, deacon; boil them yourself; be sure of their freshness, and have them cooked more carefully and properly."

"Well said," quoth the deacon; "so I can, for they sell them, I observe, near the depot,—right out of the boat. I'm much obliged for the notion."

The next visit of the good deacon to Boston,—as he was about to return home, he goes to the bridge and bargains for two live lobsters, fine, active, lusty-clawed fellows, alive and kicking, and no mistake!

"But what will I do with them?" says the deacon to the purveyor of the *crustacea*, as he gazed wistfully upon the two sprawling, ugly, green and scratching lobsters, as they lay before him upon the planks at his feet.

"Do with 'em?" responded the lobster merchant, —"why, bile 'em and eat 'em! I bet you a dollar you never ate better lobsters 'n them, nohow, mister!"

The deacon looked anxiously and innocently at the speaker, as much as to say—"you don't say so?"

"I mean, friend, how shall I get them home?"

"O," says the lobster merchant, "that's easy enough; here, Saul," says he, calling up a frizzle-headed lad in blue pants—*sans* hat or boots, and but one *gallows* to his breeches, "here, you, light upon these lobsters and carry 'em home for this old gentleman."

"Goodness, bless you," says the deacon; "why friend, I reside ten miles out in the country!"

"O, the blazes you do!" says the lobster merchant; "well, I tell you, Saul can carry 'em to the cars for you in this 'ere bag, if you're goin' out?"

"Truly, he can," quoth the deacon; "and Saul can go right along with me."

The lobsters were dashed into a piece of Manilla sack, thrown across the shoulders of the juvenile Saul, and away they went at the heels of the deacon, to the depot; here Saul dashed down the "poor creturs" until their bones or shells rattled most piteously, and as the deacon handed a "three cent piece" to Saul, the long and wicked claw of one of

the lobsters protruded out of the bag—opened and shut with a *clack*, that made the deacon shudder!

"Those fellows are plaguy awkward to handle, are they not, my son?" says the deacon.

"Not *werry*," says the boy; "they can't bite, cos you see they's got pegs down here—*hallo!*" As Saul poked his hand down towards the big claw lying partly out of the open-mouthed bag, the claw opened, and *clacked* at his fingers, ferocious as a mad dog.

"His peg's out," said the boy—"and I can't fasten it; but here's a chunk of twine; tie the bag and they can't get out, any how, and you kin put 'em into yer pot right out of the bag."

"Yes, yes," says the deacon; "I guess I will take care of them; bring them here; there, just place the bag right in under my seat; so, that will do."

Presently the cars began to fill up, as the minute of departure approached, and soon every seat around the worthy deacon was occupied. By-and-by, "a middle-aged lady," in front of the deacon, began to *fussle* about and twist around, as if anxious to arrange the great amplitude of her *drapery*, and look after something "bothering" her feet. In front of the lady, sat a *slab*-sided *genus* dandy, fat as a match and quite as good looking; between his legs sat a pale-face dog, with a flashing collar of brass and tinsel,

quite as gaudy as his master's neck-choker; this canine gave an awful—

"*Ihk!* ow, yow! yow-oo—yow, ook! yow! *yow!* YOW!"

"Lor' a massy!" cries the woman in front of the deacon, jumping up, and making a desperate splurge to get up on to the seats, and in the effort upsetting sundry bundles and parcels around her!

"Yow-*ook!* Yow-*ook!*" yelled the dog, jumping clear out of the grasp of the juvenile *Mantillini*, and dashing himself on to the head and shoulders of the next seat occupants, one of whom was a sturdy civilized Irishman, who made "no bones" in grasping the sickly-looking dog, and to the horror and alarm of the entire female party present, he sung out:

"Whur-r-r ye about, ye brute! Is the divil *mad*?"

"Eee! Ee! O dear! O! O!" cries an anxious mother.

"O! O! O-o-o! save us from the dog!" cries another.

"Whur-r-r-r! ye *divil!*" cries the Irish gintilman, pinning the poor dog down between the seats, with a force that extracted another glorious yell.

"Ike! Ike! Ike! oo, ow! ow! Ike! Ike! Ike!"

"Murder! mur-r-r-der!" bawls another victim in the rear of the deacon, leaping up in his seat, and

rubbing his leg vigorously.

"What on airth's loose?" exclaims one.

"Halloo! what's that?" cries another, hastily vacating his seat and crowding towards the door.

"O dear, O! O!" anxiously cries a delicate young lady.

"What? who? where?" screamed a dozen at once.

"Good *conscience!*" exclaims the deacon, as he dropped his newspaper, in the midst of the din—noise and confusion; and with a most singular and spasmodic effort to dance a "*high*land fling," he hustled out of his seat, exclaiming:

"Good conscience, I really believe they're out."

"Eh? What—what's out?" cries one.

"Snakes!" echoes an old gentleman, grasping a cane.

"Snappin' turtles, Mister?" inquire several.

"Snakes!" cried a dozen.

"Snappers!" echoes a like quantity of the dismayed.

"Snapper-r-r-r-rs!"

"Snake-e-e-es!" O what a din!

"Halloo! here, what's all this? What's the matter?"

says the conductor, coming to the rescue.

"That man's got snakes in the car!" roar several at once.

"And snappin' turtles, too, consarn him!" says one, while all eyes were directed, tongues wagging, and hands gesticulating furiously at the astonished deacon.

"Take care of them! Take care of them! I believe I'm bitten clear through my boot—catch them, Mr. Swallow!" cries the deacon.

"Swallow 'em, Mr. Catcher!" echoes the frightened dandy.

"What? where?" says the excited conductor, looking around.

"Here, here, in under these seats, sir,—*my lobsters, sir*," says the deacon, standing aloof to let the conductor and the man with the cane get at the *reptiles*, as the latter insisted.

"Darn 'em, are they only lobsters!"

"Pooh! Lobsters!" says young Mantillini, with a mock heroic shrug of his shoulders, and looking fierce as two cents!

"Come out here!" says the conductor, feeling for them.

"Take care!" says the deacon, "the plaguy things have got their pins out!"

"Why, they are *alive*, and crawling around; hear the old fellow,—take care, Mr. Swaller—he's cross as sin!" says the man with the cane—"wasn't that a *snap*? Take care! You got him?" that indefatigable assistant continued, rattling his tongue and cane.

"I've got them!" cries the conductor.

"Put them in the bag, here, sir," says the deacon.

"Take them out of this car!" cries everybody.

"Plaguy things," says the deacon. "I sha'n't never buy another *live lobster!*"

Order was restored, passengers took their seats, but when young Mantillini looked for his dog, he had vamosed with the *Irishman*, at "the last stopping place," in his excitement, leaving a quart jug of whiskey in lieu of the dandy's dog.

The Fitzfaddles at Hull.

"Well, well, drum no more about it, for mercy's sake; if you must go, you must *go*, that's all."

"Yes, just like you, Fitzfaddle"—pettishly reiterates the lady of the middle-aged man of business; "mention any thing that would be gratifying to the children—"

"The children—*umph!*"

"Yes, the children; only mention taking the dear, tied-up souls to, to—to the Springs—"

"*Haven't* they been to Saratoga? *Didn't* I spend a month of my precious time and a thousand of my precious dollars there, four years ago, to be physicked, cheated, robbed, worried, starved, and—laughed at?" Fitzfaddle responds.

"Or, to the sea-side—" continued the lady.

"Sea-side! good conscience!" exclaims Fitzfaddle; "my dear Sook—"

"Don't call me *Sook*, Fitzfaddle; *Sook!* I'm not *in* the kitchen, nor *of* the kitchen, you'll please remember, Fitzfaddle!" said the lady, with evident feeling.

"O," echoed Fitz, "God bless me, Mrs. Fitzfaddle, don't be so rabid; don't be foolish, in your old days; my dear, we've spent the happiest of our days in the kitchen; when we were first married, *Susan*, when our whole stock in trade consisted of five ricketty chairs—"

"Well, that's enough about it—" interposed the

lady.

"A plain old pine breakfast table—" continued Fitz.

"I'd stop, just THERE—" scowlingly said Mrs. Fitz.

"My father's old chest, and your mother's old corner cupboard—" persevered the indefatigable monster.

"I'd go through the whole inventory—" angrily cried Mrs. Fitz—"clean down to—"

"The few broken pots, pans, and dishes we had—"

"Don't you—*don't you feel ashamed of yourself*?" exclaims Mrs. Fitz, about as full of anger as she could well contain; but Fitz keeps the even tenor of his way.

"Not at all, my dear; Heaven forbid that I should ever forget a jot of the real happiness of any portion of my life. When you and I, dear Sook (an awful scowl, and a sudden change of her position, on her costly rocking chair. Fitz looked askance at Mrs. Fitz, and proceeded); when you and I, *Susan*, lived in Dowdy's little eight by ten 'blue frame,' down in Pigginsborough; not a yard of carpet, or piece of mahogany, or silver, or silk, or satin, or flummery of any sort, the five old chairs—"

"Good conscience! are you going to have that over again?" cries Mrs. Fitz, with the utmost chagrin.

"The old white pine table—"

Mrs. Fitz starts in horror.

"My father's old chest, and your mother's old corner cupboard!"

Mrs. Fitz, in an agony, walks the floor!

"The few broken or cracked pots, pans and dishes, we had—"

Nature quite "gin eout"—the exhausted Mrs. Fitzfaddle throws herself down upon the sumptuous *conversazione*, and absorbs her grief in the ample folds of a lace-wrought handkerchief (bought at Warren's—cost the entire profits of ten quintals of Fitzfaddle & Co.'s A No. 1 cod!), while the imperturbable Fitz drives on—

"Your mother's old cooking stove, Susan—the time and again, Susan, I've sat in that little kitchen—"

Mrs. Fitzfaddle shudders all over. Each reminiscence, so dear to Fitzfaddle, seems a dagger to her.

"With little Nanny—"

"You—you brute! You—you vulgar—you—you Fitzfaddle. Nanny! to call your daughter N-Nanny!"

"Nanny! why, yes, Nanny—" says the matter-of-fact head of the firm of Fitzfaddle & Co. "I believe we did

intend to call the girl Nancy; we *did* call her Nanny, Mrs. Fitzfaddle; but, like all the rest, by your innovations, things have kept changing no better fast. I believe my soul that girl has had five changes in her name before you concluded it was up to the highest point of modern respectability. From Nancy you had it Nannette, from Nannette to Ninna, from Ninna to Naomi, and finally it was rested at Anna Antoinette De Orville Fitzfaddle! Such a mess of nonsense to *handle* my plain name."

"Anna Antoinette De Orville"—said Mrs. Fitz, suddenly rallying, "*is* a name, only made *plain* by your ugly and countryfied prefix. De Orville is a name," said the lady.

"I should like to know," said the old gentleman, "upon what pretext, Mrs. Fitzfaddle, you lay claim to such a Frenchy and flighty name or title as De Orville?"

"Wasn't it my family name, you brute?" cried Mrs. Fitz.

"Ho! ho! ho! Sook, Sook, *Sook*," says Fitzfaddle.

"*Sook!*" almost screams Mrs. Fitz.

"Yes, *Sook*, Sook *Scovill*, daughter of a good old-fashioned, patriotic farmer—*Timothy Scovill*, of Tanner's Mills, in the county of Tuggs—down East. And when I married Sook (Mrs. Fitz jumped up, a

rustling of silk is heard—a door slams, and the old gentleman finishes his domestic narrative, *solus!*), she was as fine a gal as the State ever produced. We were poor, and we knew it; wasn't discouraged or put out, on the account of our poverty. We started in the world square; happy as clams, nothing but what was useful around us; it is a happy reflection to look back upon those old chairs, pine table, my father's old chest, and Sook's mother's old corner cupboard—the cracked pots and pans—the old stove—Sook as ruddy and bright as a full-blown rose, as she bent over the hot stove in our parlor, dining room, and kitchen—turning her slap-jacks, frying, baking and boiling, and I often by her side, with our first child, Nanny, on my—"

"Well, I hope by this time you're over your vulgar Pigginsborough recollections, Fitzfaddle!" exclaims Mrs. Fitz, re-entering the parlor.

"I was just concluding, my dear, the happy time when I sat and read to you, or held Nanny, while you —"

"Fitzfaddle, for goodness' sake—"

"While you—ruddy and bright, my dear, as the full-blown rose, bent over your mother's old cook stove—"

"Are you crazy, Fitz, or do you want to craze me?"

cried the really *tried* woman.

"Turning your slap-jacks," continues Fitz, suiting the action to the word.

"Fitzfaddle!" cries Mrs. Fitz, in the most sublimated paroxysm of pity and indignation, but Fitz let it come.

"*While I dandled Nanny on my knee!*"

A pause ensues; Fitzfaddle, in contemplation of the past, and Mrs. Fitz fortifying herself for the opening of a campaign to come. At length, after a deal of "dicker," Fitz remembering only the bad dinners, small rooms, large bills, sick, parboiled state of the children, clash and clamor of his trips to the Springs, sea-side and mountain resorts; and Mrs. Fitz dwelling over the strong opposition (show and extravagance) she had run against the many ambitious shop-keepers' wives, tradesmen's, lawyers' and doctors' daughters—Mrs. Fitz gained her point, and the family,—Mrs. Fitz, the two now marriageable daughters—Anna Antoinette De Orville, and Eugenia Heloise De Orville, and Alexander Montressor De Orville, and two servants—start in style, for the famed city of Hull!

It was yet early in the season, and Fitzfaddle had secured, upon accommodating terms, rooms &c., of Mrs. Fitzfaddle's own choosing. With the diplomacy

of five prime ministers, and with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of a fine-looking woman of two-and-forty,—husband rich, and indulgent at that; armed with two "marriageable daughters," you may —if at all familiar with life at a "watering-place," fancy Mrs. Fitzfaddle's feelings, and perhaps, also, about a third of the *swarth* she cut. The first evident opposition Mrs. Fitz encountered, was from the wife of a wine merchant. This lady made her *entree* at —— House, with a pair of bays and "body servant," two poodles, and an immensity of band boxes, patent leather trunks, and—her husband. The first day Mrs. Oldport sat at table, her new style of dress, and her European jewels, were the afternoon talk; but at tea, the Fitzfaddles *spread*, and Mrs. Oldport was bedimmed, easy; the next day, however, "turned up" an artist's wife and daughter, whose unique elegance of dress and proficiency in music took down the entire collection! Mrs. Michael Angelo Smythe and daughter captivated two of Mrs. Fitzfaddle's "circle"—a young naval gent and a 'quasi Southern planter, much to her chagrin and Fitzfaddle's pecuniary suffering; for next evening Mrs. F. got up, —to get back her two recruits—a grand private *hop*, at a cost of $130! And the close of the week brought such a cloud of beauty, jewels, marriageable daughters and ambitious mothers, wives, &c., that Mrs. Fitzfaddle got into such a worry with her diplomatic arrangements, her competitions,

stratagems,—her fuss, her jewels, silks, satins and feathers, that a nervous-headache preceded a typhus fever, and the unfortunate lady was forced to retire from the field of her glory at the end of the third week, entirely prostrated; and poor Jonas Fitzfaddle out of pocket—more or less—*five hundred dollars!* The last we heard of Fitzfaddle, he was apostrophizing the good old times when he rejoiced in five old chairs—cook stove—slap-jacks, &c.!

Putting Me on a Platform!

Human nature doubtless has a great many weak points, and no few bipeds have a great itching after notoriety and fame. Fame, I am credibly informed, is not unlike a greased pig, always hard chased, but too eternal slippery for every body to hold on to! I have never cared a tinker's curse for glory myself; the satisfaction of getting quietly along, while in pursuit of bread, comfort and knowledge, has sufficed to engross my individual attention; but I've often "had my joke" by observing the various grand dashes made by cords of folks, from snob to nob, patrician to plebeian, in their gyrations to form a circle, in which they might be the centre pin! This desire, or

feeling, is a part and parcel of human nature; you will observe it every where—among the dusky and man-eating citizens of the Fejee Islands—the dog-eating population of China—the beef-eaters of England, and their descendants, ye *Yankoos* of the new world; all, all have a tendency for lionization.

This very *innocent* pastime finds a great many supporters, too; toadyism is the main prop that sustains and exalteth the vain glory of man; if you can only get a *toady*—the *more* the better—you can the sooner and firmer fix your digits upon the greased pig of fame; but as thrift must always follow fawning, or toadyism, it is most essentially necessary that you be possessed of a greater or lesser quantity of the goods and chattels of this world, or some kind of tangible effects, to grease the wheels of your emollient supporters; otherwise you will soon find all your air-built castles, dignity and glory, dissolve into mere gas, and your stern in the gravel immediately.

Such is the pursuit of glory, and such its supporters, their gas and human weakness. I have said that I never sought distinction, but I have had it thrust upon me more than once, and the last effort of the kind was so particularly *salubrious*, that I must relate to you, *confidentially* of course, how it came about.

When I first came to Boston, as a matter of course,

I spent much of my time in surveying "the lions," dipping into this, and peeping into that; promenading the Common and climbing the stupendous stairway of Bunker Hill; ransacking the forts, islands, beautiful Auburn, &c., &c.

Finally, I went into the State House, but as this notable building was undergoing some repairs, placards were tacked up about the doors, prohibiting persons from strolling about the capitol. The attendant was very polite, and told me, and several others desirous to see the building inside, that if we called in the course of a few days, we could be gratified, but for the present no one but those engaged about the work, were allowed to enter. I persisted so closely in my desire to examine the interior, while on the spot, that the man, when the rest of the visitors had gone, relented, and I was not only allowed to see what I should see, but he *toted* me "round."

We sauntered into the Assembly Chamber, surveyed and learned all the particulars of that, peered into the side-rooms, closets, &c., and then came to the Senate Chamber. This you know is something finer than the country meeting house, or circus-looking Assembly Chamber, where the "fresh-men," or green members from Hard-Scrabble, Hull, Squantum, etc.,—incipient Demostheneses, and sucking Ciceros, first tap their gasometers "in the

haouse." Here I found the venerable pictures of the ancient *mugs*, who have figured as Governors, &c., of the commonwealth, from the days of Puritan Winthrop to the ever-memorable Morton, who, strange as it may appear, was really elected Governor, though a double-distilled Democrat. Bucklers, swords, drums and muskets, that doubtless rattled and banged away upon Bunker Hill, were duly, carefully and critically examined, and as a finale to my debut in the Senate, I mounted the Speaker's stand, and spouted about three feet of Webster's first oration at Bunker Hill. To be sure, my audience was *small*, but *it* was duly attentive, and as I waved my hands aloft, and thumped my ribs, after the most approved system of patriotic vehemence of the day, he—my audience—opened his mouth, and stretched his eyes to the size of dinner plates, at my prodigious slaps at eloquence; the very ears of the *canvased* governors seemed pricked up, and I descended the stand big as Mogul, insinuated "a quarter" into the palm of the polite attendant, informed him I should call in a few days to take a view from the top of the dome, &c. He bowed and I took myself off.

Several days afterwards I found myself in the vicinity of the State House; so, thinks I, I'll just drop in, and go up to the top of the dome and get a view of the city and suburbs.

My chaperon was on hand, and he no sooner clapped eyes upon me, than he pitched into all manner of highfernooten flub-dubs, bowed and scraped, and regretted that the day was so misty and dull, as I would not be enabled to have half a chance to get a view.

"I wouldn't try it to-day, sir," said he.

"What's the reason?" asked I.

"Oh," replied he, "you'll not see half the outline of the city and the villages around, and you'll want to get them all down distinct."

"Get them all *down* distinct?" quoth I.

"Yes, sir; and the day is so dull and cloudy that you'll not see half the prominent buildings, never mind the whole of the former and not so easily seen houses. You intend taking a full view, don't you, sir?"

"Why, yes, I would like to," says I, partly lost to conceive what caused such a sudden and unaccountable ebullition of the man's great interest in my getting "a first rate notice" of matters and things from the top of the capitol! But up I went, in spite of my attentive friend's fears of my not getting quite so clear and distinct a view as he could wish. Having gratified myself with such a view as the weather and the height of the capitol afforded (and in clear weather you can get far the best survey of

Boston and the environs from the top of the State House than from any other promontory about), I descended again. At the foot of the stairway my assiduous cicerone again beset me, introduced several other miscellaneous-looking chaps to me, and, in short, was making of me, why or wherefore I knew not, quite a lion!

"Well, sir," said he, "what do you think of it, sir? Could you get the outline?"

"Not very well," said I, "but the view is very fine."

"O, yes, sir," said he; "but as soon as you wish to begin, sir, let me know, and I'll lock the upper doors when you go up, and you'll not be disturbed, sir."

"Lock the doors?" said I, in some amazement.

"Yes, sir," quoth he, "but it would be best to come as early in the morning as possible, or, if convenient, before the visitors begin to come up; they'd disturb you, you know!"

"Disturb *me!* Why, I don't know how they would do that?"

"Why, sir, when Mr. Smith—you know Mr. Smith, sir, I suppose?"

"Why, yes; the name strikes me as *somewhat* familiar; do you refer to *John Smith*?" I observed, beginning to participate in the joke, which began to

develop itself pretty distinctly.

"Yes, sir; I believe his name is John—John R. Smith; he's a splendid artist, sir; *his* sketch or panorama is a beauty! Sir! did you ever see his panorama?"

"I think I did, in New York," I replied.

By this time some dozen or two visitors had congregated around us, and I was the centre of a considerable circle, and from the whispers, and pointing of fingers, I felt duly sensible, that, great or small, I was a LION! Under what auspices, I was in too dense a fog to make out; to me it was an unaccountable mist'ry.

"I'll tell you what I can do, sir," continued my toady; "I can have a small platform erected, outside of the cupola, for you, to place your *designs* or sketches on, and you'll not be so liable to be disturbed. Mr. Smith, he had a platform made, sir."

I beckoned the man to step aside, in the Senate Chamber.

"Now, sir," said I, "you will please inform me, who the devil do you take me for?"

"Oh, I knew who you were, the moment you came in, sir," said he, with a very knowing leer out of his half-squinting eyes.

"Did you? Well then I must certainly give you credit for devilish keen perception; but, if it's a fair question," I continued, "what do you mean by fixing a platform for my *designs*? You don't think I'm going to fly, jump or deliver orations from the cupola, do you?"

"No, I don't; but you're to draw a grand panorama of Boston, ain't you?"

"ME?"

"Yes, you; ain't your name Mr. Banvard?"

"Oh, yes, yes—I understand—you've found me out, but keep dark—mum's the word—you understand?" said I, winkingly.

"Yes, sir; I'll fix it all right; you'll want the platform outside, I guess."

"Yes; out with it, and *keep dark until I come!*"

I skeeted down them steps into the Common to let off my corked up risibilities.—Whether the man actually did prepare a platform for my designs, or whether Banvard ever went to take his designs there, I am unable to say, as I went South a few days afterward, and did not return for some time.

The Exorbitancy of Meanness.

Few *extravaganzas* of man or woman lay such a heavy *stress* upon the pocket-book or purse as meanness. This may seem paradoxical, but it's nothing of the kind. How many thousands to save a cent, walk a mile! How many to cut down expenses, cut off a thousand of the little "filling ins" which go to make us both happy and healthy! Jones refused to let his little boy run an errand for Johnson, and when Jones's house was in a blaze, Johnson forbid him touching his water to put it out. Smith by accident ran his wagon afoul of Peppers's cart, Peppers in revenge "cut away" at Smith's horse; horse ran away, broke the wagon, dislocated Smith's collar-bone; a suit at law followed, and Peppers being a mighty spunky, as well as a powerfully mean man, fought it out four years, and finally sunk every cent he had in the world by the slight transaction. It is a first-rate idea to be economical, but the man who sees and feels, and smells and tastes, entirely through his pocket-book, isn't worth cultivating an acquaintance with. Go in, marry money if you can, save up some, but don't cultivate meanness, for it never pays.

"Taking Down" a Sheriff.

Ex-honorable John Buck, once the "representative" of a *district* out West, a lawyer originally, and finally a gentleman at large, and Jeremy Diddler generally, took up his quarters in Philadelphia, years ago, and putting himself upon his dignity, he managed for a time, *sans l'argent*, to live like a prince. Buck was what the world would call a devilish clever fellow; he was something of a scholar, with the smattering of a gentleman; good at off-hand dinner table oratory, good looking, and what never fails to take down the ladies, he wore hair enough about his countenance to establish two Italian grand dukes. Buck was "an awful blower," but possessed common-sense enough not to waste his *gas*-conade—ergo, he had the merit not to falsify to ye ancient falsifiers.

The Honorable Mr. Buck's *manner* of living not being "seconded" by a corresponding manner of *means*, he very frequently ran things in the ground, got in debt, head and heels. The Honorable Mr. B. had patronized a dealer in Spanish mantles, corduroys and opera vests, to the amount of some two hundred dollars; and, very naturally, ye fabricator of said cloth appurtenances for ye body, got mad towards the last, and threatened "the Western member" with a course of legal sprouts, unless he "showed cause," or came up and squared

the yards. As Hon. John Buck had had frequent invitations to pursue such courses, and not being spiritually or personally inclined that way, he let the notice slide.

Shears, the tailor, determined to put the Hon. John through; so he got out a writ of the savagest kind—arson, burglary and false pretence—and a deputy sheriff was soon on the taps to smoke the Western member out of his boots. Upon inquiring at the United States Hotel, where the honorable gentleman had been wont to "put up," they found he had vacated weeks before and gone to Yohe's Hotel. Thither, the next day, the deputy repaired, but old Mother Yohe—rest her soul!—informed the officer that the honorable gentleman had stepped out one morning, in a hurry like, and forgot to pay a small bill!

John was next traced to the Marshall House, where he had left his mark and cleared for Sanderson's, where the indefatigable tailor and his terrier of the law, pursued the member, and learned that he had gone to Washington!

"Done! by Jeems!" cried Shears.

"Hold on," says the deputy, "hold on; he's not off; merely a dodge to get away from this house; we'll find him. Wait!"

Shears did wait, so did the deputy sheriff, until other bills, amounting to a good round sum, were lodged at the Sheriff's office, and the very Sheriff himself took it in hand to nab the *cidevant* M. C., and cause him to suffer a little for his country and his friends!

Now, it so chanced that Sheriff F., who was a politician of popular renown—a good, jolly fellow—knew the Hon. Mr. Buck, having had "the pleasure of his acquaintance" some months previous, and having been *floored* in a political argument with the "Western member," was inclined to be down upon him.

"I'll snake him, I'll engage," says Sheriff F., as he thrust "the documents" into his pocket and proceeded to hunt up the transgressor. Accidentally, as it were, who should the Sheriff meet, turning a corner into the grand *trottoir*, Chestnut street, but our gallant hero of ye ballot-box in the rural districts, once upon a time!

"Ah, ha-a-a! How are ye, Sheriff?" boisterously exclaims the Ex-M. C., as familiarly as you please.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Buck," says the Sheriff, "glad (?) to see you."

"Fine day, Sheriff?"

"Elegant, sir, *prime*," says the Sheriff.

"What do you think of Mr. Jigger's speech on the Clam trade? Did you read Mr. Porkapog's speech on the widening of Jenkins's ditch?"

For which general remarks on the affairs of the nation, Sheriff F. *put* some corresponding replies, and so they proceeded along until they approached a well-known dining saloon, then under the supervision of a burly Englishman; and, as it was about the time people dined, and the Sheriff being a man that liked a fat dinner and a fine bottle, about as well as any body, when the Hon. Mr. Buck proposed —

"What say you, Sheriff, to a dinner and a bottle of old Sherry, at ——? We don't often meet (?), so let's sit down and have a quiet talk over things."

"Well, Mr. Buck," says the Sheriff, "I would like to, just as soon as not, but I've got a disagreeable bit of business with you, and it would be hardly friendly to eat your dinner before apprizing you of the fact, sir."

"Ah! Sheriff, what is it, pray?" says the somewhat alarmed Diddler; "nothing serious, of course?"

"Oh, no, not serious, particularly; only a *writ*, Mr. Buck; a writ, that's all."

"For my arrest?"

"Your arrest, sir, on sight," says the Sheriff.

"The deuce! What's the charge!"

"Debt—false pretence—*swindling!*"

"Ha! ha! that is a good one!" says the slight'y cornered Ex-M. C.; "well, hang it, Sheriff, don't let business spoil our digestion; come, let us dine, and then I'm ready for execution!" says the "Western member," with well affected gaiety.

Stepping into a private room, they rang the bell, and a burly waiter appeared.

"Now, Mr. F.," says the adroit Ex-M. C., "call for just what you like; I leave it to you, sir."

"Roast ducks; what do you say, Buck?"

"Good."

"Oyster sauce and lobster salad?"

"Good," again echoes the Ex-M. C.

"And a—Well, waiter, you bring some of the best side dishes you have," says the Sheriff.

"Yes, sir," says the waiter, disappearing to fill the order.

"What are you going to drink, Sheriff?" asks the honorable gent.

"Oh! ah, yes! Waiter, bring us a bottle of Sherry; you take Sherry, Buck?"

"Yes, I'll go Sherry."

The Sherry was brought, and partly discussed by the time the dinner was spread.

"They keep the finest Port here you ever tasted," says the Diddler.

"Do they!" he responds; "well, suppose we try it?"

A bottle of old Port was brought, and the two worthies sat back and really enjoyed themselves in the saloon of the sumptuously kept restaurant; they then drank and smoked, until sated nature cried enough, and the Sheriff began to think of business.

"Suppose we top off with a fine bottle of English ale, Sheriff!"

"Well, be it so; and then, Buck, we'll have to proceed to the office."

"Waiter, bring me a couple of bottles of your English ale," says the Hon. Mr. Buck.

"Yes, sir."

"And I'll see to the bill, Sheriff, while the waiter brings the ale," said the Ex-M. C., leaving the room "for a moment," to speak to the landlord.

"Landlord," says the Diddler, "do you know that gentleman with whom I've dined in 15?"

"No, I don't," says the landlord.

"Well," continues Diddler, "I've no *particular* acquaintance with him; he invited me here to dine; I suppose he intends to pay for what he ordered, but (whispering) *you had better get your money before he gets out of that room!*"

"Oh! oh! coming that are dodge, eh? I'll show him!" said the burly landlord, making tracks for the room, from which the Sheriff was now emerging, to look after his prisoner.

"There's for the ale," says the Diddler, placing half a dollar in the waiter's hand; "I ordered that, and there's for it." So saying, he vamosed.

"Say, but look here, Buck, I say, hold on; I've got a writ, and—"

"Hang the writ! Pay your bill like a gentleman, and come along!" exclaimed the Ex-M. C., making himself *scarce!*

It was in vain that the Sheriff stated his "authority," and innocence in the pecuniary affairs of the dinner, for the waiter swore roundly that the other gentleman had paid for all he ordered, and the landlord, who could not be convinced to the contrary, swore that the idea was to gouge him, which couldn't be done, and before the Sheriff got off, he had his wallet depleted of five dollars; and he

not only lost his prisoner, but lost his temper, at the trick played upon him by the Hon. Jeremy Diddler.

Governor Mifflin's First Coal Fire.

It is truly astonishing, that the inexhaustible beds —mines of anthracite coal, lying along the Schuylkill river and ridges, valleys and mountains, from old Berks county to the mountains of Shamokin, were not found out and applied to domestic uses, fully fifty years before they were! Coal has been exhumed from the earth, and burned in forges and grates in Europe, from time immemorial, we think, yet we distinctly remember when a few canal boats only were engaged in transporting from the few mines that were open and worked along the Schuylkill—the comparatively few tons of anthracite coal consumed in Philadelphia, not sent away. As far back as 1820, we believe, there was but little if any coal shipped to Philadelphia, from the Schuylkill mines at all.

Our venerable friend, the still vivacious and clear-headed Col. Davis, of Delaware, gave us, a few years ago, a rather amusing account of the first successful attempt of a very distinguished old gentleman, Gov. Mifflin, to ignite a pile of stone coal. The date of the

transaction, more's the pity, has escaped us, but the facts of the case are something after this fashion.

Gov. Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, lived and owned a fine estate in Mifflin county, and in which county was discovered from time to time, any quantity of black rock, as the farmers commonly called the then unknown anthracite. Of course, the old governor knew something about stone coal, and had a slight inkling of its character. At hours of leisure, the governor was in the habit of experimenting upon the black rocks by subjecting them to wood fire upon his hearths; but the hard, almost flint-like anthracite of that region resisted, with most obdurate pertinacity, the oft-repeated attempts of the governor to set it on fire. It finally became a joke among the neighboring Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, and others of the vicinity, that Gov. Mifflin was studying out a theory to set his hills and fields on fire, and burn out the obnoxious black rock and boulders. But, despite the jibes and jokes of his dogmatical friends, the old governor stuck to his experiments, and the result produced, as most generally it does through perseverance and practice, a new and useful fact, or principle.

One cold and wintry day, Gov. Mifflin was cosily perched up in his easy-chair, before the great roaring, blazing hickory fire, overhauling ponderous state documents, and deeply engrossed in the affairs

of the people, when his eye caught the outline of a big black rock boulder upon the mantle-piece before him—it was a beautiful specimen of variegated anthracite, with all the hues of the rainbow beaming from its lacquered angles. The governor thought "a heap" of this specimen of the black rock, but dropping all the documents and State papers pell-mell upon the floor, he seized the piece of anthracite, and placing it carefully upon the blazing cross-sticks of the fire, in the most absorbed manner watched the operation. To his great delight the black rock was soon red hot—he called for his servant man, a sable son of Africa, or some down South Congo—

"Isaac."

"Yes, sah, I'se heah, sah."

"Isaac, run out to the carriage-house, and get a piece of that black rock."

"Yes, sah, I'se gone."

In a twinkling the negro had obtained a huge lump of the anthracite, and handing it over to the governor, it was placed in a favorable position alongside of the first lump, and the governor's eyes fairly danced polkas as he witnessed the fact of the two pieces of black rock assuming a red hot complexion.

"Isaac!" again exclaimed the governor.

"Yes, sah."

"Run out—get another lump."

"Yes, sah."

A third lump was added to the fire; the company in the governor's private parlor was augmented by the appearance of the governor's lady and other portions of the family, who, seeing Isaac lugging in the rocks, came to the conclusion that the governor was going "clean crazy" over his experiments. It was in vain Mrs. Mifflin and the daughters tried to suspend the functions of the "chief magistrate," over the roaring fire.

"Go away, women; what do you know about mineralogy, igniting anthracite? Go way; close the doors; I've got the rocks on fire—I'll make them laugh t'other side of their mouths, at my black rock fires!"

In the midst of the excitement, as the governor was perspiring and exulting over his fiery operation, a carriage drove up, and two gentlemen alighted, and desired an immediate audience with Gov. Mifflin; but so deeply engaged was the governor, that he refused the strangers an audience, and while directing Isaac to tell the strangers that they must "come to-morrow," and while he continued to pile on more black rocks, brought in by Isaac, in rushed the

strangers.

"Good day, governor; you must excuse us, but our business admits of no delay."

"Can't help it, can't help you—see how it blazes, see how it burns!" cried the abstracted or mentally and physically absorbed governor.

"But, governor, the man may be hanged, if—"

"Let him be hanged—hurra! See how it burns; call in the neighbors; let them see my black rock fire. I knew I'd surprise them!"

"But, governor, will you please delay this—"

"Delay? No, not for the President of the United States. I've been trying this experiment for eight years. I've now succeeded—see, see how it burns! Run, Isaac, over to Dr. ——'s, tell him to come, stop in at Mr. S——'s, tell Mr. H—— to come, come everybody—I've got the black rocks in a blaze!" And clapping on his hat, out ran the governor through the storm, down to the village, like a madman, leaving the strangers and part of his household as spectators of his fiery experiments. Just as the governor cleared his own door, a pedler wagon "drove up," and the pedler, seeing the governor starting out in such double quick time, hailed him.

"Hel-lo! Sa-a-a-y, yeou heold on—*yeou the guv'ner*?"

"Clear out!" roared the chief magistrate.

"Shain't deu nothin' of the sort, no how!" says the pedler, dismounting from his wagon, and making his appearance at the front door, where he encountered the two rather astonished strangers—legal gentlemen of some eminence, from Harrisburg, with a petition for the respite of execution.

"Halloo! which o' yeou be the guv'ner?" says the pedler.

"Neither of us," replied the gentlemen; "that was the governor you spoke to as you drove up."

"Yeou dun't say so! Wall, he was pesky mad about som'-thin'. What on airth ails the ole feller?"

"Can't say," was the response; "but here he comes again."

"Now, now come in, come in and see for yourselves," cried the excited Governor of the great Key Stone State; "there's a roaring fire of burning, blazing, black rock, anthracite coal!"

But, alas! the cross sticks having given away in the interim, and the coal being thrown down upon the ashes and stone hearth,—*was all out!*

"Wall," says our migratory Yankee, who followed the crowd into the house, "I guess I know what yeou be at, guv'ner, but I'll tell yeou naow, yeou can't

begin to keep that darn'd hard stuff burning, 'less yeou fix it up in a grate, like, gin it air, and an almighty draught; yeou see, guv'ner, I've been making experiments a darn'd long while with it!"

