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RATTLEHEAD'S CHRONICLES.



DAVID RATTLEHEAD, M. D.

RATTLEHEAD'S CHRONICLES:

OR, A LITTLE EXPERIENCE WITH

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG MAIDS; OLD BACHELORS,

FOOLS, AND DRUNKARDS;

QUACK DOCTORS, MEN OF SCIENCE, AND THE

WORLD AT LARGE.

BY

DAVID RATTLEHEAD, M. D.,

(THE MAN OF SCRAPES.)

AUTHOR OF "THE ARKANSAW DOCTOR," "RATTLEHEAD'S
TRAVELS," ETC. ETC.

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TO
GUNNING S. BEDFORD, M. D.,
PROFESSOR OF DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,

This Little Book

IS INSCRIBED, IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF

HIS SERVICES AS FRIEND AND INSTRUCTOR,

BY HIS

VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT AND STEADFAST FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

1*

PREFACE.

MY FRIENDS:—

I am again at your service, to shake up your drooping spirits, and drive dull care away. I cannot be long at rest or idle—I must do something, and nothing better than writing a little for your amusement.

I have been travelling much of late, and met with many misfortunes, been in a pile of *scraps*, started the perpetual motion on all-fours, acted as show-master, tore off a few coat-tails, brought about a few matches, blowed up a powder house, sunk two flat-boats, run a few races, killed two hundred quack doctors, had three fights, stole some watermelons, made six speeches, exposed the Sons of Temperance in a new way, broke a steamboat bell, and fifty other things; so I have just sat down to write them out for your benefit.

To those who may consider themselves personally attacked in this little volume, let me say such is not the intention of the author, for I owe ill will to no human being, only the man that stole my trunk about two months ago, and if he'll bring it back, I'll say

nothing more about it. If I live and don't make a fortune in some other way, you will hear from me again before long, so if you care anything about it, look in the newspapers, for I intend to encourage the "press" by advertising, if they will credit me for a few days.

Yours, as before,

DAVID.

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RATTLEHEAD'S CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR IN A SCRAPE WITH A LADY.

THE SOUND—" *Something New.*"

Young authors that write for glory and money,

Now drop your pen and listen to me,

And tell it, if from truth I vary,

That all my error may see.

And all others that write not at all,

Whether you are large or small,

Open your eyes and list with eager,

For, before I shoot, I pull the trigger.

COPPERHEAD.

As I have never seen anything in print giving a description of how a man feels the first time he writes a book, and takes it to a publisher to make a disposition of it, I have concluded to say a few words on that point taken from my own experience, and think it will be received in good spirit by all who may read it.

Not many years ago, it happened to be my lot to write a work of no great size, but abounding in humor and startling facts, (so said the press,) in preparing which I was occupied some little time. When I had completed it, and the last page was again and again overlooked, I adjusted all the pages in their regular

order, turned them over and over to see how much there was of it, and then to ease my poor brain for a moment, I carefully folded up the manuscript in an old newspaper, tied a string around it, and laid it by. How often I studied whom and where to take it to I cannot tell, but before long circumstances threw me in a situation in which I could offer it to a publisher for examination, which, by the by, was in the city of New York. One morning at nine o'clock, I took up the manuscript, wrapped in the same old newspaper, and unfolding it, again looked over it for a few minutes. Finding it as I first put it up, I marched off to a publisher with it.

On arriving at the office of the publisher, I was ushered into his presence without any ceremony. He turned round, and seeing I had something in my hand, asked me what I had. I told him that I had the manuscript of a book which I had the honor of being the author of, and had brought it to him for examination; at the same time unfolding the manuscript, and giving him an account of what it was. He requested me to leave it for a few days, and he would examine it. I did so.

At the appointed time, I went back to see what was to be the issue of my labors. I walked in and saw the publisher, but he was not ready to give me an answer, as he had not had time to examine it. This did not ease my feelings, but I let it remain for two days more.

When I went back the second time, he had the same tale for me, "had not examined it all through; very good as far as he had read it." This man kept me waiting in that way for some time, and getting tired of his laziness, I told him "I thought he had examined it about as much as he ever would, and that I would

thank him to return it, as this looking over a page a day was enough to kill any living being, in suspense."

This aroused the old man a little, and he finally made me a pretty good offer, but not being in a good humor, I left his office in grand disgust, to look for another publisher, for, if a man would be as long examining a manuscript as he had been, it would take him two years to get it in press, and all his life to sell it.

The next publisher I went to did not keep me waiting long, for he plainly told me that he did not publish books of that kind. I went to a third; he published books in my line, "*but had more publications on hand than they could get out in several months.*"

Not content with this, I tried another, who, after examination, pronounced the work worthy of publication, and made me an offer for it. I studied on it for some time, and finally declined his offer, thinking I could do better in Philadelphia or Boston; at least thought it worth a trial, any how.

I took up the manuscript, and went to my room and sat down, almost wishing that I had never attempted to write a book. I waited for a few days, thinking what to do. Early one morning, after a little preparation, I put off for Philadelphia, with the hope of making some beneficial disposition of my work in the Quaker City. I stopped on the way for a few hours with a young friend, a former classmate in college. It happened to be a public day in the little village at which my friend lived, and there was a number of persons from the surrounding country. I spent quite a pleasant time for a few hours, but, being anxious to get on, I made ready

to go by the seven o'clock train of cars from New York to Philadelphia.

By the time the cars came up to the station, it was crowded with persons returning home from the village. I saw it was rather a jumping game if a fellow got aboard, and was ready to get on quickly.

There was one general rush, and I was in the midst of it. I found it difficult to obtain a seat, and was making calculations to stand guard for a while, until we come to the next station at least; but going along, I saw a lady, very nice young lady, on a seat all alone, without any company.

Thinking this a good chance to rest my bones, I went to her, and accosted her thus: "Madam, is this seat taken?" She replied, "No." "If you have no objections, I should be happy to occupy it; seats rather scarce this evening." She said she was entirely willing. I took the seat, thinking myself fortunate in getting it. After being seated for a short time, and getting under way, I turned to look at the young lady next to me, and found her hard to beat at beauty.

As I turned to look at her, I saw she was looking at my countenance with eager attention. No sooner had she seen me looking at her pretty face than she blushed like a rose, and gently turned away. This process was gone through for two or three times, and I saw that there was no use trying to stand it any longer.

I hoisted colors, hove to, and ventured to speak to her in a gentle tone, which she seemed to think was full of sweetness, and expressive of a kind and noble heart. There was so much noise on the cars, that it was not an easy matter to hear such soft words, and, as a matter of course, she had to lean over to ask,

"What did you say, sir?" in doing which, she came co-chug against my head worse than a fighting sheep. We both offered "Excuse me," at the same time, but this did not save us from a knot on our knowledge-box as big as a turkey's egg.

This served as a formidable introduction for us, and I opened my artillery on her in the way of flat-mouth conversation, good fashion. She seemed equally as willing as I, and before long I had found out her name, where she lived, and all such little peculiarities incident to the occasion.

She told me that she resided in New York, gave me her address, and invited me to call on her on my return. I promised to do so, expressing the greatest pleasure for the accidental acquaintance of one so very entertaining as herself; told her that I expected to remain in New York for some time after my return, and hoped to be better acquainted with her.

Little did I think that such happy moments were so soon to terminate, that I was to part with one in whom I had taken an unusual interest; she that was amiable and lovely from all appearances, and I knew she was beautiful in my eye; of that there could be no doubt.

She was dressed plain, but neat, such as I would expect to see in any lady travelling in the dust on steam cars.

I am scarcely willing to admit that I loved her, for reasons that you will soon hear, but I can frankly confess that the whole affair seemed so romantic that I feared that I should love her on a better acquaintance, or rather I may say that I was wishing that she might be worthy of my love after becoming acquainted with her parentage and standing in society.

There was one more question that I thought it my duty to ask her, and that was this: "Miss, are you travelling alone, or have you company?" She informed me that she had some friends two or three seats in front of us, but she could not get a seat nearer than she was, and this accounted for her being alone. This inspired me with a brighter hope that she was a lady passing in the higher walks of society, and the belief was much confirmed by the fact of her living on one of the finest streets in New York.

I was dealing in many fancied imaginations of what might happen in a few months with her and myself—"Perhaps she is wealthy, and has been smitten with my free and easy mode of conversing, something so characteristic of the southerner, and which northern ladies appreciate very highly. I will make use of this opportunity to win her tender feelings, and it may set me on the high-road to fortune, and, instead of being a doctor in the backwoods, I may yet revel in the Empire City; then I can have time to write books to my heart's content, and my name will still live when I shall have gone from time to eternity."

Thus thinking, I was happy and contented, and asked no favors of anybody. During my thoughts, and also my conversation with the young lady, the cars were not standing still, and soon it was announced that the cars had stopped for the passengers to go on board a steamer going the balance of the way to the city.

Now was a trying moment; I was no longer to see the fair one until she returned to New York. Must I tell her "goodby," or what shall I say?—Everything was in confusion—passengers running out—the bell of the steamer tolling for all to "get aboard"—hunting

for baggage, and everything of the kind usually seen on such occasions.

I had nothing to look to but a small carpet-bag, and—the young lady, to see what part of the boat she got to, so I could look at her.

I took up my carpet-bag, and was in the act of saying "good-night, I hope to see you again soon," before leaving the dear little creature, when I was thunderstruck three times in a minute by the appearance of a man about six feet four inches high, who stepped up to the young lady, and said, in a tone that denoted great familiarity, "*Margaret, take the baby.*" "What now?—what?—ha!—am I in a scrape on a railroad fifteen hundred miles from home? Is this a married lady, who has been trifling with my feelings, or is this some ruffian come to offer an insult to one whom he considers unprotected? How shall I act?—This is no bear-fight fun now, but one of my own species to contend with, and him large enough to swallow me, clothes and all."

I was not left long to think on the subject, until the young lady cried out to me, "Help, sir, if you please, and don't suffer me to be insulted here without my friends, as they have started to the boat." I was too much interested in the young lady not to respond to her call for assistance at that moment, and immediately dropped my bundle and asked the man why he had insulted a lady in that manner. He commenced some sharp remarks that did not go down well with a southern man; and not being disposed to bear it, I jerked up a big iron spit-box, and down I brought him flat as a nigger's foot in a slop-bucket, before he could have time to swallow a bedpost.

Notwithstanding the confusion before spoken of, some one had time enough to notice the "git ober dable trubble" with me and the fellow lying on the floor, and it was none more nor less than a lady running up and crying out, "Oh, my husband, my husband, he is killed; run here, somebody." She did not make all this noise for nothing, for very soon a crowd was gathered round in such density that the young lady and myself were "hemmed in" safe enough.

I thought I was in a *scrape*, and had better get to doing something to help myself. I regretted such harsh conduct; thought how very foolish I was always to be in a row without any cause; this shedding of blood might have been spared by mild and gentle means, and the lady was not well enough known to me to justify such conduct on my part.

