FALCONBRIDGE

THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE

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The Humors of Falconbridge / A Collection of Humorous and Every Day Scenes:

Содержание

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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.

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.

"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.

"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*,"[1] 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."

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

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

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.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.