The laugh of the governor's friends subsided as the pedler went into a practical theory on burning stone coal; the *respite* was signed—hospitalities of the mansion extended to all present, and in course of a few days, our Yankee and the governor rigged up a grate, and soon settled the question—will our black rocks burn?

Sure Cure.

Travel is a good invention to cure the blues and condense worldly effects. When Cutaway went to California, "I carried," said he, "a pile of despondency, and more baggage, boots, and boxes, than would fit out a caravan. After an absence of just fourteen calendar months, I started homewards, and was so boiling over with hope and fond anticipation, that I could hardly keep in my old boots! And all the *dunnage* I had left, wouldn't fill a pocket-handkerchief, or sell to a paper-maker for four cents!"

Cutaway recommends seeing the *worldy* elephant, high, for settling one's mind, and scattering goods, gold, and chattels.

Chasing a Fugitive Subscriber.

Printers, from time immemorial—back possibly to the days of Faust—have suffered martyrdom, more or less, at the hands of the people who didn't pay! Many of the long-established newspaper concerns

can show a "black list" as long as the militia law, and an unpaid *cash account* bulky enough to take Cuba! Country publishers suffer in this way intensely. About one half of the "subscribers" to the *Clarion of Freedom*, or the *Universal Democrat*, or the *Whig Shot Tower*, seem to labor under the Utopian notion that printers were made to mourn over unpaid subscription lists; or that they "got up" papers for their own peculiar amusement, and carried them or sent them to the doors of the public for mere pastime! Every publisher, of about every paper we ever examined, about this time of year, has told his own story—requested his subscribers to come forward—pay over—help to keep the mill going—creditors easy—fire in the stove—meal in the barrel—children in bread, butter and shoes—Sheriff at bay, and other tragical affairs connected with the operations attendant upon unsettled cash accounts! But, how many heed such "notices?" Paying subscribers do not read them—such applications do not apply to them—*they* regret to see them in the paper, and, like honest, common-sensed people, don't probe or meddle with other people's shortcomings. The delinquent subscriber don't read such *calls* upon his humanity—they are distasteful to him; he may squint and grin over the *notice* to pay up, and chuckles to himself—"Ah, umph! dun away, old feller; I ain't one o' that kind that sends money by mail; it might be lost, and the man that duns *me* for

two or three dollars' worth of newspapers, *may get it if he knows how*."

Well, the good time has *come*. Printers now may wait no longer; the jig's up—they have found out a *way* to get their money just as easy as other laborers in the fields of science, art, mechanism, law, physic and religion, get theirs. Let the printer cry *Eureka*.

Doctor Pendleton St. Clair Smith, a patron of the fine arts, best tailors, barbers, boot blacks, and the newspaper press, was a tooth operator of some skill and great pretension. He lived and moved in modern style, and though no man could be more desirous of indulging in "short credit," no man believed or acted more readily upon the principle—

——"base is the slave that *pays*."

Dr. P. St. C. Smith "slipped up" one day, leaving the *well done* community of Boston and the environs, for fields more congenial to his peculiar talents. He *stuck* the printer, of course. His numerous subscription accounts to the various local news and literary journals, in the aggregate amounted to quite considerable; and the printers didn't begin to like it! Now, it takes a Yankee to head off a Yankee, and about this time a live, double-grand-action Yankee, named Peabody, possibly, happened in at one of the offices, where two brother publishers were "making a few remarks" over delinquent subscribers, and

especially were they wrought up against and giving jessy to Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith!

"How much does the feller owe you?" quoth Peabody.

"Owe? More than he'll ever pay during the present generation."

"Perhaps not," says Peabody; "now if you'll just give me the full particulars of the man, his manners and customs, name and size, and sell me your accounts, at a low notch, I'll buy 'em; I'll collect 'em, too, if the feller's alive, out of jail, and any where around between sunrise and sunset!"

The publishers laughed at the idea, sensibly, but finding that Peabody was up for a trade, they traced out the accounts, &c., and for a five dollar bill, Mr. Peabody was put in possession of an account of some twenty odd dollars and cents against Dr. P. St. C. Smith.

Now Peabody had, some time previous to this transaction, established a peculiar kind of Telegraph, a human galvanic battery, or endless chain of them, extending all over the country, for collecting bad debts, and *shocking* fugitives, or stubborn creditors! By a continuation of faculties, causes and effects—shrewdness and forethought peculiar to a man capable of seeing considerably deep into millstones—

Peabody couldn't be *dodged*. If he ever got his *feelers* on to a subject, the *equivalent* was bound to be turning up! It struck him that the collection of newspaper bills afforded him a great field for working his Telegraph, and he hasn't been mistaken.

The scene now changes; early one morning in the pleasant month of June, as the poet might say, Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith was to be seen before his toilet glass in the flourishing city of Syracuse,—giving the finishing stroke to his highly-cultivated beard. The satisfaction with which he made this demonstration, evinced the sereneness of his mind and the *confidence* with which he rested, in regard to his newspaper 'bills in Boston. But a *tap* is heard at his door, and at his invitation the servant comes in, announces a gentleman in the parlor, desirous of speaking to Dr. Smith. The Doctor waits upon the visitor—

"Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith, I presume?"

"Ye-e-s," slowly and suspiciously responded that individual.

"I am collector, sir," continued the stranger, "for the firm of Peabody, Grab, Catchem, and Co., Boston. I have a small (!) bill against you, sir, to collect."

"What for?" eagerly quoth the Doctor.

"Newspaper subscriptions and advertising, sir!"

"I a—I a, you a—well, you call in this evening," says the Doctor, tremulously fumbling in his pockets —"I'll settle with you; good morning."

"Good morning, sir," says the collector,—"I'll call."

That afternoon, Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith vamosed! He had barely got located in Syracuse, before they had traced him; if he paid the printer, a cloud of other debts would follow, and so he up stakes and made a fresh *dive!*

"Now," says Dr. P. St. C. Smith, as he dumped himself and baggage down in the beautiful city of Chicago, "Now I'll be out of the range of the duns; they won't get sight or hearing of me, for a while, I'll bet a hat!"

But, alas! for the delusion; the very next morning, a very suspicious, hatchet-faced individual, made himself known as the deputed collector of certain newspaper accounts, forwarded from Boston, by Peabody, Grab, Catchem, & Co. The Dr. uttered a very severe *anathema*; he looked quite streaked, he faltered; he then desired the collector to call in course of the day, and the bill would be attended to. The collector hoped it would be attended to, and left; so did Dr. P. St. C. Smith *in the next mail line*.

About one month after the affair in Chicago, Dr. P. St. C. Smith was seen strutting around in Charters st.,

New Orleans, confident in his security, smiling in the brightness of the scenes around him; he had just negotiated for an office, had already concocted his advertisements, and subscribed for the papers, when lo! the same due bill from Boston appeared to him, in the hand of an *agent* of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co. The Dr. was almost tempted to pay the bill! But, then, perhaps the *agent* had a hat full of others—from the same place—for larger amounts! The next day the Doctor *put* for Texas! planting himself in the pleasant town of Bexar, and cursing duns from the bottom of his heart—he determined to keep clear of them, even if he had to bury himself away out here in Texas. But what was his horror to find, the first week of his hanging up in Bexar, that an agent of the firm of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co., *was there!* The Doctor *stepped* to Galveston; on the way he accidentally *met* a travelling agent of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co. The Doctor took the *Sabine* slide for Tampico; there he found the "black vomit." He up and off again, for Mobile; his nervous system was much worked up and his pocket-book sadly depleted! There were two alternatives—change his name, size and profession, and live in a swamp; *or settle with the firm of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co*. Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith chose the latter; he sought and soon found in Mobile, a veritable *agent*, duly authorized to receive and forward funds for Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co., and hunt up and down—fugitives

from the printer! The Doctor paid up—felt better, and learned the moral fact that delinquent subscribers are no longer to be the printers' ghosts.

Ambition.

A person never thinks so meanly of ambition as when walking through a grave-yard.—To see men who have filled the world with their glory for half a century or more, reduced to a six foot mudhole, gives pride a shock which requires a long stay in a city to counteract.—The gentlemen who are now "spoken of for the Presidency," will in less than a century, have their bones carted away to make room for a street sewer. Queer creature that man—well, he is.

Way the Women Fixed the Tale-Bearer.

"I dunno where I heer'd it, but I know it's true. I expected it long ago. I told Jones it'd come out so."

"Why, Uncle Josh, you don't pretend to say that Miller's wife has run off with Bob Tape, Yardstick's clark, do you?"

"Yes, I do, too; hain't it been the talk of the neighborhood for a year past, that Miller's wife and that feller—Bob Tape, were a leetle too thick?"

"Well, Uncle Josh," says his neighbor Brown, "I don't recollect anybody saying anything about it, but you, and for my part, I don't believe a word of it."

"Why, hain't Miller's wife gone?" says Uncle Josh.

"I don't know—is she?" says Brown.

"Be sure she is; I went over to the store this morning, the fust thing, to see if Bob Tape was about—he wasn't there—they said he'd gone to Boston on business for old Yardstick. O, ho! says I, and then I started for Heeltap's shop; we had allers said how things would turn out. He was out, but seein' me go to his shop, he came a runnin', and says he:

"'Uncle Josh, theer gone, sure enough!—I've been over to old Mammy Gabbles, and she sent her Suke over to Miller's, on purtence of borrowin' some lard, but told Suke to look around and see ef Miller's wife wur about; by Nebbyknezer, Miller's wife wur gone! Marm Gabbles couldn't rest, so she sent back Suke, and told her to ax the children whare their marm wus; Miller hearing Suke, ordered her to scoot, so

Suke left without hearing the facts in the case, as 'Squire Black says.'

"But Heeltap swears, and I know Miller's wife and Bob Tape have *sloped*, as they say in the papers."

"Well," says Brown, "I'm sorry if it's true—I don't believe a word of it tho', and as it's none of my business, I shall have nothing to say about it."

Uncle Josh was one of those inordinate pests which almost every village, town and hamlet in the country is more or less accursed with. He was a great, tall, bony, sharp-nosed, grinning *genius*, who, being in possession of a small farm, with plenty of boys and girls to work it, did not do anything but eat, sleep and lounge around; a gatherer of *scan, mag.*, a news and scandal-monger, a great guesser, and a stronger suspicioner, of everybody's motives and intentions, and, of course, never imputed a good motive or movement to anybody.

You've seen those wretches, male and female, haven't you, reader? Such people are great nuisances —half the discomforts of life are bred by them; they contaminate and poison the air they breathe, with their noisome breath, like the odor of the Upas tree.

Uncle Josh had annoyed many—he was the dread and disgust of seven-eighths of the town he lived in. He had caused more quarrels, smutted more

characters, and created more ill-feeling between friends, neighbors and acquaintances, than all else beside in the community of Frogtown. Uncle Josh was voted a great bore by the men, and a sneaking, meddling old granny by the women. So, at last, the young women of the town did agree, that the very next time Uncle Josh carried, concocted, or circulated any slanderous or otherwise mischievous stories, *they would duck him in the mill-race*.

Now, Brown—old Mister Brown—was the very antipode of Uncle Josh; he was for always taking matters and things by the smoothest handle. Mister Brown never told tales, backbited or slandered anybody; everybody had a good word to say about Mister Brown, and Mister Brown had a good word to say about everybody. The gals thought it prudent to give old Mister Brown an inkling of their plans in regard to the disposition they intended to make of Uncle Josh; the old man laughed, and told them to go ahead, and to duck old Josh, and perhaps they would reform him.

"Now, gals," says old Mister Brown, "Uncle Josh has just this very day been at his dirty work; by this time he has spread the news all over the town, that Miller's wife has gone off with Yardstick's clark. I don't believe a word of his tale, and if Miller's wife ain't really gone off, Uncle Josh ought to be soused in the mill-race."

Next morning Miller's wife came home; she had been down to her sister's, a few miles off, to see a sick child; her husband had been away at a law-suit, in a neighboring town, and so Miller nor his wife knew nothing of the report of her elopement with Bob Tape, until their return.

Miller was in a rage, but couldn't find out the author of the report. Miller's wife was deeply mortified that such a suspicion should arise of her; she had been making Bob Tape some new clothes to go to Boston in, and here was the gist of Bob and Miller's wife's intimacy! There was a great time about it—Miller swore like a trooper, and his wife nearly cried her eyes out.

A few evenings afterwards, it being cool, clear weather in October, Polly Higgins and Sally Smith called in to see Miller's wife, and asked her to join them in a little party that some of the neighboring women had got up that evening, for a particular purpose. Miller's wife not having much to do that evening, her husband said she might go out a spell if she chose, and she went, and soon learned the purport of the call—old Uncle Josh was to be ducked in the mill-race! and Miller's wife, disguised as the rest, was to help do it. When she heard that old Josh had circulated the report of her elopement, Miller's wife did not require much coaxing to join the watering committee.

It was so planned that all the women, some ten or twelve in number, were to put on men's clothes and lay in wait for Uncle Josh at his lane gate, about a quarter of a mile from the mill-race. Old Josh always hung around the tavern, Heeltap's shoe-shop, or the grocery, until 9 P. M., before he started for home, and the girls determined to rush out of a small thicket that stood close by old Josh's lane gate, and throwing a large, stout sheet over him, wind him up, and then seizing him head, neck and heels, hurry him off to the mill-race, and duck him well.

Mind you, your country gals and women are not paint and powder, corset-laced and fragile creatures, like your delicate, more ornamental than useful young ladies of the city; no, no, the gals of Frogtown were real flesh and blood; Venuses and Dianas of solidity and substance; and it would have taken several better men than Uncle Josh to have got away from them. It was a cool, moon-shiny night, but to better favor the women, just as old Josh got near his gate, a large, black cloud obscured the moon, and all was as dark as a stack of black cats in a coal cellar. Miller's wife acted as captain; dressed in Bob Tape's old clothes he had left at her house to be repaired, she gave the word, and out they rushed.

"Seize him, boys!" said she, in a very loud whisper. Over went the sheet, down came old Josh, co-blim! Before he could say "lor' a massy," he was dragged to

the mill-race, tied hand and foot, blindfolded, his coat taken off, and he was *ca-soused* into the cold water! Fury! how the old fellow begged for his life!

"O, lor' a massy, don't drown me boys! I—a, I—" *ca-souse* he went again.

"Give him another duck," says one—and in he'd go again.

"Now, we'll learn you to carry tales," says another.

"And tell lies on me and Miller's wife," says Bob Tape—ca-souse he went.

"O, lor' a mas—mas—e, do—do—don't drown me, Bob; I'll—I'll promise never to—" in they put him again; the water was as cold as ice.

"Will you promise never to take or carry a story again?"

"I d—d—d—*do* promise, if—yo—yo—yo—you—don't—duc—" and in he went again.

"Do you promise to mind your own business and let others alone, Uncle Josh?"

"Ye—ye—yes, I d—*do*, I—I—I'll promise anything—bo—boys, only let me go," says Uncle Josh.

"Well, boys," says Polly Higgins, rousing, jolly critter she was, too, "I owe Uncle Josh one more dip: he lied about my gal, Polly Higgins, and—"

"O, ho, Seth Jones, that's you, ain't it?—Well—we —well, I said nothing about Polly; it was Heeltap said it, 'deed it was."

Then they let old Josh off, vowing they'd give Heeltap his gruel next night, and the moment Josh got clear of his sousers, he cut for home. Next day Heeltap cleared himself.—Uncle Josh soon found out that he had been ducked by the women, and, for his own peace, moved to Iowa, and Frogtown has been a happy place ever since.

Penalty of Kissing your own Wife.

Cato, when Censor of Rome, expelled from the Senate Manilius, whom the general opinion had marked out for counsellor, because he had given his wife a kiss in the day time, in the sight of his daughter. And this reminds us of a local story told us by one of the "oldest inhabitants" of the city, that occurred once upon a time in this harbor. Before the Revolutionary war, one of the King's ships was stationed here, and occasionally cruised down to the south'ard. It so chanced that after a long absence the cruiser arrived in the harbor on Sunday, and as the naval captain had left his wife in Boston, the moment

she heard of his arrival she hastened down to the water side in order to receive him. The worthy old sea captain, on landing, embraced his lady with tenderness and true affection. This, as there were many spectators by, gave great offence to the puritanical landsmen, and was considered as an act of indecency and a flagrant profanation of the Sabbath. The next day, therefore, the captain was summoned before the magistrates and selectmen, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped!

The old captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of disgrace, he mixed as usual with the best of company, and even with the selectmen he soon ceased to be else than familiar as ever.

At length the vessel was ordered home, to England, and the captain, therefore, with seeming concern to take leave of his worthy friends, and that they might spend a more happy and convivial day together before their final separation, invited the principal magistrates and selectmen to dine with him the day of his departure, on board his ship. They readily accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more glorious than the entertainment that was given.

At length the solemn moment arrived that was to part them—the anchor was apeak, the sails unfurled, and nothing was wanted but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate and formal leave of his worthy municipal friends, accompanied them upon deck where the boatswain and crew were ready to receive them. He here thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shown him, of which the captain assured them he should bear a kind remembrance.

"One point of civility, only," he continued, "gentlemen, remains to be adjusted between us, and as it is in my power to settle it, I shall be most happy to do so. You infernal old rogues you, you whipped me for evincing a due regard and love for my wife, and now, lest you perpetrate the outrage again 'gainst all law and reason, I'll give you a lesson that will last your lifetime. Boatswain, strip each of these rogues to the waist, lash them fast and put on your cat-o'-nine tails forty stripes each!"

The boatswain, mid the laugh and acclamation of the whole crew, went to the work with a hearty good will, and after giving the magistrates and selectmen a fine dressing all around, he cut them loose, put them in their boat, and the ship set sail down the harbor and soon disappeared in the dim dist cut ocean.

Mysteries and Miseries of Housekeeping.

People of experience tell awful stories about the miseries of boarding, and boarding-houses, and it is very clearly palpable to us that keepers of boarding-houses could a tale unfold of their own miseries, equal, if not double that of the luckless creatures who board. That housekeeping has its joys it would be vain to deny, but we need no ghost come from the grave to inform us that the secrets of the kitchen are as numerous and as harrowing, as all can attest that ever had occasion to keep house or hire a "Betty."

When Mr. Peter Perriwinkle got married, he exclaimed against hotels, and abominated boarding-houses; quitting both species of human habitations, he "up" and rented a house, and to hear his glowing description of the house—such a cosy little three-storied brick house, on a street too broad for the neighbors opposite to see into his front parlors, and no houses in the rear from which the prying eye of the curious and idle could spy into back kitchen closets or dinner pots—in brief, Perriwinkle went on with that strain of domestic eloquence, peculiar to new beginners in the arts and mysteries of housekeeping, and after a general detail of the quiet comfort and unalloyed happiness he and Mrs. P. were bound to enjoy for the balance of their lives, we merely observed—

"Ah, my dear sir, you've but the ephemeral bright side of your vision yet. But no matter, dear Pete, as the man said of the sausages—hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst."

"But, brother Jack, I've no reason to look for any thing but a good time. Haven't I married one of the best women in the world? I'm too experienced in life, my boy, to call any female women angels, doves, or sugar plums, you know, but my wife is a real woman!"

"Yes, Pete, she is all that," said we.

"Well, ain't I square with the world? Enough laid up for a wet day—don't care twopence ha'penny for politics, or soldier fol-de-rols—who wins or who loses in such hums?"

"Granted, old fellow."

"I tell you I've a perfect little paradise of a house engaged, furnished and provisioned for a twelvemonth."

"No doubt of all that."

"As to friends and acquaintances, I have plenty, and of the right stripe, too; I'd swear to that without any reluctance."

"I hope, Peter, you have."

"Then what in faith do you imagine I have in embryo to upset or disturb the even tenor of my way, old boy? Come, answer that."

"Does your domestic apparatus work well?"

"I haven't tried it yet."

"Are your appurtenances—your household appointments—from kitchen to parlor, from coal cellar to top scuttle, all they are cracked up to be?"

"Well, you see, the fact is, I can't tell that, yet."

"Do your chimneys draw? Does your range or cooking stove do things up brown? Have you got your Bettys?"

"I vow you've sort of got me this time, brother Jack; but I'll find out, soon, and let you know."

"Do, if you please, Peter, and let us hear an account of how things are working after the first quarter's experience."

Perriwinkle opened with a neat supper party. We attended, and every thing looked cap-a-pie; new, tasteful and happy as any thing human under God's providence and the art and judgment of man could promise. At midnight the company dispersed, all wishing the Perriwinkles life, love, and lots of the small fry.

Months passed, full three; we met our old and familiar friend, Peter Perriwinkle, and as we had not seen him for some time, we met with greetings most cordial.

"How is every thing, old boy—paradise regained?"

"Ah," said Peter, with an ominous shake of the head, "dear Jack,—we've a great deal to learn in this world, and as our old friend Sam Veller says, whether its worth while to pay so much to learn so little, at cost—is a question."

"You begin to think so, eh?"

"Things don't work quite so smooth as I expected—I've moved!"

"What? Not so soon?"

"Yes, sir," said Perriwinkle; "that house was a nuisance!"

"A nuisance? Why, I thought you were in raptures with it?"

"Had water every wet spell, knee-deep in the cellar; full of rats, bugs, and foul air."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do," said Perriwinkle, mournfully. "Chimneys smoked, paper peeled off the walls, Mrs. P. got the rheumatics, a turner worked all night, next

door, the fellow that had previously lived or stayed in the house, ran off, leaving all his bills unpaid, and our door bell was incessantly kept ringing by ugly and impudent duns, and the creditors of the rascal, whom I did not know from a side of sole leather. I lived there in purgatory!"

"Too bad," said we. "Well, you've moved, eh?"

"Moved—and such an infernal job as it was. You know the two vases I received as a present from my brother, at Leghorn; I wouldn't have taken $100 each, for them—"

"They are worth it; more too."

"The carman dropped one out of his hands, broke it into a half bushel of flinders, and I hit the centre table upon which the other stood, with a chair, and broke it into forty pieces. But, that wasn't any thing, sir. My wife packed up the elegant set of china presented her by her sister, in a large clothes basket, and set it out in the hall, and while our Irish girl and the carman were carrying out a heavy trunk, the girl lost her balance and fell bump into the basket. She weighed over two hundred pounds—every article of the china was crushed into powder!"

"This was too bad," said we, condolingly.

"Our carpets were torn in getting them up, for I had them put down fast and tight, never supposing

they'd come up until thread-bare and out of fashion; they were stained and daubed. The veneering of the piano and other furniture is scratched and torn; a hundred small matters are mutilated. Franklin thought a few moves was as bad as a fire; one move convinces me that the old man was right. But, my dear fellow, I won't bore you with my miseries. We are now moved, and look comfortable again. Call and see us, do. Good bye."

About a fortnight after meeting Perriwinkle, one evening we went up town to see him and his lady. Mrs. P., before marriage, was an uncommon even-tempered and most amiable woman. She had now been married about six months. Upon entering the parlor we found Mrs. P. laboring under much "excitement," and poor Peter—he was doing his best to pacify and soothe her—

"Halloo! what's the trouble?"—we were familiar enough to ask the question—as they were alone, without intruding.

"Take a seat, John," said Perriwinkle. "Mrs. P. and the cook have had a misunderstanding. A little muss, that's all."

"Mr. Humphries," responded the irritated wife, "you don't know how one's temper and good nature are put out, sir, by housekeeping; by the impudence, awkwardness, and wasteful habits of servants, sir."

"Oh! yes, we do, Mrs. P.; we've had our experience," we replied.

"Well, sir," she continued, "I have suffered so in ordering, directing, and watching these women and girls—had my feelings so outraged by them, time and again, since we began housekeeping, that I vow I am out of all manner of patience and charity for them. We have had occasion to change our help so often, that I finally concluded to submit to the awkwardness that cost us sets of china, dozens of glasses, stained carpets, soiled paints, smeared walls, rugs upon the top of the piano, and the piano cloths put down for rugs; Mr. P.'s best linen used for mops, and puddings boiled in night-caps. But, sir, when this evening I found the dough-tray filled with the chambermaid's old clothes, she wiping the lamps with our linen napkins, and the cook washing out her stockings in the dinner pot—I gave way to my angry passions, and cried with vexation!"

And she really did cry, for female blood of Mrs. P.'s pilgrim stock, couldn't stand that, nohow.

P. S.—Perriwinkle and lady sold off, and took rooms at the Tremont House, in order to preserve their morals and money.

Miseries of a Dandy.

That poverty is at times very unhandy—yea, humiliating, we can bear witness; but that any persons should make their poverty an everlasting subject of shame and annoyance to themselves, is the most contemptible nonsense we know of. During our junior days, while officiating as "shop boy," behind a counter in a southern city, we used to derive some fun from the manœuvres of a dandy-jack of a fellow in the same establishment. He was of the bullet-headed, pimpled and stubby-haired *genus*, but dressed up to the *nines*; and had as much pride as two half-Spanish counts or a peacock in a barnyard.

Charley was mostly engaged in the ware rooms, laboratory, etc., up stairs. He would arrive about 7 A. M., arrayed in the costume of *the latest style*, as he flaunted down Chestnut Street—by the way, it was a long, idle tramp, out of his road to do so,—his hair all frizzled up, hat shining and bright as a May morn, his dickey so stiff he could hardly expectorate over his *goatee*, while his "stunnin'" scarf and dashing pin stuck out to the admiration of Charley's extensive eyes, and the astonishment of half the clerks and all the shop boys along the line of our Beau Brummell's promenade!

It was very natural to conceive that Charley was impressed with the idea, that he was the envy of half

the men, and the *beau* ideal of all the women he met! But your real dandy is no particular lover of women; he very naturally so loves himself that he lavishes all his fond affection upon his own person. So it was with our *beau*—he wouldn't have risked dirtying his hands, soiling his "patent leathers," or disarranging his scarf the thirteenth of an inch, to save a lady from a mad bull, or being run down by a wheelbarrow! Charley, to be sure, would walk with them, talk with them, beau them to the theatre, concert or ball room, provided always—they were dressed all but to within half an inch of their lives! The man who introduced a new and *stunnin*' hat, scarf, or coat, Charley would swear friendship to, on sight! A shabby, genteel person was his abomination; a patch or darn, utterly horrifying! He lived, moved, breathed—ideally, his ideality based, of course, upon ridiculous superfluities of life—leather and prunella, entirely. Charley looked upon "a dirty day" as upon a villanously-dressed person, while a bright, shining morn—giving him amplitude to make a "grand dash," won from him the same encomiums to the producer that he would bestow on the getter-up of an elegant pair of cassimeres—commendable works of an artist! The *genus* dandy, whether of savage or civilized life, is a felicitous subject for peculiar, speculative, comparative analogy or *analysis*; we shall pursue the shadow no farther, but come to the substance.

After arriving at the establishment, Charley would strip off his "top hamper," placing his finery in a closet with the care and diligence of a maiden of thirty, and upwards. Then, donning a rude pair of over-alls and coat, he condescended to go to work. Now, in the said establishment, our *beau* had few friends; the men, girls, and boys were "down" upon him; the men, because of his dandyism; the females hated him, because Charley stuck his long nose *up* at "shop girls," and wouldn't no more notice them in the streets, than if they were chimney sweepers or decayed esculents! We boys didn't like him no how, generally, though it was policy for him to treat us tolerably decent, because his pride made it imperiously necessary that some of the "little breeches" should do small chores, errands, bringing water from the street, carrying down to *the shop* goods, etc., which might otherwise devolve upon himself. But men, girls and boys were always scheming and practising jokes and tricks upon the *beau*. The boys would all rush off to dinner—first having so dirtied the water, hid the towels and soap, that poor Charley would necessarily be obliged to go down into the public street and bring up a bucket of the clean element to wash his begrimed face and hands. And mark the difficulties and *diplomacy* of such an arrangement. Charley would slip down into the lower entry, peep out to see if any body was looking,—if a genteel person was visible, the *beau*

held back with his bucket; after various reconnaissances, the coast would appear clear, and the *beau* would dash out to the pump, agitate "the iron-tailed cow" with the force and speed of an infantile earthquake—snatch up the bucket, and with one *dart* hit the doorway, and glide up stairs, thanking his stars that nobody "seen him do it!"

In one of these *forays* for water, the *beau* was decidedly cornered by two of the "shop girls." They, sly creatures, observed poor Charley from an upper "landing" of the stairway, in the entry below, watching his chance to get a clear coast to fill his dirty bucket. The moment the beau darted out, down rush the girls—slam to the door and bar it!

The *beau*, dreaming of no such diabolical inventions, gives the pump an awful *surge*, fills the bucket, looks down the street, and—O! murder, there come two ladies—the first *cuts* of the city, to whom Charley had once the honor of a personal introduction! With his face turned over his shoulder at the *ladies*—his nether limbs desperately nerved for *tall walking*,—he dashes at the supposed open entryway, and—nearly knocked the panel out of the door, smashing the bucket, spilling the water, and slightly killing himself!

It was almost "a cruel joke," in the girls, who, taking advantage of the stunning effect of the

operation, unbarred the door and vanished, before poor Charley picked himself up and scrambled into the lower store to recuperate.

Weeks ran on; the beau had enjoyed a respite from the wiles of his persecutors, when one morning he was forced to come down into the store in his working gear, well be-spattered with oleaginous substances, dust and dirt; in this gear, Charley presented about as ugly and primitive a looking Christian, as might not often—before California life was dreamed of—be seen in a city. We *did* quite an extensive retail trade—the store was rarely free from *ton*-ish citizens, mostly "fine ladies," in quest of fine perfumes, soaps, oils, etc., to sweeten and decorate their own beautiful selves. But, before venturing in, our *beau* had an eye about the horizon, to see that no impediments offered; things looked safe, and in comes the beau.

We were upon very fair terms with Charley, and he was wont to regale us with many of his long stories about the company he *faced* into, the "conquests" he made, and the times he had with this and that, in high life. Fanny Kemble was about that time—belle of the season! *Lioness* of the day! setting corduroy in a high fever, and raising an awful *furore* —generally! Alas! how soon such things—cave in!

Charley got behind the counter to stow away some

articles he had brought down, and began one of his usual harangues:

"Theatre, last night, Jack?"

"No; couldn't get off; wanted to," said we.

"O, you missed a grand opportunity to see the fashion beauty and wealthy people of this city! Such a house! Crowded from pit to dome, met a hundred and fifty of my friends—ladies of the first families in town, with all the 'high boys' of my acquaintance!"

"And how did Fanny *do* Juliet?" we asked.

"Do it? Elegant! I sat in the second stage box with the two Misses W. (Chestnut street belles!) and Colonel S. and Sam. G., and his sister (all *nobs* of course!), and they were truly entranced with Miss Kemble's Juliet! I threw for Miss G. her elegant bouquet,—Fanny kissed her fingers to me, and with a *look* at me, as I stood up so—(the beau gave a tall *rear up* and was about to spread himself, when glancing at the door, he sees—two ladies! right in the store!) *thunder!*" he exclaims.

If the beau had been hit by a streak of lightning, he would not have *dropped* sooner than he did, behind the counter.

The ladies proved to be *nobody* else than those of the very two Misses W. themselves; they lived close

by, and frequently came to the store. Beneath our counter were endless packages, broken glass, refuse oils, rancid perfumes, dust, dirt, grease, charcoal, soap, and about everything else dingy and offensive to the eye and nose. The place afforded a wretched refuge for a hull so big and nice as our beau's, but there he was, much in our *way* too, with the mournful fact, for Charley, that if those "fine ladies" stayed less than half an hour, without overhauling about every article in the store, it would be a white stone indeed in the fortunes of the beau! The ladies sat; they dickered and examined—we exhibited and put away, the beau lying crouched and crucifying at our feet, and we sniggering fit to burst at the *contretemps* of the poor victim. Charley stood it with the most heroic resignation for full twenty minutes, when the two Misses W. got up to go. Casting their eyes towards the door, who should be about to pass but the divine Fanny!

Fanny Kemble! Seeing the two Misses W., whose recognition and acquaintance was worth cultivating —even by the haughty queen of the drama and belle of the hour; she rushed in, they all had a talk—and you know how women can talk, will *talk* for an hour or two, all about nothing in particular, except to *talk*. Imagine our beau,—"Phancy his phelinks," as *Yellow Plush* says, and to heighten the effect, in comes the boss! He comes behind the counter—he sees poor

Charley sprawling—he roars out:

"By Jupiter! Mr. Whackstack, are you sick? *dead*?"

"Dead?" utters Fanny.

"A man dead behind your counter, sir?" scream the Misses W.!

With one desperate *splurge*, up jumps the beau; rushes out, up stairs—gets on his clothes, and we did not see him again for over two years!

A Juvenile Joe Miller.

We observed a small transaction last Wednesday noon, on Hanover street, that wasn't so coarse for an urchin hardly out of his swaddling clouts. He was a cunning-looking little fellow, and poking his head into a shoe shop, he bawls out in a very keen, fine, silvery voice—

"S-a-a-y, Mister-r-r—"

"Eh?—what?" says the shop-keeper.

"Somebody's got your boots out here!"

Supposing, of course, that somebody was pegging

away with a bunch of his *wares* at the door, Lapstone rushes out and cries—

"Where?"

"There," says the shaver; "they're there—somebody's got 'em—hung up 'long your window there."

Lapstone seized a box lid to give the juvenile joker a flip, but he scooted, grinning and ha! ha!-ing in the most provoking strain.

"Selling" a Landlord.

During the great gathering of people in Quakerdom, while the Whigs were dovetailing in Old Zack, an artful dodger, a queer quizzing Boston friend of mine, thought a little *side play* wouldn't be out of the way, so to work he goes to get up a muss, and I'll tell you how he managed it, nice as wax.

Among the Boston delegates—self-constituted, *a la* Gen. Commander—was a certain gentleman, remarkable for his probity, decorum, and extreme sensitiveness. Well, A., the *wag*, and B., the *victim*, landed together, but selected, in the general overflow

and hurly-burly, different lodgings. Next morning, A. finds B. stowed away in ——'s Hotel, fine as a fiddle, snug as a bug, in a good room, and doing about *as* well as could be expected. A. had had indifferent luck, and the quarters he had lit upon were any thing but comfortable, the inmates of the Hotel being stowed away in *tiers*, like herrings in a box. A. thought he'd *oust* his innocent and unsuspecting friend, and crack his joke, if it cost a law suit, just for the sake of variety.

With the *address*, and *partly the* dress—a white hat —of a man of the *mace*, A. steps up to the bar of ——'s Hotel, and after carefully scrutinizing the register, finds the autograph of the victim, then smiles suspiciously, enough to say to the observant bar-keeper—

"Aha! I've found him!" Then leaning cautiously forward towards that person, says A.—

"Is this man here yet? Is he in the house?"

"I b'leave he is, sur,—I know he is, sur," says the Milesian, overlooking the register himself.

"Come here last night?" continues A., in his suspicious strain.

"He did, sur!" answers the grog-mixer.

"Has nothing but a valise and umbrella?" says A.

"Nothing else, sur, I believe," is the reply.

"That's him! that's him! I've found him!" exultantly exclaims A., while the bar-keeper and landlord, who had now come forward, eagerly wanted to know if any thing was wrong with the gentleman whose arrival was being discussed.

"Step aside, sir," says A. to the proprietor; "I don't want any disturbance made, at such a time; it might do your fine establishment more harm than good; *but*, there is a person stopping in your house that I have followed from Boston; I have kept my eye on his movements(!); I know his designs, his practices, *well*; I'm on his track—he dodged me last night, but I've found him—"

"Well, do you pretend to assert that this man (scrutinizing the register) is a pick-pocket, a thief, or something of the kind, sir?" earnestly inquired the proprietor.

"You keep *mum*, sir," said A., coolly tapping the lappel of the landlord's coat—"I've got him *safe!* Let him rest for awhile—I've got him! Do you understand?" says the wag, winking a knowing, significant *wink* at the landlord.

"No, cuss me if I do understand you, sir!" sharply replies the landlord. "If there is a dangerous or disreputable person in my house, sir, I would thank

you to tell me, sir, and I will soon put him where the dogs won't bite him, sir!"

"There is no use of unnecessary alarm, my friend," says A., in a low tone; "the truth is, this person whom I have followed here, has made a heavy *draw* on one of our Boston banks, by means of certain checks and certificates, and—"

"Oho! That's it, eh?" interposes the landlord, beginning to see his guest in a more *dignified* light, that of a splendid thief; so his rigid frown, called in play by the supposition that a petty rascal was on his premises, subsided into a wise smile, which A. interrupts with—

"You've hit it; but keep quiet! Don't let us go too *far* before we're sure the bird is in our cage. He's worth attending to; I'm not sure he's *got* the abstracted money about him; but when he settles with you, just notice the size of his wallet, and its contents; may have an officer handy, if you like. If he has a large roll of notes, especially on the Traders' Bank, nab him, and keep him until I come," said A.

"Where do you stop, sir?" inquired the landlord.

"At the ——, Chestnut street," A. replies.

"Shall be attended to, sir, I warrant you. Is there a reward out, sir, for this person?" says the landlord.