I did not see that any medical aid was nearer than myself, and believing it my duty to let myself be known, I hollowed out "to let the doctor come," and everybody cleared the ring in an instant for the *angel of medicine*. I called for a light and cold water, which were soon brought.

I examined the wound, and found some injury had been done, but it did not seem enough to knock a man down. There was some bleeding, which I soon stopped with the water, and by giving a little spts. camphor that I had in my pocket, I soon had the fellow straight. The conductor at this moment came up, and remarked that all hands had better get on the boat, as it was going to leave in five minutes.

We all marched down to the steamer, and got there just in time. Still acting in the capacity of "attending physician," I directed the patient to lie down on a

sofa; left him, saying I would return in a few moments; and went to see after the fair lady that had been the predisposing cause of all the trouble. I should remark here that I had completely fooled the crowd *in who I was*, for when I cried out, "Let the doctor come," they did not think of me being the man who had lamed him over the head in the cars, and were very, very happy *a doctor happened to be on board (how fortunate!)*

I looked some little time for the lady before finding her, but finally passing a door I was hailed by her, and invited to walk in. I did so, and then she showered a thousand blessings on my head for my kindness.

She said: "My dear sir, you cannot imagine my feelings towards you; they are more than I dare express; if you were to ask all I have for your services you should have it, but I know you are too high-minded to take pay from me in money; I will not ask it. When you return to our city, you must call on me often, and I hope you will never have to regret what you have done for me."

Thus she went on until it seemed by instinct we came together; my arms were thrown around her neck, and smack went a sweet kiss on her ruby lips—and—and—what's the matter?—I see the sun rising—my mouth open—me coughing and sneezing—sick at the stomach—speechless—and limber as a rag—all of which ends in copious vomiting. You are waiting to hear what was the cause of all this, now ain't you? Yes, I thought so. Well, rather than keep you waiting, I will out with it; but it goes mighty hard *agin the grit!*

Just as I applied my busser to the fair one's sweet lips, she rather got a little scared, or she was awful glad, I don't know which, and I s'pose I kissed rather

hard—and the next thing I knew I was nearly choked to death with something in my throat. Well, you think I bit off a piece of her mouth and swallowed it, but I didn't; it wasn't candy, neither; but it was one of the BIGGEST WADS OF TOBACCO that ever was chewed on since Columbus discovered America, that I had sucked out of her mouth, and down it went into my throat and stomach.

I thought I should die for about fifteen minutes after, but eventually recovered; and when I did come to what little reason I possessed, I felt like I wasn't worth the ground it would take to make a grave for me. How could I have been so deceived—she looked very pretty and nice, and I don't think one man in a thousand could have told that she chewed tobacco.

The lady stood there laughing like a blacksmith's bellows, and not the first time did she offer an apology about the tobacco, only, "*I am so sorry you are sick; oh me!*" After my stomach and mind became a little easy, I bid her good night, saying at the same time that I should be most happy to call on her on my return to New York.

I then returned to my patient in none of the best humor, believing, as I did, that I had injured some good clever fellow for a lady that did not turn out to be what I first thought she was; still I was not so much out with her after all about the tobacco, for it may be a fashion in the north, thought I, especially with city ladies, and intended to call and see her on my return.

I found the man whom I had so rashly knocked over doing very well, in fact was nearly as well as ever, except a sore head he intended to have next morning. Everything being now quiet, and as we were near the

city, I thought I would make some inquiries concerning the hurt he had received, and if he was acquainted with the lady in whom such an interest had been taken. Says he: "I left New York with my wife and child and one servant; and as we could not all get on one seat, the servant took a seat a little back of us. When we arrived at the point for taking the boat, I stepped back to tell the girl to *take the child*, and to my great surprise she screamed out, '*Help, if you please, sir,*' and pretended not to know me. When she bawled out in this way, a man standing by said to me, '*Why do you insult a lady in this way?*' I told him to mind his own business, and he would have enough to do. I had scarcely said the words, before he hit me on the back of the head with something and knocked me down, and that's all I recollect about it."

Look here, my readers, don't ask me another question about the affair; you see plainly I had been *making love to a servant girl*, and no mistake.

I thought I felt bad enough about the tobacco, but it wasn't a touch to what the last was. At this moment we arrived at the wharf, seeing which the gentleman asked me my bill for attending him. I told him that I had no bill against him, but he would not suffer that, and gave me five dollars as a compliment, which I reluctantly accepted. It seemed hard for me to knock the man down, and then receive five dollars from him for it.

We parted amid the many kind wishes of husband and wife, for my timely attention, and I have never seen them since, neither did I know what their names were. I was not long in disposing of my book to some publishers in Philadelphia, and then I returned

to New York. Whatever became of my "*servant lady*" I am not able to say, for I took particular pains never to call at a house on that street unless on some urgent business, lest I might meet with her again.

So it seems, let me go where I may, I am destined to be "in scrapes." But now for a little of something else in the way of dessert for supper.

CHAPTER II.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

Directions for making them ;
In what diseases they are useful.

As patent medicines are growing a little popular, at the present day, I think it nothing but right that I should tell my friends how to make them, so as to save cost, and get a genuine article, for there are many counterfeits out.

It is well known that the articles which head this chapter have gained for themselves, or rather as usual the newspapers have, an almost unheard-of celebrity, for the cure of a list of diseases as long as the moral law, or a liberty-pole. It is for this reason that I give you a receipt for making them at the commencement, and before going further, let me warn you to go immediately and have your sides insured, for, amid all the solemnity of making a secret known to the world, there will be some laughing—I think so at least.

As regards how I came by the receipt, you must find that out as we go along, and I think you will not be so cruel as to go and inform my friend Billy Moffat that I told you how to make his medicines, for it is to your own interest to "say nothing." Some of the ingredients composing the patent medicines, to be spoken of in the course of this book, will be a little troublesome

to obtain ; but by care you can find them, and I advise you so to do, and prepare your own medicines, and now, without detaining you longer, I commence my task of giving you the receipt for a very-wonderful compound : The pills are made—

R. (which, in mystery, means to take if you can get it honestly or otherwise) of:—

Hydr. Subm. (calomel) fifteen hundred pounds, full measure;

Seven chair-posts and one ink-stand;

Thirty-two glass windows, and fools quantum sufficient to kill a dead dog;

Sawdust a bagfull, and three old straw hats;

Iron pots one drachm and three-quarters, two ounces of sage tea for breakfast, and kill the old rooster;

Extract of know-nothing one grain, and twenty thousand show bills in red ink;

One large brick building, and a haystack in the barn-yard;

Boiling alcohol, as much as you can hold in your mouth, and two red wafers. Put these into a shoe-store, and digest for two centuries.

The mixture is to be brought down to the consistence of raw beef, rubbed up for ten minutes with a clothes-pole, and poured into a coffee-pot.

Then add twenty-six spitboxes, and three pair of brass gold tumblers, with a quart of mind your own business;

Pulv. sem. cardamom. one drachm, and three tooth-brushes, fresh from the street where they manufacture tadpoles;

Three hundred straw mattresses made of feathers, and one ounce of what Crocket saw in the canebrake.

These are to be put into a green gourd, and boiled to a red heat, when it will be ready for pouring out. In pouring from the vessel, care is to be taken not to omit the ingredient that comes from "*the moon's left horn*" at high tide. As the mixture is cooling, add forty barrels of sour flour, and one grain of the tincture of aloes, with four handspikes. Then powder it very finely with a knitting-needle, and roll out into twelve pills, one to be given every ten years, just before taking the census.

THE PHOENIX BITTERS.

R. Of hickory ashes five hundred barrels, oak bark six ounces;

Tincture of yellow jackets one hundred butts, and help yourself away from them in time;

Four gross of corks, and quit stealing my watermelons;

Two tons of quicklime, and put your head on to boil;

Thirty-one turkey gobblers, and keep them out of the hen-house;

One ounce of tincture of rhubarb, and get off my corns;

Five grains of scare, two drachms of wool hats, and don't eat so much green corn;

Sixteen cows' tails, one scruple of supertartrate of potash, and two plaits of "*souze down Tommy*."

Put these into a watch crystal, and boil down for ten minutes, and add whiskey enough to get drunk on. Eight pints of jewhackalam, seven gallons of tar-buckets, and what made you stay out so long. Four slop

tubs, three cotton bales, one ounce of old leather, and never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.

This mixture should be well boiled on a telegraph wire, and strained through a tree top. The dose is one bottle every time you have got a dollar to pay for it.

These wonderful medicines are applicable in the following diseases and complaints, viz., for instance: There is a disease called "want of sense," in which it is an infallible remedy. That you may know the disease, and not mistake it for some other form of derangement of your family, I will speak of it a little in detail. The first intimation of the approach of this malady is manifested, as you will soon see, in different ways. Thus, in one individual it comes on suddenly by receiving bad news of some kind, which may involve all the *calico* interest of his household *furniture*. It is scarcely necessary for me to enumerate the various kinds of bad news that may cause it, but will content you and myself with a few. Accordingly, I commence. One man hears, just as he is going to dinner, that the hogs have got in and rooted up all the young corn; another that the *New York Herald* is published on Sunday; another that his wife is drunk before breakfast; another that his parents have died, and have left him a large fortune to be troubled with, besides having to buy the mourning; another that bears are allowed to run at large in the forest without any police to watch them; another that a beautiful young lady is in love with him; another that doctors are licensed to kill; another that Aunt Betty has fell asleep on a feather bed; and another that puss has got her head in the cream-pot and can't get it out again.

It can be seen at once that such news will cause a

sudden shock to the nervous system, and produce there is no telling what.

The symptoms of this malady are these: On rising in the morning, the patient generally wakes before he gets up, and feels round to see if it is himself or a gourd-handle; scratches his head in wet weather, and has great enlargement of the big toe. Complains of a lime-kiln in his stomach, and intense pain in the region of his steamboat-landing. His lungs are in a dangerous state, viz., the State of Massachusetts, and his tongue is covered with a thick *mink fur*. He has insult tenderness of the fingers, as seen by his writing certificates, and constipation of the brain. Great suffering is produced by pressing on the hog-pen region, and everything taken into the stomach is immediately returned with interest, except it is a small slice of saw-mills or turkey-buzzards.

There are also extensive lesions of his doctor bills, insensibility when debts become due, and great febrile excitement about ten o'clock in the morning, caused by the free use of the firetongs in the hands of his wife, calling him to breakfast. Somewhat swollen about the window-shutters, troubled a little with mud-terrapins in his intestinal canal, and crying incessantly because Dick broke up the hen's nest.