"O! no; it has all been kept quiet. *Policy*, you see; he left in such a hurry, he thought he'd be lost sight of in this crowd here in your city. If he has the money, we'll make 'a spec,' you understand?"

"I see, I see," said the befogged landlord; "I'll keep a sharp look out for him, and let you know the moment I find him fairly out."

That afternoon, as B. called for his bill at the bar of ——'s Hotel, the landlord was *about*, all in a *twitter*, with two policemen in the distance, and sundry especial friends hanging about, to whom the landlord had unbosomed the affair. All were anxiously watching the result of the business. B. hands forth his capacious wallet, stuffed with "*documents*" of the Traders' Bank, of Boston,—from which institution he had *drawn* a pile of funds, to invest in coal at Richmond,—and no sooner did B. place an X, of the Traders' Bank, upon the bar, than the excited landlord's eyes danced like shot on a hot shovel, and giving the constables the *cue*, poor B. found himself *waited upon*, in a brace of shakes, by those two custodians, while the landlord grabbed the wallet out of B.'s hand, with a suddenness that completely mesmerized him.

"Gentlemen," says the landlord to the officers, "do your duty!"

"Why, look here!" says B., squirming about in the

grasp of the officers, and reaching over for the landlord and his wallet—"what the thunder are you about? Come, I say, none of your darn'd nonsense now; let me go, I tell you, and hand back that wallet, Mister ——."

But B. was "a goner." They favored him with no explanation, of course, and were about trotting him forth to the Mayor's office, when a well known Anthracite merchant came in, in quest of B. Some inquiry followed, explanation ensued, and the result was, that after poor B. got a little reconciled to the *joke*, he joined issue with a laughing chorus at the expense of the *sold* landlord, who, in consideration of all hands keeping *mum*, put the party through a course of juleps.

I may as well observe, that I regret there is no particular *moral* to this sketch.

Scientific Labor.

"Bob, what yer doing now?"

"Aiding Nat'ral History."

"Aiding Nat'ral History—what do yer mean by

that?"

"Why every time the kangaroo jumps over the monkey, I hold his tail up."

Who was that Poor Woman?

I do not know a feminine—from the piney woods of Maine to the Neuces—so given to popularity, newspaper philippics, and city item bombards, as Aunt Nabby Folsom, of the town of Boston. The name and doings of Aunt Nabby are linked with nearly all popular cabals in Faneuil Hall, the "Temple," "Chapel," or Melodeon—from funeral orations to political caucusses—Temperance jubilees to Abolition flare ups; for Aunt Nabby never allows *wind*, weather or subject, time, place or occasion, to prevent her "full attendance." The police, and over-zealous auditors, at times *snake her down* or crowd her old straw bonnet, but Aunt Nabby is always sure of the polite attention of the "Reporters," and shines in their notes, big as the biggest toad in the puddle.

Indeed, Aunt Nabby is one of 'em!—a perfect she-male Mike Walsh. She will have her *say*, though a legion of constables stood at the door; her principal

stand-point is the freedom of speech and woman's rights, and she goes in tooth and nail *agin law*, Marshal Tukey, and the entire race-root and rind of the Quincys—particularly strong! Aunt Nabby is subject to a series, too tedious to mention, of "sells" by the *quid nuncs* and rapscallions of the day, and one of these "sells" is the pith of my present paper.

It so fell out, when Jenny Lind arrived here, about every fool within five-and-fifty miles ran their heels and brazen faces after the Nightingale and her carriage wherever she went, from her bed-chamber to her dinner table, from her drawing-room to the Concert Hall. It took Barnum and his whole "private secretary" force and equal number of policemen and servants, besides Stephens himself, of the Revere, and his bar-keeper, to keep the mob from rushing pell-mell up stairs and surrounding Jenny as Paddy did the Hessians.

Now and then a desperate fellow got in—had an audience, grinned, backed down and went his way, tickled as a dog with two tails. Others were victimized by notes from Barnum (!) or Miss Lind's "private secretary," offering an interview, and many of these transactions were "rich and racy" enough, in all conscience, for the pages of a modern Joe Miller. But Aunt Nabby Folsom's time was about as rich as the raciest, and will bear rehearsing—easy.

"Good morning, sir," said a pleasing-looking, neatly-dressed, elderly lady, to the two scant yards of starch and dickey behind Stephens' slab of marble at the Revere.

"Good morning, ma'am," responded the *clark*, who, not knowing exactly who the lady was, *jerked* down his well-oiled and brushed "wig and whiskers" to the entire satisfaction of the matronly lady, who went on to say—

"I wish to see Miss Lind, sir."

"Guess she's engaged, ma'am."

"Well, but I've an invitation, sir, from Miss Lind, to call at 9 A. M. to-day. I like to be punctual, sir; my time is quite precious; I called precisely as desired; Miss Lind appointed the time; and——"

"Oh, very well, very well, ma'am," said the *clark*, with a flourish, "if Miss Lind has invited you——"

"Why, of course she has! Here's her—"

"O, never mind, ma'am; all correct, I presume."

The "pipes" and bells soon had the attendance of a gang of white-jacketed, polish-faced Paddies, and the elderly lady was marshalled, double-file, towards the apartments of the Nightingale.

Jenny had but just "turned out," and was "feeding"

on the right wing and left breast of a lark, the leg of a canary, "a dozen fried" humming bird eggs—her customary fodder of a morning.

The servants passed the countersigns, and the elderly lady was admitted—the Nightingale, without disturbing the ample folds of her camel's hair dressing-gown—a present from the Sultan of all the Turkies, cost $3,000—motioned the matron to squat, and as soon as she got her throat in talking order, said—

"Goot mornins."

"How do you do?" responds the old lady.

"Pooty well, tank'ees. You have some breakest? No!"

"No, ma'am. I've had my breakfast three hours ago."

"Yes? indeed! you rise up early, eh?—Well, it is goot for ze hels, eh?"

"So my doctor says," responded the matron. "But I like to get up and be stirring around."

"Ah! yes; you stir around, eh? What you stir around?"

"Well, Miss Lind, I'll tell you what I stir around. I-stir-the-monsters (Miss Lind looks sharp) who-try-to-

trample-on-the-universal-rights-*of-woman!* (The matron 'up' and gesticulating like the brakes of an engine—Miss Lind drops her eating tools—eyes of the two servants bulge out!) A-n-d I-stir-the-demagogues-who-assemble-in-Faneuil-Hall (down with the brakes!), to prevent-the-freedom-of-speech (rush upon the brakes!), a-a-n-d-put-me-down!"

It was evident that the appetite of the Nightingale was getting spoiled—she looked suspicious, and, just in time to prevent the female orator—who was no other personage, of course, than Aunt Nabby Folsom, from ripping into a regular caucus fanfaronade of gamboge and gas, a knock upon the door announced a "call" for Miss Lind, to dress and appear to a fresh lot of bores—yclept the Mayor and his suit of Deacons, soup, pork and bean-venders.

"Ah! yes; I will be ready in one min't. Madame, you will please come again; once more, adieu—good mornins—adieu!"

And Aunt Nabby, in spite of her ancient teeth, found herself bowed—half way down stairs—into the hall, and clean out doors, before she caught her breath to say another word upon the interminable subject of the freedom of speech and woman's rights!

But Aunt Nabby "blowed"—O! didn't she *blow* to the various tea and toast coteries, scandal and slang express women—and the various knots of anxious

crowds who stood about Bowdoin Square during the Lind mania! Aunt Nabby had had a genuine *tete-a-tete* with the Nightingale—and, ecod, an invitation to call again! But Jenny Lind, and her cordon of sentinels, secretaries and suckers, were "fly" for the old screech owl, when again and again she beset the *clark* and the stairways of the Revere. Though Aunt Nabby hung on and growled dreadfully, she finally caved in and kept away.

When Jenny Lind gave the proceeds of one concert to charitable purposes, among the items set down in the list was—"A poor woman—*one hundred dollars!*"

"Why, it's you, of course," said a *quid-nunc*, to Aunt Abby, as she held the Evening Transcript in her hands, in the store of Redding & Co., and observed the interesting item above alluded to.

"Well, so I think," says Aunt Nabby. "If I ain't a poor woman, and a var-tuous woman, and a good and *true woman* (down came her brakes on the book piles), I'd like to know where—*where*, on this univarsal *yearth* (down with the brakes), you'd find one! One hundred dollars to a poor woman," she continued, reading the item. "I must be the person—yes, Abigail, *thou art the man!*" she concluded in her favorite apothegm.

The *quid* gave Abby the residence of the Agent (!) who was to disburse the Lind charities, and away

went Abby to the Agent, who happened to be an amateur joker; knowing Aunt Abby, and smelling a "sell," he told the old 'un that Mr. Somerby, of No. — Cornhill, the joker of the Post, was the Agent, and would shell out next morning, at nine o'clock. At that hour, S. had Aunt Nabby in his sanctum. He knew the ropes, so assured Abby that there was a mistake; Charles Davenport, of Cornhill, rear of Joy's building, was the man. Charles D. informed Aunt Nabby, that he had declined to disburse for Miss Lind, but that Bro. Norris, of the Yankee Blade, had the pile, and was serving it out to an excited mob. Norris declared that she was in error. She was not, by a jug full, the only, poor woman in town, and didn't begin to be *the* poor woman set forth in Miss Lind's schedule! But Aunt Nabby wasn't to be *done!* She besieged Miss Lind—followed her to the cars—mounted the platform—Jenny espied her, and to avoid a harangue on the freedom of speech and woman's rights, hid her head in her cloak. The last exclamation the Nightingale heard from the screech owl, was—

"Miss Jane Lind—who was that poor wom-a-n?"

Infirmities of Nature.

Some folks are easily glorified. We once knew a man who became so elated because he was elected first sergeant in the militia, that he went home and put a silver plate on his door. Ollapod, in speaking of this kind of people, makes mention of one Sabin, who was so overjoyed the first time he saw his name in the list of letters, advertised by the post-office, that he called his friends together and put them through on woodcock.

Andrew Jackson and his Mother.

It is a most singular, or at least curious fact, connected with the histories of most all eminent men, that they were denied—by the decrees of stern poverty, or an all-wise Providence—those facilities and indulgences supposed to be so essentially necessary for the future success and prosperous career of young men, but acted as "whetstones" to sharpen and develop their true temper! The fact is very vivid in the early history of Andrew Jackson—a name that, like that of the great, godlike Washington, must survive the wreck of matter, the crush of worlds, and, passing down the vista of each successive age, brighter and more glorious, unto

those generations yet to come, when time shall have obliterated the asperities of partisan feeling, and learned to deal most gently with the human frailties of the illustrious dead.

Andrew Jackson, senior, emigrated from Ireland in 1765, with his wife and two boys—Hugh and Robert, both very young; they landed at Charleston, S. C, where Jackson found employment as a laborer, and continued to work thus for several years, until, possessed of a few dollars, he went to the interior of the state and bought a small place near Waxhaw. About this time, 1767, Andrew Jackson, Jr., was born, and during the next year—by the time the infant could lisp the name of his parent—the father fell sick of fever and died. Mrs. Jackson, left with three small children, in an almost wild country, where nothing but toil of a severe and arduous kind could provide a subsistence, was indeed in a most grievous situation. But she appears to have been a woman of no ordinary temperament, courage, and perseverance, for she continued cheerfully the work left her—rearing her boys, and preparing them for the situations in life they might be destined to fill. Mrs. Jackson was a woman of some information, and a strong advocate for the rights and liberties of men; as, it is said, she not only gave her boys their first rudiments of an English education, but often indulged in glowing lectures to them of the

importance of instilling in their hearts and principles an unrelenting war against pomp, power, and circumstance of monarchical governments and institutions! She led them to know that they were born free and equal with the best of earth, and that that position was to be their heritage—maintained even at the peril of life and property! and how well he learned these chivalric lessons, the countrymen of Andrew Jackson need not now be told, as it was exemplified in every page of his whole history.

Hugh, Robert, and Andrew, were now the widow's hope and treasures; Hugh and Robert were her main dependence in working their little farm, and Andrew, never a very robust person, was early sent to the best schools in the neighborhood, and much care taken by his mother to have him at least educated for a profession—the ministry. This resolve was more perhaps decided upon from the naturally stern, contemplative, and fixed principles of young Jackson; as at the early age of fifteen, he was by nature well prepared for the scenes being enacted around him, and in which, even those young as himself, were called upon to take an active part. This was in the days of the revolution, when the weak in numbers of this continent were about to try the *experiment* of living free and independent, and establish the fact that royalty was an imposition and a humbug, only maintained by arrogance and pomp

at the point of the bayonet.

The British had begun the war—already had the echoes of "Bunker Hill," and the smell of "villainous saltpetre," invaded and aroused the quiet dwellers in the woods and wilds of South Carolina, and the chivalric spirit that has ever characterized the men of the Palmetto state, at once responded to the tocsin of *liberty*. It was with no slight degree of sorrow and aching of the mother's heart, that she saw her two sons, Hugh and Robert, shoulder their muskets and join the Spartan band that assembled at Waxhaw Court-house. But she blessed her children and gave up her holy claim of a mother's love, for the common cause of the infant nation.

Cornwallis and his army crossed the Yadkin, Lord Rawden, with a large force, took the town of Camden, and began a desolation of the adjacent country. Being apprised of a "rebel force" in arms at Waxhaw, he immediately dispatched a company of dragoons, with a company of infantry, to capture or disperse the "rebels." About forty men, including the two boys Jackson, were attacked by these veterans of the British army, but aided by their true courage, a good cause, and perfect knowledge of the country, they gave the invaders a hot reception, and many of the enemy were killed; and not until having made the most determinate resistance, and being overwhelmed by the great majority of the opposing

forces, did these patriots retreat, leaving many of their friends dead upon their soil, and eleven of their number prisoners in the hands of the British. It was during this fight that Andrew Jackson—a mere lad—hearing the noise of the conflict, while he sat in the log-house of his mother, besought her to allow him to take his father's gun, and fly to join his brothers. And it was vain that the parent restrained him, knowing the temperament of the boy, from this dangerous determination; for with one warm embrace and parting kiss upon the brow of his mother, Andrew Jackson buckled on his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, and rushed to the scene of battle. But his friends were already flying, and hotly pursued by the enemy. Andrew met his brother Robert, who informed him of the death of their elder brother, Hugh; the two boys now fled together and concealed themselves in the woods, where they lay until hunger drove them forth—they sought food at a farm house, the owner of which proved to be a *tory*, and gave information to some soldiers in the vicinity —the Jacksons were both captured and led to prison. In the affray—for they yielded only by force—Robert was cut on the head by a sword in the hands of a petty officer, and he died in great agony in prison. It was here and then that the firm and manly bearing of the boy was exhibited; for he stood his griefs and imprisonment like a true hero. Not a tear escaped him by which his enemies might be led to believe he

feared their power, or wavered in his allegiance to the cause of his country.

"Here, *boy*, clean my boots!" said an officer to him. But the bright defiant eye of the boy smote the captor with a look, and as he curled his firm lips in scorn, he answered,

"No, sir, I will *not!*"

"You won't? I'll tie you, you young saucy rebel, to your post, and skin your back with a horse whip, if you do not clean my boots."

"Do it," said the lion-hearted boy—"for I'll not stoop to clean the boots of your master!"

The infuriated ruffian drew his sword, and to defend his head from the blow, Andrew threw up his little hand and received a gash—the scar of which went with him to the tomb at the Hermitage. A Captain Walker, of South Carolina, with a dozen or twenty men, during the imprisonment of Andrew Jackson, made a desperate charge upon a company of the British, near Camden, and captured thirteen of them; these prisoners he exchanged for seven of his countrymen, including the boy Andrew Jackson, prisoners of the enemy. Andrew hurried home—his poor old mother was upon her death bed, attended by an old negro nurse of the Jackson family, and suffering not only from the great multitude of grief

consequent upon the death of her heroic sons, but for want of the common necessaries of life, the invaders having stripped the widow of her last pound of provisions. The life-spark rekindled in the eye of the mother, as she beheld her darling boy safe at her bedside—she grasped his hand with the firmness of a dying woman, and turning her eyes upon the now weeping boy, said,

"Andrew, I leave you,—son, you will soon be alone in the world; be faithful, be true to God and your country—that—when—the—hour of death approaches you—will have—nothing to—dread—every thing—to hope for."

Andrew was taken ill after the burial of his mother, and but for the constant and tender care of the old black nurse—the last of the Jackson family—would have then passed away; he recovered—he was alone—not a relative in the world; poor, and in a land ravaged by a foreign foe, could a boy be more desolate and lonely? With a few "effects" thrown upon his shoulders, he went to North Carolina, Salisbury, where he entered the office of a famed lawyer—Spruce M'Cay—was admitted to the bar in 1778—went to Tennessee—served as a soldier in the Indian wars of 1783—chosen a Senator 1797—Major General in 1801—whipped the British in the most

conclusive manner at New Orleans in 1815, and triumphantly elected President of the United States for eight years in 1829. Andrew Jackson followed his mother's advice, and he not only triumphed over his hard fortune, but died a Christian, full of hope, in 1845.

Snaking out Sturgeons.

We have roared until our ribs fairly ached, at the relation of the following "item" on sturgeons, by a loquacious friend of ours:—

It appears our friend was located on the Kennebec river, a few years ago, and had a number of hands employed about a dam, and the sturgeons were very numerous and extremely docile. They would frequently come poking their noses close up to the men standing in the water, and one of the men bethought him how delicious a morsel of pickled sturgeon was, and he forthwith made a preparation to "snake out" a clever-sized fish. Getting an iron rod at the blacksmith's shop, close at hand, he bends up one end like a fish hook, and, slipping out into the stream, he slily places the hook under the sturgeon's nose and into its round hole of a mouth, expecting to

fasten on to the victimized, harmless fish, and "yank" him clean and clear out of his watery element. But, "lordy," wasn't he mistaken and surprised! The moment the hook touched the inside of the sturgeon's mouth, the creature backed water so sudden and forcibly as to near jerk the holder of the hook's head from its socket. The poor fellow was forty rods under water, and going down stream, before he mustered presence of mind enough to induce him to let go the hook!

However, the lookers-on of this curious manœuvre took a boat and fished out their half-drowned comrade, who concluded that he had paid pretty dearly for his whistle.

The sturgeon-catching did not end here. After the laugh of the above-mentioned adventure had ceased, some one offered to bet a hat that he could hold a sturgeon and snake him clean out of the water; and as the man who *had* tried the experiment felt altogether dubious about it, he at once bet that the sturgeon would be more than a match for any man in the crowd.

The wager was duly staked, a rod crooked, the operator tucked up his sleeves and trowsers, and wades out to where a sturgeon or two were lying off in the shallow water. Of course the operation now became a matter of considerable interest; and as the

man was a stout, hearty fellow, able to hold a bull by the horns, few entertained doubts of his bringing out *his* sturgeon.

After a long time the operator gets his hook under the sturgeon, and leans forward to stick it close into the jaws of the victim; and no sooner was that part of the feat accomplished, than Mr. Sturgeon "backs out" with the velocity of chain lightning, carrying his assailant under water and down stream! The man held on; and there they went, foaming and pitching, until the fellow, finding his breath nearly out of his body; his neck, arms, and legs just about dislocated, concluded to lose the hat and let the hook and sturgeon go!

Pretty well used up, the poor fellow succeeded in getting out of the river, a convert to the first experimental idea of the strength and velocity of fish, especially a big sturgeon.

Beginning to imagine that fish could swim, or had some muscular power, several of the bystanders were rife for experimenting on the sturgeons.

Another iron rod was converted into a hook, and two burly-built Paddys volunteered to hook the fish. An opportunity was not long waited for, ere a jolly good elastic nosed genus sturgeon came smelling up close to where the Paddys had posted themselves upon some moss-covered, slippery stones, and with a

sudden spasmodic effort, the man with the hook planted it firmly into the suction hole of the fish, while his companion held on to a rope fast to the hook. Before Pat could say Jack Robinson, of course he was jerked off his feet, and, letting go the iron, the other Paddy and the sturgeon set sail, having all the fun to themselves! This proved, or very nearly so, a serious *denouement* to the sturgeon-catching by hand, for Paddy was carried clean and clear off soundings, and so repeatedly immersed in deep water, that his life was within an ace of being wet out of his body. The rope parted at last (poor Pat never thought of letting go his "hould"), and being dipped out of the liquid element and rolled over a barrel until his insides were emptied of the water, and heat restored through the influence of whiskey, he recovered, and further experimenting on sturgeons, that season, in the Kennebec, ceased.

Mixing Meanings—Mangling English.

There is an individual in Quincy Market, "doing business," who is down on customers who don't speak proper.

"What's eggs, this morning?" says a customer.

"*Eggs*, of course," says the dealer.

"I mean—how do they *go*?"

"Go?—where?"

"Sho—!" says the customer, getting up his *fury*, "what for eggs?"

"Money, money, sir! or good endorsed credit!" says the dealer.

"Don't you understand the English language, sir?" says the customer.

"Not as you mix it and mangle it; I don't!" responded the egg merchant.

"What—is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your—eggs?"

"Ah! now you talk," says the dealer. "Sixteen cents per dozen, is the price, sir!" They traded!

Waking up the Wrong Passenger.

In "comparing notes" with a travelled friend, I glean from his stock of information, gathered South-west, a few incidents in the life of a somewhat

extensively famed Boston panoramic artist—one of which incidents, at least, is worth rehearsing. Some years ago, the South-west was beset by an organized coalition of desperadoes, whose daring outrages kept travellers and the dwellers in the Mississippi valley in continual fear and anxiety. "Running niggers" was one of the most popular and profitable branches of the business pursuits of these gentlemen freebooters, and, next to horse-stealing, was the most practised.

At length, the citizens "measured swords" with the freebooters, or land pirates, more properly; forming themselves into committees, the citizens opened *Court* and practised Judge Lynch's *code* upon a multitude of just occasions. At the time of which we write, Mill's Point, on the Mississippi, was no great shakes of a *town*, but a spot where a very considerable amount of whiskey was drank, and a corresponding quantity of crime and desperate doings were enacted; indeed, some of the worst scenes in Southern Kentucky's tragic dramas were performed there. It so fell out, that some of the land pirates had been actively engaged in levying upon the negroes and mules around Mill's Point, and the protective committee were on the alert to capture and administer the law upon these fellows. It was discovered, one evening, as the shades of a black and rather tempestuous night were closing upon the mighty "father of waters" and his ancient banks, that

a mysterious *voyageur*, or sort of piratical *vidette*, was seen in his light canoe, hugging the shore, either for shelter or some insidious purpose.

The canoe and its navigator were diligently watched; but the coming storm and darkness soon closed observation, and the parties noticing the transaction hurried forward to the *Point*, and announced one or more of the land pirates in the neighborhood! Of course, the town—of some four houses, six "groceries," a *store* and blacksmithery—was aroused, indignant! Impatient for a victim, the *posse comitatus* "fired up," armed to the teeth with pistol, bludgeon, blunderbuss, gun, bowie-knife, and —whiskey, started up the river to reconnoitre and intercept the pirate and his crew.

Each nook and corner along shore, for some three miles, was carefully—as much so as the darkness would admit—scoured. The Storm-King rode by, the stars again twinkled in the azure-arched heavens, and soon, too, the bright silver moon beamed forth, and suddenly one of the vigilant committee espies the land-pirate and his canoe noiselessly floating down the rapid stream! No time was to be lost; the committee man, rather pleased with the fact of his being the first to make the discovery, apprised a comrade, and the two hurried back to the Point, to get a canoe and start out to capture the enemy. The canoe was obtained, three courageous men, armed to

the teeth, as the saying goes, paddled off, and indeed they had not far to paddle, for right ahead they saw the mysterious canoe of the enemy! Where was the pirate? Asleep! Lying down in his frail vessel; either asleep, or "playing possum." At all events, the Mills-Pointers gave the enemy but a brief period to sleep or act; for, dashing alongside, a brawny arm seized the victim in the strange canoe by the breast and throat, with such a rush and fierceness that both canoes were upon the apex of "swamping."

"Don't move! Don't budge an inch, or you're a case for eels, you thief!"

"Make catfish bait of him at once!" yelled the second.

"Don't move," cried the third, "don't move, you possum, or you're giblets, instanter!"

But these injunctions scarcely seemed necessary, for, even had the captive been so inclined, he neither possessed the power nor opportunity to move a limb.

"Haul him out," cried one.

"Yes, lug him into our boat," said another; "so now, you skunk, lay still; don't open your trap, or I'll brain you on sight!"

Having transferred the body of the captive from his "own canoe" to theirs, the Mills-Pointers made

fast the stranger's *dug-out*, and then paddled for the landing. The pirate was duly hauled ashore, or on to the *wharf-boat*, and left under guard of one of the captors—a dreadful ugly-looking customer, a *cross* between a whiskey-cask, bowie-knife, and a Seminole Indian or bull-dog, and armed equal to an arsenal—while the other two went up to the nearest "grocery," reported the capture, took a drink, and sent out word for *Court* to meet. The poor victim was deposited on his back across some barrels, with his hands tied behind him. Recovering his scattered senses, the *pirate* "waked up."

"Look here, my virtuous friend," said he to his body-guard, who sat on an opposite barrel, with a heavy pistol in his hand, "what's all this about?"

"Shet up!" responded the guard; "shet up your gourd. You'll know what's up, pooty soon, you ugly cuss, you!"

"Well, that's explicit, anyhow!" coolly continued the captive. "But all I want to know, is—am I to be robbed, killed off, or only initiated into the mysteries of your craft?"

"Shet up, you piratin' cuss, you; shet up, or I'll give you a settler!" was the reply.



"Shet up, you piratin' cuss you; shet up or I'll give you a settler!—*Page* 305.

"Well, really, you are accommodating," cavalierly replied the but little daunted captive. "One thing consoling I glean, my virtuous friend, from your scraps of information—you are not a pirate yourself, or in favor of that science! But I should like to know, old fellow, where I am, and what the deuce I'm here for."

"Well, you'll soon diskiver the perticklers, for here comes the *Court*, and they'll have you dancin' on nothin' and kickin' at the wind, pooty soon; you kin stake your pile on that!"

And with this, a hum was heard, and soon a mob of a dozen well-*stimulated* citizens, and strangers about the Point, came rushing and yelling on to the wharf-boat and were quite as immediately gathered around the captive. The first impulse of the *posse comitatus* appeared to manifest itself in a desire to hang the victim—straight up! A second (how *sober* we know not) thought induced them to ask a question or two, and for this purpose the presiding *judge* drew up before the still prostrate captive, and said—

"Who are you? What have you got to say for yourself, anyhow?"

The sunburnt, ragged, and rather romantic-looking prisoner turned his face towards the *judge*, and replied—

"I have nothing of consequence to say, neighbor. I would like to know, however, what all this means!"

"Where's your crew, you villain?" said the *judge*.

"Crew? I have never found it necessary to have any, neighbor; navigation never engrossed a great deal of my attention, but I get along down here very

well—without a crew!"

"You do?" responded the *judge*; "well, we're going to hang you up."

"You are, eh?" was the cool reply; "well, I have always been opposed to capital punishment, neighbor, and I know it would be unpleasant to me now!"

The quiet manner of his reply rather won upon the *Court*, and says the *judge*—

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

"My name is Banvard—John Banvard, from Boston!"

"It is, eh? What are you doing along here, alone in a canoe?"

"*Taking a panorama of the Mississippi, neighbor, that's all.*"

The *Court* adjourned *sine die*; the clever artist was untied, treated to the best the market afforded, that night; his canoe, rifle, &c., restored next day, and John went on his way rejoicing in his narrow escape —finished his sketches, and the first great panorama "got up" in our country, and which he took to Europe, after making a fortune by it in America.

Genius for Business.

It's a highly prized faculty in shop-keeping to sell something when a customer comes in, if you can. A female relative of ours went into a Hanover street fancy store 'tother day, to "look over" some ivory card and needle cases; the slightly agricultural-looking clerk "flew around," and when the question "Have you any ivory card cases?" was propounded, he responded—

"Not any, mum;" glancing into the show-case, his visual orbs *lit* upon a profusion of well-known matters in domestic economy, for the abrogation of certain parasitic insects.

"Haven't any card cases, mum,—*got some elegant ivory small-tooth combs!*"

Have You Got Any Old Boots?

No slight portion of the ills that flesh is heir to, in a city life, is the culinary item of rent day. Washing day has had its day—machines and *fluid* have made washing a matter of science and ease, and we are no

longer bearded by fuming and uncouth women in the sulks and suds, as of yore, on the day set apart for renovating soiled dimities and dickeys. Another and more important matter, from the extent of its obnoxiousness to our nerves and temper, has come home to our very threshold and hearths, to disturb the even tenor of our domestic quietude and peace.

"*Have you got any ole boots?*"

Boston lost a good citizen by those bell-pulling, gate-whacking, back-door-pounding infernal collectors of time and care-worn *boots*. The old boot gatherers were almost as diverting as novel to me, when I first located in Boston; but I have long since learned to hate and abhor them, and their co-laborers in the tin-pan, tape, tea-pot, willow work, and white pine ware trade, with a most religious enthusiasm.

"*Have you got any ole boots?*"

How often—a hundred times at least, have I gone to the door and heard this inquiry—ten times in one day, for I kept count of it, and used enough "strong language" at each shutting—banging to of the door, to last a "first officer" through a gale of wind.

"*Have you got any ole boots?*"

The idea of jumping up from your beef steak and coffee, or morning paper—just as you had got into a

deeply interesting bit of information on "breadstuff's," California, or the Queen's last baby, to open your door, and espy a grim-visaged and begrimed son of the Emerald Isle, just rearing his phiz above the pyramid of ancient and defiled leather, and meekly asking—

"*Have yez got any ole boots?*"

These *collectors* are of course prepared for any amount of explosive *gas* you may shower down upon their uncombed crowns, as the cool and perfectly-at-home manner they descend your steps to mount those of your next-door neighbor plainly indicates. The "pedlers" and—

"*Have you got any ole boots?*"

Drove my respected—middle-aged friend Mansfield—clear out of town! Mr. Mansfield was a *retired* flour merchant; he was not rich, but well to do in the world. He had no children of his own, in lieu of which, however, he had become responsible for the "bringing up" of two orphans of a friend. One of these children was a boy, old enough to be *devilish* and mightily inclined that way. The boy's name was Philip, the foster father he called Uncle Henry, and not long after arriving in town, and opening house at the South End, Mr. Mansfield—who was given to quiet musings, book and newspaper reading—found that he was likely to become a victim to the

aforesaid hawkers, pedlers and old boot collectors.

Uncle Henry stood it for a few months, with the firmness of an experienced philosopher, laying the flattering unction to his soul that, however harrowing—

"*Got any ole boots to-day?*"

might be to him, for the present, he could grin and bear and finally get used to it, as other people did. But Uncle Henry possessed an irritable and excitable temperament, that not one man in ten thousand could boast of, and hence he grew—at length sour, then savage, and, finally, quite meat-axish, towards every outsider who dared to ring his bell, and proffer wooden ware and tin fixins, for rags and rubbers, or make the never-to-be-forgotten inquiry—

"*Have you got any ole boots to-day?*"

Always at home, seated in his front parlor, and his frugal wife not permitting the expense of a servant, Uncle Henry, or Master Philip, were obliged to wait on the door. The old gentleman finally concluded that the pedlers and old boot collectors, more as a matter of daily amusement than profit or concern—gave him a call. And laboring under this impression, Uncle Henry determined to give the nuisances, as he called them, a reception commensurate with their impertinence and his worked up ire.

"Now, Philly," said Uncle Henry, one morning after breakfast, "we'll fix these—

"'*Got any ole boots?*'

"We'll give the rascals a caution, they won't neglect soon, I'll warrant them. Bring me the hammer and nails; that's a man; now get uncle the high chair; so, that's it; now I'll fix this shelf up over the top of the door, on a pivot—bore this hole through here—put the string through that way, here, umph; oh, now we'll have a trap for the scoundrels. I'll learn them how to come pulling people's bells, clean out by the very roots, making us drop all, to come wait on them, rot them—

"'*Got any ole boots?*'

"I'll give you old boots, by the lord Harry; I'll give you a dose of something you won't forget, to your dying day."

And thus jabbering, fixing and pushing about the revolving shelf, over his hall door, Mr. Mansfield worked away at his trap. Like that of most dwellings in Boston, Uncle Henry's front door was *sunk* some six or eight feet into the face of the house, reached by a flight of six granite steps—side and top lights to the door, in the ordinary way, with brass plate and bell pull. It was in a neighborhood not *plebeian* enough to induce butcher boys to enter the hall, with

the pork and potatoes, nor admit of the servant girl heaving "slops" out of the front windows; yet not sufficiently parvenu to impress pedlers and

"*Got any ole boots?*"

with aristocratic or "respectable" *awe*, ere venturing to mount the steps, pull the bell, and mention tin pots, scrap iron, rags and old leather. Mr. Mansfield was inclined to *chuckle* in his sleeves at the *ruse* he would be enabled to give his tormentors through the agency of his revolving battery—charged with ground charcoal and brick dust, to be worked by himself or Philly, by means of a string on the inside. Philly was duly initiated into the *modus operandi*; when—

"*Got any ole boots?*"

made his appearance, amid his pyramid of leather, or a pedler's wagon was seen in the neighborhood, Philly was to be on the *qui vive*, inform Uncle Henry, and if they mounted the steps, he would give them a shower bath upon a new and astonishing principle.

It was perfect "nuts" for Master Phil; he was tickled at the idea, and readily agreed to Uncle Henry's propositions. Not long after arranging the "infernal machine," Uncle Henry's attention was called to another part of the house; a dire calamity had befallen the Canary bird; a strange cat had pounced

upon the cage—the door flew open, and puss nabbed the little warbler. Philly, on the look out, in front, discovers two old boot men approaching the neighborhood; desirous of showing his own skill, he did not call Uncle Henry, but posted himself behind the door—string in hand, awaiting the *cue*. Feet approach—quickly the feet mount the steps.

"*Ding al ling, ding de ding, ding, ding, ding!*"

"*Sh-i-i-s-swashe!*" and down comes the avalanche of coal dust and refined brick, the bulk of a peck, fair measurement!

Uncle Henry reached the door just in time to see the penny postman covered from head to foot with the obnoxious composition! Philly took occasion to make a sudden exit, the postman swore—swore like a trooper, but Uncle Henry managed to pack the whole transaction upon the "devilish boy"—brushed the postman's clothes, and after some effort, so mollified him as to induce the sufferer to depart in peace. Uncle Henry *tried* to be very severe on Philly, but it was very evident to that hopeful that the old gentleman was more tickled than serious. Philly cleared the steps, and the old gentleman re-arranged the trap, admonishing Philly not to dare to meddle with it again, but call him when—

"*Got any ole boots?*" made their appearance.

All was quiet up to noon next day; Uncle Henry had business down town, and left the house at 9 A. M. Philly was at school, but got home before Uncle Henry, and seeing the pedler wagon near the door—slipped in, and learning that the old gentleman was out, he gladly took charge of the battery again. Now, just as the pedler mounted the steps of the next door, Mr. Mansfield sees him, and hurries up his own steps, to be on the watch for the pedler. Philly had been peeking out the corner of the side curtain, and seeing the pedler coming, as he thought, right up the steps—nabbed the string, and as Uncle Henry caught the knob of the door—down came thundering the brick dust and charcoal both, in the most elegant profusion.

Phil was *tricked*. Uncle Henry's vociferations were equal to that of a drunken beggar—the trap was removed, Uncle Henry got disgusted with city life, and left—for rural retirement, without as much as giving one single rebuke to—

"*Got any ole boots to-day?*"

The Vagaries of Nature.

Nature seems to have her fitful, frightful, and funny moods, as well as all her children. Now she gets up a stone bridge, the gigantic proportions and the symmetrical development of which attract great attention from all tourists and historians who venture into or speak of "old Virginia." The old dame goes down far into the bowels of Mother Earth, in Kentucky, and builds herself, silently and alone, a stupendous under-ground palace, that laughs to scorn the puny efforts of man in that branch of business. She gets up sugar-loaf mountains, pillars of salt, great granite breastworks, and stone towers; hews out figure-heads, old men's noses on the beetling cliffs of New Hampshire, and throws up rocky palisades along the Hudson, that win wonder and delight from the floating million. Instances out of all number might be raked up, home and abroad, to show how the old dame has cut *didoes* in the prosecution of her manifold duties. But in Australia, it would seem, nature has taken most especial pains to appear slightly ridiculous or very eccentric.

Old Captain Rocksalt informs us—and there is always wit, wisdom, and truth in the old man's stories—that he made voyages to Australia many times within the past thirty years, and having visited about all the sea-ports of the Continent, lived and almost died in Australia, his notes are worthy of attention. Capt. Cook discovered and named *Botany*

Bay, the name originating from the fact that the land was covered with a luxurious growth of Botanical specimens. The Dutch discovered and named *Van Diemen's Land*. The English at once concluded to make Botany Bay a penal colony, and the first living freight of criminals and soldiers sent out, was some 700 in number, in 1788; but Capt. Phillip, the commander of the fleet, being dissatisfied with the looks of Botany Bay, hunted up a better place, and sailed to it. When Capt. Cook was cruising off there, one of his sailors, on the look out, cried, "Land ho!"

Cook was over his wine and beef, in the cabin, and it took him some time to "tumble up" on deck.

"Where the deuce is your land, eh?" bawls the old cruiser.

"Larboard beam, sir!" responds the "lookout;" and, sure enough, a long, faint streak of land was visible from deck. The "lookout" announced a harbor, head-lands, &c.; but the rum old captain, not being able to see any such indication, with a chuckle, says he—

"You booby! harbor, eh? Ha, ha! well, we'll call it a port, you powder monkey—*Port Jackson!*"

And faith, so the lookout, Jackson, became sponsor to the finest harbor in all Australia; for Capt. Phillip, upon rediscovering the harbor, took his fleet into it, and then and there began the now flourishing city of

Sydney.

Australia is an Island, lying opposite another—New Zealand. It is on the Indian Ocean, south side, while the east opens to the Pacific. Australia claims to contain a superficial area of over three million square miles, part desert, rather mountainous, and all being in one of the finest climates on the face of the earth. The air is dry, the soil light and sandy; the high winds stir up the dust and fine sand, and make ophthalmy the only positive ill peculiar to the country. Sheep-grazing, wool-growing, and boiling down sheep and cattle for tallow was the great business of the country from its earliest settlement up to 1851, when the *gold fever* swept the land.

Australia was inhabited by over 100,000 natives, black cannibals of the ugliest description; but at this day not a hundred of them remain. The natives were exceeding stupid and useless; the first settlers, who, as Capt. Rocksalt observes, were jail-birds and scape-gallows, were not very dainty in dealing with the obnoxious natives; so they determined to get rid of them as fast and easy as possible. For this purpose, they used to gather a horde of them together, and give them poisoned bread and rum, and so kill them off by hundreds. It was a sharp sort of *practice*, but the *ends* seemed to justify the *means*.

Gold, "laying around loose," as it did, was, no

doubt, *discovered* years ago; but not in quantities to lead the ignorant to believe money could be made hunting it. People may be stupid; but it requires a far greener capacity than most of them would confess to —at least, ten years ago—to make them believe gold could be picked up in chunks out in the open fields.

But Australia began to be populated; by convicts first; and then by far better people; though the very worst felons sent out often became decent and respectable men, which is indeed a great "puff," we think, for the healthfulness of the climate. A convict shepherd now and then used to bring into Sydney small lumps of gold and sell them to the watch-makers, and as he refused to say where or how he got them, it was suspicioned that he had secreted guineas or jewelry somewhere, and occasionally melted them for sale.

However, one day the thing broke out, nearly simultaneously, all over Australia. Gold was lying around everywhere. The rocks, ledges, bars, gullies, and river-banks, which were daily familiar to the eyes of thousands, all of a sudden turned up bright and shining gold. Old Dame Nature must have laughed in her sleeve to see the fun and uproar—the scrabble and rush she had caused in her vast household.

"It did beat *all!*" exclaims the old Captain. "In forty-

eight hours Sydney was half-depopulated, Port Phillip nearly desolate, while the interior villages or towns—Bathurst, &c., were run clean out!"

Stores were shut up, the clerks running to the mines, and the proprietors after the clerks. Mechanics dropped work and put out; servants left without winking, leaving people to wait on themselves; doctors left what few patients they had, and bolted for the fields of Ophir; lawyers packed up and cut stick, following their clients and victims to the brighter fields of "causes" and effects. The newspapers became so short-handed that dailies were knocked into weeklies, and the weeklies into cocked hats, or something near it—mere eight-by-ten "handbills."

These "discoveries" wrought as sudden as singular a revolution in men, manners, and things. As we said before, Australia was the very apex of singularities in the way of Dame Nature's fancy-work, long before the gold mania broke out; but now she seemed bent on a general and miscellaneous freak, making the staid, matter-of-fact Englishmen as full of caprice as the land they were living in.

"Only look at it!" exclaims the Captain: "the day comes in the middle of our nights! When we're turning in at home, they are turning out in Australia. Summer begins in the middle of winter; and for snow

storms they get rain, thunder and lightning. About the time we are getting used to our woollens and hot fires of the holidays, they are roasting with heat, and going around in linen jackets and wilted dickeys. The land is full of flowers of every hue, gay and beautiful, gorgeous and sublime to look at, but as senseless to the smell and as inodorous as so many dried chips. The swans are numerous, but jet black. The few animals in the country are all provided with pockets in their 'overcoats,' or skin, in which to stow their young ones, or provender. Some of the rivers really appear," says the Captain, "to run up stream! I was completely taken down," says the Captain, "by a bunch of the finest pears you ever saw. Myself and a friend were up the country, and I sees a fine pear tree, breaking down with as elegant-looking fruit as I ever saw.

"'Well, by ginger,' says I, 'them are about as fine pears as I've seen these twenty years!'

"'Yes,' says my friend, who was a resident in the country; 'perhaps you would like to try a few?'

"'That I shall,' says I; so I ups and knocks down a few, and it was a job to get them down, I tell you; and when I had one between my teeth I gave it a nip —see there, two teeth broke off," says the Captain, showing us the fact; "the fine pears *were mere wood!*

"The country is well supplied with fine birds; but

they are dumb as beetles, sir—never heard a bird sing or whistle a note in Australia. The trees make no shade, the leaves hang from the stems edge up, and look just as if they had been whipped into shreds by a gale of wind; and you rarely see a tree with a bit of bark on it.

"But what completely upset me, was the cherries, sir—fine cherries, plenty of them, but the *stones were all on the outside!* The bees have no stings, the snakes no fangs, and the eagles are all white. The north wind is hot, the south wind cold. Our longest days are in summer; but in Australia, sir, the shortest days come in summer, and the longest in winter; and," says the Captain, "I can't begin to tell you how many curious didoes nature seems to cut, in that country; but, altogether, it's one of the queerest countries I ever did see, by ginger!"

And we have come to the conclusion—it is. If the gold continues to "turn up" in such boulders and "nuggets" as recently reported, Australia is bound to be the richest and most densely populated, as well as *queerest* country known to man.

A General Disquisition on "Hinges."

Did you ever see a real, true, unadulterated specimen of *Down East*, enter a store, or other place of every-day business, for the purpose of "looking around," or *dicker* a little? They are "coons," they are, upon all such occasions. We noted one of these "critters" in the store of a friend of ours, on Blackstone Street, recently. He was a full bloom *Yankee*—it stuck out all over him. He sauntered into the store, as unconcerned, quietly, and familiarly, as though in no great hurry about anything in particular, and killing time, for his own amusement. Absalom, Abijah, Ananias, Jedediah, or Jeremiah, or whatever else his name may have been, wore a very large fur cap, upon a very small and close-cut head; his features were mightily pinched up; there was a cunning expression about the corner of his eyes, not unlike the embodiment of—"catch a weazel asleep!" while the smallness of his mouth, thinness and blue cast of his chin and lips, bespoke a keen, calculating, pinch a four-pence until it squeaked like a frightened locomotive temperament! His "boughten" sack coat, fitting him all over, similar to a wet shirt on a broom-handle, was pouched out at the pockets with any quantity of numerous articles, in the way of books and boots, pamphlets and perfumery, knick-knacks and gim-cracks, calico, candy, &c. His vest was short, but that deficiency was made up in superfluity of *dickey*, and a profusion of sorrel whiskers. Having got into the store, he very leisurely

walked around, viewing the hardware, separately and minutely, until one of the clerks edged up to him:

"What can we do for you to-day, sir?"

Looking *quarteringly* at the clerk for about two full minutes, says he—

"I'd dunno, just yet, mister, what yeou kin do."

"Those are nice hinges, real wrought," says the clerk, referring to an article the "customer" had just been gazing at with evident interest.

"Rale wrought?" he asked, after another lapse of two minutes.

"They are, yes, sir," answered the clerk. Then followed another pause; the Yankee with both his hands sunk deep into his trowsers' pockets, and viewing the hinges at a respectful distance, in profound calculation, three minutes full.

"They be, eh?" he at length responded.

"Yes, sir, *warranted*," replied the clerk. Another long pause. The Yankee approached the hinges, two steps—picks up a bundle of the article, looks knowingly at them two minutes—

"Yeou don't say so?"

"No doubt about that, at all," the clerk replies,

rather pertly, as he moves off to wait upon another customer, who bought some eight or ten dollars' worth of cutlery and tools, paid for them, and cleared out, while our Yankee genius was still reconnoitering the hinges.

"I say, mister, where's them made?" inquires the Yankee.

"In England, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not in *Neuw* England, I'll bet a fo'pence!"

"No, not here—in Europe."

"I knowed they warn't made areound here, by a darn'd sight!"

"We've plenty of American hinges, if you wish them," said the clerk.

"I've seen *hinges* made in *aour* place, better'n them."

"Perhaps you have. We have finer hinges," answered the clerk.

"I 'spect you have; I don't call *them* anything great, no how!"

"Well, here's a better article; better hinges—"

"Well, them's pooty nice," said the Yankee, interrupting the clerk, "but they're small hinges."

"We have all sizes of them, sir, from half an inch to

four inches."

"You hev?" inquiringly observed the Yankee, as the clerk again left him and the hinges, to wait on another customer, who bought a keg of nails, &c., and left.

"I see you've got brass hinges, tew!" again continued the Yankee, after musing to himself for twenty minutes, *full*.

"O, yes, plenty of them," obligingly answered the clerk.

"How's them brass 'uns work?"

"Very well, I guess; used for lighter purposes," said the clerk.

"Put 'em on desks, and cubber-doors, and so on?"

"Yes; they are used in a hundred ways."

"Hinges," says the Yankee, after a pause, "ain't considered, I guess, a very neuw invenshun?"

"I should think not," half smilingly replied the clerk.

"D'yeou ever see wooden hinges, mister?"

"Never," candidly responded the clerk.

"Well, I *hev*," resolutely echoed the Yankee.

"You have, eh?"

"E' yes, plenty on 'em—eout in Illinoi; seen fellers eout there that never seen an iron hinge or a razor in their lives!"

"I wasn't aware our western friends were so far behind the times as that," said the clerk.

"It's a *fact*—dreadful, tew, to be eout in a place like that," continued the Yankee. "I kept school eout there, nigh on to a year; couldn't stand it—"

"Ah, indeed!" mechanically echoed the poor clerk.

"No, *sir*; dreadful place, some parts of Illinoi; folks air almighty green; couldn't tell how old they air, nuff on 'em; when they get mighty old and bald-headed, they stop and die off, of their own accord."

"Illinois must be a healthy place?" observed the clerk.

"Healthy place! I guess not, mister; fever and ague sweetens 'em, I tell you. O, it's dreadful, fever and ague is!"

"That caused you to leave, I suppose?" said the clerk.

"Well, e' yes, partly; the climate, morals, and the water, kind o' went agin me. The big boys had a way o' fightin', cursin', and swearin', pitchin' apple cores

and corn at the master, that didn't exactly suit me. Finally, one day, at last, the boys got so confeounded sassy, and I got the fever and agy so *bad*, that they shook daown the school-house chimney, and I shook my hair nearly all eout by the roots, with the *agy*—so I packed up and *slid!*"

The clerk being again called away to wait on a fresh customer, the Yankee was left to his meditations and survey. Having some twenty more minutes to walk around the store, and examine the stock, he brought up opposite the clerk, who was busy tying up gimlets, screws, and stuff, for a carpenter's apprentice. Yankee explodes again.

"Got a big steore of goods layin' areound here, haven't yeou?"

"We have, sir, a fair assortment," said the clerk.

"Them Illinoi folks haven't no *idee* what a place this Boston is; they haven't. I tried to larn 'em a few things towards civilization, but 'twaren't no sort o' use tryin'!"

"New country yet; the Illinois folks will brighten up after a while, I guess," said the clerk. "Did you wish to examine any other sort of hinges, sir?" he continued.

"Hain't I seen all yeou hev?"

"O, no; here we have another variety of hinges, steel, copper, plated, &c. These are fine for parlor doors, &c.," said the clerk.

"E' yes them air nice, I swow, mister; look like rale silver. I 'spect them cost somethin'?"

"They come rather high," said the clerk, "but we've got them as low as you can buy them in the market."

"I want to know!" quietly echoes the Yankee.

"Yes, sir; what do you wish to use them for?" says the clerk.

"Use 'em?" responded the Yankee.

"Yes; what *priced* hinges did you require?"

"What priced hinges?—"

"Exactly! Tell me what you require them *for*, and I can soon come at the *sort* of hinges you require," said the clerk, making an effort to come to a climax.

"Who said *I* wanted any hinges?"

"Who said you wanted any? Why, don't you want to buy hinges?"

"Buy hinges? Why, *no;* I don't want nothin'; *I only came in to look areound!*"

Having looked around, the imperturbable Yankee stepped out, leaving the poor clerk—quite

flabbergasted!

Miseries of Bachelorhood.

Dabster says he would not mind living as a bachelor, but when he comes to think that bachelors must die—that they have got to go down to the grave "without any body to cry for them"—it gives him a chill that frost-bites his philosophy. Dabster was seen on Tuesday evening, going convoy to a milliner. Putting this fact to the other, and we think we "smell something," as the fellow said when his shirt took fire.

The Science of "Diddling."

Jeremy Diddlers have existed from time immemorial down, as traces of them are found in all ancient and modern history, from the Bible to Shakspeare, from Shakspeare to the revelations of George Gordon Byron, who strutted his brief hour, acted his part, and—vanished. Diddler is derived

from the word *diddle*, to *do*—every body who has not yet made his debut to the Elephant. We believe the word has escaped the attention of the ancient lexicographers, and even Worcester, and the still more durable "Webster," have no note of the word, its derivation, or present sense.

A "Jeremy Diddler" is, in *fact*, one of your first-class vagabonds; a fellow who has been spoiled by indulgent parents, while they were in easy circumstances. Trained up to despise labor, not capacitated by nature or inclination to pass current in a profession, he finds himself at twenty possessed of a genteel address, a respectable wardrobe, a few friends, and—no visible means of support. There are but two ways about it—take to the highway, or become a Diddler—a sponge—and, like woodcock, live on "suction." The early part of a Diddler's life is chiefly spent among the ladies;—they being strongly susceptible of flattering attentions, especially those of "a nice young man," your Diddler lives and flourishes among them like a fighting cock. Diddler's "heyday" being over, he next becomes a politician—an old Hunker; attends caucusses and conventions, dinners and inaugurations. Never aspiring to matrimony among the ladies, he remains an "old bach;" never hoping for office under government, he never gets any; and when, at last, both youth and energies are wasted, Diddler dons a white neckcloth,

combs his few straggling hairs behind his ears, and, dressed in a well-brushed but shocking seedy suit of sable, he jines church and turns "old fogie," carries around the plate, does chores for the parson, becomes generally useful to the whole congregation, and finally shuffles off his mortal coil, and ends his eventful and useless life in the most becoming manner.

Cities are the only fields subservient to the successful practice of a respectable Diddler. New York affords them a very fair scope for operation, but of all the American cities, New Orleans is the Diddler's paradise! The mobile state of society, the fluctuations of men and business, the impossibility of knowing any thing or any body there for any considerable period, gives the Diddler ample scope for the exercise of his peculiar abilities to great effect. He dines almost sumptuously at the daily lunches set at the splendid drinking saloons and *cafes*, he lives for a month at a time on the various upward-bound steamboats. In New Orleans, the departure of a steamer for St. Louis, Cincinnati or Pittsburg, is announced for such an hour "to-day"—positively; Diddler knows it's "all a gag" to get passengers and baggage hurried on, and the steamer keeps *going* for two to five days before she's gone; so he comes on board, registers one of his commonplace aliases, gets his state-room and board among the

crowd of *real* passengers, up to the hour of the boat's shoving out, then he—slips ashore, and points his boots to another boat. Many's the Diddler who's passed a whole season thus, dead-heading it on the steamers of the Crescent City. Sometimes the Diddler learns bad habits in the South, from being a mere Diddler, which is morally bad enough; he comes in contact with professional gamblers, plunges into the most pernicious and abominable of vices—gambles, cheats, swindles, and finally, as a grand tableau to his utter damnation here and hereafter, opens a store or a bank with a crowbar—or commits murder.

The Re-Union; Thanksgiving Story.

> "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness, but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."—ISAIAH.

A portly elderly gentleman, with one hand in his breeches pocket, and the fingers of the other drumming a disconsolate rub-a-dub upon the window glass of an elegant mansion near Boston Common, is the personage I wish to call your attention to, friend reader, for the space of a few

moments. The facts of my story are commonplace, and thereby the more probable. The names of the dramatis personæ I shall introduce, will be the *only* part of my subject imaginary. Therefore, the above-described old gentleman, whom we found and left drumming his rub-a-dub upon the window panes, we shall call Mr. Joel Newschool. To elucidate the matter more clearly, I would beg leave to say, that Mr. Joel Newschool, though now a wealthy and retired merchant, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of fortune around him, could—if he chose—well recollect the day when his little feet were shoeless, red and frost-bitten, as he plodded through the wheat and rye stubble of a Massachusetts farmer, for whom he acted in early life the trifling character of a "cow boy."

Yes, Joel could remember this if he chose; but to the vain heart of a proud millionaire, such reflections seldom come to the surface. Like hundreds of other instances in the history of our countrymen, by a prolonged life of enterprise and good luck, Joel Newschool found himself, at the age of four-and-sixty, a very wealthy, if not a happy man. With his growing wealth, grew up around him a large family. Having served an apprenticeship to farming, he allowed but a brief space to elapse between his freedom suit and portion, and his wedding-day. Joel and his young and fresh country spouse, with light

hearts and lighter purses, came to Boston, settled, and thus we find them old and wealthy. In the heart and manners of Mrs. Newschool, fortune made but slight alteration; but the accumulation of dollars and exalted privileges that follow wealth, had wrought many changes in the heart and feelings of her husband.

The wear of time, which is supposed to dim the eye, seemed to improve the ocular views of Joel Newschool amazingly, for he had been enabled in his late years to see that a vast difference of *caste* existed between those that tilled the soil, wielded the sledge hammer, or drove the jack-plane, and those that were merely the idle spectators of such operations. He no longer groped in the darkness of men who believed in such fallacies as that wealth gave man no superiority over honest poverty! In short, Mr. Newschool had kept pace with all the fine notions and ostentatious feelings so peculiar to the mushroom aristocracy of the nineteenth century. He gloried in his pride, and yet felt little or none of that happiness that the bare-footed, merry cow boy enjoyed in the stubble field. But such is man.

With all his comfortable appurtenances wealth could buy and station claim, the retired merchant was not a happy man. Though his expensive carriage and liveried driver were seen to roll him regularly to the majestic church upon the Sabbath: though he

was a patient listener to the massive organ's spiritual strains and the surpliced minister's devout incantations: though he defrauded no man, defamed not his neighbor, was seeming virtuous and happy, there was at his heart a pang that turned to lees the essence of his life.

Joel Newschool had seen his two sons and three daughters, men and women around him; they all married and left his roof for their own. One, a favorite child, a daughter, a fine, well-grown girl, upon whom the father's heart had set its fondest seal —she it was that the hand of Providence ordained to humble the proud heart of the sordid millionaire. Cecelia Newschool, actuated by the noblest impulses of nature, had for her husband sought "a *man*, not a money chest," and this circumstance had made Cecelia a severed member of the Newschool family, who could not, in the refined delicacy of their senses, tolerate such palpable condescension as to acknowledge a tie that bound *them* to the wife of a poor artizan, whatever might be his talents or integrity as a man.

Francis Fairway had made honorable appeal to the heart of Cecelia, and she repaid his pains with the full gift of a happy wife. She counted not his worldly prospects, but yielded all to his constancy. She wished for nothing but his love, and with that blessed beacon of life before her, she looked but with

joy and hope to the bright side of the sunny future.

The home of the artizan was a plain, but a happy one. Loving and beloved, Cecelia scarce felt the loss of her sumptuous home and ties of kindred. But not so the proud father and the patient mother, the haughty sisters and brothers; they felt all; they attempted to conceal all, that bitterness of soul, the canker that gnaws upon the heart when we will strive to stifle the better parts of our natures.

Time passed on; one, two, or three years, are quickly passed and gone. Though this little space of time made little or no change in the families of the proud and indolent relatives, it brought many changes in the eventful life of the young artizan and his wife. Two sweet little babes nestled in the mother's arms, and a new and splendid invention of the poor mechanic was reaping the wonder and admiration of all Europe and America.

This was salt cast upon the affected wounds of the haughty relatives. Now ashamed of their petty, poor, contemptible arrogance, they could not in their hearts find space to welcome or partake of the proud dignity with which honorable industry had crowned the labors of the young mechanic.

It was a cold day in November; the wind was twirling and whistling through the trees on the Common; the dead leaves were dropping seared and

yellow to the earth, admonishing the old gentleman whom we left drumming upon the window, that—

"*Such was life!*"

The old gentleman thumped and thumped the window pane with a dreary *sotto voce* accompaniment for some minutes, when he was interrupted by an aged, pious-looking matron, who dropped her spectacles across the book in her lap, as she sat in her chair by the fireside, and said—

"Joel."

"Umph?" responded the old gentleman.

"The Lord has spared us to see another Thanksgiving day, should we live to see to-morrow."

"He has," responded Mr. Newschool.

"I've been thinking, Joel, that how ungrateful to God we are, for the blessings, and prosperity, and long life vouchsafed to us, by a good and benevolent Almighty."

"Rebecca," said the faltering voice of the rich man, "I know, I feel all this as sensitive as you can possibly feel it."

"I was thinking, Joel," continued the good woman, "to-morrow we shall, God permitting, be with our children and friends once again, together."

"I hope so, I trust we shall," answered the husband.

"And I was thinking, Joel," resumed the wife, "that the exclusion of our own child, Cecelia, from the family re-unions, from joining us in returning thanks to God for his mercy and preservation of us, is cruel and offensive to Him we deign to render up our prayers."

"Rebecca," said the old gentleman, "I but agree with you in this, you have but anticipated my feelings in the matter. I have long fought against my better feelings and offended a discriminating God, I know. Ashamed to confess my stubbornness and frailty before, I now freely confess an altered feeling and better determination."

"Then, Joel, let our daughter Cecelia and her husband join with us to-morrow in rendering our thanks to a just God and kind Providence."

"Be it so, Rebecca. God truly knows it will be a millstone relieved from my heart. I wish it done."

Three family re-unions, three days of Thanksgiving had been held in the paternal mansion of the Newschools, since Cecelia had left it for the humble home of the poor artizan. But their several re-unions were clouded, gloomy, unsocial affairs; there was a gap in the social circle of the Newschool family, as they met on Thanksgiving day, which all felt, but none hinted at. It was hard for a parent to invoke blessings on a portion, but not all, of his own flesh

and blood; it was hard to return thanks for those dear ones present, and *wonder* whether the absent and equally dear had aught to be thankful for, whether instead of health and comfort, they might not be sorrowing in disease, poverty, and despair! Such things as these, when they obtrude upon the mind, the soul, are not likely to make merry meetings. And such was the position and nature of the re-union upon the late Thanksgiving days, at the Newschool mansion. But better feelings were at work, and a happy change was at hand.

Several carriages had already drove up to the door of Mr. Newschool, Sen., and let down the different branches of the Newschool family. A brighter appearance seemed gathering over the household than was usual of late on Thanksgiving day, in the old family mansion. As each party came, the good old mother duly informed them of the invitation given, and the hope indulged in, that Cecelia and her husband would join the family circle that day, in their re-union.

The proud sisters seemed willing, at last, to cast away their pride, and greet their sister as became Christian and sensible women. The brothers, chagrined at the unmanliness of their conduct, now gladly joined their approval of what betokened, in fact, a happy family meeting. As the clock on old South Church tower pealed out eleven, a pretty,

smiling young mother, in plain, but unexceptionable, neat attire, ascended the large stone steps of the Newschool mansion, with a light and graceful step, bearing a sleeping child in her arms.

Another moment, and Cecelia Fairway was in the arms of her old mother; the smiles, kisses and tears of the whole family party were bountifully showered upon poor Cecelia, and her sweet little daughter. Imagination may always better paint such a scene, than could the feeble pen describe it. The deep and gushing eloquence of human nature, when thus long pent, bursts forth, sweeping the meagre devises of the pen before it, like snow-flakes before the mighty mountain avalanche.

Oh! it was a happy sight, to see that party at their Thanksgiving dinner.

Old Mr. Newschool, in his long and fervent prayer to the throne of grace, expressed the day the happiest one of his long life. Quickly flew the hours by, and as the shades of evening gathered around, Francis Fairway was announced with a carriage for his wife's return home. Francis Fairway, the artizan, was a proud, high-minded man, conscious of his own position and merits, and scorned any base means to conciliate the favor and patronage of his superiors in rank, birth, or education. His deportment to the Newschool family was frank and manly; and they

met it with a sense of just appreciation and dignity, that did them honor. Francis met a generous welcome, and the evening of Thanksgiving day was spent in a happy re-union indeed. Upon Cecelia's and her husband's return home, she found a small note thrust in the bosom of her child, bearing this inscription—

> "Grandfather's Re-union gift to little Cecelia; Boston, Nov., 184-."

The note contained five $1000 bills on the old Granite Bank of Boston, and which were duly placed in the old Bank fire-proof, to the account of the little heir, the enterprise of the artizan having placed him above the necessity of otherwise disposing of Joel Newschool's gift to the grandchild.

Cabbage vs. Men.

Theodore Parker says, the cultivation of man is as noble and praiseworthy a science, as the cultivation of cabbage, or the garden sass! Says brother Theodore, "You don't cast garden-seed in the mire, over the rough broken ground, and exhibit your benefits. No, you dig, level, rake, and then sow your

seed, you give them sunshine and water, you tear out the weeds that would choke your infant vegetables—why would you do less for the material man?" Precisely! we pause for an answer, proposals received from the learned—until we go to press.

Wanted—A Young Man from the Country.

All of our mercantile cities are overrun with young men who have been bred for the counter or desk, and thousands of these genteel young gents find it any thing but an easy matter to find bread or situations half their time, in these crowded marts of men and merchandise. An advertisement in a New York or New Orleans paper, for a clerk or salesman, rarely fails to "turn up" a hundred needy and greedy applicants, in the course of a morning! In New York, where a vast number of these misguided young men are "manufactured," and continue to be manufactured by the regiment, for an already surfeited market, there are wretches who practise upon these innocent victims of perverted usefulness, a species of fraud but slightly understood.

By a confederacy with some experienced dry goods dealer, the proprietor of one of those agencies for

procuring situations for young men, *victims* of misplaced confidence are put through at five to ten dollars each, somewhat after this fashion: Sharp, the keeper of the Agency, advertises for two good clerks, one book-keeper, five salesmen, ten waiters, &c., &c.; and, of course, as every steamboat, car and stage, running into New York, brings in a fresh importation of young men from the country, all fitted out in the knowledge box for salesmen, book-keepers and clerk-ships,—every morning, a new set are offered to be taken in and done for. Sharp demands a fee of five or ten dollars for obtaining a situation; victim forks over the amount, and is sent to Sharp number two, who keeps the dry goods shop; he has got through with a victim of yesterday, and is now ready for the fresh victim of to-day; for he makes it a point to put them through such a gamut of labor, vexatious manœuvres and insolence, that not one out of fifty come back next day, and if they do—*he don't want them!* If the unsuspecting victim returns to the "Agency," he is lectured roundly for his incapacity or want of *energy!*—and advised to return to the country and recuperate.

Jeremiah Bumps having graduated with all the honors of Sniffensville Academy, and having many unmistakable longings for becoming a Merchant Prince, and seeing sights in a city; and having read an account of the great fortunes piled up in course of

a few years, by poor, friendless country boys, like Abbot Lawrence, John Jacob Astor, he up and came right straight to Boston, having read it in the papers that clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, and so on, were wanted, dreadfully—"young men from the country preferred"—so he called on the *suffering* agent for the public, and paying down his *fee*, was sent off to an *Importing House*, on —— street, where a clerk and salesman were wanted. Jeremiah found his idea of an *Importing House* knocked into a disarranged chapeau, by finding the one in the "present case," a large and luminous *store*, filled up with paper boxes and sham bundles; while gaudily festooned, were any quantity of calicoes, cheap shawls, ribbons, tapes, and innumerable other tuppenny affairs.

Nebuchadnezzar Cheatum, the proprietor of this importing and jobbing house, was a keen, little, slick-as-a-whistle, heavy-bearded, shaved and starched genus, of six-and-thirty, more or less; and received Jeremiah with a rather patronizing survey *personelle*, and opened the engagement with a few remarks.

"From the country, are you?"

"Sniffensville, sir," said Jeremiah; "County of Scrub-oak, State of New Hampshire."

"Ah, well, I prefer country-bred young men; they are better trained," said Cheatum, "to industry,

perseverance, honest frugality, and the duties of a Christian man. I was brought up in the country myself. I've made myself; carved out, and built up my own position, sir. Yes, sir, give me good, sound, country-bred young men; I've tried them, I know what they are," said Cheatum; and he spoke near enough the truth to be partly true, for he *had* "tried them;" he averaged some fifty-two clerks and an equal number of *salesmen*—yearly.

Jeremiah Bumps grew red in the face at the complimentary manner in which Nebuchadnezzar Cheatum was pleased to review the country and its institutions.

"What salary did you think of allowing?" says Jeremiah.

"Well," said Cheatum, "I allow my salesmen three dollars a week the first year, (Jeremiah's ears cocked up,) and three per cent. on the sales they make the second year."

By cyphering it up "in his head," Jeremiah came to the conclusion that the *first* year wouldn't add much to his pecuniary elevation, whatever the second did with its three per cents. But he was bound to try it on, anyhow.

"Now," said Cheatum, "in the first place, Solomon ____"

"Jeremiah, if you please, sir," said the young man.

"Ah, yes, Thomas—*pshaw!*—Jediah, I would say," continued Cheatum, correcting himself—

"Jeremiah—Jeremiah Bumps, sir," sharply echoed Mr. Bumps.

"Oh, yes, yes; one has so many clerks and salesmen in course of business," said Cheatum, "that I get their names confused. Well, Jeremiah, in the first place, you must learn to please the customers; you must always be lively and spry, and never give an offensive answer. Many women and girls come in to price and overhaul things, without the remotest idea of buying anything, and it's often trying to one's patience; but you must wait on them, for there is no possible means of telling a woman who *shops* for pastime, from one who shops in earnest; so you must be careful, be polite, be lively and spry, and never let a person *go* without making a purchase, if you can possibly help it. If a person asks for an article we have not got, endeavor to make them try something else. If a woman asks whether four-penny calico, or six-penny delaines will wash, say 'yes, ma'am, *beautifully*; I've tried them, or seen them tried;' and if they say, 'are these ten cent flannels real *Shaker flannels*? or the ninepence hose *all merino*?' better not contradict them; say 'yes, ma'am, I've tried them, seen them tried, know they are,' or similar

appropriate answers to the various questions that may be asked," said Cheatum.

"Yes, sir," Jeremiah responded, "I understand."

"And, William——"

"Jeremiah, sir, if you please."

"Oh, yes; well, Jediah—Jeremiah, I would say—when you make change, never take a ten cent piece and two cents for a shilling, but give it as often as practicable; look out for the fractions in adding up, and beware of crossed six-pences, smooth shillings, and what are called Bungtown coppers," said Cheatum, with much emphasis.

"I'm pooty well posted up, sir, in all *that*," said Jeremiah.

"And, Jeems—pshaw!—Jacob—Jeremiah! I would say, in measuring, always put your thumb *so*, and when you move the yardstick forward, shove your thumb an inch or so *back*; in measuring *close* you may manage to squeeze out five yards from four and three-quarters, you understand? And always be watchful that some of those nimble, light-fingered folks don't slip a roll of ribbon, or a pair of gloves or hose, or a piece of goods, up their sleeves, in their bosoms, pockets, or under their shawls. Be careful, Henry—Jeems, I should say," said Cheatum.

Being duly rehearsed, Jeremiah Bumps went to work. The first customer he had was a little girl, who bought a yard of ribbon for ninepence, and Jeremiah not only stretched seven-eighths of a yard into a full yard, but made twelve cents go for a ninepence, which *feat* brought down the vials of wrath of the child's mother, a burly old Scotch woman, who "tongue-lashed" poor Jeremiah awfully! His next adventure was the sale of a dress pattern of sixpenny de-laine, which he *warranted* to contain all the perfections known to the best article, and in dashing his vigorous scissors through the fabric, he caught them in the folds of a dozen silk handkerchiefs on the counter, and ripped them all into slitters! The young woman who took the dress pattern, upon reaching home, found it contained but eight yards, when she paid for nine. She came back, and Jeremiah Bumps got another bombasting! He sold fourpenny calico, and warranted it to wash; next day it came back, and an old lady with it; the colors and starch were all out, by dipping it in water, and the woman went on so that Cheatum was glad to refund her money to get rid of her. Two dashing young ladies, out "shopping" for their own diversions, gave Jeremiah a call; he labored hand and tongue, he hauled down and exhibited Cheatum's entire stock; the girls then were leaving, saying they would "call again," and Jeremiah very amiably said, "do, ladies, do; call again, *like to secure your custom!*" The young

ladies took this as an insult. Their big brothers waited on Mr. Bumps, and nothing short of his humble apologies saved him from enraged cowhides! Jeremiah saw a suspicious woman enter the store, and after overhauling a box of gloves, he thought he saw her *pocket a pair*. He intercepted the lady as she was going out—he grabbed her by the pocket—the lady resisted—Jeremiah held on—the lady fainted, and Jeremiah Bumps nearly tore her dress off in pulling out the gloves! The lady proved to be the wife of a distinguished citizen, and the gloves purchased at another store! A lawsuit followed, and Mr. Bumps was fined $100, and sent to the House of Correction for sixty days.

How many new clerks Nebuchadnezzar Cheatum has put through since, we know not; but Jeremiah Bumps is now engaged in the practical science of agriculture, and shudders at the idea of a young man from the country being *wanted* in a dry goods shop, if they have got to see the elephant that he *observed—in Boston.*

Presence of Mind.

Mr. Davenport—the "Ned Davenport" of the

Bowery boys—before sailing for Europe and while attached to the Bowery Theatre, was of the lean and hungry kind. In fact he was extremely lean—tall as a may-pole, and slender enough to crawl through a greased *fleute*,—to use a yankeeism.

Somebody "up" for Shylock one night, at the Bowery, was suddenly "indisposed" or, in the strongest probability, quite stupefied from the effect of the deadly poisons retailed in the numerous groggeries that really swarm near the Gotham play-houses. Well, Mr. Davenport—a gentleman who has reached a most honorable position in his profession by sobriety and talent—was substituted for the indisposed *Shylock*, and the play went on.

In the trial scene, Mr. Davenport really "took down the house" by his vehemence, and his ferocious, lean, and hungry aspirations for the pound of flesh! One of the b'hoys, so identical with the B'ow'ry pit, got quite worked up; he twisted and squirmed, he chewed his cud, he stroked his "soap-lock," but, finally, wrought up to great presence of mind,—our lean Shylock still calling for his pound of flesh,—roars out;—

"S'ay, look a' here,—*why don't you give skinny de meat, don't you see he wants it, sa-a-a-y!*"

We very naturally infer that "the piece" *went off with a rush!*

The Skipper's Schooner.

No better specimen of the genus, genuine Yankee nation, can be found, imagined or described, than the skippers of along shore, from Connecticut river to Eastport, Maine. These critters give full scope to the Hills and Hacketts of the stage, and the Sam Slicks and Falconbridges of the press, to embody and sketch out in the broadest possible dialect of Yankee land. One of these "tarnal critters," it is my purpose to draw on for my brief sketch, and I wish my readers to do me the credit to believe that for little or no portion of my yarn or language am I indebted to fertility of imagination, as the incidents are real, and quite graphic enough to give piquancy to the subject.

Last spring, just after the breaking up of winter, a down-east smack or schooner, freighted with cod-fish and potatoes, I believe, rounded off Cape Ann light, and owing to head winds, or some other perversity of a nautical nature, could no further go; so the skipper and his crew—one man, green as catnip—made for an anchorage, and hove the "hull consarn" to. Here they lay, and tossed and chafed, at their moorings, for a day or two, without the slightest indication on the part of the weather to abate the nuisance. So the commander of the schooner got in his little "dug-out," and giving the aforesaid crew special

injunctions to keep all fast, he pulled off to shore to take a look around.

Now, it so fell out that in the course of a few hours' time after the departure of the skipper, a snorting east wind sprang up, and not only blew great guns, but chopped up a short, heavy sea, perfectly astonishing and alarming to Hezekiah Perkins, in the rolling and pitching schooner. It was Hez's first attempt at seafaring; and this sort of reeling and waltzing about, as a matter of course, soon discomboberated his bean basket, and set his head in a whirl and dancing motion—better conceived by those who have seen the sea elephant than described. Hez got dea-a-athly sick, so sick he could not budge from the stern sheets, where he had taken a squat in the early commencement of his difficulties. In the mean time, the skipper came down to the beach and hailed the victim:

"Hel-LO! hel-LO!"