The *diagnosis* of this grave disease is easy of distinction, and need not be confounded with any other complaint whatever. To distinguish it from "want of strength," it is only necessary to throw a little black mud on his nose and eyes, and immediately you will get a good drubbing if he is able to give it to you. To distinguish between this and want of money, lay a few ten dollar gold pieces before him, step off for a short

time like you had forgotten them, and immediately on your return you will see that the money is gone, if the latter disease prevails. If not, he will say to you, "You have went off and forgotten your money; oh, I would give all my money to be well;" then is your time to say to him, "Give it to me, and I will give you a recipe for making 'Moffat's Pills,' and they cure everything, and the gout too; 'spose you try them?"

The prognosis is decidedly *grave* here, for the poor patient refuses all comfort, until the pigs have made such an inroad into his turnip patch that the grass don't grow; but by the proper course, since the discovery of the wonderful compound, no person need to die unless he quits breathin', or vomits up his appetite. But the most important feature in this malady is the TREATMENT, which consists in the following course:—

The first thing to be done is, give a purgative of candlesticks, horse-collars, and brickbats. The surface of the body should be rubbed with a liniment of shoe tacks, aquafortis, gridirons, and honey-locust. Remedies should be given to bring on a strong sweat, and here is as good a' one as you will find: put the patient in a barrel, and roll well for two hours, take out and place him on a soft iron railing mattress, and broomstick him until sunrise, and then give one dollar's worth of the compound; a few faint struggles to overcome prolapsus of the lower jaw, and the patient is entirely at ease.

Oh let the cricket twait,
While you and I shall wait,
And roll up your sleeves,
And go and kill the beeves,
And listen for something else to come next!

CHAPTER III.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

AIR—*Chimney Sweeper's Surprise.*

How oft I've went, in stilly night,
A watermelon-stealing,
When moon and stars were shining bright,
And thought it honest dealing.
Alas, in courts of justice, I
Have had to pay the ransom;
For crowds of men were standing by,
To catch me very handsome.
But not content to admit the fact,
I try my hand at "Yankee:"
"Meet me with your weapons backed,
And I will give you pranky."

JOE BRICKBAT.

THERE is an old saying in the South-west, that "too much of anything is enough," and I believe that it is true, so I will act accordingly, and not tire out your patience by saying too much about patent medicines at once, but occasionally throw in a little account of what has happened to me in life, and trust it will not be unwelcome.

Several years ago, when I was much younger than I am now, I was living in Tennessee, at a place where everybody was fond of life and sport, and where the inhabitants were most happy when they could start the

most fun, and in fact it seemed as if they could not live without it.

With all their fun and amusement, they possessed a little, and not a *very little* of what is quite necessary at times to carry on jokes to any extent—I mean *spunk*, which is a leading characteristic of a Tennessean, combined with a noble and generous heart.

As regards what my occupation was, and how I happened to be there, if it will not shock your sensibilities, suffer me to tell you it is none of your business, so far as the incidents which I am going to relate are concerned, and I hope you will not ask me, for I didn't *make it pay*, and therefore don't wish to say any more about it.

In the little village in which I was living, there was a number of young men who were out of employment during the evening, as they "closed doors" as soon as dark. Under these circumstances, they would of course seek each other's society, and my room being convenient they generally came to see me. I was happy to see them at all times, and I think they were equally as happy to come, for I never failed to amuse them in the same way that I am trying to amuse you now—by relating something that had happened me in my meandering course through this God-forgetting world. If there was to be any fun in the place, I was always notified two or three days in advance, fearing I might be out of the way, and then they knew they would lose some of the best that could happen.

I do not say this as something to boast of, for I often repented of being the instrument of causing a row with those that otherwise might have been the best of friends for life.

One evening in the latter part of July, some half dozen of the young men, as usual, were at my room. After things began to get a little dull, myself having run out of soap, it was named that a certain old gentleman living near the village had a large watermelon-patch, and that he was too stingy to give any of them away, even when his friends called on him. This we all commented on, and decided that it was an act too mean for a Tennessean to be guilty of, and agreed to *learn the old man a lesson*.

Each one of us was provided with a bag, basket, wash-tub, or something of the kind, and all things being ready we put out to see if we could find the watermelon-patch. One of the boys, who said he knew the "very spot," acted as guide, and on we went with high hopes of a good bait of watermelons, and cutting the old man's feelings for his meanness. We went on not thinking of consequences, as is generally the case with young people, until we arrived at the place. It was just at the edge of a wood, and not far from the dwelling of the old man. When we got here, some of the boys grew faint-hearted, and began to talk about the danger. Says one, "They say that the old man watches until ten o'clock to keep folks away, and if he finds a fellow in there, he only says, "Whoo's thur?" and bang goes his old shot-gun. "Here, Maje! here, Maje!" and all his dogs are after you.

This rather waked us all up, and they turned their faces towards me for my advice on the subject. I told them that it only wanted twenty minutes to ten o'clock, and that we had better wait for half an hour, and the old man would be asleep. They agreed to it, and we all sat down and waited patiently the time out. Every-

thing being still, we concluded to approach and finish our work. We mounted the fence, and soon were in the midst of as fine a lot of melons as ever grew. Each one had his bag, basket, or whatever was at hand, and was filling up fast, when, to our great dismay and mortification, we heard the report of a gun close behind us, and immediately after, the familiar sound of, "Here, Maje! here, Maje!" of which we had been warned before entering into a bargain for the melons.

When the gun fired, I heard one of the boys scream out at such a rate that I knew he was laboring under the influence of gunpowder, but soon found that he was not killed, for he came running by me like hornets were after him in open daylight, crying out, "Run, boys, run, boys; the dogs are coming, and *Old Billy* is loading his gun again." We did not wait to see if he was telling the truth, but took his word for it, and left like pumpkins rolling down hill.

I was fearful that, in our haste, we should not carry away enough watermelons to pay us for our trouble, especially if the old man shot one or two more of us, and the dogs caught the rest; but we did manage to carry out a few, or rather I should say they did, for I dropped the bag in which I was carrying mine, and also lost a pocket handkerchief to boot.

The dogs chased us until we came to the brink of a hill, and then I found that, if we went on they would have us, and I spoke to the boys, who were nearly every one ahead of me, and told them to stand their ground, or we would be used up. They saw the propriety of the movement and halted, and I can tell you I felt some better, for the dogs were close on to us. I halloo'd out to the boys to "Give them the rocks, give 'em rocks,"

and they minded me, and went at it, which soon scared the bobtail curs back home as fast as they came.

We all then dropped down with fatigue, and blowed like quarter-horses for half an hour, and not a word was spoken. At last I broke silence. Says I, "Tom Dudley, where are you all, and what is the matter? Are you dead?" "No," says Tom, "but I am badly shot in the back." Upon examination we found he was worse scared than hurt, for it was only some beans the old man had hit him with, assisted by the gunpowder, or rather shot beans instead of lead.

Finding that we were out of immediate danger, we concluded to eat what watermelons we had saved in the round. On examination, we found only four were left, and this was not all; some had lost hats, others shoes, some baskets; and, as I said before, I had left the bag that I started from home with, and the handkerchief.

It was too plain that we were all in "a scrape," for the old man was certain to prosecute us on circumstantial evidence; finding my handkerchief with my name on it, just closed all the outlets for hope of getting away. And, besides, that some of the bags lost had the names of the parents of the unfortunate young men on them, and the question was settled.

All hands were looking anxiously towards me to see what my countenance said, for, if my board was up, they considered all things safe; if not, the prospect was a gloomy one. Says I, "Boys, we had as well eat the watermelons, without talking any more of consequences, for, if there is any chance, I will get us all out of the scrape; so look up and say nothing more about it." So saying, we soon hid them all in our dinner safe, and went on home.

Next morning, sure enough, the old man found our lost articles, and had a writ for us in less than half a day. Only four of us were prosecuted, as he found articles with the four names on them, and soon we were before the "bar of justice."

We were prosecuted on a charge of "having, on the night previous, entered the inclosure of said Billy Kelly, and taken therefrom his property, consisting of watermelons, without leave," &c. &c.

When brought into court to answer the charge, things proceeded as follows: "Here is a charge against you of stealing this man's watermelons, in proof of which some articles bearing your names were found near the place where you consumed the watermelons, the rinds, &c., of them being found on a certain spot near his premises, circumstantial proof, but we fear hard to get over by you. What have you all to say?" I had previously given the other boys directions how to do, and *all at once*, we said, "NOT GUILTY."

The justice asked, "What have you to say in vindicating yourselves?" It was understood that I was to answer, and so at it I went. I said to the justice, "Sir, may it please your honor, this matter is all a joke, and to prove to you that it is, will you appoint three honorable men to go to the place, where it is charged the rinds of the watermelons are to be found? and if, on their return, they say they found them, I am willing to acknowledge the guilt."

The justice appointed three men to go, and postponed our trial two hours to wait the return.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, we were again brought out for trial, and now for it.

The justice was sitting there as solemn as if certain

we would all soon be sent to prison. The three men were called up to state what they saw, and here it is: "Mr. Justice, we who have been appointed to make an examination of the spot, where it is alleged (as proof against the four men now under prosecution) the rinds of a number of watermelons were found, and near by certain articles bearing their names, make the following statement under oath (*viz.*): that we went to said spot, and found a pile of the rinds of *pumpkins*, and not any rinds of watermelons, as alleged in the proof brought forward; and, as it has not been many hours, things are still fresh, and no signs of watermelons are to be found."

When this proof came forward, I asked leave to speak one moment, which was granted. "Now you can see, worthy Justice, for yourself, that it was all a joke, as I told you at first. We had heard of the old man 'Billy' being very close with his watermelons, and took some pumpkins in the bags which he found, and also the handkerchief was left on purpose—in fact, all was done on purpose to make him bring us before you, so as we could tell you of his meanness; and I hope, sir, that you will now look at the matter in its proper light, and discharge your young friends; and I hope, also, that 'Uncle Billy' will take the crowd over and treat us all to a good mess of watermelons, and say nothing more about it. May it please your honor, we have watermelons enough at home without stealing 'Uncle Billy's,' and now please consult his feelings, and let us break up, for it is nearly night."

The justice dismissed us, and recommended "Uncle Billy" to treat, as motioned by me, which, to save his

credit, he did, and all went next day at the appointed hour, and had a glorious time.

The boys were puzzled to death to know how I fixed it, and wanted to know something about whether I was not a witch or something worse, to remove watermelon rinds while under arrest, and put in their place the rinds of pumpkins.

"Well, boys, I was not fool enough to let them rinds stay there until morning. So, after you were all asleep, and 'Old Billy,' too, I went with a load of pumpkins, cut them to suit, and took off the rinds we had left there; had I told you of it, the matter might have leaked out, and all of us been in prison for six months."

In this case, as in all others, my failing came to have a part in my happiness; that failing is, that I cannot keep a good joke from the world very long, as you will see by telling you so many, and so I had to tell this one before long, and soon everybody in the whole country knew of it.

It made the old fellow so all-tarnal mad, that he put one of his sons up to the pleasing task of challenging me for a duel, to try my spunk. Well, he soon found himself mistaken, for I quite willingly accepted it, and said in reply that my choice of fighting was with pistols in a dark room, with the door locked.