Hez feebly elevated his optics, and looking to the windward, where stood his noble captain, he made an effort to say over something:

"Wha-a-t ye-e-e want?"

"What do I want? Why, yeou pesky critter, yeou, go for'ard thar and hist the jib, take up the anchor, put your helm a-lee, and beat up to town!"

This was all very well, provided the skipper was there to superintend, manage and carry out his voluble orders; but as the surf prevented him from coming on board, and the lightness of Hez's head militated against the almost superhuman possibility of carrying out the skipper's orders, things remained *in statu quo*, the skipper ashore, and Hez fervently wishing he was too.

"Ain't you a-going to stir round there, and save the vessel?" bawled the excited captain.

"How on airth," groaned the horror-stricken mariner, "how on airth am I to help it?"

"Wall, by Columbus, she'll go clean ashore, or blow eout to sea afore long, sure as death!" responded the skipper; and before he had fairly concluded his augury, sure enough, the halser parted, the schooner slew round and made a bee-line *for Cowes and a market!* This rather brought Hezekiah to his oats—he riz, tottering and feeble, on his shaky pins, and crawled forward to get up the jib.

"O ye-s, now yeou're coming about it, yes, yeou be," bawled the almost frantic skipper, as the distance between him and his vessel was increasing. "Put her abeout and head her up the ba-a-y!" But it was no kind of use in talking, for Hezekiah could not raise the jib; and his imperfect nautical knowledge, under such a snarl, completely bewildered and

disgusted him with the prospect. So saying over the seven commandments and other serious lessons of youth, Hezekiah resigned himself to the tumultuous elements, and concluded it philosophical and scriptural resignation to let Providence and the old schooner fix out the programme just as they might. It is commonly reported, that our mackerel catchers, when a storm or gale overtakes them on the briny deep, lash all fast and go below, turn in and let their smacks rip along to the best of their knowledge and ability. They seldom founder or get severely scathed; and these facts, or perfect indifference, having entered the head of Hezekiah Perkins, he became perfectly unconcerned as to future developments. Night coming on, the skipper saw his schooner fast departing out to sea, and when she was no longer to be seen, he made tracks for Boston, to report the melancholy facts to the owners of the vessel and cargo, and see about the insurance.

Next morning, the skipper having discovered that the insurance was safe, he found himself in better spirits; so he walked down along the wharves, to take a look out upon the bay and shipping—when lo, and behold, he sees a vessel so amazingly like his Two Pollies, that he could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Hurrah! hurrah! By Christopher Columbus—if thar don't come my old beauty and Hez Perkins, too

—hurrah!"

The overjoyed skipper went off into a double hornpipe on a single string; and as the veritable schooner came booming saucily up the bay before a spanking breeze, with her jib spread, the skipper called out in a voice of thunder and gladness:

"Hel-lo! Hez Perkins, is that yeou?"

"Hel-lo! Cap'n, I'm coming, by pumpkins! Clear the track for the Two Pollies!" And putting her head in among the smacks of Long Wharf, Hez let her rip and smash chock up fast and tight. When the captain landed on his own deck, he rushed into the arms of his brave mate Hezekiah, and they had a regular fraternal hug all round—and Hezekiah Perkins, in behalf of his wonderful skill, perseverance and luck, was unanimously voted first mate of the Two Pollies on the spot. It appeared that a change of wind during the night had driven the wandering vessel back into the bay, and Hezekiah, having got over his sick spell by daylight, crawled forward, got up the jib, and actually made the wharf, as we have described.

Philosophy of the Times.

The philosophy of the present age is peculiarly the philosophy of outsides. Few dive deeper into the human breast than the bosom of the shirt. Who could doubt the heart that beats beneath a cambric front? or who imagine that hand accustomed to dirty work which is enveloped in white kid? What Prometheus was to the physical, the tailor is to the moral man—the one made human beings out of clay, the other cuts characters out of broadcloth. Gentility is, with us, a thing of the goose and shears.

The Emperor and the Poor Author.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Great men are not the less liable or addicted to very small, and very mean, and sometimes very *rascally acts*, but they are always fortunate in having any amount of panegyric graven on marble slabs, shafts and pillars, o'er their dust, and eulogistic and profound histories written in memories of the deeds of renown and glory they have executed. An American 74-gun ship would hardly float the mountains of *tomes* written upon Bonaparte and his brilliant career, as a soldier and a conqueror; but how precious few, insignificant pages do we ever see

of the misdeeds, tyrannies and acts of petty and contemptuous meanness so great a man was guilty of! Why should authors and orators be so reluctant to tell the truth of a great man's follies and crimes, seeing with what convenience and fluency they will *lie* for him? We contend, and shall contend, that a truly great man cannot be guilty of a small act, and that one contemptible or atrocious manifestation in man, is enough to sully—tarnish the brightness of a dozen brilliant deeds; but apparently, the accepted notion is—*vice versa*.

In 1830, there lived in the city of Philadelphia, a barber, a poor, harmless, necessary barber. His antique, or most curious costume, attracted much attention about the vicinity in which he lived, and no doubt added somewhat to the custom of his shop, itself a *bijou* as curious almost as the proprietor. But as our story has but little to do with the queer outside of the *barber* or his *shop*, and we do not now purpose a whole history of the man, we shall at once proceed to the pith of our subject—the Emperor and the poor Author, or Napoleon and his Spies—and in which our aforesaid Philadelphia barber plays a conspicuous part.

Some of the writers, a few of those partially daring enough to give an impartial *expose* of the history of the Bonapartean times, seem to think that Napoleon committed a great error in his accession to the

throne, by doubting the stability of his reign, and having pursued exactly measures antipodean to those necessary to seat him firmly in the hearts of the people, and cement the foundation of his newly-acquired power. But we don't think so; the means by which he obtained the giddy height, to a comprehensive mind like his, at once suggested the necessity of vigilance, promptness, and unflinching execution of whatever act, however tyrannous or heartless it might have been, his unsleeping mind suggested—

> "Crowns got with blood, by blood must be maintained."

Jealous and suspicious, he sought to shackle public opinion—the fearful hydra to all ambitious aspirants—to know all *secrets* of the time and states, and render one half of the great nations he held in his grasp spies upon the other! The most profligate principles of Machiavel sink into obscurity when contrasted with the Imperial *Espionage* of Napoleon. When no longer moving squadrons in the tented field—whole armies, like so many pieces of chess in the hands of a dexterous player—he sat upon his throne, reclined upon his lounge or smoked in his bath, organized and moved the most difficult and dangerous forces in the world—*an army of Spies!*

All ages, from that of infancy to decrepitude—all

conditions of life, from peer to parvenu—from plough to the anvil—pulpit to the bar—orators and beggars, soldiers and sailors, male and female of every grade—men of the most insinuating address, and women of the most seductive ages and loveliness, grace and beauty were enlisted and trained to serve—in what the pot-bellied, bald-headed little monster of war used to call his *Cytherian Cohort!* Snares set by these imperial policemen were difficult to avoid, from the almost utter impossibility of suspicioning their presence or power.

In 1808, a learned Italian, noble by birth, in consequence of the movements and *executions* of Napoleon, found it prudent to shave off his moustache and titles, and change the scene of his future life, as well as change his name. A master of languages and a man of mind, he sought the learned precincts of Leipsic, Germany, where he preserved his incognito, though he was not long in winning the grace, and other considerations due enlarged intellect, from those not lacking that invaluable commodity themselves. Herr Beethoven—the new title of our Italian "mi lord"—conceived the project of convincing the mighty Emperor—the hero of the sword—that so little a javelin as the pen could puncture the *sac* containing all *his* great pretensions, and let the vapor out; in short, to show the

conqueror, that the pen *was* mightier than his magic sword. Beethoven purposed writing a pamphlet *memorial*, involving the bombastic pretensions, the gigantic extravagance and arrogant ambition of Bonaparte. The man of letters well knew the ground upon which he was to tread, the danger of ambushed foes, involving such a *brochure*, and the caution necessary with which he was to produce his work. But Beethoven felt the necessity of the production; he possessed the power to execute a great benefit to his fellow man, and he determined to wield it and take the chances. Though scarcely giving breath to his project—guarding each page of his writing as vigilantly as though they were each blessed with the enchantment of a *Koh-i-Noor*—a mysterious agency discovered the fact—Napoleon shook in his royal boots, and swore in good round French, when the following missive reached his royal eye:—

> *Sire(!)*—A plot is brewing against your peace; the safety of your throne is menaced by a villainous scribe. My informant, who has read the manuscripts, informs me that he has never seen any thing better or more imposing, and ingenious in argument and force, than the fellow's appeal to all the crowned heads and people of Europe. It is calculated to carry an irresistible conviction of the wrongs they suffer from your imperial

> majesty to every breast. These manuscripts are fraught with more danger to your Imperial Majesty's Empire, than all the hostile bayonets in the world combined against you, Sire.
>
> Leipsic, 1808. BARON DE——.

Here was a hot shot dangling over the magazines of the mighty man, and the "little corporal" jumped into his boots, and began to set the wheels of his great "expediency" in motion. A message flew here, and another there; a dispatch to this one, and a royal order to that one. A dozen secretaries, and a score of *amanuensises* were instantly at work, and the alarmed "Emperor of all the French" fairly beat the *reveille* upon his diamond-cased snuff box; while, with the rapidity of the clapper of an alarm bell, he issued to each the oral order to which they were to lend enchantment by their rapid quills.

Herr Beethoven was surprised in his very closet! Papers were found scattered all over his little sanctum—the spies had him and his effects, most promptly; but what was the rage and disappointment of the emissaries of the wily monarch, to find neither hair nor hide of the dreaded *fiat!* Had it gone forth? Was it secreted? Was it written?

They had the *man*, but his flesh and blood were as valueless as a pebble to a diamond, contrasted with

the witchery of the *words* he had invested a few sheets of simple paper with! They searched his clothes—tore up his bed, broke up his furniture, powdered his few pieces of statuary, but all in vain—the sought for, dreaded, and hated documents, for which his *Imperial highness* would have secretly given ten—twenty—fifty thousand *louis*—was not to be found! The rage of the inquisitors was terrific—showing how well they were chosen or paid, to serve in their atrocious capacities. The poor scribe was promised all manner of unpleasant *finales*, cursed, menaced, and finally coaxed.

"I have written nothing—published nothing, nor do I intend to write or publish anything," was Beethoven's reply.

"Speak fearlessly," said the chief of the inquisitors, "and rely upon a generous monarch's benevolence. My commission, sir, is limited to ascertain whether poverty has not compelled you to write; if that be the case, speak out; place any price upon your work—the price is nothing—I will pay you at once and destroy your documents."

"Your offers, sir," responded the poor author, "are most kind and liberal, and I regret extremely that it is *not* in my power to avail myself of them. I again declare, sir, that I have never written anything against the French government—your information to

the contrary is false and wicked."

The spies, finding they could not gain any information of the author, by threat or bribe, carried him to France, where his doom was supposed to be sealed in torture and death, in the *Bastile* of the Emperor.

But where was this fearful manuscript—this dreaded scribbling of the God-forsaken, poor, forlorn author? The emissaries of his serene highness had the blood, bones, and body of the wretched scribe, but where was that they feared more than all the warlike forces of a million of the best equipped forces of Europe—the paltry paper pellets of a scholar's brain—the *memorial* to the crowned heads, and people of the several shivering monarchies of continental Europe?

A few brief hours—not two days—before the *pseudo* Herr Beethoven was honored by the special considerations and attentions of the Emperor of all the French—the conqueror of a third, at least, of the civilized world—he had conceived suspicions of a man to whom in the *most profound confidence* he had revealed a slight whisper of his projects—impressed with the foreshadowing that a mysterious *something* dangerous was about to menace him, he made way with the manuscripts, to which his soul clung as too dear and precious to be destroyed—he gave them to

the charge of a tried friend—and before the *Cytherian Cohort* were upon the threshold of the author, his *memorial* was snugly ensconced in the obscure and remote secretary of a gentleman and a man of letters, in the renowned city of Prague. The alarm and friend's appearance seemed most opportune—for an hour after the visitation of the one, the other was at hand—the documents transferred and on their way to their place of refuge.

But difficult was the stepping-stone to Napoleon's greatness—the more the mystery of the manuscripts augmented—the more enthusiastic became his research—the more formidable appeared the necessity of grasping them; and the determination, at all hazards, to clutch them, before they served their purpose!

"Bring me the manuscripts"—was the *fiat* of the Emperor: "I care not *how* you obtain them—get them, *bring them here*; and mark you, let neither money, danger nor fatigue, oppose my will. Hence—bring the manuscripts!"

Again Leipsic was invested by the *Cytherian Cohort* of the modern Alexander; the rival of Hannibal, the great little commandant of the most warlike nation of the earth. The Baron ——, who was master of ceremonies in this great enterprise, now arrested the secret agent who had given the information of the

existence of the *memorial*. This wretch had received five hundred crowns for his espionage and treachery. His fee was to be quadrupled if his atrocious information proved correct; so dear is the mere foreshadowing of ill news to vaunting ambition and quaking imposters. Bengert, the German spy, was sure of the genuineness of his information—he was much astonished that the Baron had not seized the *memorial*, as well as the body of the hapless author. The Baron and the treacherous German conferred at length; an idea seemed to strike the spy.

"I have it," he exclaimed, a few days before his arrest. "I saw a friend visit Beethoven; I know they both entertained the same sentiments in regard to the Emperor—*that man has the manuscripts*."

Where was that man? It was finding the needle in the hay stack—*the* pebble in the brook. Again the Emperor urged, and the *Cytherian Cohort* plied their cunning and perseverance. That *friend* of the poor author was found—he was tilling his garden, surrounded by his flower pots and children, on the outskirts of Prague, Bohemia. It was in vain he questioned his captors. He dropped his gardening implements—blessed his children—kissed them, and was hurried off, he knew not whither or wherefore! Shaubert was this man's name; he was forty, a widower—a scholar, a poet—liberally endowed by wealth, and loved the women!

It was Baron ——'s province to find out the weak points of each victim.

"If he has a *particular* regard for *poetry*, he does love the fine arts," quoth the Baron, "and women are the queens of *fine arts*. I'll have him!"

In the secret prison of Shaubert he found an old man, confined for—he could not learn what. Every day, the yet youthful and most fascinating, voluptuous and beautiful daughter of the old man, visited his cell, which was adjoining that of Shaubert's. As she did so, it was not long before she found occasion to linger at the door of the widower, the poet—and sigh so piteously as to draw from the victim, at first a holy poem, and at length an amative love lay. Like fire into tow did this effusion of the poet's quill inflame the breast and arouse the passions of the lovely Bertha; and in an obscure hour, after pouring forth the soul's burden of most vehement love, the angel in woman's form(!), with implements as perfect as the very jailor's, opened all the bolts and bars, and led the captive forth to liberty! She would have the poet who had entranced her, fly and leave her to her fate! But *poetry* scorned such dastardy—it was but to brave the uncertainty of fate to stay, and torture to go—Bertha must fly with him. She had a father—could she leave him in bondage? No! She had rescued her lover—she braved more—released her parent in the next hour, by the

same mysterious means, and giving herself up to the tempest of love, she shared in the flight of the poet. In a remote section of chivalric Bohemia, they found an asylum. But Bertha was as yet but the deliverer from bondage, if not death, of her soul's idol; he, with all the warmth and gratitude of a dozen poets, worshipped at her feet and besought her to bless him evermore by sharing his fate and fortune. There was a something imposing, a something that brought the pearly tear to the heroic girl's eye and made that lovely bosom undulate with most sad emotion. The poet pressed her to his heart—fell at her feet, and begged that if his life—property—children—be the sacrifice—but let him know the secret at once—he was her friend—defender—lover—slave. Another sigh, and the spell was broken.

"Why—ah! why were you a state prisoner—a *secret* prisoner in the ——?"

"Loved angel," answered the poet, "I scarce can tell; indeed I have not the merest *hint*, in my own mind, to tell me for what I was arrested and thrown into prison!"

"Ah! sir," sighed the lovely Bertha, "I can never then wed the man I love—I cannot brave the dangers of an unknown fate—at some moment least expected, to be torn from his arms—lost to him forever!"

"We can fly, dearest," suggested the poet, "we can fly to other and more secure lands. In the sunshine of your sweet smile, my dear Bertha, obscurity—poverty would be nothing."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot leave my father—the land of my birth—home of my childhood. I that have given you liberty, may point out a way to deliver you from further restraint. How I learned the nature of your crime, ask not; I know your secret."

"Ah! what mean you?"

"In a foolish hour," continued the lovely Bertha, with downcast eyes and heaving bosom, "you impaled your generous self to save a friend—the friend fled—you were arrested—"

"Good God!" exclaimed the poet, "Herr Beethoven ——"

"Gave you possession of——" she continued.

"No! no! no!" interposed the affrighted poet, daring not to breathe "yes," even to the ear of his fair preserver.

"Sir," calmly continued the girl, "I have risked my own life and liberty to preserve yours, I have——"

"I—I know it all, dear—dearest angel, but——"

"Those manuscripts," she continued, fixing her

keen but melting gaze upon the poor victim.

"Ha! manuscripts? How learned you this? No, no, it cannot be——"

"It is known—I know it—I learned it from your captors; but for my *love*," said the girl, "mad—guilty love—your life would have been forfeited—your house pillaged by the emissaries of the Emperor, in quest of those manuscripts. While they exist, Bertha cannot be happy—Bertha's love must die with her—Bertha be ever miserable!"

"I-a—I will—but no! no! I have no manuscripts! It is false—false!" exclaimed the almost distracted poet.

"Herr Shaubert," said the girl, clasping the hand of the poet, and throwing herself at his feet, "am I unworthy your love?"

"Dear, dear Bertha, do not torture me! do not, for God's sake! Rise; let me at your feet swear, in answer —*No!*"

"Then, within four-and-twenty hours, let me grasp that hated, damned viper, that would gnaw the heart's core of Bertha. Give me the key of your misery; O! bless me—bless your Bertha; give me those accursed manuscripts, daggers bequeathed you by a false friend, that I may at once, in your presence, give them to the flames; and Bertha, the idol of your soul, be ever more blessed and happy!"

This appeal settled the business of the poet; he walked the room, sighed, tore his *mouchoir*, oscillated between honor and temptation—the angel form and syren tongue of the woman triumphed. In course of a dozen hours, Bertha, the lovely, enchanting *spy*, opened the secret drawers of the poet's secretary, and amid carefully-packed literary rubbish, the dreaded *memorial* was found—clutched with the eagerness of a death-reprieve to a poor felon upon the verge of eternity, and with the despatch of an hundred swift relays, the poor author's manuscripts were placed in the hands of the mighty Emperor, and while he read their fearful purport, and flashed with rage or grew livid with each scathing word of the *memorial*, he hurriedly issued his orders—gain to this one, sacrifice to that one; while he made the spy a *countess*, he ordered hideous death to the poor poet and despair and misery to his children.

"Fly!" the monarch shouted, "search every one suspected of a hand in this; let them be dealt with instantly—trouble me not with detail, but give me sure returns. Stop not, until this viper is exterminated; egg and tooth; fang and scale; see it done and claim my bounty—*fly!*"

That *snake* was scotched and killed—the few brief pages of an obscure author that drove sleep, appetite and peace from the mighty Emperor, for days and

nights—made busy work for his thousands of emissaries—scattered his gold in weighty streams—was read, cursed and destroyed, and all suspected as having the slightest voice or opinion in the secret *memorial*, met a secret fate—death or prolonged wretchedness.

Herr Beethoven, the poor author, alone escaped; being overlooked in the hot pursuit of his production, and by the blunder of those having charge of himself and hundreds of other state prisoners—guilty or *suspected* opponents to the vaulting ambition and power of him that at last ended his own eventful career as a helpless prisoner upon an ocean isle—was liberated and lost no time in making his way beyond the reach of monarchs, tyranny and bondage. Beethoven came to America and settled in Philadelphia, where, in the humble capacity of an e-razer of beards and pruner of human mops, he eked out a reasonable existence for the residue of his earthly existence; few, perhaps, dreaming in their profoundest philosophy, that the little, eccentric-attired, grotesque-looking barber, who tweaked their plebeian noses and combed their caputs, once rejoiced in grand heraldic escutcheons upon his carriage panels as a veritable Count, and still later made the throne tremble beneath the feet of a second Alexander!

But God is great, and the ways of our every-day

life, full of change and mystery.

The Bigger Fool, the Better Luck.

The American "Ole Bull," young Howard, one of the most scientific crucifiers of the *violin* we ever heard, gave us a call t'other day, and not only discoursed heavenly music upon his instrument, but gave us the "nub" of a few jokes worth dishing up in our peculiar style. Howard spent last winter in a tour over the State of *Maine* and Canada. During this *cool* excursion, he got way up among the *wood*-choppers and *log*-men of the Aroostook and Penobscot country. These wood-chopping and log-rolling gentry, according to all accounts, must be a jolly, free-and-easy, hard-toiling and hardy race. The "folks" up about there live in very primitive style; their camps and houses are very useful, but not much addicted to the "ornamental." Howard had a very long, tedious and perilous *tramp*, on foot, during a part of his peregrinations, and coming at last upon the settlement of the log-men, he laid up several days, to recuperate. In the largest log building of the several in the neighborhood, Howard lodged; the weather was intensely cold—house crowded, and wood and

game plenty. After a hard day's toil, in snow and water, these log-men felt very much inclined, to sleep. A huge fire was usually left upon the hearth, after the "tea things" were put away, Howard gave them a *choon* or two, and then the woodmen lumbered up a rude set of steps—into a capacious loft overhead, and there, amid the old quilts, robes, skins and straw, enjoyed their sound and refreshing sleep—with a slight drawback.

Among these men of the woods, was a hard old nut, called and known among them as—*Old Tantabolus!* He was a wiry and hardy old rooster; though his frosty poll spoke of the many, many years he had "been around," his body was yet firm and his perceptions yet clear. The old man was a grand spinner of yarns; he had been all around creation, and various other places not set down in the maps. He had been a soldier and sailor: been blown up and shot down: had had all the various ills flesh was heir to: suffered from shipwreck and indigestion: witnessed the frowns and smiles of fortune—especially the *frowns*; in short, according to old man Tantabolus's own account of himself, he had seen more ups and downs, and made more narrow and wonderful escapes, than Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver both together—with Baron Trenck into the bargain!

For the first season, the old man and his

narrations, being fresh and novel, he was quite a *lion* among the woodmen, but now that the novelty had worn off, and they'd got used to his long yarns, they voted him "an old bore!" The old fellow smoked a tremendous pipe, with tobacco strong enough to give a Spaniard the "yaller fever." He would eat his supper, light his pipe—sit down by the fire, and spin yarns, as long as a listener remained, and longer. In short, Old Tantabolus would *spin* them all to bed, and then make their heads spin, with the clouds of *baccy* smoke with which he'd fill the *ranche*.

Going to bed, at length, on a bunk in a corner, the old chap would wheeze and snore for an hour or two, and then turning out again, between daybreak and midnight, Old Tantabolus would pile on a cord or two of fresh wood—raise a roaring fire—make the *ranche* hot enough to roast an ox, then treat all hands to another *stifling* with his old *calumet*, and nigger-head tobacco! Then would commence a—

"A-booh! oo-*oo!*" by one of the lodgers, overhead.

"Boo-oo-*ooh!* Old Tantabolus's got that—booh-oo-oo-*oo*,—pipe of his'n again,—boo-oo-oo!" chimed another.

"A-a-a-*chee!* oo-oo-augh-h-h-*ch-chee!* Cuss that—a-*chee*—pipe. Tantabolus, you old hoss-marine, put out that—a-*chee!*—darn'd old pipe!" bawled another.

"A'*nand*?" was the old fellow's usual reply.

"A-boo-ooh-*ooh!*" hoarse and loud as a boatswain's call, in a gale of wind, would be issued from the throat of an old "logger," as the fumigacious odor interfered with his respiratory arrangements, and then would follow a miscellaneous—

"A-*chee*-o! Ah-*chee!* boo-ooh-oo-*ooh!*" tapering off with divers curses and threats, upon Old Tantabolus and his villanous habits of arousing "the whole community" in "the dead watches and middle of the night," with heat and smoke, no flesh and blood but his own could apparently endure.

At length, a private *caucus* was held, and a diabolical plan set, to put a summary end to the grievous nuisances engendered by Old Tantabolus —"*let's blow him up!*"

And this they agreed to do in *this* wise. Before "retiring to rest," as we say in civilized *parlance*, the lodging community were in the habit of laying in a surplus of firewood, alongside of the capacious fire-place, in order—should a very common occurrence *occur*,—i. e., a fall of snow six to ten feet deep, and kiver things all up, the insiders might have wherewith to make themselves comfortable, until they could work out and provide more. But Old Tantabolus was in the wasteful practice of turning out and burning up all this extra fuel; so the caucus

agreed to bore an inch and a quarter hole into a solid stick—pack it with powder—lay it among the wood, and when Old Tantabolus *riz* to fire up, he'd be blowed out of the building, and disappear—*in a blue blaze!* Well, poor old man, Tantabolus, quite unconscious of the dire explosion awaiting him, told his yarns, next evening, with greater *gusto* than usual, and one after another of his listeners finally dropped off to *roost*, in the loft above, leaving the old man to go it alone—finish his pipe, stagnate the air and go to his bunk, which, as was his wont to do—he did. Stillness reigned supreme; though Old Tantabolus took his usual snooze in very apparent confidence, many of his no less weary companions above—watched for the approaching *tableaux!* And they were gratified, to their heart's content, for the tableaux *came!*

"Now, look out, boys!" says one, "Old *Tanty's* about to wake up!" and then some dozen of the upper story lodgers, who had kept their peepers open to enjoy the fun, began to spread around and pull away the loose straw in order to get a view of the scene below. Sure enough, the old rooster gave a long yawn—"Aw-w-w-w-*um!*" flirted off his "kiverlids" and got up, making a slow move towards the fire-place, reaching which, he gave an extra "Aw-w-w-*um!*" knocked the ashes out of his pipe—filled it up with "nigger-head," dipped it in the embers, gave it a few whiffs, and

then said:

"Booh! cold mornin'; boys'll freeze, if I don't start up a good fire." Then he went to work to cultivate a blaze, with a few chips and light sticks of dry wood.

"Ah, by George, old feller," says one, "you'll catch a bite, before you know it!"

"Yes, I'm blamed if you ain't a *goner*, Old Tantabolus!" says another, in a pig's whisper.

"There! there he's got the fire up—now look out!"

"He's got the stick—"

"Goin' to clap it on!"

"Now it's on!"

"Look out for fun, by George, look out!"

"He'll blow the house up!"

"Godfrey! s'pose he does?"

"What an infernal *wind* there is this morning!" says the old fellow, hearing the *buzz* and indistinct whispering overhead; "guess it's snowin' like *sin*; I'll jist start up this fire and go out and see." But, he had scarcely reached and opened the door, when—"*bang-g-g!*" went the log, with the roar of a twelve pounder; hurling the fire, not only all over the lower floor, but through the upper loose flooring—setting the straw

beds in a blaze—filling the house with smoke, ashes and fire! There was a general and indiscriminate *rush* of the practical jokers in the loft, to make an escape from the now burning building; but the step-ladder was knocked down, and it was at the peril of their lives, that all hands jumped and crawled out of the *ranche!* The only one who escaped the real danger was Old Tantabolus, the intended victim, whose remark was, after the flurry was over—"Boys, arter this, *be careful how you lay your powder round!*"

An Active Settlement.

Gen. Houston lives, when at home, at Huntsville, Texas; the inhabitants mostly live, says Humboldt, Beeswax, Borax, or some of the other historians, by hunting. The wolves act as watchmen at night, relieved now and then by the Ingins, who make the wig business brisk by relieving straggling citizens of their top-knots. A man engaged in a quiet smoke, sees a deer or bear sneaking around, and by taking down his rifle, has steaks for breakfast, and a haunch for next day's dinner, right at his door. Vegetables and fruit grow naturally; flowers come up and bloom spontaneously. The distinguished citizens wear buck-

skin trowsers, coon-skin hats, buffalo-skin overcoats, and alligator-hide boots. Old San Jacinto walked into the Senate last winter—fresh from home—with a panther-skin vest, and bear-skin breeches on! Great country, that Texas.

A Yankee in a Pork-house

"Conscience sakes! but hain't they got a lot of pork here?" said a looker-on in Quincy Market, t'other day.

"Pork!" echoes a decidedly *Green* Mountain biped, at the elbow of the first speaker.

"Yes, I vow it's quite as-*tonishing* how much pork is sold here and *et* up by somebody," continued the old gent.

"Et up?" says the other, whose physical structure somewhat resembled a fat lath, and whose general *contour* made it self-evident that *he* was not given much to frivolity, jauntily-fitting coats and breeches, or perfumed and "fixed up" barberality extravagance.

"Et up!" he thoughtfully and earnestly repeated, as his hands rested in the cavity of his trousers pockets,

and his eyes rested upon the first speaker.

"You wern't never in Cincinnatty, *I* guess?"

"No, I never was," says the old gent.

"Never was? Well, I cal'lated not. Never been *in* a Pork-haouse?"

"Never, unless you may call this a Pork-house?"

"The-is? Pork-haouse?" says Yankee. "Well, I reckon not—don't begin—'tain't nothin' like—not a speck in a puddle to a Pork-haouse—a Cincinnatty Pork-haouse!"

"I've hearn that they carry on the Pork business pooty stiff, out there," says the old gentleman.

"Pooty stiff? Good gravy, but don't they? 'Pears to me, I knew yeou somewhere?" says our Yankee.

"You might," cautiously answers the old gent.

"'Tain't 'Squire Smith, of Maoun-Peelier?"

"N'no, my name's Johnson, sir."

"Johnson? Oh, in the tin business?"

"Oh, no, I'm not *in* business, at all, sir," was the reply.

"Not? Oh,"—thoughtfully echoes Yankee. "Wall, no matter, I thought p'raps yeou were from up aour way

—I'm from near Maoun-Peelier—State of Varmount."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Ya-a-s."

"Fine country, I'm told?" says the old gent.

"Ye-a-a-s, 'tis;"—was the abstracted response of Yankee, who seemed to be revolving something in his own mind.

"Raise a great deal of wool—fine sheep country?"

"'Tis great on sheep. But sheep ain't nothin' to the everlasting hog craop!"

"Think not, eh?" said the old gent.

"I swow *teu* pucker, if I hain't seen more hogs killed, afore breakfast, in Cincinnatty, than would burst this buildin' clean open!"

"You don't tell me so?"

"By gravy, I deu, though. You hain't never been in Cincinnatty?"

"I said not."

"Never in a Pork-haouse?"

"Never."

"Wall, yeou've hearn tell—of Ohio, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes! got a daughter living out there," was the answer.

"Yeou don't say so?"

"I have, in Urbana, or near it," said the old gent.

"Urbanny! Great kingdom! why I know teu men living aout there; one's trading, t'other's keepin' school; may be yeou know 'em—Sampson Wheeler's one, Jethro Jones's t'other. Jethro's a cousin of mine; his fa'ther, no, his *mother* married—'tain't no matter; my name's Small,—Appogee Small, and I was talkin'——"

"About the hog crop, Cincinnatty Pork-houses."

"Ye-a-a-s; wall, I went eout West last fall, stopped at Cincinnatty—teu weeks. Dreadful nice place; by gravy, they do deu business there; beats Salvation haow they go it on steamboats—bust ten a day and build six!"

"Is it possible?" says the old gent; "but the hogs ——"

"Deu beat all. I went up to the Pork-haouses;—fus thing you meet is a string—'bout a mile long, of big and little critters, greasy and sassy as sin; buckets and bags full of scraps, tails, ears, snaouts and ribs of hogs. Foller up this line and yeou come to the Pork-haouses, and yeou go in, if they let yeou, and they

did me, so in I went, teu an almighty large haouse—big as all aout doors, and a feller steps up to me and says he:—

"'Yeou're a stranger, I s'pose?'

"'Yeou deu?' says I.

"'Ye-a-a-s,' says he, 'I s'pose so,' and I up and said I was.

"'Wall,' says he, 'ef you want to go over the haouse, we'll send a feller with you!'

"So I went with the feller, and he took me way back, daown stairs—aout in a lot; a-a-a-nd everlastin' sin! yeou should jist seen the hogs—couldn't caount 'em in three weeks!"

"Good gracious!" exclaims the old gent.

"Fact, by gravy! Sech squealin', kickin' and goin' on; sech cussin' and hollerin', by the fellers pokin' 'em in at one eend of the lot and punchin' on 'em aout at t'other! Sech a smell of hogs and fat, *brissels* and hot water, I swan *teu* pucker, I never did cal'late on, afore!

"Wall, as fast as they driv' 'em in by droves, the fellers kept a craowdin' 'em daown towards the Pork-haouse; there two fellers kept a shootin' on 'em daown, and a hull gang of the all-firedest dirty, greasy-looking fellers *aout*—stuck 'em, hauled 'em

daown, and afore yeou could say Sam Patch! them hogs were yanked aout of the lot—killed—scalded and scraped."

"Mighty quick work, I guess," says the old gent.

"Quick work? Yeou ought to see 'em. Haow many hogs deu yeou cal'late them fellers killed and scraped a day?"

"Couldn't possibly say—hundreds, I expect."

"Hundreds! Grea-a-at King! Why, I see 'em kill thirteen hundred in teu hours;—did, by golly!"

"Yeou don't say so?"

"Yes, *sir*. And a feller with grease enough abaout him to make a barrel of saft soap, said that when they hurried 'em up some they killed, scalded and scraped ten thousand hogs in a day; and when they put on the steam, twenty thousand porkers were killed off and cut up in a single day!"

"I want to know!"

"Yes, sir. Wall, we went into the haouse, where they scalded the critters fast as they brought 'em in. By gravy, it was amazin' how the *brissels* flew! Afore a hog knew what it was all abaout, he was bare as a punkin—a hook and tackle in his *snaout*, and up they snaked him on to the next floor. I vow they kept a slidin' and snakin' 'em in and up through the scuttles

—jest in one stream!

"'Let's go up and see 'em cut the hogs,' says the feller.

"Up we goes. Abaout a hundred greasy fellers were a hacken on 'em up. By golly, it was deth to particular people the way the fat and grease *flew!* Two *whacks*—fore and aft, as Uncle Jeems used to say—split the hog; one whack, by a greasy feller with an everlasting chunk of sharpened iron, and the hog was quartered—grabbed and carried off to another block, and then a set of savagerous-lookin' chaps layed to and cut and skirted around;—hams and shoulders were going one way, sides and middlins another way; wall, I'm screwed if the hull room didn't 'pear to be full of flying pork—in hams, sides, scraps and greasy fellers—rippin' and a tearin'! Daown in another place they were saltin' and packin' away, like sin! Daown in the other place they were frying aout the lard—fillin' barrels, from a regular river of fat, coming aout of the everlastin' biggest bilers yeou ever did see, I vow! Now, I asked the feller if sich hurryin' a hog through a course of spraouts helped the pork any, and he said it didn't make any difference, he s'pected. He said they were not hurryin' then, but if I would come in, some day, when 'steam was up,' he'd show me quick work in the pork business—knock daown, drag aout, scrape, cut up, and have the hog in the barrel *before he got*

through squealin'!

"Hello! Say!—'Squire, gone?"

The old gent was—*gone*; the *last brick* hit him!

German Caution

Some ten years since, an old Dutchman purchased in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for nine thousand dollars. Last week, a lot of land speculators called on him to "buy him out." On asking his price, he said he would take "sixty tousand dollars—no less."

"And how much may remain on bond and mortgage?"

"Nine tousand dollars."

"And why not more," replied the would-be purchasers.

"Because der tam place ain't worth any more."

Ain't that Dutch.

Ben. McConachy's Great Dog Sell.

A great many dogmas have been written, and may continue to be written, on dogs. Confessing, once, to a dogmatical regard for dogs, we "went in" for the canine race, with a zeal we have bravely outgrown; and we live to wonder how men—to say nothing of spinsters of an uncertain age—can heap money and affections upon these four-legged brutes, whose sole utility is to doze in the corner or kennel, terrify stray children, annoy horsemen, and keep wholesome meat from the stomachs of many a poor, starving beggar at your back gate. There is no use for dogs in the city, and precious little *use* for them any where else; and as *Boz* says of oysters—you always find a preponderance of dogs where you find the most poor people. Philadelphia's the place for dogs; in the suburbs, especially after night, if you escape from the onslaught of the rowdies, you will find the dogs a still greater and more atrocious nuisance. No rowdy, or gentleman at large, in the *Quaker City*, feels *finished*, without a lean, lank, hollow dog trotting along at their heels; while the butchers and horse-dealers revel in a profusion of mastiffs and dastardly curs, perfectly astounding—to us. This brings us to a short and rather pithy story of a dog *sell*.