He could not, of course, slide out of it after that, and had to "stand to his rack, fodder or no fodder." The night was set by me, which was the night after receiving the challenge. This I did still more to unnerve him, if possible, and the result will show whether or not I had any success.

Gentlemen, it is no plaything to think of dying, I can tell you; and in the case which I am now telling

you of, I did feel a little doubtful, for when you hem a coward he fights sometimes distressing, and being better acquainted with this world than any other, I thought I would rather stay here, but rather die an honorable death than live disgraced in the eyes of my country.

The night for the duel arrived, and an immense crowd was collected to see the last of one of us—perhaps both. My friends, the young and noble-hearted men that were with me in the unfortunate affair came to me and said: "It is too hard for a good fellow like you to die; but do not back out; our best feelings are with you; and, if you fall in the conflict, your name will be cherished with never-dying remembrance." Such marks of friendship sunk deep into my heart at that trying moment; but it was now too late to reflect, and too childish to weep.

The necessary preparations being made, we were informed that all was ready. What a shock passed over me for a moment. It was then all over, and I felt perfectly reckless, and walked into the room as much composed as if going to dinner. I saw my combatant was pale, and trembled like a leaf. We were accompanied by seconds to the door only, of course. The mode of procedure was as follows: two tables were placed in the room—one on each side, and a candle burning on each table. One of us stood by one table and the other by the other table, and at the sound of a trumpet we were to blow out our candles and decide the fight.

Not a word was spoken by either of us, and everything without seemed as still as death itself. We waited but a few moments, and the sad sound of the trumpet was heard in one long, melancholy strain; quick as thought the lights were extinguished, and every moment

I listened for the report of the pistol of my enemy, and then soon our fate was decided. I did not know his feelings, but I was resolved not to shoot until I felt that I would do execution. I took the precaution to move a little from where I was when the lights were blown out, lest he might direct his shot at that spot. I waited for a short time, and I could hear nothing, not even his breathing. I did not know what he might be at, perhaps creeping up slyly on me. I listened with the greatest care, but could hear nothing for some little time. I began to fear that there would be an opening of the door, or that my friends would think me a coward, and could not be in such suspense any longer.

Just at this moment I heard a little noise to my right, and thinking he was coming round by the wall in a stealthy manner, I walked boldly at once in the direction of the noise. I could not distinguish any signs of him, and so kept walking round, and through, and in every other way possible, for some time, without any better success. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable; could he have got out by any way, and was I to be duped at last?

I again heard a little noise, and going immediately in that direction I found myself at the hearth of the fireplace, and was soon led into the mystery of where my antagonist had gone—he was up the chimney. “Ah, now my fellow, I have you,” thinks I. I said to him: “I will learn you how to climb chimneys, you chicken thief; shoot off up the chimney, or I will blow you into eternity in a second.” As big a coward as he was he refused to do it, and as soon as he did so I blazed away, thinking I could keep him up the chimney, even if I did not hurt him. He had his finger on the trigger, and

just as I fired his pistol went off, caused doubtless by the jerk he had when I fired. No sooner was the report of the pistols heard by the persons outside, than the door was thrown open and we were again brought to light, and, on examination, my antagonist was found to be wounded in the leg badly, and him fast —“*crossways in the chimney.*”

CHAPTER IV.

"WATTS'S NERVOUS ANTIDOTE."

THIS is a medicine of which much has been said by Mr. Watts, but as it would occupy too much time and space to enumerate the many encomiums passed on the compound by *him*, I will first give you the directions for making it, and then comment on its virtues. But, while I think of it, let me tell you that it is *powerful*, and will *prevail*.

R.—"*Sometimes drunk and sometimes sober,
The fall of the year comes in October.*"

English valerian four barrels;
Opium pulvis one grain;
Three horse-carts and a coon-skin;
Water (pure from a frog-pond) one scruple;
Soda water, one gill, and four ounces of dog's-bane.
Five teakettles, one greyhound, and stop and tie your choke-rag. Eight quarts of corn-stalks, ten yards of blue ribbon, and quit that sneezing.
Iodide of potash, two drachms;
Ext. hyoscyamus one scruple; and who's going to the log-rolling.
These are all to be put on board a steamboat, and boiled for ten minutes; then pour out and add:—
Tincture squills eight ounces;
Syrup of Prussic acid, enough to give you goss; and how much is it a yard?

Four bottles mineral vermifuge;
Sixteen leather trunks;
Thirty dish-rags, and pull your tooth out;
Eleven saddle-bags;
Eight boxes blacking;
Fifteen tow-hackels, and if ever I get to land again I'll stay there.

Rub them well together for one week in a hamper-basket with a wooden spoon; strain through a theatre, and put up in pint bottles for use.

The dose is three bottles a day, taken with stewed rats, until you are out of money; then go and get some more the same way.

This medicine is good in all cases of *strained big-toes*, and flimsy ankles. An excellent remedy also for *hyper-trophy* of the pocket-book, and sickness at the knee-joint; infallible in rheumatism of the toe-nails, and hemorrhage of the jacket pockets.

Relieves congestion of the coat collar, cures pains in the boot-legs, and dries up sores on hairbrushes. It cures flat mouth palsy, pleurisy of the eyelids, and a thunder-storm in the lungs. Breaks up hardness of the heart, opens your shoe-soles, and carries off the life of the system. Besides this, it has been found good for poverty—giving the poor a quiet repose in the grave—blisters on the meal-bags, and inflammation of the kitchen chimney.

But it is very wrong for me to omit entirely what Mr. Watts says concerning his great discovery, and it would also be wrong not to give some of the certificates of those who have used it.

The following is an abstract of each. Imagine him writing to the editor of a morning paper, and it runs

thus: "It is plain enough, Mr. Editor, that some of your correspondents are doctors, and it will be well for you not to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with them; for if you do, it is ten to one but they will lighten your purse for you.

"Why, sir, they sell wind for money, which nobody else but lawyers and the old women of Lapland think of charging for. *Words* should not be put in competition with *substance*. The doctors assume great airs, and rail mightily against nostrums; yet, if you purchase a vial of essence, or a box of pills, it is evident that you get absolute matter for your well-spent dollar: but those grave gentlemen charge for their advice, nothing but *words and wind*. It is high time to put an end to such flagrant imposition."

"But I have long suspected that the doctors and apothecaries have entered into a dark and nefarious league against the health and repose of their fellow-citizens. I have seen them cheek-by-jowl, planning mischief. Do they not continually throw custom into each other's way? Apply for a physician—what does he do for you? He feels your pulse; tells you what you knew before, that you are sick; takes the fee; and then packs you off to the apothecary.

"How long will people be gulled by these men! Do you not perceive that, with all their boasted skill, numbers die daily under their care? I should not think so much of this, were it not that they endeavor to keep the business to themselves. Else why this hue and cry against *quacks*? a set of as gentle-spirited, meek folks as themselves, to the full. But what occasion is there for doctors? Is not 'every man his own best physi-

cian?" All that is wanting is money to purchase, and knowledge to apply my *Antidote*.

"Although imperious necessity compels me to labor daily at my forge, and in shoeing and bleeding horses; yet to benefit mankind in some important manner has, for many years, been my determination. All my cogitations have tended this way. I have at length hit on the very thing itself, by inventing an elegant preparation entitled '*Watts's Nervous Antidote*,' which will at once remove all their various and multifarious complaints—containing, in itself, all the virtues of all other medicines, and, at the same time, divested of all impurity and imperfections whatsoever; it is, moreover, so perfectly innocent, that it may be safely used at any time, in any place, and by every age, sex, and denomination, either internally or externally. But listen to the following brief account of it, and let the doctors forever hide their heads in shame."

"WATTS'S NERVOUS ANTIDOTE.

"An easy, effectual, and radical cure for *lockjaw, gout, broken shins, cold, lumbago, deafness, internal and eternal grumblings, laziness in hot weather, sore eyes, consumption, dog-bite, sore-throat, dropsy of the woollen socks, indigestion, humpback, wooden legs, itch, corns, sprains, toothache, drownings, mania, hydrophobia, and all other fobys, and, in general, all other diseases of the mind and body, &c. &c.*"

"There are many medicines, the properties of which are acknowledged to be very useful in the treatment of diseases, but given alone are too irritating; but I have compounded them in such a manner that they defy

competition." "My soporific extract is free from these disagreeable properties, and infinitely preferable to Godfrey's cordial, Moffat's pills, or Bateman's drops. Amidst all the grievous complaints to which frail man is liable, and for which various remedies have been successively resorted to, none have proved so effectual as *radical cures*. But the doctors have in vain racked their invention to discover, and bring to light, this *all-powerful medicine*; and have, therefore, been compelled to practice little and paltry shifts, in attempting to remove disorders, to the no small grief and disappointment of their credulous patients.

"For the greater convenience of mankind, my medicine is formed of two parts that make the great *hole*, but which, like the superb and excellent substance from which it is extracted, may be used either jointly or separately (*viz.*): Sharp, powerful steel points for *internal* use, and hickory sticks for *external*. It is a most delicious and grateful cordial, vastly superior to *gin, rum, or brandy*; and, without producing any of their irascible and intoxicating effects, will lull into an easy, *eternal repose*, or produce much rapid and elastic motion—all at the will and pleasure of those who use it.

"Its operation is generally attended with perspiration and loss of bad feelings; and, by supplying nature with new energy to cast off ill humors and pains, affords the most benign and wonderful influence in the utter extermination of all disorders. Used internally, it affords instant relief to the most virulent diseases; and, in its external application, is admirably adapted to relieve all who labor under an aversion to exercise, and have dull, phlegmatic constitutions.

"It is the most efficacious, divine, and astonishing preparation ever offered to the patronage of an enlightened and generous public."

"CAUTION.

"Beware of counterfeits. The true, soporific, and invigorating ANTIDOTE is prepared by myself and nobody else, and sold at the sign of the 'Gridiron and Gooseneck,' and at *no other bookstand*, except my blacksmith-shop, No. 102 Brewers' Alley; and, notwithstanding it is procured at incalculable labor and much expense, is sold at the very moderate rate of *one dollar-a dose*, less than half the original cost.

"N. B. It never fails to cure on the first application."

"READ AND BE CONVINCED.

"I do hereby solemnly declare and affirm that, as I was walking up Broadway in January last, I slipped up, and tumbled to pieces. By the judicious and timely application of Watts's Nervous Antidote, the parts were gathered together without the loss of a single member. JEDEDIAH SCARAMOUCH."

"Having been for more than sixty years tormented with an abdominal and afflicting rheumatism, which caused my bones to crack and separate, and my joints to abandon their sockets, insomuch that my loving helpmate had to exercise much caution when sweeping the house, to keep from brushing me piecemeal out of it, as I lay scattered about the premises; and having been strongly advised to use 'Watts's Nervous Anti-

dote,' I procured a dose, and to my utter astonishment soon had the pleasure of perceiving myself collected and stuck together as firmly as ever. Certified by me,
NICODEMUS STURDY."

"Having died some time ago, to the great grief of my dear wife, she applied 'Watts's Nervous Antidote' *in staff* to my poor corpse. Symptoms of returning life soon appeared, and in a few weeks I was all alive.

COUNT DUCKWORTH."

"I do hereby certify that I used to be as thin and poor as a snake, and was subject to being drowned. I purchased some of 'Watts's Nervous Antidote,' and in due season I grew as fat as a pig, and have never been drowned since.
TOBAN NINCUM."

CHAPTER V.

A GOAT, A WOMAN, AND THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

"Who will be the first to reveal
The mysteries of this order?
It is will break the seal,
And read from my recorder.
Yes; no longer shall the world
Be cheated of its rights;
For I will now to you unfurl
What I have seen at nights."

CORN-CUTTER.

THERE is a natural instinct in man that leads him on, step by step, from one thing to another. And it matters not to what perfection he may arrive, or what wealth he may acquire; he is never satisfied. No; so long as there remains one mystery hidden from his eyes, he is not contented; and as there are but few things in this country that have excited more curiosity than the mysteries of the Sons of Temperance, I am persuaded that my readers will be well entertained in reading an exposition of them, as I am well acquainted with everything appertaining to the order.

It chanced to be my good fortune, while living in one of the Southern States, several years ago, to fall in with the Sons of Temperance, or rather, I might say, I joined the order, for the time being, as I was pretty much out of employment. It is useless for me to say

that, with other things, I had some *busy* curiosity; but this was not my principal object, for I had an eye to some of my associates, whom I could induce to quit the fatal practice of drinking, by joining the Sons myself.

For the sake of doing good, I could afford to make a little sacrifice; and, besides other things, here is one slight revelation of some of the grand and hidden mysteries of that noble order. I had not been a member long before it was whispered, among the brethren, "that I could write a good hand, and would fill an office to the best of my abilities." As there was no other person running for the office, I was elected, and soon held an influential position in that body, which gave me many opportunities of expressing my private opinion.

As a matter of course, there was great curiosity in the minds of the people, and more especially the ladies, to know something of what was going on at our secret sittings. The fair ones seemed to think that we were meeting together for the purpose of conspiring against them, or something else equally as bad, such as falling in love with them, or for making them all rich. They could not bear it, without making some demonstrations of dissatisfaction. They had out all kinds of reports about us, such as the following: one would say that we slipped up and down a greasy pole; another that we rode the goat; another that we eat babies, and many other things equally as interesting, that I will not enumerate at present, but proceed with the best part of the work.

Having a kind regard for my friends, and more especially the ladies, I was ever willing and *ready* to serve them *when it answered my purpose to do so*; and, fearing the neighbors would break in some night and find

out all of our secrets, I proposed, one night at the division, that we should in some way endeavor to quiet the public mind in regard to our order. I told them I thought it would be policy to do so, and proposed to them that, if they would allow me, I would soon satisfy their curiosity, and that, too, without exposing any of our mysteries, and in such a way that none of them would ever regret having given me the job.

After many questions being asked me, many promises of fidelity given, they agreed to let me have the use of the division-room, a large and spacious apartment. It had been fitted up for the purpose, and was arranged as follows: one large room for the transaction of business, such as going through the ceremonies of initiation, discussing points of interest, receiving visitors, &c.; one anteroom; and a smaller room, in which we kept the regalia, flags, staffs, and things belonging to the officers.

I went to the division-room on the next morning, and made such arrangements as I wanted, for the purpose of going through with my undertaking. I felt some little gnawing sensations about my conscience when I got to thinking about making an exposition of the order, but I knew I would make things no better to turn back then, and concluded that I had as well go on, and so I did. I sat down and wrote some five or six notices, some of which were to be stuck up in the little village, and others sent throughout the neighborhood, a copy of which is subjoined for your reading: "THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE EXPOSED. *Any lady wishing to be initiated into the mysteries of this order can have an opportunity, on Thursday night next, at the Division-room. For*

particulars, apply to Dr. Rattlehead, on or before Thursday morning."

The notices had not been up more than half the day, before two or three ladies called to know the conditions. I told them, which were these: "You will be initiated, ladies, one at a time, and will be shown all the mysteries; but you are at liberty to speak of them, or not, as may suit your feelings; there will be no obligation which you are to take on yourself."

Many other ladies made application, all of whom were set down for initiation on the appointed evening. Early on Thursday morning, several members of the order came to me, and said that they "feared something was wrong—a report was out that I was going to make an exposition of the order," and wanted to know if it was true. I thought I must keep them in good spirits, or they would put a stop to my movements, and told them not to be uneasy, that I would turn out "everything in good faith" at the end. They then left me, well satisfied of my fidelity, and said they would let me go through, for they were anxious to see what I intended doing. The affair was a mystery to all the neighborhood, and I don't think I ever saw more excitement about anything in my life.

The general belief was that, as I held an office in the division, I was at liberty to expose the order, even in their own room, and that they could not prevent me. The entire silence and non-interference, on the part of the members, contributed no little to confirm the neighbors in this belief; "for," said they, "if they can prevent him from telling all about it, why don't they do it?"

At last the trying moment arrives, Thursday night;

the time when "The Sons of Temperance are to receive their fatal blow. Yes; this proud and noble order, that has done so much good for mankind, must fall. Though it has been the means of drying up the mother's tears, by causing a drunken companion to return to the circle to which he has been a stranger for years, its course is run, and the poor inebriate must again return to his habits, soon to fill a drunkard's grave."

At the usual hour for meeting, I repaired to the division-room to perform the duty voluntarily taken on myself. No one could gain admittance until I arrived, as I had the key. When I arrived, I found a large crowd collected near the door, waiting to see how the ladies would sustain themselves in "riding the goat," as they were pleased to call our initiation. The ladies, true to their promise, were ready to be led into the mysteries. I told them I would soon be ready, and hoped they would bear with me a short time; went up, and soon had things in readiness. I then returned to the foot of the stairs, and announced that, if some one of the ladies would accompany me, I would commence the ceremonies. I waited for a short time without an answer from them, and began to think that they would back out at last, one and all. I again told them it was time to commence, and I hoped they would not detain me, as it would be late by the time all were through.

Finally, one of them came forward, and said "she was not afraid, and intended to know all about what had been going on in that room for several months." She was the very one that I expected would come forward, and I did not expect any of the others would stand the test. That was my reason for saying that

I would initiate only one at a time, as ten or twenty could have been initiated as easy as one. The fair one, that was so bold, had the following *pathological* appearance about her face and *pantaloons*. She was an old maid, thirty-eight years and more, advanced in scolding all of Adam's sons and daughters; so ugly she couldn't tell the truth on Sunday after dinner; long, slab-sided nose, with a mole on it as big as a turkey's egg, which she called her beauty-spot; hair as red as a ball of fire; near six feet high; scant made; and a tongue as long as a chair-post.

I do not know what I should have done, had any other one of them present offered to go; but never mind what I would have done, the question is with you, what *did* I do with the *old maid*? I went up with her, and asked her to take off her bonnet, and be seated. She did so, and I commenced the ceremonies by sprinkling on her head a quantity of the tincture of assafoetida. Then I mixed a portion of it with water, and asked her to wash her hands in it; all these things she bore with maiden fortitude, thinking it was "the mystery." I then said to her in a solemn tone: "Miss, you have come here for the purpose of being led into the great secrets of this order, which I am now about to impart to you, though you know I am going contrary to the pledges I have taken. I have to go out of the room for a few minutes, and before going let me caution you that you are not to open that door (pointing to the one before spoken of, that belonged to the room in which the regalia, &c., were kept), for in that room are secrets that none but the officers are allowed to know anything of; it is fastened only by the latch you see, and the honor



"As he jumped, he struck the lady flat in the face with his head, and over they both went, rumble, tumble, down the stairway."—Page 55.

of a member keeps him from ever going in where he is not allowed; if you see the secrets in there, you know all about the Sons of Temperance at once; and now I must leave you for a short time to watch the room, while I prepare to proceed with your initiation."

The room just mentioned was at the top of the stairs. I then went out of the room, and secreted myself where she could not see me, and so that I could see her if she went to the forbidden room. I had scarcely time to hide myself, before I saw her tall form making across the room, in a half bent position, with her shoes off, so as to make no noise. She placed herself before the door, and seemed as if proud of the advantage she had taken of me, and gradually opened the door, for a little way, then a little more, and—and—chug—bah, and out jumped one of the biggest *goats* that ever lived this side of the Rocky Mountains (which I had previously put in there); and, as he jumped, he struck the lady flat in the face with his head, and over they both went, rumble, tumble, down the stairway. Of all the screaming, hallooing, bleating, rolling, and kicking, that I ever saw, this beat them. When they reached the foot of the stairs, the goat went one way and the old maid another, and I scarcely know which run the fastest, the goat having been fastened up for more than twenty-four hours, and the old maid nearly scared to death. She stroaked it through the dark, her hair floating in the wind like a comet, having left her bonnet in the division-room for safe keeping; and the sweet odor of the assa-fetida dispersed the crowd faster than a hail-storm could have done.

I had no more applications for initiation that night, nor have I ever had one since, as they all saw that a

woman could not "*ride the goat*," even if she wore the breeches. The curiosity of all was satisfied, but more especially that of the old maid, for I learned afterwards that, in her fall, she smashed her long nose, knocked off her "beauty spot," and got her lower jaw kicked out of joint.

CHAPTER VI.

TOWNSEND'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

THIS has, indeed, effected wonders in this land of "Yankees and buttermilk." It sharpens the appetite, cuts off the finger nails, and "goes out to do days' work." Everybody must know how to make it, and never be without it. Here are plain directions for preparing this never-to-be-forgotten compound:—

R.—Sarsaparilla (Honduras), one grain;
 Rasp. guaiac one thousand pounds;
 Two quarts of lime-water;
 Sixteen bear-skins;
 Compound extract of pumpkins two barrels;
 Three tooth-pullers, and the old wool-basket;
 Pulv. mezereon, two drachms;
 " sassafras one ounce; cart-wheels one dozen; six
 stew-pans; and the way to keep your credit up, is to
 pay the money down;
 Pulv. quassia three drachms;
 " gentian two scruples; thirteen gallons of "Dick's
 hat-band," and one ounce of Yankee Doodle.

Put these into a salt-barrel, and boil for two days at a temperature of eight hundred degrees below zero. Then strain through a shot-tower, and stage-coaches, put up in tobacco hogsheads, cork well, and keep for

use. The dose is a jugfull when the moon rises, mixed with pothooks and soft soap, to render it pleasant, and it should be given two weeks before each meal.

This is a great remedy in cases of cholera morbus of the ankle-joint, dislocation of the tongue, scrofula of the toe-nails, enlargement of the nose, aneurism of the corn-crib, fracture of the pop-aw thicket, and ulcers of the barn-loft.