Some years ago, a knot of men about town, gentlemen highly "posted up" on dogs, and who

could talk *hoss* and dog equal to a Lord Bentick, or Hiram Woodruff, or "Acorn," or Col. Bill Porter, of the "Spirit," were congregated in a famous resort, a place known as *Hollahan's*. A dog-fight that afternoon, under the "Linden trees," in front of the "State House," gave rise to a spirited debate upon the result of the battle, and the respective merits of the two dogs. Words waxed warm, and the disputants grew boisterously eloquent upon dogs of high and low degree,—dogs they had read of, and dogs they had seen; and, in fact, we much doubt, if ever before or since—this side of "Seven Dials" or St. Giles', there was a more thorough and animated discussion, on dogs, witnessed.

An old and rusty codger, one whose outward bruises might have led a disciple of *Paley* to imagine they had caused a secret enjoyment within, sat back in the nearest corner, towards the stove, a most attentive auditor to the thrilling debate. Between his outspread feet, a dog was coiled up, the only indifferent individual present, apparently unconcerned upon the subject.

"Look here," says the old codger, tossing one leg over t'other, and taking an easy and convenient attitude of observation; "look here, boys, you're talkin' about *dogs!*"

"Dogs?" says one of the most prominent speakers.

"Dogs," echoes the old one.

"Why, yes, daddy, we are talking about dogs."

"What do you know about *dogs?*" says a full-blown *Jakey*, looking sharply at the old fellow.

"Know about *dogs?*"

"A' yes-s," says *Jakey*. "I bet dis five dollars, ole feller, you don't know a Spaniel from a butcher's *cur!*"

"Well," responds the old one, transposing his legs, "may be I *don't*, but it's *my* 'pinion you'd make a sorry *fiste* at best, if you had tail and ears a little longer!"

This *sally* amused all but the young gentleman who "run wid de machine," and attracted general attention towards the old man, in whose eyes and wrinkles lurked a goodly share of mother wit and shrewdness. *Jakey* backing down, another of the by-standers put in.

"Poppy, I expect you know what a good dog is?"

"I reckon, boys, I orter. But I'm plaguy dry listening to your dog talk—confounded dry!"

"What'll you drink, daddy?" said half a dozen of the dog fanciers, thinking to wet the old man's whistle to get some fun out of him. "What'll you drink?—come up, daddy."

"Sperrets, boys, good old sperrets," and the old codger drank; then giving his lips a wipe with the back of his hand, and drawing out a long, deep "ah-h-h-h!" he again took his seat, observing, as he partially aroused his ugly and cross-grained mongrel —

"Here's a *dog*, boys."

"That your dog, dad?" asked several.

"That's my dog, boys. He *is* a dog."

"Ain't he, tho'?" jocularly responded the dog men.

"What breed, daddy, do you call that dog of yours?" asked one.

"Breed? He ain't any breed, *he* ain't. Stand up, Barney, (jerking up the sneaking-looking thing.) He's no breed, boys; look at him—see his tushes; growl, Barney, growl!—Ain't them tushes, boys? He's no breed, boys; *he's original stock!*"

"Well, so I was going to say," says one.

"That dog," says another, "must be valuable."

"Waluable?" re-echoes the old man; "he is all that, boys; I wouldn't sell him; but, boys, I'm dry, dry as a powder horn—so much talkin' makes one dry."

"Well, come up, poppy; what'll you take?" said the boys.

"Sperrets, boys; good old sperrets. I do like good sperrets, boys, and that sperrets, Mister (to the ruffled-bosomed bar-keeper), o' your'n is like my dog —*can't be beat!*"

"Well, daddy," continued the dog men, "where'd you get your dog?"

"That dog," said the old fellow, again giving his mouth a back-hander, and his "ah-h-h!" accompaniment; "well, I'll tell you, boys, all about it."

"Do, poppy, that's right; now, tell us all about it," they cried.

"Well, boys, 'd any you know Ben. McConachy, out here at the Risin' Sun Tavern?"

"We've heard of him, daddy—go on," says they.

"Well, I worked for Ben. McConachy, one winter; he was a pizen mean man, but his wife—wasn't she mean? Why, boys, she'd spread all the bread with butter afore we sat down to breakfast; she'd begin with a quarter pound of butter, and when she'd got through, she had twice as much left."

"But how about the dog, daddy? Come, tell us about your *dog*."

"Well, yes, I'll tell you, boys. You see, Ben. McConachy owned this dog; set up, Barney—look at his ears, boys—great, ain't they? Well, Ben's wife was

mean—meaner than pizen. She hated this dog; she hated any thing that *et*; she considered any body, except her and her daughter (a pizen ugly gal), that et three pieces of bread and two cups of coffee at a meal, *awful!*"

"Blow the old woman; tell us about the *dog*, poppy," said they.

"Now, I'm coming to the pint—but, Lord! boys, I never was so dry in my life. I am dry—plaguy dry," said the old one.

"Well, daddy, step up and take something; come," said the dog men; "now let her slide. How about the *dog?*"

"Ah-h-h-h! that's great sperrets, boys. Mister (to the bar-keeper), I don't find such sperrets as that *often*. Well, boys, as you're anxious to hear about the dog, I'll tell you all about him. You see, the old woman and Ben. was allers spatten 'bout one thing or t'other, and 'specially about this dog. So one day Ben. McConachy hears a feller wanted to buy a good dog, down to the *drove yard*, and he takes Barney—stand up, Barney—see that, boys; how quick he minds! Great dog, he is. Well, Ben. takes Barney, and down he goes to the *drove yard*. He met the feller; the feller looked at the dog; he saw Barney *was* a dog—he looked at him, asked how old he was; if that was all the dog Ben. owned, and he seemed to like the dog—

but, boys, I'm gittin' dry—*rotted dry*—"

"Go on, tell us all about the dog, then we'll drink," says the boys.

"'Well,' says Ben. McConachy to the feller, 'now, make us an offer for him.' Now, what do you suppose, boys, that feller's first offer was?"

The boys couldn't guess it; they guessed and guessed; some one price, some another, all the way from five to fifty dollars—the old fellow continuing to say "No," until they gave it up.

"Well, boys, I'll tell you—that feller, after looking and looking at Ben. McConachy's dog, tail to snout, half an hour—*didn't offer a red cent for him!* Ben. come home in disgust and give the dog to me—there he is. Now, boys, we'll have that sperrets."

But on looking around, the boys had cut the pit—*mizzled!*

The Perils of Wealth

Money is admitted to be—there is no earthly use of dodging the fact—the lever of the whole world, by which it and its multifarious cargo of men and

matters, mountains and mole hills, wit, wisdom, weal, woe, warfare and women, are kept in motion, in season and out of season. It is the arbiter of our fates, our health, happiness, life and death. Where it makes one man a happy *Christian*, it makes ten thousand miserable *devils*. It is no use to argufy the matter, for money is the "root of all evil," more or less, and—as Patricus Hibernicus is supposed to have said of a single feather he reposed on—if a dollar gives some men so much uneasiness, what must a million do? Money has formed the basis of many a long and short story, and we only wish that they were all imbued, as our present story is, with—more irresistible mirth than misery. Lend us your ears.

Not long ago, one of our present well-known—or ought to be, for he is a man of parts—business men of Boston, resided and carried on a small "trade and dicker" in the city of Portland. By frugal care and small profits, he had managed to save up some six hundred dollars, all in *halves*, finding himself in possession of this vast sum of hard cash, he began to conceive a rather insignificant notion of *small cities*; and he concluded that Portland was hardly big enough for a man of his pecuniary heft! In short, he began to feel the importance of his position in the world of finance, and conceived the idea that it would be a sheer waste of time and energy to stay in Portland, while with *his* capital, he could go to

Boston, and spread himself among the millionaires and hundred thousand dollar men!

"Yes," said B——, "I'll go to Boston; I'd be a fool to stay here any longer; I'll leave for bigger timber. But what will I do with my money? How will I invest it? Hadn't I better go and take a look around, before I conclude to move? My wife don't know I've got this money," he continued, as he mused over matters one evening, in his sanctum; "I'll not tell her of it yet, but say I'm just going to Boston to see how business is there in my line; and my money I'll put in an old cigar box, and—"

B—— was all ready with his valise and umbrella in his hand. His "good-bye" and all that, to his wife, was uttered, and for the tenth time he charged his better half to be careful of the fire, (he occupied a frame house,) see that the doors were all locked at night, and "be sure and fasten the cellar doors."

B—— had got out on to the pavement, with no time to spare to reach the cars in season; yet he halted—ran back—opened the door, and in evident concern, bawled out to his wife—

"Caddie!"

"Well?" she answered.

"Be sure to fasten the alley gate!"

"Ye-e-e-e-s!" responded the wife, from the interior of the house.

"And whatever you do, *don't forget them cellar doors*, Caddie!"

"Ye-e-e-e-s!" she repeated, and away went B——, lickety split, for the Boston train.

After a general and miscellaneous survey of modern Athens, B—— found an opening—a good one—to go into business, as he desired, upon a liberal scale; but he found vent for the explosion of one very hallucinating idea—his six hundred dollars, as a cash capital, was a most infinitesimal *circumstance*, a mere "flea bite;" would do very well for an amateur in the cake and candy, pea-nut or vegetable business, but was hardly sufficient to create a sensation among the monied folks of Milk street, or "bulls" and "bears" on 'change. However, this realization was more than counter-balanced by another fact—"confidence" was a largely developed *bump* on the business head of Boston, and if a man merely lacked "means," yet possessed an abundance of good business qualifications—spirit, energy, talent and tact—they were bound to see him through! In short, B——, the great Portland capitalist, found things about right, and in good time, and in the best of spirits, started for home, determining, in his own

mind, to give his wife a most pleasant surprise, in apprizing her of the fact that she was not only the wife of a man with six hundred silver dollars, and about to move his *institution*—but the better half of a gentleman on the verge of a new campaign as a Boston business man.

"Lord! how Caroline's eyes will snap!" said B——; "how she'll go in; for she's had a great desire to live in Boston these five years, but thinks I'm in debt, and don't begin to believe I've got them six hundred all hid away down——. But I'll surprise her!"

B—— had hardly turned his corner and got sight of his house, with his mind fairly sizzling with the pent-up joyful tidings and grand surprise in store for Mrs. B., when a sudden change came over the spirit of his dream! As he gazed over the fence, by the now dim twilight of fading day, he thought—yes, he did see fresh earthy loose stones, barrels of lime, mortar, and an ominous display of other building and repairing materials, strewn in the rear of his domicil! The cellar doors—those wings of the subterranean recesses of his house—which he had cautioned, earnestly cautioned, the "wife of his bussim" to close, carefully and securely, were sprawling open, and indeed, the outside of his abode looked quite dreary and haunted.

"My dear Caroline!" exclaimed B——, rushing into

the rear door of his domestic establishment, to the no small surprise of Mrs. B., who gave a premature—

"Oh dear! how you frightened me, Fred! Got home?"

"Home? yes! don't you see I have. But, Carrie, didn't I earnestly beg of you to keep those doors—cellar doors—shut? fastened?"

"Why, how you talk! Bless me! Keep the cellar shut? Why, there's nothing in the cellar."

"Nothing in the cellar?" fairly howls B——.

"Nothing? Of course there is not," quietly responded the wife; "there is nothing in the cellar; day before yesterday, our drain and Mrs. A.'s drain got choked up; she went to the landlord about it; he sent some men, they examined the drain, and came back to-day with their tools and things, and went down the cellar."

"*Down the cellar?*" gasped B——, quite tragically.

"Down *the* cellar!" slowly repeated Mrs. B.

"Give me a light—quick, give me a light, Caroline!"

"Why, don't be a fool. I brought up all the things, the potatoes, the meat, the squashes."

"P-o-o-h! blow the meat and squashes! Give me a light!" and with a genuine melo-drama rush, B——

seized the lamp from his wife's hand, and down the cellar stairs he went, four steps at a lick. In a moment was heard—

"O-o-o-h! I'm ruined!"

With a full-fledged scream, Mrs. B. dashed pell-mell down the stairs, to her husband. He had dropped the lamp—all was dark as a coal mine.

"Fred—Frederick! oh! where are you? What have you done?" cried his wife, in intense agony and doubt.

"Done? Oh! I'm done! yes, done now!" he heavily sighed.

"Done what? how? Tell me, Fred, are you hurt?"

"What on airth's the matter, thar? Are you committing murder on one another?" came a voice from above stairs.

"Is that you, Mrs. A.?" asked Mrs. B. to the last speaker.

"Yes, my dear; here's a dozen neighbors; don't get skeert. Is thare robbers in yer house? What on airth is going on?"

This brought B—— to his proper reckoning. He ordered his wife to "go up," and he followed, and upon reaching the room, he found quite a gathering

of the neighbors. He was as white as a white-washed wall, and the neighbors staring at him as though he was a wild Indian, or a chained mad dog. Importuned from all sides to unravel the mystery, B —— informed them that he had merely gone down cellar to see what the masons, &c., had been doing—dropped his lamp—his wife screamed—and that was all about it! The wife said nothing, and the neighbors shook their incredulous heads, and went home; which, no sooner had they gone, than B—— seized his hat and cut stick for the office of a cunning, far-seeing limb of the law, leaving Mrs. B. in a state of mental agitation better imagined than described. B —— stated his case—he had buried six hundred dollars in a box under the *lee* of the cellar-wall, and gone to Boston on business, and as if no other time would suit, a parcel of drain-cleaners, and masons, and laborers, must come and go right there and then to dig—get the six hundred dollars and clear.

After a long chase, law and bother, B—— recovered half his money—packed up and came to Boston.—There's a case for you! Beware of money!

Nursing a Legacy.

Waiting for dead men's shoes is a slow and not very sure business; sometimes it pays and sometimes it don't. I know a genius who lost by it, and his case will bear repeating, for there is both morality and fun in it.

Lev Smith, a native of "the Eastern shore" of Maryland, and a resident of a small town in the lower part of Delaware, began life on a very limited capital, and because of a natural disposition indigenous to the climate and customs of his native place—general apathy and unmitigated *patience* peculiar to people raised on fish and Johnny-cake, amid the stunted pine swamps and sand-hills of that Lord-forsaken country—Lev never increased it. Lev had an uncle, an old bachelor, without "chick or child," and was reported to be pretty well off. Old man Gunter was proverbially mean, and as usual, heartily despised by one half of the people who knew him. He had a small estate, had lived long, and by his close-fisted manner of life, it was believed that Gunter had laid by a pretty considerable pile of the root of all evil, for something or somebody; and one day Lev Smith, the nephew, came to the conclusion that as the old man was getting quite shaky and must soon resign his interests in all worldly gear, *he* would volunteer to console the declining years of his dear old uncle, by his own pleasant company and encouragement, and the old man very gladly

accepted the proposals of Lev, to cut wood, dig, scratch and putter around his worn out and dilapidated farm. Uncle Gunter had but two negroes; through starvation and long service he had worn them about out; he had little or no "stock" upon his *farm*, quite as scant an assortment of utensils, few fences, and in fact, to any actively disposed individual, the general appearance and state of affairs about old Gunter's *place* would have given the double-breasted blues. But Lev Smith had come to loaf and lounge, and not to display any very active or patriotic evolutions, so he was not so much disheartened by his uncle's dilapidated farm, as he was annoyed by the beggarly way the old man lived, and the assiduous desire he seemed to manifest for Lev to be stirring around, gathering chips, patching fences, cutting brush; from morn till night, he and the two superannuated cuffies; and the old man barely raising enough to keep soul and body of the party together.

At first, the job he had undertaken proved almost too much for Lev Smith's constitution, but the great object in view consoled him, and the more he saw of the old man's meanness, the more and more he took it for granted that his uncle had necessarily hoarded up treasure; but, after three years' drudgery, Lev's courage was on the point of breaking down; the only stay left seemed the fact that now he had served so

long a time, so patiently and lovingly, and the old man apparently upon his very last legs—it seemed a ruthless waste of his golden dreams to give out, so he made up his mind to—wait a little longer. Another year rolled on; Uncle Gunter got indeed low, and the lower he got the more assiduous got nephew Smith, and even the neighbors wondered how a young man *could* stick on, and put up with such a miserly, mean, selfish and penurious old curmudgeon as old Joe Gunter. Gunter himself was apprized of the great indulgence and wonderful patience of his nephew, and not unfrequently said, in a groaning voice:

"Ah, my dear Levi, you're a good boy; I wish to the Lord it was in your poor, miserable, wretched old uncle's distressed power to—"

"Never mind, never mind, Uncle Joe," Lev would most deceitfully respond; "I ask nothing for myself; what I do, I *do* willingly!"

"I know, I know you do, poor boy, but your poor, old, miserable, wretched uncle don't deserve it."

"Don't mind that, dear uncle," says Lev. "It's my duty, and I'll do it."

"Good boy, good boy; your poor, old, miserable uncle will be grateful—we'll see."

"I know that—I feel sure he will, dear Uncle Joe—and that's enough, *all* I ask."

"And if he don't—poor, miserable old creature,—if he don't pay you, the Lord will, Levi!"

"And that will be all that's needed, Uncle Joe," says the humbugging nephew. And so they went, Lev not only waiting on the old man with the tender and faithful care of a good Samaritan, but out of his own slender resources ministering to the old man's especial comfort in many ways and matters which Uncle Joe would have seen him hanged and quartered before he would in a like manner done likewise. But the end came—the old fellow held on toughly; he never died until Lev's patience, hope and slender income were quite threadbare; so he at last went off the handle—Lev buried him and mourned the dispensation in true Kilkenny fashion.

Lev Smith now awaited the settlement of Uncle Gunter's affairs in grief and solicitude. Another party also awaited the upshot of the matter, with due solemnity and expectation, and that party was Polly Williams, Lev's "intended," and her poor and miserly dad and marm, who knew Lev Smith, as they said, was a lazy, lolloping sort of a feller, but sure to get all that his poor, miserable uncle was worth in the world, and therefore, with more craft and diligence, if possible, than Lev practised, the Williamses set Polly's cap for Lev, and who, in turn, was not unmindful of the fact that Williams "had something" too, as well as his two children, Polly and Peter.

Things seemed indeed bright and propitious on all sides. The day came; Lev was on hand at Squire Cornelius's, to hear the will read, and the estate of the deceased settled.

As usual in such cases in the country, quite a number of the neighbors were on hand—old Williams, of course.

"He was a queer old mortal," began the Squire.

"But a good man," sobbed Lev Smith, drawing out his bandanna, and smothering his sharp nose in it. "A good man, 'Squire."

"God's his judge," responded the Squire, and a number of the neighbors shook their head and stroked their beards, as if to say amen.

"Joseph Gunter mout have been a good man and he mout not," continued the Squire; "some thinks he was not; I only say he was a queer old mortal, and here's his will. Last will and testament of Joseph Gunter, &c., &c.," continued the Squire.

"Poor, dear old man," sobbed Lev. "Poor *dear* old man!"

"Being without wife or children," continued the 'Squire.

"O, dear! poor, dear old man, how *I* shall miss him in this world of sorrow and sin," sobs Lev, while old

Williams bit his skinny lips, and the neighbors again stroked their beards.

"To comfort my declining years—"

"Poor, *dear* old man, he was to be pitied; I did all I could do," groaned the disconsolate Lev, "but I didn't do half enough."

"Passing coldly and cheerless through the world—" continued the 'Squire.

"Yes, he did, poor old man; O, dear!" says Lev.

"Cared for by none, hated and shunned by all (Lev looked vacantly over his handkerchief, at the Squire), I have made up my mind (Lev all attention) that no mortal shall benefit by me; I have therefore mortgaged and sold (Lev's eyes spreading) everything I had of a dollar's value in the world, and buried the money in the earth where none but the devil himself can find it!"

There was a general snicker and stare—all eyes on Lev, his face as blank as a sham cartridge, while old Williams's countenance fell into a concatenation of grimaces and wrinkles—language fails to describe!

"But here's a codicil," says the 'Squire, re-adjusting his glasses. "Knowing my nephew, Levi Smith, expects something (Lev brightens up, old Williams grins!)—he has hung around me for a long time,

expecting it (Lev's jaw falls), I do hereby freely forgive him his six years boarding and lodging, and, furthermore, make him a present of my two old negroes, Ben and Dinah."

"The—the—the—cussed old screw," bawls old Williams.

"The infernal, double and twisted, mean, contemptible, miserable old scoundrel!" cries poor Lev, foaming with virtuous indignation, and swinging his doubled up fists.

"And you—you—you cussed, do-less, good for nothing, hypocritical skunk, you," yells old Williams, shaking his bony fingers in poor Lev's face, the neighbors grinning from ear to ear, "to humbug me, my wife, my Polly, in this yer way. Now clear yourself—take them old niggers, don't leave 'em here for the crows to eat—clear yourself!"

Lev Smith sneaks off like a kill-sheep dog, leaving old Ben and Dinah to the tender mercies of a quite miserable and equally wretched neighborhood. Polly Williams didn't "take on" much about the matter, but in the course of a few weeks took another venture in love's lottery, and—was married. Poor Lev Smith returned to the scenes of his childhood, a wiser and a poorer man.

The Troubles of a Mover.

"Mr. Flash in?"

"Mr. Flash? Don't know any such person, my son."

"Why, he lives here!" continued the boy.

"Guess not, my son; I live here."

"Well, this is the house, for I brought the things here."

"What things?" says our friend, Flannigan.

"Why, the door mat, the brooms, buckets and brushes," says little breeches.

Flannigan looks vacantly at his own door mat, for a minute, then says he—

"Come in my man, I'll see if any such articles have come here, for us."

The boy walks into the hall, amid the barricades of yet unplaced household effects—for Flannigan had just moved in—and Flannigan calls for Mrs. F. The lady appears and denies all knowledge of any such purchases, or reception of buckets, brooms, and little breeches clears out.

In the course of an hour, a violent jerk at the bell announces another customer. Flannigan being at

work in the parlor, answers the call; he opens the door, and there stands "a greasy citizen."

"Goo' mornin'. Mr. Flash in?"

"Mr. Flash? I don't know him, sir."

"You don't?" says the "greasy citizen." "He lives here, got this bill agin him, thirty-four dollars, ten cents, per-visions."

"I live here, sir; my name's Flannigan, I don't know you, or owe you, of course!"

"Well, that's a pooty spot o' work, *any how*;" growls our greasy citizen, crumpling up his bill. "Where's Flash?"

"I can't possibly say," says Flannigan.

"You can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Don't know where he's gone to?" growls the butcher.

"No more than the man in the moon!"

"Well, he ain't goin' to dodge *me*, in no sich a way," says the butcher. "I'll find him, if it costs me a bullock, you may tell him so!—for *me!*" growls the butcher.

"Tell him yourself, sir; I've nothing to do with the

fellow, don't know him from Adam, as I've already told *you*," says Flannigan, closing the door—the "greasy citizen" walking down the steps muttering thoughts that breathe and words that burn!

Flannigan had just elevated himself upon the top of the centre table, to hang up Mrs. F.'s portrait upon the parlor wall, when another ring was heard of the bell. He called to his little daughter to open the door and see what was wanted.

"Is your fadder in, ah?"

"Yes, sir, I'll call him," says the child, but before she could reach the parlor, a burly Dutch baker marches in.

"Goot mornin', I bro't de *pills* in."

"Pills?" says Flannigan.

"Yaw, for de prets," continues the baker; "nine tollars foof'ey cents. I vos heert you was movin', so I tink maybees you was run away."

"Mistake, sir, I don't owe you a cent; never bought bread of you!"

"*Vaw's!* Tonner a' blitzen!—don't owes me!"

"Not a cent!" says Flannigan, standing—hammer in hand, upon the top of the table.

"*Vaw's!* you goin' thrun away and sheet me, *ah*?"

"Look here, my friend, you are under a mistake. I've just moved in here, my name's Flannigan, you never saw me before, and of course I never dealt with you!—don't you see?"

"Tonner a' blitzen!" cries the enraged baker, "I see vat you vant, to sheet me out mine preet, you raskills —I go fetch the con-stabl's, de shudge, de sher'ffs, and I have mine mon-ney in mine hands!" and off rushes the enraged man of dough, upsetting the various small articles piled up on the bureau in the hall—by *wanging* to the door.

Poor Flannigan felt quite "put out;" he came very near dashing his hammer at the Dutchman's head, but hoping there was an end to the annoyances he kept at work, until another ring of the bell announced another call. The Irish girl went to the door; Flannigan listens—

"Mr. Flash in?"

"Yees!" says Biddy, supposing Flash and Flannigan was the same in Dutch. "Would yees come in, sir," and in comes the young man.

"Good morning, sir," quoth he; "I've called as you requested sir, with the bill of that china set, &c."

"Mistake, sir—I've bought no china set, lately," says Flannigan.

"Isn't your name Flash, sir!"

"No, sir, my name's *Flannigan*. I've just moved here."

"Indeed," says the clerk. "Well, sir, where has Flash gone to, do you know."

"Gone to be hanged! I trust, for I've been bothered all this morning by persons that scoundrel appears to owe. He moved out of here, day before yesterday; I took his unexpired term of the lease of this dwelling, having noticed it advertised, gave the fellow a bonus for his lease, and he cleared for California, I believe."

This concise statement appeared to satisfy the clerk that his "firm" was *done*, and the young man and *his* bill stepped out. Another *ring*, and Flannigan opens the door; two men wanted to see Mr. Flash; he had been buying some tin-ware of one, and the other he owed for putting up a fire range in the building, and which range and accoutrements poor Flannigan had bought for twenty-five dollars, cash down! These gentlemen felt very vindictive, of course, and hinted awful strong that Flannigan was privy to Flash's movements; and a great deal more, until Flannigan losing his patience, and then his temper, ordered the men to vamose!—they did, giving poor Flannigan a "good blessing" as they walked away!

The family was about to sit down to a "made-up

dinner" in the back parlor, when the bell rang; the Irish girl answered the call, and returned with a bill of sundry groceries, handed in by a man at the door.

"Tell him Mr. Flash has gone—left—don't know him, and don't want to know him, or have any thing to do with him or his bill!"

The girl carried back the bill; presently Flannigan hears a *muss* in the hall, he gets up and goes out; there was Biddy and the grocer's man in a high dispute. Biddy—"true to her instinct," had made a bull of her message by telling the man her master didn't know him; go to the divil wid his bill! Flannigan managed to pacify the man, and give him to understand that Mr. Flash was gone to parts unknown, and—the grocer, in common with bakers, butchers, tinners and china dealers—were *done!*

But now came the tug of war; two "colored ladies" made their appearance, for a small bill of seven dollars, for washing and ironing the dickeys and fine linen of the Flashes.

"An' de fac *am*," says the one, "we's bound to hab de money, *shuah!*"

It did not seem to *take* when Flannigan informed his colored friends that they were surely *done*, as their debtor had "cut his lucky" and gone!

The darkies felt inclined to be *sassy*, and Flannigan

closed the door, ordering them to create a vacancy by clearing out, and just as he closed the door, ring goes the bell!

"Be gor," says a brawny "adopted citizen," planting his brogan upon the sill, as Flannigan opened the door—"I've come wid me *coz*-zin to git her wages, ye's owin' her!"

"Me? Owe you?" cries poor Flannigan.

"*Igh!*" says Paddy, trying to push his way into the hall.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!" cries Flannigan.

"*Scoun-thril!*" roars the outraged "adopted citizen."

"Stand back, you infernal ruffian!" exclaims Flannigan, as Paddy makes a rush to grab him.

"Give me me coz-zin's wages, ye—ye—" but here his oration drew towards a close, for Flannigan, no longer able to recognise virtue in forbearance, opened the door and planting his own huge fist between the *ogle-factories* of Paddy, knocked him as stiff as a bull beef! Falling, Paddy carried away his red-faced burly coz-zin, and the twain tumbling upon the two negro women who were still at the bottom of the steps, dilating, to any number of lookers-on, upon the rascality of poor Flannigan in gouging them out of their washing bill, down went the white spirits

and black, all in a lump.

Here was a row! A mob gathered; "the people in that house" were denounced in all manner of ways, the negroes screamed, the Irish roared, the Dutch baker came up with a police-man to arrest Flannigan for stealing his bread! And soon the butcher arrived with another officer to seize the goods of Flash, supposed to be in the house—ready to be taken away!

Such a double and twisted uproar in Dutch, Irish, Ethiopian and natural Yankee, was terrific!

Mrs. F. fainted, the children screamed, and poor Flannigan was carried to the police office to answer half a cord of "charges," and reached home near sundown, quite exhausted, and his wallet bled for "costs," fines, &c., some $20. Poor Flannigan moved again; the house had such a "bad name," he couldn't stay in it.

The Question Settled.

"Doctor" Gumbo, who "does business" somewhere along shore, met "Prof." *White*,—a gemman, whose complexion is four shades darker than the famed ace

of spades,—a few evenings since, in front of the *Blade* office, and after the usual formalities of greeting, says the doctor—

"What you tink, sah, oh dat Lobes question, what dey's makin' sich a debbil ob a talk about in de papers?"

"Well," dignifiedly answered the professor of polish-on boots, "it's my 'ticular opinion, sah, dat dat Lopes got into de wrong pew, brudder Gumbo, when he went down to Cuber for his healf!"

"Pshaw! sah, I'se talkin' about de gwynna (guano) question, I is."

"Well, doctor," said the professor, "I'se not posted up on de goanna question, no how; but, when you comes to de Cuber, or de best mode ob applyin' de principle ob liquid blackin' to de rale fuss-rate calfskin, *I'se dar!*"

"O! oh!" grunts Gumbo; "professor, you'se great on de natural principles ob de chemical skyence, I see; but lord honey, I doos pity your ignorance on jography questions. So, take care ob yourself, ole nigger—yaw! yaw!" and they parted with the formality of two Websters, and half a dozen common-sized dignitaries of the nation thrown in.

How it's Done at the Astor House.

People often wonder how a man can manage to drink up his salary in liquor, provided it is sufficient to buy a gallon of the very best ardent every day in the year. How a fortune can be drank up, or drank down, by the possessor, is still a greater poser to the unsophisticated. Now, to be sure, a man who confines himself, in his potations, to fourpenny drinks of small beer, Columbian whiskey, or even that detestable stuff, by courtesy or custom called *French brandy*,—which, in fact, is generally aquafortis, corrosive sublimate, cochineal, logwood, and whiskey,—and don't happen to know too many drouthy cronies, may make a very long lane of it; but it's the easiest thing in the world to swallow a snug salary, income, mortgages, live stock, and real estate, when you know how it's done.

Managing a theatre, publishing a newspaper, or keeping trained dogs or trotting horses, don't hardly begin to phlebotomize purse and reputation, like drinking.

"Doctor," said a gay Southern blood, to a famed "tooth doctor," "look into my mouth."

"I can't see any thing there, sir," says the tooth puller.

"Can't? Well, that's deuced strange. Why, sir, look again; you see nothing!"

"Nothing, sir!"

"Why, sir," says the young planter, "it's most astonishing, for I've just finished swallowing—*three hundred negroes and two cotton plantations!*"

Four young bucks met, some years ago, in a fashionable drinking saloon in Cincinnati. It was one of the most elegant drinking establishments in that part of the country. The young chaps belonged over in Kentucky—daddies rich, and they didn't care a snap! says they, let's have a spree! The "sham" came in, and they went at it; giving that a fair trial, they took a turn at sherry, hock, and a sample of all the most expensive stuffs the proprietors had on hand. Getting fuddled, they got uproarious; they kicked over the tables and knocked down the waiters. The landlord, not exactly appreciating that sort of "going on," remonstrated, and was met by an array of pistols and knives. Mad and furious, the young chaps made a general onslaught on the people present, who "dug out" very quick, leaving the bacchanalians to their glory; whereupon, they fell to and fired their pistols into the mirrors, paintings, chandeliers, &c. Of course the watchmen came in, about the time the young gentlemen finished their youthful indiscretions, and after the usual battering and

banging of the now almost inanimate bodies of the quartette, landed them in the calaboose. Next day they settled their bills, and it cost them about $2200! It was rather an expensive lesson, but it's altogether probable that they haven't forgotten a letter of it yet.

A small party of country merchants, traders, &c., were cruising around New York, one evening, seeing the lions, and their cicerone,—by the way, a "native" who knew what *was* what,—took them up Broadway, and as they passed the Astor House, says one of the strangers:

"Smith, what's this thunderin' big house?"

"O, ah, yes, this," says the cicerone, Smith, "*this*, boys, is a great tavern, fine place to get a drink."

"Well, be hooky, let's all go in."

In they all went; taking a private room or small side parlor, the country gents requested Smith to do the talking and order in the liquor. Smith called for a bill of fare, upon which are "invoiced" more "sorts" and harder named wines and *liquors* than could be committed to memory in a week.

"That's it," says Smith, marking a bill of fare, and handing it to the servant, "that's it—two bottles, bring 'em up."

Up came the wine; it was, of course, elegant. The

country gents froze to it. They had never tasted such stuff before, in all their born days!

"Look a here, mister," says one of the "business men," "got eny more uv that wine?"

"O, yes, sir!" says the servant.

"Well, fetch it in."

"Two bottles, sir?"

"Two ganders! No, bring in six bottles!—I can go two on 'em myself," says the country gent.

The servant delivered his message at the bar, and after a few grimaces and whispering, the servant and one of the bar-keepers, or clerks, carried up the wine. Says the clerk, whispering to Smith, whom he slightly knew:

"Smith, do you know the price of this wine?"

"Certainly I do," says Smith; "here it's invoiced on the catalogue, ain't it?"

"O, very well," says the clerk, about to withdraw.

"Hold on!" says one of the merry country gents, "don't snake your handsome countenance off so quick; do yer want us to fork rite up fur these drinks?" hauling out his wallet.

"No, yer don't," says another, hauling out his

change.

"My treat, if you please, boys," says the third, pulling out a handful of small change. "I asked the party in, an' I pay for what licker we drink—be thunder!"

In the midst of their enthusiasm, the clerk observed it was of no importance just then—the bill would be presented when they got through. This was satisfactory, and the party went on finishing their wine, smoking, &c.

"S'pose we have some rale sham-paigne, boys?" says one of the gents, beginning to feel his oats, some!

"Agreed!" says the rest. Two bottles of the best "*sham*" in "the tavern" were called for, and which the party drank with great gusto.

"Now," says one of them, "let's go to the the-ater, or some other place where there's a show goin' on. Here, you, mister,"—to the servant,—"go fetch in the landlord."

"The landlord, sur?" says Pat, the servant, in some doubts as to the meaning of the phrase.

"Ay, landlord—or that chap that was in here just now; tell him to fetch in the bill. Ah, here you are, old feller; well, what's the damages?" asks the gent,

so ambitious of putting the party through, and hauling out a handful of keys, silver and coppers, to do it with.

"Eight bottles of that old flim-flam-di-rip-rap," pronouncing one of those fancy gamboge titles found upon an Astor House catalogue, "*ninety-six dollars*—"

"What?" gasped the country gent, gathering up his small change, that he had began to sort out on the table.

"And two bottles of 'Shreider,' and cigars—seven dollars," coolly continued the bar-clerk; "one hundred and three dollars."

"*A hundred and three thunder*—"

"A HUNDRED AND THREE DOLLARS!" cried the country gents, in one breath, all starting to their feet, and putting on their hats.

The clerk explained it, clear as mud; the trio "spudged up" the amount, looked very sober, and walked out.

"Come, boys," said Smith, "let's go to the theatre."

"Guess not," says "the boys." "B'lieve we'll go home for to-night, Mr. Smith." And they made for their lodgings.

If those country gents were asked, when they got

home, any particulars about the "elephant," they'd probably hint something about getting a glimpse of him at the Astor House.

The Advertisement.

Sit down for a moment, we will not detain you long, our story will interest you, we are sure, for it is most commendable, brief, and—singularly true.

A poor widow, in the city of Philadelphia, was the mother of three pretty children, orphans of a ship-builder, who lost his life in the corvette Kensington, a naval vessel, built in Kensington for one of the South American republics, and launched in 1826. The South Americans being short of funds, the Kensington, after years of delay, was sold to the emperor of all the Russias, and sailed for Constradt in 1830. Some forty of the carpenters, who had built the vessel, went out in her; she had immense, but symmetrical spars—carried vast clouds of canvass—was caught off Cape Henlopen in a squall—her spars came thundering to the deck, and poor Glenn, the ship builder, was among the slain.

The widow was allowed but a brief time to mourn

for the departed; pinching poverty was at her door; upon her own exertions now devolved the care and toil of rearing her three children. Cynthia, the eldest, was a pretty brunette, of thirteen; the neighbors thought Cynthia could "go out to work;" the next eldest, Martin, a fine, sturdy and intelligent boy, could go to a trade; and the youngest, Rosa, one of the most beautiful, blue-eyed, blonde little girls of seven years, poetical fancy ever realized, "the neighbors thought," ought to be *given* to somebody, to raise. The mother was but a feeble woman; it would be a task for her to obtain her own living, they thought; and so, kind, generous souls, with that peculiar readiness with which disinterested friends console or advise the unfortunate, "the neighbors" became very eloquent and argumentative. But though the mother's hands were weak, her heart was strong, and her love for her children still stronger.