"The following case, coming as it does from the highest source, must be relied on as true, and those that are sensible will listen with eager attention to the things which must interest them."

(From his Excellency Miller Didapper, President of the *Divided States*.) This of itself is enough to convince the world at large.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COON-HUNTERS,

April 42d, 1896.

DEAR JAKE: Your medicine is doing great good in our neighborhood; it killed two men the other day, the first trial, sixty yards off, hand with a rest. It also cured a woman of a cat-scratch in three months. I was taken very suddenly, one day myself, with a chronic enlargement of the submaxillary choke-rag, that lasted for twenty minutes. After it was all over, I sent for a bottle of your medicine and took it, since which time I have been gradually growing worse, until eight weeks ago, when I found myself well enough to die, and so I did; and now, here I am, buried in the big chist; my wife is glad of it, for I heard her say so; my troubles have just begun, and may the world bless you for your kindness!

Don't come here.

MILLER DIDAPPER.

CHAPTER VII.

A YOUNG DOCTOR, AND A DUTCHMAN.

TUNE—"Oysters, here they are."

Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
And here's some oysters I'll sell very low.
Are you engaged, my friend, for an hour?
If not, take this shilling and listen to my power;
Or else I'll lecture to these walls
'Till my system shattered falls.
"Give me the shilling, and open your battery,
And tell me all about anatomy."

SCREW-DRIVER.

HAVING read an article headed "A Professor's *Début*," in which a description of what I am going to relate has been attempted, and being personally acquainted with the physician with whom this occurrence took place, and as the description has been *incomplete*, I think it my duty to give a *full* account of this circumstance, which, when *fully* known, must excite the wonder and admiration of every one that reads it; being, as it is, unparalleled in the history of a professional life. The account given by me is a correct, a complete statement of the facts as they occurred, having it, as I have, from the doctor himself.

The physician referred to was educated in the United States, graduated in New York City as M. D., and

then went to Paris, where he remained until he graduated in one of the medical schools of that city.

He then returned to New York, to commence the practice of his profession. He was an entire stranger, with the exception of his medical friends, and one or two families. In this situation, he saw the great difficulties he would have to encounter, if he pursued the regular routine through which others had passed. Not content thus to toil for years in obscurity, he advertised in the newspapers that he would give *thirty* lectures on "Anatomy," free for all that chose to come and hear him. His medical friends, amongst others his old preceptor, hearing of what he had done, went to him and expostulated with him, not to expose himself to ridicule by attempting to call himself into notice as he had done; that he could not expect any one would come to hear him, as young a man as he was.

They asked him if he had any one *pledged* to hear him; to which he replied, "No; but I am determined to give the lectures at all hazards; I have not spent my time and money for nothing. I am resolved to go through, or perish in the attempt." Seeing that all their entreaties could avail nothing, they left him, pitying him for his presumption.

He secured a room (which was not the largest in the city), and made every arrangement for an audience of some size. He had all his anatomical plates, his disarticulated skeleton; in short, everything that was necessary for making a good appearance was to be seen in that room.

At last the night arrived for him to deliver the first of his lectures. The room was lighted up brilliantly; the pitcher of water and the glass tumbler were placed

on the stand, and all things being arranged, he was ready to commence, but, unfortunately, not one individual had come to his lecture. It was now an hour past the time appointed for commencing, and still not the first person had cared enough for him to come and listen to him, and though they were free for all, all cared nothing for them.

What must have been the poor young man's feelings at that moment; his prospects thus to be so early blasted, his happiness destroyed! At this moment, a thought struck him that perhaps he could induce a friend of his that was living in an adjoining room to come and listen to him. He went and asked him, and the notion being so novel and original, he concluded to go in. They went in, and he had mounted the stand, taken a drink of water, cleared his throat, and was in the act of beginning, when he heard a tap at the door. It was manna to his soul when he heard it; his heart throbbed with emotion, thinking that perhaps some medical students or other persons had come to hear him, that still glory was to be obtained, and his name handed down to posterity; that there was yet a hope of his being a professor some day, verifying a statement he had made to his medical friends, and quickly he sprang to the door and opened it, and so confident was he that it was some persons coming to his lecture, that he involuntarily said, "Walk in, gentlemen," before knowing who was waiting, or what they wanted. When he said, "Walk in, gentlemen," he was greeted with the sound of "Tus ye vaunt anny oysters?" What a disappointment! How soon his hopes, so bright, again vanished! His expected glory was gone forever. But being of an ambitious nature, he was resolved on still delivering his

lecture, and thus addressed the man standing at the door, who was nothing more nor less than a *Dutchman*, dressed in a flannel shirt, short trowsers, pumps, and long stockings.

Doctor. Are you engaged for an hour, my friend?

Dutchman. No.

Doctor. Well, if you will come in here and hear me talk for one hour, I will give you a shilling.

Dutchman. Vel, I do it.

The Dutchman did come in, and, putting his pan of oysters under the bench, down he sat to hear the lecture.

He had been lecturing only a few minutes, until his friend that lived in the next room became overpowered with his eloquence and fell to sleeping at the rate of ten miles an hour, thus leaving only the poor *one-eyed* Dutchman to listen to what was being said.

At the close of the lecture, he waked up his friend, paid the Dutchman, and announced that he would lecture on the next evening. Before the Dutchman left, he said to him, "that if he wanted him the next night, he would let him know at precisely a quarter to eight o'clock, and pay him the same price. On the next night there were several persons present, having heard of this "strange doctor" lecturing to two men, and one of them asleep; consequently, he did not have to hire the Dutchman. He continued to lecture as announced in his advertisement, and there was an increase of the crowd until the room would not hold all that came.

The thing was rumored about, and soon some gentlemen in the city waited on him in the capacity of a committee, tendering him the use of a larger room, in a more public part of the city, and soon his name was sounded

throughout the whole community; soon he had a good practice, and ere long was elected to fill a chair in a medical school in New York, which professorship he holds to this day. He is now one among the most eminent in the medical profession, and a more eloquent lecturer, instructive teacher, and perfect gentleman cannot be found in the world. The school to which he belongs is now in a flourishing condition, and is destined ever to rank as one of the great schools of America.

The gentleman to whom I refer, and the one that has passed through the trying scenes, is "Doctor GUNNING S. BEDFORD, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children in the University of the City of New York."

Young men, learn a lesson from this. Don't despair, but "REMEMBER THE YOUNG DOCTOR AND THE DUTCHMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

It cures your colds, it cures your coughs,
 It empties cribs, and stable lofts;
 It's worth its weight in purest gold,
 Its worth has never yet been told.
 It cures all sorts of water-brashes,
 It rips, and snorts, and cuts the dashes;
 It takes you from the afflicted bed,
 It gives you life, though you be dead.
 It's thus composed, and put together;
 It's then put up in horse's leather:
 Wild cherry bark one-half a grain,
 And ink enough your hands to stain;
 Molasses one-and-twenty barrels,
 And all the soap at Billy Carroll's;
 Then put in one hundred dogs,
 The size of oak, or hickory logs;
 Three thousand and one hundred knives,
 Six kegs of fat, and two beehives;
 Four hundred cats, one pound of butter,
 And grapes enough to make a splutter;
 Of gum Arabic, finely ground,
 Two barrels, each three hundred pound;
 Fresh wads of paper, from the press,
 Two hundred thousand pounds, or less;
 Liquorice root, or the extract,
 Three good hogsheads, them well packed;

Of paregoric, sweet and good,
 Enough to make a lightning rod.
 Add also, a *kill* of tar,
 That will make you say, ba, ba, ba.
 Then shake these up until the weather
 Is hot enough to scorch a feather,
 And rain in torrents is coming down,
 And wind so cold it turns you round;
 Pour out into the Atlantic Ocean,
 Take a stick, and give the motion.
 Then cork it up with woollen rags,
 And sell it out to fools and wags.
 The dose is what your money'll buy,
 Mixed with syrup and a fly.
 This Balsam's good for everything—
 Croup and gout, and hornet's sting.
 For broken limbs, it drives the centre;
 Take it, try it, make the venture.
 If hogs are in the tater-patch,
 'Twill twist their tails, and make 'em scratch.
 It's good, in cases of pneumony,
 And cures sore back of any pony.
 Let's have its virtues spoken of,
 To set all doubts and fears to scoff.
 This is done the usual way
 That's practised at the present day;
 It is done, by proof, from men
 Who early learned to use the pen.
 Here is one, from Billy Winters,
 Who lives on sawdust, rocks, and splinters.
 "On board the steamer, 'tis found at last,
 And we are going very fast.

'Tis now the twentieth of October,
 And a year and more since I was sober.
 One day my wife was taken sick,
 From washing all the clothes so quick.
 The symptoms were, *I* got a thrashing
 For giving the dishes a little smashing;
 And when she'd beat me full two hours,
 With broom in hand, and all her powers,
 She took a spasm, and down she dropped,
 And I was glad, for then she stopped.
 Three days she lay, in a dying state,
 Until your Balsam sealed her fate.
 Now I must thank you for your goodness
 In killing Polly for her badness.
 I have landed safely at Detroit,
 And you have heard of my exploit.
 I bid you now a long farewell,
 And hope you ever may do well."
 Here's another, that tells a tale
 Of how he felt when he was pale.
 "One mile north of New Orleans,
 Where cotton grows instead of beans,
 A man doth live that has a son
 On whom the fleas had just begun.
 His pulse was weak, his mam was mad,
 Because he couldn't catch the shad.
 His tongue was furred, his arm was broke,
 And after that he never spoke.
 Your Balsam cured him after that,
 And now he's hearty, well, and fat.
 From your friend, the lizard-killer,
 John C. Andrew, Billy Miller."

CHAPTER IX.

MISFORTUNES OF BEING HAUNTED.

AIR—" *Would I were a Bear again!* "

Come, gentle spirit, bear me home
 From this world of fitting fancy;
 I wish no longer here to roam,
 If ghosts can haunt me without mercy.
 I've tried in vain their power to shun,
 Still, still their presence haunts me;
 And of all others, there is not *one*
 Who weeps so loud o'er fatal destiny.
 When shades of night hath told to man
 That he must go to rest,
 I am not one, among that clan,
 That is so happily blest.
 For visions of all shapes and forms
 Around me then are cast;
 While others are in Morpheus' arms,
 Poor me is haunted most.

MAN OF FANCY.

DEAR reader, do not be alarmed at my text, which to you might seem to premise that something "awful in the extreme" was coming, for if you have been a close observer of my writings, you must have noticed that, in making up your mind concerning what was "coming," you have often been mistaken. It is customary with me to give my "text" in the form of poetry. In this I know I differ from many who write for the edification of

the public, but I beg that you will bear with me in this respect, as I do not wish to follow on in the old beaten track that has been for years past thronged with travellers. But now to the point.

The very thought of a "ghost" has, from time immemorial, been the horror of the juvenile world, and I can assure you it is not confined to the juvenile part of creation alone, for I am personally acquainted with a host of "old men and old women" that believe as much in ghosts as they do in a Supreme Being, and I might say even more. During my "raising," and while I remained with my parents, it was often my misfortune to listen to ghost tales, related every few nights, by an old negro woman belonging to my father. Whenever there was to be a ghost story, or stories, related by her, she gave notice, and all the children in the neighborhood would collect in to listen, and often do I revert now to the appearance of that same old kitchen, as there we sat, a dozen or more in number, with our mouths open, eyes rolling, and arms raised in the air, listening to "ghost tales."

So powerful was the influence exerted on my young mind, that I could not be persuaded to leave the house at night without company; even in daytime I was unwilling to go alone by a graveyard. This influence diminished but little, even when I was nearly grown, for the old negro woman had told me that I would "see sights" at some period of my life. I tried to persuade her not, but she said "You'll see, some day, what old *Sophy* tells you will come to pass, for I can always tell dese tings."

Notwithstanding all her prophecies, I had made up my mind that, instead of calling on the name of the "moon,"

as directed by her (which she said would cause the ghost to disappear), I would make battle, and try the spunk of men and women from the clouds.

As I was very cautious about being alone, I spent my "teens" without meeting with any ghosts. I began to think that I never would be troubled with anything of the kind, and made free to talk the matter over to my friends, ridiculed the idea, and thought but little more about it. I went when and where I pleased, day or night. I had now arrived at an age when most of mankind, and womankind too, want to fall in love, or they want love to fall in them, whichever you may please to term it, and I partook of the common feeling of love-making myself. About one mile from the little village in which I was then living, there was a clever old gentleman that I liked very much, and I did not only like him, but all his family, and the reason I liked them all so much was, that I *loved* his daughter Sarah. The habit *was in me* of going two or three nights in the week to see Sarah, to pass off the time.

The old man would talk to me of many things, and "Sally" too, and I would talk to Sally about love and many things. Thus we all enjoyed ourselves, and strong were the bonds of friendship existing between us. One night I had been over to see Sally, and stayed rather later than usual from some cause, and when I started home I saw the moon was shedding its last rays of light for the night rambles, and being in that class, for one time, I saw the necessity of going pretty fast or I should overtake the darkness.

Bidding them good night (I say *them*, for they all made it a rule to sit up until I left, to hear Sally tell my sweet words over and over again), I started on my

way home, at a rapid pace, on foot. Between the old man's house and the village, there was an old field through which I had to pass part of the way, and the remaining portion, next to the village, there was a thick skirt of woods. I was going along, feeling as big as "watch," singing,

"Way low down, in the Indian nation,
Pretty little wife and big plantation,"

and the first thing I knew, I know'd nothing, consisting of an awful sight, about a hundred yards ahead of me. "The prophecy is fulfilled at last; now where's my spunk?" Think as you please, reader, but it was the worst-looking sight that ever shook up terrapins. It was about six feet high—"a man, angel, or devil it must be"—and it looked like a man with a white sheet around him, and horns sticking out from his head; one arm raised in the air, pointing to the north star; and one foot on a great stone, defying, as it were, the powers of earth. I stood for some time in perfect amazement, not knowing what to do. Every tale of ghosts that had ever been related to me was before my eyes in a moment. As the thing was making no advances towards me, I had time sufficient to think what I should do.

I reasoned thus: "I have never heard of ghosts doing any hurt to a living being, and I have said that I would show my spunk if one attacked me. I will make the attempt, anyhow."

I had in my pocket a large knife, and I was glad of it, for I did not want to turn back, and I was not willing to attack it without some weapon. This thinking took up much more time than I thought it would, and I saw that the longer I waited, the bigger it got—the more horrifying its appearance. I resolved on immediate

action, and accordingly made preparation for the attack, by taking out my knife, pulling off my coat, and throwing my hat on the ground. Rolling up my sleeves, and taking the knife in my right hand, I started to encounter the enemy. The nearer I approached, the more awful did it look, and once I thought of backing out, but, stimulated by the thought that I should be the first to "solve the mystery," I marched boldly on.

When I got within a few steps of it, I stopped for a moment to get my breath, and then, as one going to commit suicide, I went with a "rush." I ran up and plunged my knife to the hilt in the dreaded enemy, and then withdrawing it I pierced the creature to the heart again. To make sure of victory, I plunged the knife in again and again. After doing this, I felt of my knife blade to see if any blood was on it, and, to my alarming curiosity, I found it as dry as when I commenced. "Oh, what have I done? The old nigger always told me so; I have been trying to murder divinity itself." In this state of fallen pride and alarm, I put my finger into the wound to discover if the blood was oozing from it; here again I found I had not done any damage. What was I to do in that condition? Was I to leave it and go off, not knowing what it was? That, I was certain, would not do, for I should have been haunted the rest of my life.

Seeing that I could not do any damage with my knife, I put it up. My fears began to subside, and then I was mad enough to kill anything that came in my way, *if I could*. After waiting for some time, I commenced examining the queer sort of being, and if I hadn't been fighting the *root of a tree recently blown down by the storm*, I wish you may pull my nose out. Then it was that I felt "glorious;" "this is what old Sophy, and

everybody else, would have called a great sight—I'll tell everybody of it to-morrow." I went on home, proud of the discovery I had made, and next day I did make a general exposition of ghosts. The old men and women in the village and neighborhood made very strange of such talk, and told me, "Oh, Mr. Rattlehead, you'll be haunted for that yet, mind if you don't." With all my solid nerves I still had fears that I would be haunted myself.

Not long after this, I had to follow the remains of an old schoolmate to its last resting-place on earth; and as he was a great favorite, I was deeply affected, and felt the loss very severely.

On the following night, when I retired to bed, I found that I could not sleep with any degree of comfort—I was continually dreaming of my departed friend. It did not take me long to *imagine* that I was haunted, and I assure you I spent a miserable night of it; but on the approach of morning these thoughts all vanished.

When night came on again, I thought of the miseries of the last night, and my imagination was nearly as vivid as ever. Thinking, if I would take a walk, resolved on wearing off the feeling, I could get rid of it, I took a stroll into the darkest woods in the neighborhood. I whistled, rattled sticks, sat down on logs, threw stones, and done everything else that I could think of, to wear off what I thought (and very strongly too) was a feeling of superstition. Going on in this way, I soon found myself two miles from home, and darkness reigned around, while I had no road to lead me back except a pig path.

I turned about to return home, and somehow I felt an uncontrollable inclination to *go fast*. I could not

tell the reason of it, but still it was so; and more than this, I got to breathing and drawing long breaths mighty fast. I could feel something knocking and thumping about my left side, and could not tell what it could be unless it was my heart. I went as fast as I thought prudent for me to do, until I was nearly half way home; and as I was going along I heard something (or imagined so) making a strange noise a short distance before me. I stopped to listen, and—bu—bu—chug, chug—bu—rattle, rattle—bu—chug, chug—Oh alligators and coon-skins, what now! Laboring, as I had been, under feelings of the most horrid character, for a day or two previous, fearing I was going to be haunted, you can imagine how easy it was for any unusual occurrence to have an effect on me. "I never done any harm to Jim, what's he haunting me for? Oh, what am I to do? I wish I—"—bu—bu—chug, chug—bu—rattle—"was at home; then I'd be there."

I saw something was to be done, and quick, too, for the enemy was advancing, and in the path, so that I could not pass without running into briers, bushes, &c. I had but one dependence, which was the same old knife I had used before, and which I always had about me, for I thought a great deal of it, as it was a present.

After waiting a short time, I found I had been mistaken in thinking the enemy was advancing, for it remained at the same spot. Not being disposed to take to the briers, I concluded to fight, as I had done before, having been "eminently successful." I laid off my surplus clothing, as usual, took my knife as my main dependence, and went unhesitatingly to meet what was waiting for me, let it be Jim, or no Jim. I went a little way, and—bu—bu—chug, chug—rattle, bu—

chug—"Wha—wha—what can it be? No wild things here." I waited a little again, to see if I would not be attacked; still the noise remained at the same place. I was now so near that I could see a faint glimmering, swimming, or something else, in the edge of the bushes. I don't know what to compare it to, but it looked like a mixture of mud, terrapins, flour barrels, and old blankets, or tin buckets, mackerel, and mill-stones.

It was a fearful ghost to attack, but I was resolved on doing it or to "perish in the attempt;" could not bear the thought of being whipped by a thing of imagination, and, suiting my actions to my thoughts, I rushed forward, with weapon drawn, and made a lick at the most prominent part I could find. While I was making my lick, something else made one, for before you could say "Sam Slick," I was thrown flat on my face, and I could hear the teeth of some animal going rip, rip, up and down my back, making the linen fly every pop.

Gentlemen, don't say a word. I helped myself up from there as soon as I could, which was not until I got the worst *licking* I ever did get, and struck a line for home, leaving my clothes behind, thinking it was the best policy, for, instead of attacking a "ghost," I had run afoul of an *old sow and pigs*, lying quietly sleeping in the edge of the bushes; and the way she told me it wer no ghost, wer hump shouldered all over.



"I was thrown flat on my face, and I could hear the teeth of some animal going rip, rip, rip, up and down my back, making the linen fly every pop."
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CHAPTER X.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

History.

THEY were born in a half bushel iron mortar, in the year the woods were burnt. At the age of twenty-four hours, they could have been put into a quart pot, or brass kettle; but they've grown some since. Being troubled with rickets at an early age, they experienced much difficulty in walking: the knee-joints, being large, were often knocked together, and rubbed off the skin, so that when thrown straddle of the little horse that goes by steam, and is paid by the line, he was so sore he couldn't ride bare-back, and fell off again.

They were then put on board of a steam candle-stick, and sent to a notorious doctor living in Liverpool, to have plasters and splints put on the lower extremities; after remaining there for a few months, it was decided that they "could travel." Accordingly, they set sail in the first tin canister that was coming to "Gotham." Owing to dry weather, they were detained some time for the want of water in the channel of the Atlantic Ocean, but managed, finally, to get into port.

Seeing a great opening for growing, they began to strut like a turkey gobbler. The first trip taken was up Salt River, thence across by Bryant's tobacco-patch, through Disnake's peach-orchard, and back to Brook-

lyn. Encouraged by the glorious prospects of future prosperity, they took another trip around the globe, but eventually they returned by the way of California, Vermont, and Cuba, and located permanently in New York.

They are a *valuable* pill, and everybody should know how to make them in cold climates, and on railroads.