It is rather a singular trait in the human character, it appears to us, that people possessing the ordinary attributes of sane Christians, should so readily advise others to attempt, or do, that from which *they* would instinctively recoil; the mass of Widow Glenn's advisers might have been far more serviceable to her, by contributing their mites towards preserving the unity of her little and precious family, than thus savagely advising its disbanding.

Newspapers, at this day, were far less numerous

very expensive, and circulated to a very limited degree, indeed. But the widow took a paper, a family, weekly journal; and while casting her vacant eye over the columns, at the close of a Saturday eve, after a severe week's toil for the bread her little and precious ones had eaten, the widow's attention was called to an advertisement, as follows:

> "A HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—An elderly gentleman desires a middle-aged, pleasantly-disposed, tidy and industrious American woman, to take charge and conduct the domestic affairs of his household. A reasonable compensation allowed. Good reference required, *the applicant to have no incumbrances*. Apply at this office, for the address, &c."

The eager smile, that seemed to warm the wan features of the widow, as she glanced over the advertisement, was dimmed and darkened, as the shining river of summer is shadowed by the heavy passing cloud, when she came to the chilling words —*the applicant to have no incumbrances*.

"No incumbrances," moaned the widow, "shall none but God deign to smile or have mercy on the helpless orphans; are they to be feared, shunned, hated, because helpless? Must they perish—die with me alone—struggling against our woes, poverty,

wretchedness? No! I know there is a God, he is good, powerful, merciful; he will turn the hearts of some towards the widow and the orphan; and though basilisk-like words warn me to hope not, I will apply —I will attempt to win attention, work, slave, toil, toil, toil, until my poor hands shall wear to the bone, and my eyes no longer do their office—if he will only have mercy, pity for my poor, poor orphans—God bless them!" and in melting tenderness and emotion, the poor woman dropped her face upon her lap and wept—her tears were the showers of hope, to the almost parched soil of her heart, and as the gentle dews of heaven fall to the earth, so fell the widow's tears in balmy freshness upon her visions of a brighter something—in the future.

It was yet early in the evening; her children slept; the poor woman put on her bonnet and shawl, and started at once for the office of the *news*paper. The publisher was just closing his sanctum, but he gave the information the widow required, and favorably impressed with Mrs. Glenn's appearance and manner, the publisher, a quaker, interrogated her on various points of her present condition, prospects, &c.; and observed, that but for her children, he had no doubt of the widow's suiting the old man exactly.

"But thee must not be neglected, or discarded from honest industry, because of thy responsibilities, which God hath given thee," said the quaker. "If thy

lad is stout of his age, and a good boy, I will provide for him; he may learn our business, and be off thy charge, and thee may be enabled to keep thy two female children about thee."

On the following Monday, the widow signified her intention of writing a few lines as an applicant for the situation of housekeeper, and afterwards to consult with the publisher in regard to her boy, Martin, and then bidding the courteous quaker farewell, she sought her humble domicil, with a much lighter heart than she had lately carried from her distressed and lonely home.

In an ancient part of the Quaker city, facing the broad and beautiful Delaware river, stood a venerable mansion; but few of this class now remain in Philadelphia, and the one of which we now speak, but recently passed away, in the great conflagration that visited the city in 1850. In this substantial and stately brick edifice, lived one of the wealthy and retired ship brokers of Quakerdom. He was very wealthy, very eccentric, very good-hearted, but passionate, plethoric, gouty, and seventy years of age. Mr. Job Carson had lived long and seen much; he had been so engrossed in clearing his fortune, that from twenty-five to forty, he had not bethought him of that almost indispensable appendage to a man's comfort in this world—a wife. He was the next ten years considering the matter over, and then, having

built and furnished himself a costly mansion, which he peopled with servants, headed by a maiden sister as housekeeper, Job thought, upon the whole—to which his sister added her strong consent—that matrimony would greatly increase his cares, and perhaps add more *noise* and confusion to his household, than it might counterbalance or offset by probable comfort in "wedded happiness," so temptingly set forth to old bachelors.

"No," said Job, at fifty, "I'll not marry, not trade off my single blessedness yet; at least, there's time enough, there's women enough; I'm young, hale, hearty, in the prime of life; no, I'll not give up the ship to woman yet."

Another ten years rolled along, and the thing turned up in the retired merchant's mind again—he was now sixty, and one, at least, of the objections to his entering the wedded state, removed—for a man at sixty is scarcely too young to marry, surely.

"Ah, it's all up," quoth Job Carson. "I'm spoiled now. I've had my own way so long, I could not think of surrendering to petticoats, turning my house into a nursery, and turning my back on the joys, quiet and comforts of bachelorhood. No, no, Job Carson—matrimony be hanged. You'll none of it." And so ten years more passed—now age and luxury do their work.

"O, that infernal twinge in my toe. *O*, there it is again—hang the goat, it can't be gout. Dr. Bleedem swears I'm getting the gout. Blockhead—none of my kith or kin ever had such an infernal complaint. O, ah-h-h, that infernal window must be sand-bagged, given me this pain in the back, and—Banquo! Where the deuce is that nigger—Banquo-o-o!"

"Yis, massa, here I is," said a good-natured, fat, black and sleek-looking old darkey, poking his shining, grinning face into the old gentleman's study, sitting, playing or smoking room.

"Here you are? Where? You black sarpint, come here; go to Jackplane, the carpenter, and tell him to come here and make my sashes tight, d'ye hear?"

"Yis, massa, dem's 'em; I'se off."

"No, you ain't—come here, Banquo, you woolly son of Congo, you; go open my liquor case, bring the brandy and some cool water. There, now clear yourself."

"Yis, massa, I'se gone, dis time—"

"No, you ain't, come back; go to old Joe Winepipes, and tell him I send my compliments to him, and if he wants to continue that game of chess, let him come over this afternoon, d'ye hear?"

"Yis, massa, dem's 'em, I'se gone dis time—*shuah!*"

"Well, away with you."

Old Job Carson was yet a rugged looking old gentleman. He had survived nearly all his "blood, kith and kin;" his sister had paid the last debt of nature some months before, and in hopes of finding some one to fill her station, in his domestic concerns, his advertisement had appeared in the *Weekly Bulletin*.

"Ah, me, it's no use crying about spilt milk," sighed the old gent over his glass. "I suppose I've been a fool; out-lived everybody, everything useful to me. Made a fortune *first*, nobody to spend it *last*. Yes, yes," continued the old man, in a thoughtful strain, "old Job Carson will soon slip off the handle; 'poor old devil,' some bloodsucker may say, as he grabs Job's worldly effects, 'he's gone, had a hard scrabble to get together these things, and now, we'll pick his bones.' Well, let 'em, let 'em; serves me right; ought to have known it before, but blast and rot 'em, if they only enjoy the pillage as much as I did the struggles to keep it together, why, a—it will be about an even thing with us, after all."

"Yis, massa, here I is," chuckled Banquo, again putting his black bullet pate in at the door.

"You are, eh? Well, clear yourself—no, come back; go down to Oatmeal's store, and tell him to let old Mrs. Dougherty, and the old blind man, and the

sailor's wife, and—and—the rest of them, have their groceries, again, this week—only another week, mind, for I'm not going to support the whole neighborhood any longer—tell him so."

"Yis, massa, I'se gone."

"Wait, come here, Banquo; well, never mind—clear out."

But Banquo returned in a moment, saying:

"Dar's a lady at the doo-ah, sah; says she wants to see you, sah, 'bout 'ticlar business, sah."

"Is, eh? Well, call her into the parlor, I'll be down —ah-h, that infernal *twinge* again, ah-h-h-h, ah-h! What a stupid ass a man is to hang around in this world until he's a nuisance to himself and every body else!" grunted old Job, as he groped his way down stairs, and into the parlor.

"Good morning, ma'am," said he, as he confronted the widow, who, in the utmost taste of simple neatness, had arranged her spare dress, to meet the umpire of her future fate.

Mrs. Glenn respectfully acknowledged the salutation, and at once opened her business to the bluff old man.

"Yes, yes; I'm a poor, unfortunate creature, ma'am; I'm nothing, nobody, any more. I want somebody to

see that I'm not robbed, or poisoned, and that I may have a bed to lie upon, and a clean piece of linen to my back occasionally, and a—that's all I want, ma'am."

The widow feigned to hope she knew the duties of a housekeeper, and situated as she was, it was a labor of love to work—toil, for those misfortune had placed in her charge.

"Eh? what's that—haven't got *incumbrances*, have you, ma'am?"

"I have three children, sir," meekly said the widow.

"Three children?" gruffly responded the old gentleman; "ah, umph, what business have you, ma'am, with three children?"



"Three children?" gruffly responded the old gentleman. "Ah, umph, what business have you, ma'am, with three children?"—*Page* 393.

The widow, not apparently able to answer such a poser, the old gentleman continued:

"Poor widows, poor people of any kind, have no business with *incumbrances*, ma'am; no excuse at all, ma'am, for 'em."

"So, alas!" said Mrs. Glenn, "I find the world too—too much inclined to reason; but I shall trust to the mercy and providence of the Lord, if denied the kind feelings of mortals."

"Ah, yes, yes, that's it, ma'am; it's all very fine, ma'am; but too many poor, foolish creatures get themselves in a scrape, then depend upon the Lord to help 'em out. This shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of the Lord isn't right. I don't wonder the Lord shuts his ears to half he's asked to do, ma'am."

"Well, sir, I thought I would *call*, though I feared my children would be an objection to—"

"Yes, yes,—I don't want incumbrances, ma'am."

"But I—I a—"—the widow's heart was too full for utterance; she moved towards the door. "Good morning, sir."

"Stop, come back, ma'am, sit down; it's a pity—you've no business, ma'am, as I said before, to have incumbrances, when you haven't got any visible means of support. Now, if you only had one, one incumbrance—and that you'd no business to have"—said the old gent, doggedly, tapping an antique tortoise-shell snuff box, and applying "the pungent grains of titillating dust," as Pope observes, to his proboscis, "if you had only *one* incumbrance—but you've got a house full, ma'am."

"No, sir, only three!" answered widow Glenn.

"Three, only three? God bless me, ma'am, I wouldn't be a poor woman with two—no, with one incumbrance at my petticoat tails—for the biggest ship and cargo old Steve Girard ever owned, ma'am."

"I might," meekly said the widow, "put my son with the printer, sir; he has offered to take my poor boy."

"Two girls and a boy?" inquiringly asked the old gent, applying the dust, and manipulating his box. "How old? Eldest thirteen, eh?—boy eleven, and the youngest seven, eh?" and working a traverse, or solving some problematic point, Job Carson stuck his hands under his morning gown, and strode over the floor; after a few evolutions of the kind, he stopped —fumbled in a drawer of a secretary, and placing a ten dollar note in the widow's hand, he said:

"There, ma'am; I don't know that I shall want you, but to-morrow morning, if you have time, from other and more important business, call in, bring your children with you; good morning, ma'am—Banquo!"

"Yis, sah; I'se heah."

"Show the lady out—good morning, ma'am, good morning."

"I like that woman's looks," said old Job,

continuing his walk; "she's plain and tidy; she's industrious, I'll warrant; if she only hadn't that raft of *incumbrances*; what do these people have incumbrances for, anyway?—"

"Lady at the doo-ah, sah," said Banquo.

"Show her in. Good morning, ma'am; Banquo, a seat for the lady; yes, ma'am, I did; I want a housekeeper. I advertised for one. How many servants do I keep? Well, ma'am, I keep as many as I want. Have visitors? Of course I have. What and where are *my rooms*? Why, madam, I own the house, every brick and lath in it. I go to bed, and get up, and go round; come in and out, when I feel like it. What church do I worship in? I've assisted in *building* a number, own a half of one, and a third of several; but, ma'am, between you and I—I don't want to be rude to a lady, ma'am, but I *do* think, this examination ain't to my liking—you don't think the place would suit you, eh? Well, I think *your ladyship* wouldn't suit *me*, ma'am, so I'll bid your ladyship good morning," said old Job, bowing very obsequiously to the stiff-starched and acrimonious dame, who, returning the old gentleman's *bow* with the same "high pressure" order, seized her skirts in one hand, and agitating her fan with the other, she stepped out, or *finikined* along to the hall door, and as Banquo flew around, and put on the *extras* to let her ladyship out, she gave the darkey a pat on the

head with her fan, and looking crab-apples at the poor negro, she rushed down the steps and disappeared.

"Tank you, ma'am; come again, eb you please—of'n!" said the pouting negro.

"Yes, sah; here's nudder lady, sah," says Banquo, ushering in a rather ruddy, jolly-looking and perfectly-at-home daughter of the "gim o' the sae." The old gentleman eyed her liberal proportions; consulting his snuff-box, he answered "yes" to the woman's inquiry, if *he* was the gintleman wanting the housekeeper.

"Did you read my advertisement, ma'am?"

"Me rade it? Not I, faix. Mr. Mullony, our landlord, was saying till us—"

"Are you married, too?"

"Married *two*? Do I look like a woman as would marry two? No, *sur*; I'm a dacent woman, sur; my name is Hannah Geaughey, Jimmy Geaughey's my husband, sur; he, poor man, wrought in the board-yard till he was *sun sthruck*, by manes of falling from a cuart, sur."

"Well, ma'am, that will do, I'm sorry for your husband—one dollar, there it is; you wouldn't suit me at all; good morning, ma'am. Banquo, show the

good woman to the door."

"But, sur, I want the place!"

"I don't want *you*—good morning."

"Dis way, ma'am," said Banquo, marshalling the woman to the hall.

"Stand away, ye nager; it's your masther I'm spakin' wid."

"Go along, go along, woman, go, go, *go!*" roared the old gent.

"But, as I was saying, Mr. Mullony said—says he—who the divil you push'n, you black nager?" said the woman, grabbing Banquo's woolly top-knot.

"Dis way, ma'am," persevered Banquo, quartering towards the door.

"Mr. Mullony was sayin', sur—"

"Dis way, ma'am," continued the darkey, crowding Mrs. Geaughey, while his master was gesticulating furiously to keep on *crowding* her. Finally, Banquo vanquished the Irish woman, and received orders from his master to admit no more applicants—the place was filled.

That afternoon, old Captain Winepipes—a retired merchant and ship-master, an old bachelor, too, who was in the habit of exchanging visits with Job

Carson, sipping brandy and water, talking over old times and playing chess—came to finish a litigated game, and Job and he discussed the matter of taking care of the widow and children of the dead ship-builder. At length, it was settled that, if the second interview with the widow, and an exhibition of her children, proved satisfactory to Job Carson, he should take them in; if found more than Job could attend to—

"Why a—I'll go you halves, Job," said Captain Winepipes.

Next day, Widow Glenn and her pretty children appeared at the door of Carson's mansion; and Banquo, full of pleasant anticipations, ushered them into the retired merchant's presence.

It was evident, at the first glance the old gentleman gave the group, that the battle was more than half won.

"Fine boy, that; come here, sir—eleven years of age, eh? Your name's Martin—Martin Glenn, eh? Well, Martin, my lad, you've got a big world before you—a fussing, fuming world, not worth finding out, not worth the powder that would blow it up. You've got to take your position in the ranks, too, mean and contemptible as they are; but you may make a good man; if the world don't benefit you, why a—you can benefit it; that's the way I've done—been obliged to

do it, ain't sorry for it, neither," said the old man, with evident emotion.

"Your name is Cynthia, eh? And you are a fine grown girl for your age, surely. Cynthia, you'll soon be capable of 'keeping house,' too; you've got a world before you, too, my dear; a wicked, scandalous world; a world full of deceit and *misery*—look at your mother, look at me! Ah, well, it's all our own fault; yours, madam, for having these—these *incumbrances*, and mine, poor devil—for not having 'em. Cynthia, you're a fine girl; a good girl, I know. Ah, here's mamma's pet, I suppose; Rose Glenn, very pretty name, pretty girl, too, very pretty. Lips and cheeks like cherries, eyes brighter than Brazil diamonds. Ma'am, you've got great treasures here; a man must be a stupid ass to call these *incumbrances*. They are jewels of inestimable value. What's my filthy bank accounts, dollars and cents, houses, goods and chattels, that fire may destroy, and thieves steal—to these blessings that—that God has given the lone widow to strengthen her—cheer her in the dark path of life? God is great, generous, and just; I see it now, plainer than I ever did before. Banquo!"

"Yis'r, I'se here, massa."

"Go tell Counsellor Prime to call on me immediately; tell Captain Winepipes to come over—I want to see him. I'm going to make a fool of myself, I

believe."

"Yes, sah, I'se gone; gorry, I guess dere's suffin gwoin to happen to dat lady and dem chil'ns—shuah!" said Banquo, rushing out of the house.

The fate of the ship-builder's family was fixed. Job Carson proposed—and the widow, of course, consented—that Martin Glenn should become the adopted son of the old gentleman, Job Carson; and that he should choose a trade or profession, which he should then, or later, learn, making the old gentleman's house as much his home as circumstances would permit; the two girls were to remain under the same roof with the mother, who was at once installed as housekeeper for the bluff and generous old gentleman.

Old Captain Winepipes insisted on a share in the settlement, to wit: that both girls should be educated at his expense, which was finally acceded to, adding, that in case he—Captain Joseph Winepipes—should live to see Rose Glenn a bride, he should provide for her wedding, and give her a dowry.

"Set that down in black and white, Mr. Prime," said Job, "and that I, Job Carson, do agree, should I live to see Cynthia Glenn a wife, to give her a comfortable start in the world—set that down, for I will do it, yes, I will," said the old gent, with an emphatic rap on his snuff-box.

Ten years passed away; Captain Winepipes has paid the debt of nature; he did not live to see Rose Glenn a wife; but, nevertheless, he left a clause in his will, that fully carried out his expressed intentions when Rose did marry, some two years after she arrived at the age of sweet seventeen. Martin Glenn Carson graduated in the printing office, and very recently filled one of the most important stations in the judiciary of Illinois, as well as a chivalrous part in the recent war with Mexico. Cynthia was wedded to a well known member of the Philadelphia bar, an event that Job Carson barely lived to see, and, as he agreed to, donated a sum, quite munificent, towards making things agreeable in the progress of her married life. Widow Glenn remained a faithful servant and friend to the old merchant, and, upon his death, she became heir to the family mansion, and means to keep it up at the usual bountiful rate. Large bequests were made in Job Carson's will, to charitable institutes, but the bulk of his fortune fell to his adopted son, Martin, who proved not unworthy of his good fortune. Banquo ended his days in the service of the widow, who had cause for and took pleasure in blessing the vehicle that conveyed to herself and orphans their rare good fortune, in guise of a NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT.

Incidents in a Fortune-Hunter's Life.

We do not now recollect what philosopher it was who said, "it's no disgrace to be poor, but it's often confoundedly unhandy!" But, we have little or no sympathy for poor folks, who, ashamed of their poverty, make as many and tortuous writhings to escape its inconveniences, as though it was "against the law" to be poor. It is the cause of incalculable human misery, to *seem* what we are *not*; to appear beyond *want*—yea, even in affluence and comfort, when the belly is robbed to clothe the back—the inner man crucified to make the outside *lie* you through the world, or into—genteel "society." This, though abominable, is common, and leads to innumerable ups and downs, crime and fun, in this old world that we temporarily inhabit.

Choosing rather to give our life pictures a familiar and diverting—and certainly none the less instructive garb—than to hunt up misery, and depict the woeful tragics of our existence, we will give the facts of a case—not uncommon, we ween, either, that came to us from a friend of one of the parties.

In most cities—especially, perhaps, in Baltimore and Washington, are any quantity of decayed families; widows and orphans of men—who, while blessed with oxygen and hydrogen sufficient to keep

them healthy and active—held offices, or such positions in the business world as enabled them and their families to carry pretty stiff necks, high heads, and go into what is called "good society;" meaning of course where good furniture garnishes good finished domiciles, good carpets, good rents, good dinners, and where good clothes are exhibited—but where good intentions, good manners and morals are mostly of no great importance. As, in most all such cases, when, by some fortuitous accident, the head of the family collapses, or dies,—the reckless regard for society having led to the squandering of the income, fast or faster than it came, the poor family is driven by the same society, so coveted, to hide away—move off, and by a thousand dodges of which wounded pride is capable, work their way through the world, under tissues of false pretences; at once ludicrous and pitiable. Such a family we have in view. Colonel Somebody held a lucrative office under government, in the city of Washington. Colonel Somebody, one day, very unexpectedly, died. There was nothing mysterious in that, but the Somebodies having always cut quite a swell in the "society" of the capital —which society, let us tell you, is of the most fluctuating, tin-foil and ephemeral character; it was by some considered strange, that as soon as Colonel Somebody had been decently buried in his grave, his family at once made a sale of their most expensive furniture—the horses, carriage, and man-servant

disappeared, and the Somebodies apprized society that they were going north, to reside upon an estate of the Colonel's in New York. And so they vanished. Whither they went or how they fared society did not know, and society did not care!

Mrs. Somebody had two daughters and a son, the eldest twenty-three, *confessedly*, and the youngest, the son, seventeen. Marriages, in such society, floating and changing as it does in Washington, are not frequent, and less happy or prosperous when effected; every body, inclined to become acquainted, or form matrimonial connections, are ever on the alert for something or somebody better than themselves; and under such circumstances, naturally enough, Miss Alice Somebody—though a pretty girl—talented, as the world goes, highly educated, too, as many hundreds beside her, was still a spinster at twenty-three. The fact was, Mrs. Somebody was a woman of experience in the world—indeed, a dozen years' experience in life at Washington, had given her very definite ideas of expediency and diplomacy; and hence, as the means were cut off to live in their usual style and expensiveness—Mrs. Somebody packed up and retired to Baltimore. The son soon found an occupation in a store—the daughter, being a woman of taste and education, resorted to—as a matter of *diversion*—they could not think of earning a living, of course!—the needle—while Mrs. Somebody arranged

a pair of neat apartments, for two "gentlemen of unexceptionable reference," as boarders.

During their palmy days at the capital of the nation, Miss Alice Somebody came in contact with a young gentleman named Rhapsody,—of pleasant and respectable demeanor, *an office-holder*, but not high up enough to suit the tastes and aims of Colonel Somebody and his lady; and so, our friend Rhapsody stood little or no chance for favor or preferment in the graces of Miss Alice, though he was a recognized visitor at the Colonel's house, and essayed to make an impression upon the heart's affections of the Colonel's daughter.

Time fled, and with its fleetings came those changes in the fates and fortunes of the Somebodies, we have noted. Nor was our friend Rhapsody without his changes,—mutations of fortune, a change of government, made changes. Rhapsody one morning was not as much surprised as mortified to find his "services no longer required," as a new hand was awaiting his withdrawal. Rhapsody, true to custom at the capital—lived up to and ahead of his salary; and, when deposed, deemed it prudent to make his exit from a spot no longer likely to be favorable to the self-respect or personal comfort of a man bereft of power, and without patronage or position. Rhapsody, by trade (luckily he had a trade), was a boot-maker. Start not, reader, at the idea; we know

"shoemaker" may have a tendency to shock some people, whose moral and mental culture has been sadly neglected, or quite perverted; but Rhapsody was but a boot-maker, and no doubt quite as gentlemanly—physically and mentally considered, as the many thousands who merely *wear* boots, for the luxury of which they are indebted to the skill, labor and industry of others. Rhapsody came down gracefully, and quite as manfully, to his level, only changing the scene of his endeavors to the city of monuments. Rhapsody had feelings—pride. He sought obscurity, in which he might perform the necessary labors of his craft, to enable him to keep his head above water, and await that tide in the affairs of men, when perhaps he might again be drifted to fortune and favor.

Rhapsody took lodgings in a respectable hotel; he arose late—took breakfast, read the news—smoked—lounged—dressed, and went through the ordinary evolutions of a gentleman of leisure, until he dined at 3 P. M.; then, by a circuitous way, he proceeded to his shop—put on his working attire, and went at it faithfully, until midnight, when, having accomplished his maximum of toil, he re-dressed—walked to his hotel—talked politics—fashions, etc., took his glass of wine with a friend, and very quietly retired; to rise on the morrow, and go through the same routine from day to day, only varying it a little

by an eye to an eligible marriage, or a place.

Rhapsody—we must give him the credit of the fact—from no mawkish feeling of his own, but from force of public opinion, resorted to this secret manner of eking out his daily bread, and acting out his part of the fictitious gentleman. During one of his morning lounges—accidentally, Rhapsody met Miss Somebody in the street. They had not met for some few years, and it may not be troublesome to conceive, that Miss Alice—under the new order of things—was more pleased than otherwise to renew the acquaintance of other days, with a gentleman still supposed to be—and his attire and manner surely gave no sign of an altered state of affairs—in a position recognizable by society.

Rhapsody renewed his attentions to the Somebody family, and Miss Alice in particular—with fervor. He admitted himself no longer an *attache* of government, but offset the deprivation of government patronage, by asserting that he was graduating for a higher sphere in life than the drudgery and abjectness of a clerkship—he was studying political economy, and the learned profession of the law!

The Somebodies were *game*; not a concession would they make to stern indigence; it was merely for the sake of quietude, said Mrs. Somebody, and the solace of retirement from the gay and

tempestuous whirls of society, that *we* changed the scene and dropped a peg lower in domestic show. Rhapsody believed Colonel Somebody a man of substance. He knew how easy it was to account for the expenditure of fifteen hundred dollars a year, but it did not so readily appear possible for a man holding the Colonel's place and perquisites, some thousands a year, to die poor, without estate; ergo, the Somebodies were still, doubtless, *somebody*, and the more the infatuated Rhapsody dwelt upon it, the more he absorbed the idea of forming an alliance with the dead Colonel's family. And the favor with which he was received seemed to facilitate matters as desirably as could be wished for. What airy castles, or gossamer projects may have haunted the fancy of our sanguine friend, Rhapsody, we know not; but that he whacked away more cheerily at his trade, and kept up his appearances spiritedly, was evident enough. An expert and artistic craftsman, he secured paying work, and executed it to the satisfaction of his employers.

The industry of the Somebodies was one of the traits in the characters of the two young women, particularly commendatory to Rhapsody; he seldom paid them a morning or afternoon call, that they were not diligently engaged with needles and Berlin wool—fashioning wrought suspenders for brother, slippers for brother, or mother, or sister, or the Rev.

Mr. So-and-So—the recently made inmate of the family. The multiplicity of such performances, for brother, mother, sister, the reverend gentleman—*mere pastime*, as Mrs. Somebody would remark,—most probably would have caused a mystery or misgiving in the minds of many adventurous *Lotharios*; but Rhapsody, though, as we see, a man of the world, had something yet to learn of society and its complexities. Things progressed smoothly—the reverend gentleman facetiously cajoled Miss Alice and the mother upon the issue of coming events—the lively young lawyer, etc., etc.,—and it seemed to be a settled matter that Miss Alice was to be the bride of Mr. Rhapsody at last.

Rhapsody, usually, after dark, in the evening, in his laboring garments, made his return of work and received more. Whilst thus out, one evening, on business, in making a sudden turn of a corner, he came plump upon Mrs. Somebody and Alice! Rhapsody would have dashed down a cellar—into a shop—up an alley, or sunk through the footwalk, had any such opportunity offered, but there was none—he was there—beneath the flame of a street lamp, with the eagle eyes of all the party upon him! Cut off from retreat, he boldly faced the enemy!

He was going to a political caucus meeting in a noisy and turbulent ward—apprehended a disturbance—donned those shady habiliments, and

the large green bag in his hand, that a—well, though it did not seem to contain such goods, was supposed, for the nonce, to contain his books and papers; documents he was likely to have use for at the caucus! Rhapsody got through—it was a tight shave; he dexterously declined accompanying the ladies home—they were rather queerly attired themselves, it occurred to Rhapsody; they made some excuse for their appearance, and so the maskers *quit, even*. Time passed on—Alice and Rhapsody had almost climaxed the preparatory negotiations of an hymenial conclusion, when another *contretemps* came to pass—it was the grand finale.

It was on a rather blustery night, that Rhapsody, in haste, sought the shop of his employer; he had work in hand which, being ordered done at a certain hour, for an anxious customer, he was in haste to deliver. His green bag under his arm, in rushed Rhapsody,—the servant of the customer was awaiting the arrival of the *bottier* and his master's boots. The shopman eagerly seized Rhapsody's verdant-colored satchel, and out came the boots, and which underwent many critical inspections, eliciting sundry professional remarks from the shopman, to our hero, Rhapsody, who, in his business matters had assumed, it appeared, the more humble name of *Mr. Jones*, in the shop. The customer's servant stood by the counter—fencing off a lady, further on—from immediate

notice of Rhapsody. A side glance revealed sundry patterns or specimens of most elegantly-wrought slippers—the boss of the shop, and the lady, were apparently negotiating a trade, in these embroidered articles; the lady, now but a few feet from Rhapsody and the garrulous shopman, turned toward the poor fellow just as the shopman had stuffed more work into the green bag—their eyes met. Rhapsody felt an all-overish sensation peculiar to that experienced by an amateur in a shower bath, during his first *douse*, or the incipient criminal detected in his initiatory crime! Poor Rhapsody felt like fainting, while Miss Alice Somebody, without the nerve to gather up her work, or withstand a further test of the force of circumstances, precipitately left the store, her face red as scarlet, and her demeanor wild and incomprehensible, at least to all but Rhapsody.

Rhapsody was at breakfast the next morning—a servant announced a gentleman in the parlor desirous of an interview with Mr. Rhapsody—it was granted, and soon *Jones*, the *boot-maker*, confronted the Rev. Mr. So-and-So. Though an inclination to *smile* played about the pleasant features of the reverend gentleman, he assumed to be severe upon what he called the duplicity of Mr. Rhapsody; and that gentleman patiently hearing the story out,

quietly asked:

"Are you, sir, here as an accuser—denouncer, or an ambassador of peace and good will?"

"The latter, sir, is my self-constituted mission," said the reverend gentleman.

"Then," said Rhapsody, "I am ready to make all necessary concessions—a clean breast of it, you may say. I am in a false position—struggling against public opinion—false pride—falsely, and yet honestly, working my way through the world. I am no more nor less, nominally, than *Jones, the boot-maker*. Now," continued Rhapsody, "if a false purpose covers not a false heart also, I can yet be happy in the affections of Miss Somebody, and she in mine. For those who can battle as we have, against the common chances of indigence, upright and alone in our integrity, may surely yet win greater rewards by mutual consolation and support, our fortunes joined."

"I have not been mistaken, then, sir," said the reverend gentleman, "in your character, if I was in your occupation; and you may rely upon my friendly service in an amicable and definite arrangement of this very delicate matter."

When General Harrison took the "chair of state,"

our friend Rhapsody was reinstated in his place, occupied years before, and by fortuitous circumstances he got still higher—an appointment of trust connected with a handsome salary; so that Jones, the boot-maker, was enabled to re-enter the Somebodies into the gay and fluctuating society at the national capital, from which they had been so unceremoniously driven by the death of the husband and father. Mrs. Somebody, that was, however, is now a much older and much wiser person, the wife of our ministerial friend, who vouches the difficulty he had in overcoming Mrs. Somebody's repugnance to leather—and for sundry quibbles—yea, strong arguments against any blood of hers ever uniting with the fates and fortunes of a boot-maker; with what *propriety*, her experience has long since taught her. Alice is the happiest of women, mother of many fine children, the wife of a man poverty could not corrupt, if public opinion forced him to mask the means that gave him bread. Rhapsody is no longer a politician, or office-holder, but engaged in lucrative pursuits that yield comfort and position in society. To relate the trials, courtship and marriage of "Jones, the boot-maker," is one of our friend Rhapsody's standing jokes, to friends at the fireside and dinner table; but that such a safe and happy tableau would again befall parties so circumstanced, is a very material question; and the moral of our story, being rather complex, though very definite, we leave to

society, and you, reader, to determine.

A Distinction with a Difference.

A gentleman from "out 'town," came into Redding & Co.'s on Christmas day, and leaning thoughtfully over the counter, says he to Prescott, "Got any Psalms here?"

"N-n-no," says Prescott, reflectingly, "but," he continued, after a moment's pause, and handing down a copy of Hood, "here's plenty of old Joe's!"

The out-of-town gentleman gave a glance at *the pictures*, and with a countenance indicative of having been tasting a crab-apple—left!

Pills and Persimmons.

I remember an old "Joke" told me by my father, of an old, and rather addle-headed gentleman, who some fifty years ago did business in New Castle, Delaware, and having occasion to send out to

England for hardware, wrote his order, and as he was about to despatch it to the captain of the ship, lying in the stream, ready for sea, a neighbor got him to add an order for some kegs of nails, and in the hurry, the old man dashed off his *P. S.*, but upon attempting to read the whole order over, he couldn't make head or tail of it.

"Well," says he, in a flurry, "I'll send it, just as it is; they are better scholars in England than I am—*they'll make it out*."

Strange enough to say, when the hardware came over, among the rest of the stuff were the so many kegs of nails, but upon opening one of these kegs, it was full, or nearly so, of American quarter dollars. The old man roared out in a [word missing].

"Haw! haw! haw! Well, blast me," says he, "if *they* ain't scholars, fust-rate scholars, in England; *it's worth while sending 'em bad manuscript*."

A still more comical mistake is related to us, of a commercial transaction that actually took place within a year or two, between parties severally situated in Boston and the city of San Francisco, California. As we consider the whole transaction rather *rich*, we transcribe it for the diversion it may furnish.

Simmons, the "Oak Hall" man, of Boston, had set

up a shop in San Francisco, to which he was almost daily sending all sorts of cheap clothing, and making, on the same, more money than a horse could pull; and in his package, he was in the habit of sending articles for friends, &c. A gentleman recently gone to the gold country, from Boston, acquainted with Simmons, and Simmons with him, found, upon looking around San Francisco, that his own business, *lawing*, wasn't worth two cents, as many of his craft were turning their attention to matters more useful to the human family—digging cellars, wheeling baggage, driving teams, &c. So lawyer Bunker *turned* his attention from Blackstone, Chitty, Coke on Littleton, and those fellows of deep-red, blue-black law, to the manufacture of quack nostrums. Bunker found that the great appetite we Yankees have for quack medicines, pills and powders, suffered no diminution in the gold country; on the contrary, the appetite became rather sharpened for those luxuries, and Bunker found that a New York butcher, with whom he became acquainted, was absolutely making his fortune, by the manufacture of dough pills, spiced with coriander, and a slight tincture of calomel.

"Egad!" says Bunker, "*I'll* go into medicine. I'll write to a friend in Boston, to send me *out* a few medicine and receipt books, and a lot of pulverized liquorice, quinine, &c., with a pill machine, and I guess I'll be after my New York butchering friend in a double

brace of shakes."

Now, it may be premised that as Bunker was a lawyer, he wrote a first-rate hand; in fact, he might have bragged of being able to equal, if not surpass, the "Hon." Rufus Choate, whose scrawl more resembles the scratchings of a poor half-drowned in an ink-saucer spider, meandering over foolscap, than quill-driving, and as unintelligible as the marks of a tea-box or hieroglyphics on the sarcophagus of ye ancient Egyptians! In short, Counsellor Bunker's manuscript was awful; a few of his most intimate friends, only, pretending to have the hang of it at all; and to one of these friends, Bunker directs his message, transmits it by Uncle Sam's mail *poche*, and in fever heat he awaits the return of the precious combustibles that were to make his fortune. In course of time, Bunker's friends receive the order, but, alas! it was all Greek to them; they cyphered in vain, to make out any thing in the letters except *persimmons*.

"What the deuce," says one of Bunker's friends, "does Joe want with persimmons?"

They went at it again, and again, but there was no mistaking the final sentence, "*send, without delay, persimmons*."

"Persimmons?" said one.

"Persimmons?" echoed another.

"Persimmons? What in thunder does Joe Bunker want with *persimmons*?" responded a third.

"Persimmons!" all three chimed.

"Persimmons," says one, "are not used in law proceedings, anyhow."

"Nor in gospel, even, provided Joe has got into that," responded another.

"Persimmons are not medicinal."

"They are not chemical."

"Persimmons are no part, or ingredient, in art, science, law, or religion; now, for what does Joe Bunker, counsellor at law, want us to forward, without delay, *persimmons*?"

Well, they couldn't tell; in vain they reasoned. Joe's letter was very brief, strictly to the point, and that point was—*persimmons!* In the first place, it is not everybody that knows exactly what persimmons are, where they come from, and what they are good for. One of Bunker's friends had lived in the South; he knew persimmons; it occurred to him that possums, and some human beings, especially the colored pop'lation, were the only critters particularly fond of the fruit. Webster was consulted, to see what light he cast upon the matter: he informed them that

"*Persimmon* was a tree, and its fruit, a species of *Diospyros*, a native of the States south of New York. Fruit like a plum, and when not ripe, very hard and astringent (rather so), but when ripe, luscious and highly nutritious."

"Well, there," said one of Bunker's friends, "I'll bet Joe's sick; persimmons have been prescribed for his cure, and the sooner we send the persimmons the better!"

"Persimmons! Now I come to think of it," says the man who had a faint idea of what persimmons were, "they make beer, first-rate beer of persimmons, in the South, and it's my opinion, that Joe Bunker is going into persimmon beer business; as you say, he *may be* sick—persimmon beer may be the California cure-all; in either case, let us forward the persimmons without delay!"

Now persimmons never ripen until *touched* pretty smartly with Jack Frost. This was in September; persimmons were mostly full grown, but not ripe. A large keg of them was ordered from Jersey, and as fast as Adams & Co.'s great Express to San Francisco could take them out, *the persimmons went!*

Counsellor Bunker, relying upon his friends to forward without delay the tools and remedial agents to make his fortune in the pill business, went to work, got him an office, changed his name, and

added an M. D. to it, had a sign painted, advertised his shop, and informed the public that on such a time he would open, and guarantee to cure all ills, from lumbago to liver complaint, from toothache to lock-jaw, spring fever to yaller janders, and in his enthusiasm, he sat down with a ream of paper, to count up the profits, and calculate the time it would take to get his pile of gold dust and start for home.

The day arrived that Doctor Phlebotonizem was to open, and he found customers began to *call*, and sure enough, in comes a large keg, direct through from the States, to his address; the freight bill on it was pretty considerable, but Joe out and paid it, rejoicing to think that now he was all right, and that if the proprietors of gold dust and the lumbago, or any of the various ills set forth in his catalogue of human woes, had spare change, he would soon find them out. He closed his door, opened his cask—

"What in the name of everlasting sin and misery is this?" was the first *burst*, upon feeling the fine saw dust, and seeing, nicely packed, the green and purple, round and glossy—he couldn't tell what.

"Pills? No, good gracious, they can't be *pills*—smell queer—some mistake—can't be any mistake—my name on the cask—(tastes one of the 'article')—O! by thunder! (tastes again)—I'm blasted, they (tastes again) are, by Jove, *persimmons!* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ho! ho! he! he! ha! ha! ha!"

And the ex-counsellor of modern law roared until he grew livid in the face.

"I see—ha! ha! I see; they have misunderstood every line I wrote them, except the last, and that—ha! ha! ha!—for my direction to send out my stuff *per Simmons*, they send me PERSIMMONS! Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho!"

But, after enjoying the *fun* of the matter, ex-counsellor Bunker discovered the thing was nothing to laugh at; *patients* were at the door—if he did not soon prescribe for their cases, his now numerous creditors would prescribe for him! What was to be done? Very dull and prosy people often become enterprising and imaginative, to a wonderful degree, when put to their trumps. This philosophical fact applied to ex-counsellor Bunker's case exactly. He was there to better his fortune, and he felt bound to do it, persimmons or no persimmons. It occurred to him, as those infernal persimmons had cost him something, they ought to *bring in* something. By the aid of starch and sugar, Doctor Phlebotonizem converted some hundreds of the smallest persimmons into *pills*—sugar-coated pills—warranted to cure about all the ills flesh was heir to, at $2 each dose. One generally constituted a dose for a full-grown person, and as the patient left with a countenance

much "puckered up," and rarely returned, the *pseudo* M. D. concluded there was virtue in persimmon pills, and so, after disposing of his stock to first-rate advantage, the doctor paid off his bills; tired of the pill trade, he *vamosed the ranche* with about funds enough to reach home, and explain to his friends the difference between *per* Simmons and *persimmons!*

Mysteries and Miseries of the Life of a City Editor.

A great deal has been written, to show that the literary business is a very disagreeable business; and that branch of it coming under the "Editorial" head is about as comfortable as the bed of Procustes would be to an invalid. It may doubtless look and sound well, to see one's name in print, going the rounds, especially at the head of the editorial columns, from ten to fifty thousand eyes and tongues scanning and pronouncing it every day, or week—hundreds and thousands of the fair sex wondering whether he is a young or an old man, a married man or a bachelor; while the pious and devout are contemplating the serious of his emanations, and conjecturing whether he be a Methodist, Puseyite, or Catholic, a

Presbyterian, Unitarian or Baptist; and the politicians scanning his views, to discover whether he *leans* toward the *Locofocos, Free-Soilers, or Whigs*—all being necessarily much mystified, inasmuch as the neutral writer, or editor, is obliged to study, and most vigilantly to act, the part of a cunning diplomatist—stroke every body's hair with the *grain!*

The Tribulations of Incivility.

"A gentleman by the name of Collins stopping with you?"

"Collins?" was the response.

"Yes, Collins, or Collings, I ain't sure which," said the hardy-looking, bronzed seaman, to the gaily-dressed, flippant-mannered, be-whiskered man of vast importance, presiding over the affairs of one of our "first-class hotels."

"Very indefinite inquiry, then," said the hotel manager.

"Well, I brought this small package from Bremen for a gentleman who came out passenger with us some time ago; he left it in Bremen—wanted me to

fetch it out when the ship returned—here it is."

"What do you want to leave it here for? We know nothing about the man, sir."

"You don't? Well, you ought to, for the gentleman put up here, and told me he'd be around when we got into port again. He was a deuced clever fellow, and you ought to have kept the reckoning of such a man," said the seaman.

"Ha, ha! we keep so many clever fellows," said he of the hotel, "that they are no novelties, sir."

"I wonder then," said the seaman, "you do not imitate some of them, for there's no danger of the world's getting crowded with a crew of good men."

"If you have any business with us we shall attend to it, sir, but we want none of your impertinence!"

"O, you don't? Well, Mister, I've business aboard of your craft; if you're the commodore, I'd like you to see that my friend Collins is piped up, or that this package be stowed away where he could come afoul of it. His name is Collins; here it is in black and white, on the parcel, and here's where I was to drop it."

One of the "understrappers" overhearing the dispute, whispered his dignified superior that Mr. Collins, an English gentleman, late from Bremen, was

in the house, whereupon the dignified empressario, turning to the self-possessed man of the sea, said—

"Ah, well, leave the parcel, leave the parcel; we *suppose* it's correct."

"There it is," said the seaman; "commodore, you see that the gentleman gets it; and I say," says the sailor, pushing back his hat and giving his breeches a regular sailor twitch, "I wish you'd please to say to the gentleman, Mr. Collins, you know, that Mr. Brace, first officer of the Triton, would like to see him aboard, any time he's at leisure."

But in the multiplicity of greater affairs, the hotel gentleman hardly attempted to listen or attend to the sailor's message, and Mr. Brace, first officer of the Triton, bore away, muttering to himself—

"These land-crabs mighty apt to put on airs. I'd like to have that powder monkey in my watch about a week—I'd have him down by the lifts and braces!"

Let us suppose it to be in the glorious month of October, when the myriads of travellers by land and ocean are wending their way from the chilly north towards the sunny south, when the invalid seeks the tropics in pursuit of his health, and the speculative man of business returns with his "invoices," to his shop, or factory, where profit leads the way.

We are on board ship—the Triton ploughing the

deep blue waters of the ocean track from Sandy Hook to New Orleans; for October, the weather is rather unruly, *damp*, and boisterous. We perceive a number of passengers on board, and by near guess of our memory, we see a person or two we have seen before. Our be-whiskered friend of the "first-class hotel," is there; he does not look so self-possessed and pompous on board the heaving and tossing ship as he did behind his marble slab in "the office." "The sea, the sea!" as the song says, has quite taken the starch out of our stiff friend, who is not enjoying a first-rate time. And from an overheard conversation between two hardy, noble specimens of men that are men—two officers of the stoutly-timbered ship, the comfort of the be-whiskered gentleman is in danger of a commutation.

"Do you know him, Mr. Brace?"

"Yes, I know him; I knew him as soon as I got the cut of his jib coming aboard. Now, says I, my larky, you and I've got to travel together, and we'll settle a little odd reckoning, if you please, or if you don't please, afore we see the Balize. You see, that fellow keeps a crack hotel in York; I goes in there to deliver a package for a deuced good fellow as ever trod deck, and this powder monkey, loblolly-looking swab, puts on his airs, sticks up his nose, and hardly condescends to exchange signals with me. Ha! ha! I've met these galore cocks before; I can take the tail

feathers out of 'em!" says Mr. Brace, who is the same hardy, frank and free fellow, with whom the reader has already formed something of a brief acquaintance. The person to whom Brace was addressing himself was the second officer of the merchantman, and it was settled that whatever nautical knowledge and skill could do to make things uneasy for Mr. Lollypops, the empressario of the "first-class hotel," was to be done, by mutual management of the two salt-water jokers.

"It appears to me, that a—bless me, sir, a—how this ship rolls!" said Lollypops, coming upon deck, and addressing Mr. Brace; "I—a never saw a ship roll so."

"Heavy sea on, sir," said Brace; "nothing to what we'll catch before a week's out."

"Bad coast, I believe, at this time o' year?" said Lollypops, balancing himself on first one leg and then the other.

"Worst coast in the world, sir; I'd rather go to Calcutta any time than go to Orleans; more vessels lost on the coast than are lost anywhere else on the four seas."

"You don't say so!" said Lollypops.

"Fact, sir," said Brace, who occasionally kept exchanging private and mysterious signals with the

second officer, who held the wheel.

"Let her up a point, Mr. Brown, let her up!" Mr. Brown did let her up, and the way the Triton took head down and heels up and a roll to windward, did not speak so well for the nautical *menage* of the officers as it did for the quiet deviltry of the salt-water Joe Millers. The avalanche of brine inundated the decks, making the sailors look quite asquirt, and driving Mr. Lollypops, an ancient voyager or two, and sundry other travelling gentry—very suddenly into the cabin. The next day the same performance followed; the appearance of Lollypops on deck was a signal for Brace or Brown, to go in, get up a double *roll* on the ship, an imaginary gale was discussed, wrecks and reefs, dangerous points and dreadful currents were descanted upon, until Mr. Lollypops' health, at the end of the first week, was no better fast; in fact, he was getting sick of the voyage, while others around grew fat upon it. A fine morning induced the invalid to light his regalia and walk the decks; immediately Mr. Brace, or Brown, gave orders to wash down the decks. Mr. Lollypops went aloft, *ergo*, as far as the main top; immediately the first officer had the men "going about," heaving here and letting go there; in short, so endangering the hat and underpinning of the be-whiskered landlord of the "first-class hotel" that he was fain to crawl down, take the wet decks, tip-toe, and crawl into the cabin,

damp as a dishcloth, and utterly disgusted with what he had seen of the sea! Accidentally, one afternoon, a tar pot fell from aloft; somehow or other, the careless sailor who held it, or should have held it—"let go all" just when Mr. Lollypops was in the immediate neighborhood; the result was that he had a splendid dressing-gown and other equipments—ruined eternally! Going into the cabin, Lollypops inquires for the Captain—

"Sir!" says he, "I am mad, Sir, very mad, Sir; yes, I am, Sir; look at me, only look at me! In rough weather we do not expect pleasant times at sea, but, Sir, ever since I have been on board, Sir, your infernal officers, Sir, have thrown this ship into all manner of unpleasant situations, kept the decks wet, rattled chains over my berth, wang-banged the rigging around, and finally, by thunder, I'm covered all over with villanous soap fat and tar! Now, Sir, this is not all the result of accident—it's premeditated rascality!"

"Sir"—says the bully mate, coming forward, at this crisis, "my name's Mr. Brace; when I was aboard your craft, in New York, you rather put on *airs*, and I said if you and I ever got to sea together—we'd have a *blow* out. Now we're about even; if you're a mind we'll call the matter square—"

"Yes, yes, for heaven's sake, let us have no more of

this!" says Lollypops.

"We'll have a bottle together, and wish for a clean run to Orleans!" continued officer Brace.

Lollypops agreed; he not only stood the wine, but got over his anger, vowed to look deeper into character, and never again rebuff honest manliness, though hid under the coarse costume of a son of Neptune! A hearty laugh closed the scene, and fair weather and a fine termination attended the voyage of the Triton to New Orleans; for a finer, drier craft never danced over the ocean wave, than that good ship, under *rational* management.

The Broomstick Marriage.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," is a time-honored idea, and calls to mind a matrimonial circumstance which, according to pretty lively authority, once came about in the glorious Empire State. A certain Captain of a Lake Erie steamer, who was blessed with an elegant temperament for fun, fashion, and the feminines, was "laid up," over winter, near his childhood's home in Genesee county. Having nearly exhausted his private stock of jokes,

and gone the entire rounds of life and liveliness of the season, he bethought him how he should create a little *stir*, and have his joke at the expense of a young Doctor, who had recently "located" in the neighborhood, and by his rather *taking* person and manners, cut something of a swath in the community, and especially amongst the *calico!*

The profession of young Esculapius gave him an access to private society that ordinary circumstances did not vouch to most men. Among the many families with which Dr. Mutandis had formed an acquaintance was that of old Capt. Figgles. The Captain was a queer old mortal, who in his hale old days had quit life on the ocean wave for the quietude of agricultural comfort. The Captain was a blustering salt, whimsical, but generous and social, as old sailors most generally are. He was supposed to be in easy circumstances, but *how* easy, very few knew.

Capt. Figgles's family consisted of himself, three daughters, one married and "settled," the other two at home; an ancient colored woman, who had served in the Captain's family,—ship and shore—a lifetime. Dinah and old Sam, her husband, with two or three farm-laborers, constituted the Captain's household. Betsy, the youngest daughter, the old man's favorite, had been christened Elizabeth, but that not being warm enough for Capt. Figgles's idea of attachment, he ever called his daughter, Betsy, and so she was

called by *almost* everybody at all familiar with the family. Betsy Figgles was not a very poetical subject, by name or size. She was a fine, bouncing young woman of four-and-twenty; she was dutiful and bountiful, if not beautiful. She was useful, and even ornamental in her old father's eyes, and, as he was wont to say, in his never-to-be-forgotten salt-water *linguæ*—

"Betsy was a *craft*, she was; a square-bilt, trim, well-ballasted craft, fore and aft; none of your sky-scraping, taut, Baltimore clipper, fair-weather, no-tonnage jigamarees! Betsy is a *woman*; her mother was just like her when I fell in with her, and it wasn't long afore I chartered her for a life's voyage. And the man who lets such a woman slip her cable and stand off soundings, for 'Cowes and a market,' when he's got a chance to fill out her papers and take command, is not a *man*, but a mouse, or a long-tailed Jamaica rat!"

Between Capt. Tiller, our Lake boatman, and Capt. Figgles, there was an intimacy of some years' standing, but the old Captain and the young Captain didn't exactly "hitch horses"—whether it was because Capt. T. came under the old man's idea of "a Jamaica rat," or because he looked upon inland sailors as greenhorns, deponent saith not.

Dr. Mutandis and Capt. Figgles were only upon so-

so sort of business sociality, though both the junior Captain and the Doctor were intimate enough with both the Miss Figgleses. Capt. Tiller, as we intimated, was about to leave for coming duties on the Lake, and being so full of old Nick, it was indispensable that he must play off a practical joke, or have some fun with somebody, as a sort of a yarn for the season, on his boat.

The Figgleses announced a grand quilting scrape; the Doctor and Captain were among the invited guests, of course, and for some hours the assembled party had indeed as grand a good time generally as usually falls to the lot of a country community. Old black Ebenezer—but whose name had also been cut down for convenience sake to *Sam*, by the old Captain—did the orchestral duties upon his fiddle, which, aided by a youngster on the triangle and another on the tambourine, formed quite "a full band" for the occasion, and dancing was done up in style!

As a sort of "change of scene" or divertisement in the programme, somebody proposed games of this and games of that, and while old Capt. Figgles was as busy as "a flea in a tar bucket"—to use the old gentleman's simile—fulminating and fabricating a rousing bowl of egg flip for the entire party, Capt. Tiller and Dr. Mutandis were sort of paired off with a party of eight, in which were the two Miss Figgleses,

to get up their own game.

"Good!" says Capt. Tiller, "pair off with Miss Betsy, Doctor, and I'll pair off with Miss Sally (the older daughter of Capt. F.), and now what say you? Let's make up a wedding-party—*let's jump the broomstick!*"

"Agreed!" cries the Doctor. "Who'll be the parson?"

"I'll be parson," says Capt. T.

"Well, get your book."

"Here it is!" cries another, poking a specimen of current Scripture into the *pseudo* parson's hands.

"Miss Betsy and Dr. Mutandis, stand up," says Capt. Tiller, assuming quite the air and grace of the parson.

Bridesmaids, grooms, &c., were soon arranged in due order, and the interesting ceremony of joining hands and hearts in one happy bond of mutual and indissoluble (slightly, sometimes!) love and obedience was progressing.

"Cap'n Figgles, you're wanted," says one, interrupting the old man, now busy concocting his grog for all hands.

"Go to blazes, you son of a sea cook!" cries the old gentleman; "haven't you common decency to see when a man's engaged in a *calculation* he oughtn't to

be disturbed, eh?"

"But Betsy's going to be married!" insists the disturber, who, in fact, was half-seas over in infatuation with Miss Betsy, and had had a slight inkling of a fact that by the law of the State anybody could marry a couple, and the marriage would be as obligatory upon the parties as though performed by the identical legal authorities to whom young folks "in a bad way" are in the habit of appealing for relief.

"Let 'em heave ahead, you marine!" cries Capt. Figgles.

"Are you really willing to allow it?" continues the swain.

"Me willing? It's Betsy's affair; let her keep the lookout," said the old gent.

"But don't you know, Cap'n——"

"No! nor I don't care, you swab!" cries the excited Captain. "Bear away out of here," he continued, beginning to get down the glasses from the corner-cupboard shelves, "unless—but stop! hold on! here, take this waiter, Jones, and bear a hand with the grog, unless you want to stand by, and see the ship's company go down by the lifts and braces, dry as powder-monkeys! There; now pipe all hands—ship aho-o-o-oy!" bawls the old Captain; "bear up, the whole fleet! Now splice the main-brace! Don't

nobody stand back, like loblolly boys at a funeral—come up and try Capt. Figgles's grog!"

And up they came, the entire crew, old Ebenezer to the *le'ard*, sweating like an ox, and laying off for the piping bowl he knew he was "in for" from the hands of his indulgent old master.

In the mean time, the marriage ceremony had had its hour, and the bride and bridegroom were "skylarking" with the rest of the company as happily together as turtle-doves in a clover-patch. The evening's entertainment wound up with an old-fashioned dance, and the quilting ended. Dr. Mutandis lived some five miles distant, and having a call to make the next morning near Capt. Figgles's farm, Dr. M. concluded to stop with the Captain. As Capt. Tiller was leaving, he took occasion to whisper into the ear of his medical friend—

"I wish you much joy, my fine fellow; you're married, if you did but know it—fast as a church! Good time to you and Betsy!"

"The devil!" says the Doctor, musingly; "it strikes me, since I come to think it over, that the laws of this State do privilege anybody to marry a couple! By thunder! it would be a fine spot of work for me if I was held to the ceremony by Miss Figgles!"

But the Doctor kept quiet, and next morning, after

breakfast, he departed upon his business. He had no sooner entered the house of his patient, than he was wished much joy and congratulated upon the *fatness* and jolly good nature of his bride!

"But," says the Doctor, "you're mistaken in this affair. It's all a hoax—a mere bit of fun!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed his patient, "fun?—you call getting married *fun*?"

"Yes," said the Doctor; "we were down at Capt. Figgles's; there was a quilting and sort of a frolic going on——"

"Yes, we heard of it."

"And, in fun, to keep up the sports of the evening, Capt. Tiller proposed to marry some of us. So Miss Figgles and I stood up, and Captain Tiller acted parson, and we had some sport."

"Well," says the farmer (proprietor of the house), "Capt. Tiller has got you into a tight place, Doctor; he's been around, laughing at the trick he's played you, as perhaps you were not aware of the fact that by the law you are now just as legally and surely married as though the knot was tied by five dozen parsons or magistrates!"

"I'll shoot Capt. Tiller, by Heavens!" cries the enraged Doctor. "He's a scoundrel! I'll crop his ears

but I'll have satisfaction!"

"Pooh!" says the farmer, "if Betsy Figgles does not object, and her father is willing and satisfied with the match as it is, I don't see, Doctor, that you need mind the matter."

"I'll be revenged!" cries the Doctor.

"You were never previously married, were you?" says the farmer.

"No, sir," replied the Doctor.

"Engaged to any lady?" continued the interrogator.

"No, sir; I am too poor, too busy to think of such a folly as increasing my responsibilities to society!"

"Then, sir," said the farmer, "allow me to congratulate you upon this very fortunate event, rather than a disagreeable joke, for Capt. Figgles is worth nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, sir; and Miss Betsy is no gaudy butterfly, but, sir, she's an excellent girl, whom you may be proud of as your wife."

"'Squire," says the Doctor, "jump in with me, and go back to the Captain's and assist me to back out, beg the pardon of Miss Figgles and her father, and terminate this unpleasant farce."

The magistrate-farmer got into the Doctor's gig,

and soon they were at Capt. Figgles's door.

"Captain," says the Doctor, "I don't know what excuse I *can* offer for the fool I've made of myself, through that puppy, Capt. Tiller, but, sir——"

"Look a-here!" says the Captain, staring the Doctor broad in the face, "I've got wind of the whole affair; now ease off your palaver. You've married my daughter Betsy, in a joke; she's fit for the wife of a Commodore, and all I've got to say is, if you want her, take her; if you don't want her, you're a fool, and ought to be made a powder-monkey for the rest of your natural life."

"But the lady's will and wishes have not been consulted, sir."

"Betsy!" cries the old Captain, "come here. What say you—are you willing to remain spliced with the Doctor, or not? Hold up your head, my gal—speak out!"

"Yes—*I'm agreed, if he is*," said she.

"Well said, hurrah!" cries the Captain. "Now, sir (to the Doctor), to make all right and tight, I here give you, in presence of the 'Squire, my favorite daughter Betsy, and one of the best farms in the State of New York. Are you satisfied, Doctor?"

"Captain, I am. I shall try, sir, to make your

daughter a happy woman!" returned the Doctor, and he did; he became the founder of a large family, and one of the wealthiest men in the State.

Rather pleased, finally, with the *joke*, the Doctor managed to turn it upon the Captain, who in due course of law was arrested upon the charge of illegally personating a parson, and marrying a couple without a license! He was fined fifty dollars and costs; and of course was thus caused to laugh on the wrong side of his mouth.

Appearances are Deceitful.

There are a great many good jokes told of the false notions formed as to the character and standing of persons, as judged by their dress and other outward signs. It is asserted, that a fine coat and silvery tone of voice, are no evidence of the gentleman, and few people of the present day will have the hardihood to assert that a blunt address, or shabby coat, are infallible recommendations for putting, however honest, or worthy, a man in a prominent attitude before the world, or the community he moves in. Some men of wealth, for the sake of variety, sometimes assume an eccentric or coarseness of

costume, that answers all very well, as long as they keep where they are known; but to find out the levelling principles of utter nothingness among your fellow mortals, only assume a shabby apparel and stroll out among strangers, and you'll be essentially *knocked* by the force of these facts. However, in this or almost any other Christian community, there is little, if any excuse, for a man, woman, or child going about or being "shabby." Let your garments, however coarse, be made clean and whole, and keep them so; if you have but one shirt and that minus sleeves and body, have the fragments washed, and make not your face and hands a stranger to the refreshing and purifying effects of water.

General Pinckney was one of the old school gentlemen of South Carolina. A man he was of the most punctilious precision in manners and customs, in courtesy, and cleanliness of dress and person; a man of brilliant talents, and, in every sense of the word, "a perfect gentleman!" Mr. Pinckney was one of the members of the first Congress, and during his sojourn in Philadelphia, boarded with an old lady by the name of Hall, I think—Mrs. Hall, a staid, prim and precise dame of the old regime. Mistress Hall was a widow; she kept but few boarders in her fine old mansion, on Chestnut street, and her few boarders were mostly members of Congress, or belonged to the Continental army. Never, since the

days of that remarkable lady we read of in the books, who made her servant take her chair out of doors, and air it, if any body by chance sat down on it, and who was known to empty her tea-kettle, because somebody crossed the hearth during the operation of boiling water for tea,—exceeded Mistress Hall in domestic prudery and etiquette; hence it may be well imagined that "shabby people" and the "small fry" generally, found little or no favor in the eyes of the Quaker landlady of "ye olden time."

General Pinckney having served out his term or resigned his place, it was filled by another noted individual of Charleston, General Lowndes, one of the most courteous and talented men of his day, but the slovenliest and most shockingly ill-accoutred man on record. But for the care and watchfulness of one of the most superb women in existence at the time—Mrs. Lowndes,—the General would probably have frequently appeared in public, with his coat inside out, and his shirt over all!

General Lowndes, in starting for Philadelphia, was recommended by his friend Pinckney, to put up at Mistress Hall's; General P. giving General Lowndes a letter of introduction to that lady. Travelling was a slow and tedious, as well as fatiguing and dirty operation, at that day, so that after a journey from Charleston to Philadelphia, even a man with some pretensions to dress and respectable *contour*, would

be apt to look a little "mussy;" but for the poor General's part, he looked hard enough, in all conscience, and had he known the *effect* such an appearance was likely to produce upon Mistress Hall, he would not have had the temerity of invading her premises. But the General's views were far above "buttons," leather, and prunella. Such a thing as paying deferential courtesies to a man's garments, was something not dreamed of in his philosophy.

"Mrs. Hall's, I believe?" said the General, to a servant answering the ponderous, lion-headed knocker.

"Yes, sah," responded the sable waiter. "Walk dis way, sah, into de parlor, sah."

The General stalked in, leisurely; around the fire-place were seated a dozen of the boarders, the aforesaid "big bugs" of the olden time. Not one moved to offer the stranger a seat by the fire, although his warm Southern blood was pretty well congealed by the frosty air of the evening. The General pulled off his gloves, laid down his great heavy and dusty valice, and quietly took a remote seat to await the presence of the landlady. She came, lofty and imposing; coming into the parlor, with her astute cap upon her majestic head, her gold spectacles upon her nose, as stately as a stage queen!

"Good evening," said the gallant General, rising

and making a very polite bow. "Mrs. Hall, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," she responded, stiffly, and eyeing Lowndes with considerable diffidence. "Any business with me, sir?"

"Yes, madam," responded the General, "I—a—purpose remaining in the city some time, and—a—I shall be pleased to put up with you."

"That's impossible, sir," was the ready and decisive reply. "My house is full; I cannot accommodate you."

"Well, really, that *will* be a disappointment, indeed," said the General, "for I'm quite a stranger in the city, and may find it difficult to procure permanent lodgings."

"I presume not, sir," said she; "there are *taverns* enough, where strangers are entertained."

The gentlemen around the fire, never offered to tender the stranger any information upon the subject, but several eyed him very hard, and doubtless felt pleased to see the discomfitted and ill-accoutred traveller seize his baggage, adjust his dusty coat, and start out, which *he* was evidently very loth to do.

Just as Lowndes had reached the parlor door, it occurred to him that Pinckney had recommended

him to "put up" at the widow's, and also had given him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Hall. This reminiscence caused the General to retrace his steps back into the parlor, where, placing his portmanteau on the table, he applied the key and opened it, and began fumbling around for his letters, to the no small wonder of the landlady and her respectable boarders.

"I have here, I believe, madam, a letter for you," blandly said the General, still overhauling his baggage.

"A letter for *me*, sir?" responded the lady.

"Yes, madam, from an old friend of yours, who recommended me to stop with you. Ah, here it is, from your friend General Pinckney, of South Carolina."

"General Pinckney!" echoed the landlady, all the gentlemen present cocking their eyes and ears! The widow tore open the letter, while Lowndes calmly fastened up his portmanteau, and all of a sudden, quite an incarnation spread its roseate hues over her still elegant features.

Lowndes seized his baggage, and, with a "good evening, madam, good evening, gentlemen," was about to leave the institution, when the lady arrested him with:

"Stop, if you please, sir; this is General Lowndes, I

believe?"

"General Lowndes, madam, at your service," said he, with a dignified bow.

According to all accounts, just then, there was a very sudden rising about the fire-place, and a twinkling of chairs, as if they had all just been *struck* with the idea that there was a stranger about!

"Keep your seats, gentlemen," said the General; "I don't wish to disturb any of you, as I'm about to leave."

"General Lowndes," said the widow, "any friend of Mr. Pinckney is welcome to my house. Though we are full, I can make room for *you*, sir."

The General stopped, and the widow and he became first-rate friends, when they became better acquainted.

Cigar Smoke

Few persons can readily conceive of the amount of cigars consumed in this country, daily, to say little or nothing of the yearly smokers. The growing passion for the noxious weed is truly any thing but pleasantly

contemplative. A boy commences smoking at ten or a dozen years old, and by the time he should be "of age," he is, in various hot-house developed faculties, quite advanced in years! And street smoking, too, has increased, at a rate, within a year past, that bids fair to make the Puritan breezes of our evenings as redolent of "smoke and smell," as meets one's nasal organic faculties upon paying a pop visit to New York. There is but one idea of useful import that we can advance in favor of smoking, to any great extent, in our city: consumption and asthmatic disorders generally are more prevalent here than in other and more southern climates, and for the protection of the lungs, cigar smoking, to a moderate extent, may be useful, as well as pleasurable; but an indiscriminate "looseness" in smoking is not only a dead waste of much ready money, but injurious to the eyes, teeth, breath, taste, smell, and all other senses.

An Everlasting Tall Duel

After all the vicissitudes, ups and downs of a soldier's life, especially in such a campaign as that in Mexico, there is a great deal of music mixed up with the misery, fun with the fuss and feathers, and

incident enough to last a man the balance of a long lifetime.

While camped at Camargo, the officers and privates of the Ohio volunteer regiment were paid off one day, and, of course, all who could get *leave*, started to town, to have a time, and get clear of their hard earnings.

The Mexicans were some pleased, and greatly illuminated by the Americans, that and the succeeding day. Several of the officers invested a portion of their funds in mules and mustangs. Among the rest, Lieut. Dick Mason and Adjt. Wash. Armstrong set up their private teams. Now, it so fell out, that one of Armstrong's men stole Mason's mule, and being caught during the day with the stolen property on him, or he on it, the high-handed private, (who, barring his propensity to ride in preference to walking, was a very clever sort of fellow, and rather popular with the Adjutant,) nabbed him as a hawk would a pip-chicken.

"If I catch the fellow who stole my mule," quoth Lieut. Dick, "I'll give him a lamming he won't forget soon!"

And, good as his word, when the man was taken, the Lieutenant had him whipped severely. This riled up Adjt. Wash., who, in good, round, unvarnished terms, volunteered to lick the Lieutenant—out of his

leathers! From words they came to blows, very expeditiously, and somehow or other the Lieutenant came out second best—bad licked! This sort of a finale did not set well upon the stomach of the gallant Lieutenant; so he ups and writes a challenge to the Adjutant to meet in mortal combat; and readily finding a second, the challenge was signed, sealed, and delivered to Adjt. Armstrong, Company ——, Ohio volunteers. All these preliminaries were carried on in, or very near in, Camargo. The Adjutant readily accepted the invitation to step out and be shot at; and, having scared up his second, and having no heirs or assigns, goods, chattels, or other sublunary matters to adjust, no time was lost in making wills or leaving posthumous information. The duel went forward with alacrity, but all of a sudden it was discovered by the several interested parties that no arms were in the crowd. It would not very well do to go to camp and look for duelling weapons; so it was proposed to do the best that could be done under the circumstances, and buy such murderous tools as could be found at hand, and go into the merits of the case at once. At length the Adjutant and friend chanced upon a machine supposed to be a pistol, brought over to the Continent, most probably, by Cortez, in the year 1—sometime. It was a *scrougin*' thing to hold powder and lead, and went off once in three times with the intonation of a four-pounder.

"Hang the difference," says the Adjutant; "it will do."

"Must do," the second replies; and so paying for the tool, and swallowing down a fresh invoice of *ardiente*, the fighting men start to muster up their opponents, whom they found armed and equipped, upon a footing equal to the other side, or pretty near it, the Lieutenant having a little *heavier* piece, with a bore into which a gill measure might be thrown.

"But—the difference!" cried seconds and principals.

"Let's fight, not talk," says the Adjutant.

"That's my opinion, gentlemen, exactly," the Lieutenant responds.

"Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere!"

"Better get out into the chaparral," say the cautious seconds; "don't want a crowd. Come on!" continue the seconds, very valorously; "let's fight!"

"Here's the ground!" cries one, as the parties reach a chaparral, a mile or so from town; "here is our ground!"

The principals stared around as if rather uncertain about that, for the bushes were so thick and high that precious little *ground* was visible.

"It ain't worth while, gentlemen, to toss up for positions, is it?" says the Adjutant's second.

"No," cry both principals. "Measure off the *ground*, if you can find it; let us go to work."

"That's the talk!" says the Adjutant's second.

"Measure off thirty paces," the Lieutenant's second responds.

"No, ten!" cry the principals.

"Twenty paces or no fight!" insists the Adjutant's second. "Twenty paces; one, two, three——"

And the seconds trod off as best they could the distance, the pieces were loaded, the several bipeds took a drink all around from an ample jug of the R. G. they brought for the purpose, and then began the memorable duel. The principals were placed in their respective positions, to rake down each other; and from a safer point of the compass the seconds gave the word.

"Bang-g-g!" went the Adjutant's piece, knocking him down flat as a hoe-cake.

"F-f-f-izzy!" and the Lieutenant's piece hung fire.

The seconds flew to their men; a parley took place upon a "question" whether the Lieutenant had a *right* to prime and fire again, or not. The Adjutant being

set upon his pins; declared himself ready and willing to let the Lieutenant blaze away! The point was finally settled by loading up the Adjutant's piece, and priming that of the Lieutenant, placing the men, and giving the word,

"One, two, three!"

"Wang-g-g-g!"

"Fiz-a-bang-g-g-g!"

The seconds ran, or hobbled forward, each to his man, both being down; but whether by concussion, recoil of their fusees, force of the liquor, or weakness of the knee-pans, was a hard fact to solve.

"Hurt, Wash.?"

"Not a bit!" cries the Adjutant, getting up.

"Hit, Dick?"

"No, *sir!*" shouts the Lieutenant; "good as new!"

"Set 'em up!"

"Take your places, gentlemen!" cry the seconds.

All ready. Wang! bang! go the pieces, and down ker-*chug* go both men again. The seconds rush forward, raise their men, all safe, load up again, take a drink, all right.

"Make ready, take aim, fire!"

"Wang-g-g!"

"Bang-g-g!"

Both down again, the Lieutenant's coat-tail slightly dislocated, and the Adjutant dangerously wounded in the leg of his breeches! Both parties getting very mad, very tired, and very anxious to try it on at ten paces. Seconds object, pieces loaded up again, principals arranged, and,

"One, two, three, fire!"

"Wang-g-g-g!"

"Bang-g-g!"

All down—load up again—take a drink—fire! and down they go again. It is very natural to suppose that all this firing attracted somebody's attention, and somebody came poking around to see what it was all about; and just then, as four or five Mexicans came peeping and peering through the chaparral, Dick and Wash. let drive—Bang-g! wang-g! and though it seemed impossible to hit one another, the slugs, ricochetting over and through the chaparral, knocked down two Mexicans, who yelled sanguinary murder, and the rest of their friends took to their heels. The seconds, not *quite* so "tight" as the principals, took warning in time to evacuate the field of honor, Lieut. Dick's second taking him one way, and Ajt. Wash.'s friend going another, just as a "Corporal's Guard"

made their appearance to arrest the *rioters*. In spite of the poor Mexicans' protestations, or endeavors to make out a true case, they were taken up and carried to the Guard-House, for shooting one another, and raising a row in general. A night's repose brought the morning's reflection, when the previous day's performances were laughed at, if not forgotten. Wash, and Dick became good friends, of course, and cemented the bonds of fraternity in the bloody work of a day or two afterwards, in storming Monterey.

THE END.

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Publishing Establishment in the United States. It is built, by the Girard Estate, of Connecticut sandstone, in a richly ornamental style. The whole front of the lower story, except that taken up by the doorway, is occupied by two large plate glass windows, a single plate to each window, costing together over three thousand dollars. On entering and looking up, you find above you a ceiling sixteen feet high; while, on gazing before, you perceive a vista of One Hundred and Fifty-Seven feet. The retail counters extend back for eighty feet, and, being double, afford counter-room of One Hundred and Sixty feet in length. There is also *over Three Thousand feet of shelving in the retail part of the store alone*. This part is devoted to the retail business, and as it is the most spacious in the country, furnishes also the best and largest assortment of all kinds of books to be found in the country. It is fitted up in the most superb style; the shelvings are all painted in Florence white, with gilded cornices for the book shelves.

Behind the retail part of the store, at about ninety feet from the entrance, is the counting-room, twenty feet square, railed neatly off, and surmounted by a most beautiful dome of stained glass. In the rear of this is the wholesale and packing department, extending a further distance of about sixty feet, with desks and packing counters for the establishment, etc., etc. All goods are received and shipped from the back of the store, having a fine avenue on the side of Girard Bank for the purpose, leading out to Third Street, so as not to interfere with and block up the front of the store on Chestnut Street. The cellar, of the entire depth of the store, is filled with printed copies of Mr. Peterson's own publications, printed from his own stereotype plates, of which he generally keeps on hand an edition of a thousand each, making a stock, of his own publications alone, of over three hundred thousand volumes, constantly on hand.

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