R.—Pulverized aloes one scruple;

“ cows' horns two barrels;

“ castor oil twenty drops;

“ spitboxes five ounces;

Compound extract of colocynth two scruples;

“ “ umbrellas one pint;

“ “ buttermilk seven grains;

“ “ tar buckets six drachms;

“ “ steam-engines one cart-full;

Syrup of leather breeches a jugfull;

“ iron railings four jobs;

“ nigger babies two scruples;

“ gate-posts a pailfull;

“ ipecac. fifteen grains;

“ horse troughs one handfull;

Tincture of rhubarb one ounce;

“ mulberry roots a half crop;

“ mildewed tobacco a boxfull;

“ glass bottles in abundance;

“ goose eggs a doorfull.

Mix well, by stirring up for two hours with the ramrod of a shot-gun, then rub well until you see a fog arising; blow off your still cap, and put in two pair of scissors, thoroughly sharp. Make into pills the size of a dog's head, and take twenty at bedtime.

CHAPTER XI.

RATTLEHEAD AND THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.

A FEW years ago, I was stopping at Vicksburg, Miss., for a day or two, waiting for a steamer, bound for Cincinnati. It was a season of the year when the water was low in the western rivers, and there were but few boats running. While there, several of my acquaintances, on their return from the Springs in the interior of Mississippi, chanced to arrive, and put up at the same hotel that I was stopping at. They were very happy to meet with me “going up,” for they knew there would be no “dying of low spirits” where I was. I was equally as happy to meet with them, for I felt safe if I should happen to get into a *scrape* on the boat.

We had been waiting for nearly forty-eight hours, and to those that have been in the habit of travelling, it is unnecessary to say that we were getting anxious to leave; not but what friend M'Mackin, the proprietor of the “Prentiss House,” treated us well, but because we had business of importance to attend to “up the country.” Every time we heard the *snorting* of a high pressure steamboat (and we could hear them at least ten miles off), we rushed down to the river to see if it was one bound for the Ohio, and how often we were disappointed I have no idea, but often enough to make us all as mad as a *wet hen* on Christmas morning. At

last it was announced that an "Ohio boat" was coming, and by the time we had reached the wharf, the boat was ready to start. We went on board in good spirits, and in a few moments after were on our way up the "Father of Waters." We soon found that we were in for a week's board on the old craft, but as it was the best we could do, we contented ourselves, and concluded to bear it. It was not long until dinner was ready, and though the boat was large, to be running the Ohio at that season of the year, and though one which had borne a good name for "feeding," we found that she had lost her reputation by changing owners.

We seated ourselves, and took a little "beef and potatoes," *blessed* the boat and the commander, and got up. Says I, "Boys, it's a hard job for a man to live this way, after being fed so high that he takes the gout; but we will make it up in fun, if the captain don't look too sour." The boys said, "Never mind him looking sour; just as soon he'd look sour as sweet; and now we are looking to you for a little fun, while the old boat and captain are straining their eyes out running against this current." "Well, my fellows, I'll strike as soon as the iron's hot, and you know I can tell when a thing will do to tie to, so now, 'lay low,' and if I get into a *scrape* you must stand straight up on your tiptoes, and show where you are from."

The captain was a little dried-up squib, not bigger than a good-sized rabbit, and as peevish as an old hysteric woman. He was continually insulting some of the passengers for little or no cause, and even the ladies were complaining of his treatment. Happily for him, he did not insult any that belonged to our crowd, or he would have had to take to his state-room quick.

Things went on in this way until we got to Helena, Ark's. We arrived there about an hour after breakfast, remained only a few minutes to put out some freight, and take on some passengers, and off we went again. I had been studying all the way up how to play some trick on the captain, but had not got one fixed out to suit me. The boat was now crowded with passengers, and unless I done something soon, I saw that I would lose my reputation, as well as the old boat.

The captain had taken on one or two calves, some sweet potatoes, a little butter, and some other things at Helena, and there was a prospect of "something to eat" about one o'clock, but I had made up my mind to take a little lunch at nine o'clock, and say nothing about dinner. I went to the pantry and took some little to eat, and then for my day's work. I hunted up the boys of my acquaintance, and told them I was in for some fun, and that they must be ready for anything that come along. I also went to every fellow that had a good-looking face, and asked that he would not interrupt any fun that was started. Everybody was ripe for it, so I thought I'd commence operations. I went and fixed myself up as shabby-looking as I could, and went out on deck where the captain was.

I stood for a few moments studying how to make a start on him. While I was waiting for mental assistance, I heard the big bell near me go—ling—ling—two distinct taps for sounding. When this was done with, says I, "Captain, this is a nice day."

"Yes, fine time to be on board a good boat."

"Well, captain, I heard you knock that big bell just now; I think it has the sweetest tone I ever heard."

"Very nice, sir; I gave two hundred dollars for that bell in Pittsburgh."

"Ah, indeed! and how do you get your money back?"

"Not at all; don't expect it."

"Well, now, captain, you are wrong; it is a losing business, and you could soon make twice as much as you gave for it if you would only do right."

"Why, how's that? I never heard of such a thing."

"The way that most captains do is to hire out the bell to the curious; some people would give five or ten dollars to get to ring as big a bell as yours as much as they wanted."

"Don't you think that; no man will do it, I know."

"To prove it, captain, I will give you five dollars myself if you will let me ring it as long as I want."

"Well, fork out your five, and ring till you get tired, if you want."

"Recollect, gentlemen, I am to ring this bell as long as I please for five dollars."

I paid the five, went and got me a chair, untied the rope from the pilot-house, that was attached to the clapper, sat down and commenced. The captain laughed heartily at me for my "greenness." It was between nine and ten o'clock when I commenced, and the captain left me ringing the bell, and went to tell the crew how easily he had made a *five*. The passengers, hearing the bell ring such a doleful sound, thought there was "death on board," but they soon found out they were mistaken, for I got to ringing louder and faster; here again they were puzzled, and up they come, every one that could get foothold on deck, to look at "*a deranged man*"

ringing the bell at the rate of five for as much as you want.

I paid no attention to any one, but kept ringing. About half-past one, the captain came up and asked me if I had "rung enough." "Do you think I wouldn't quit if I had?"—ling—ling—ling—"go off and mind your own business"—ling—ling—ling—and thus I kept ringing harder and faster. The captain went off again, but was not gone long until he returned, and said "that the passengers were tired of the noise, and I must quit." "You think"—ling—ling—ling—"I am going to"—ling—ling—"pay five dollars for nothing?"—ling—ling—ling. "Then if you'll stop"—ling—ling—"I'll pay you back your five"—ling—ling—"dollars." "You go to Vera Cruz or Alabama with the five; if I hadn't wanted to ring this"—ling—ling—"bell, I wouldn't paid for it." Seeing that he couldn't make me stop in that way, he threatened to have me put ashore. As soon as the boys heard him say that, they walked up and told him he could not impose on a man in that manner; that when he made a bargain, he must stand to it. He left me again, and I kept up my ringing worse than ever. Things were getting high on that boat, certain—for, as we went along the people on shore thought the boat was in distress, lost her rudder, and "couldn't land," "wheel broke," "lost the pilot," or that she wanted to wood, and out run the woodmen ready to shove out the flat for towing, crying "two dollars a cord, good ash," and cursing the captain for disappointing them—the ladies with the headache, saying, "Stop that noise, captain, for mercy's sake!"—the pilot bawling out that he could not steer the boat with such a crowd on her deck—the engineer declaring that she would "blow up," if

the crowd didn't leave the deck—the old boat reeling from side to side as the weight was most where the largest body of passengers were—and the captain foaming at the mouth like a mad dog.

Up he came again, and “now for it.” Says he, “Stranger, for God's sake quit ringing that bell; the engineer says the boiler will burst directly.” “Let it burst; that's nothing to me.” “I'll give you”—ling—ling—ling—“ten dollars if you'll quit.” “No, sir”—ling—ling—ling—“you will have to go over that.” “Well, I'll give you twenty”—ling—ling—“if you will stop.” “Fork it”—ling—ling—“over, and I'm with you.”

The captain paid me the twenty dollars, and I quit, well satisfied, having made a great noise, plenty of fun, and fifteen dollars clear of expenses. Says I, “Hallo, captain, knocked under, have you? Who's green? Come down and take a horn, and all's right.”

CHAPTER XII.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

COME ye, with heads that's bald and greasy;
No longer need you be uneasy:
Though your beauty was long since lost,
'Can be restored with little cost.
I know you've suffered many an hour
From loss of hair, and loss of power;
But hope will now seem brighter still,
For hair is given at your will.
You once had eyes that were so bright,
They shined throughout the darkest night;
You once had white and pearly teeth,
That would grace the bridal wreath;
Your face was once both round and fair,
At which the world did love to stare;
The tidy form which once you had
Was running everybody mad.
But now, alas, what must we say?
Your hair is gone; you've lost your sway.
Those eyes, once bright, now look but dim,
No wonder they in tears may swim.
Your teeth with all their pearly whiteness,
Without your hair, they have no brightness.
And the fairness of thy face
For want of hair, has run to waste;

That form, so graceful, now has lost
 Glory of which it once could boast.
 Now can it be, you all will go,
 With heads as slick as my big toe,
 If I can show, both plain and fair,
 That every one may have their hair.
 No, I cannot, will not, think
 You thus will linger on the brink;
 For though they say I tell a lie,
 I know you'll buy a bottle, and try.
 Then you will know, then you will see,
 How very happy you will be;
 For hair you'll have in great profusion,
 And you will say 'twas no delusion.

Thus says the inventor, Doctor Jayne,
 Whose head's as bald as a walking-cane:
 But never mind what he has said;
 Come, listen to me, then go to bed.
 If you have heads in want of hair,
 This medicine will put it there;
 If you will see its composition,
 You will support my position.
 It's made of mustard's precious oil,
 And other things to make it boil.
 It is not right to give a part,
 And then from it so quick depart;
 So I will tell you how it's made,
 This mighty fluid, this great pomade.
 Of mustard oil one hundred drops,
 Then put in two pounds of hops,
 Two large bags of new goose feathers,
 Or of dogskins—have your rathers;

Two tons of coal fresh from the mine,
 Schuylkill or Cannel, either kind;
 Alcohol, the finest brand,
 As much as you can drink—and stand;
 One hundred pair of candle-snuffers,
 And watch that fingers never suffers;
 Twenty pounds of nigger's wool,
 Throw it in—begin to pull;
 Take forty livers, of beef or hogs,
 And kegs of moss from elm logs;
 Fifty frogs from Piney Hollow,
 And them as fat as they can wallow;
 Put in a pot, and make 'm boil,
 'Twill save you time, and save you toil.
 When all has boiled some thirty hours,
 Pour it out, and try its powers;
 'Tis done by pouring it on where
 There ne'er has grown a single hair;
 And soon its growth will be perceived,
 Then shall you be undeceived;
 Then barbers' bills will be so high
 'Twill make you laugh, and make you cry;
 So many combs you then will break
 That you will have to take a rake;
 For hair will grow so very thick,
 I fear that it will make you sick.
 But if you're troubled with any ills,
 Send down and buy some of his pills,
 And they will cure you very soon;
 Then you can walk by light of moon—
 But now it's dark. Good-night, my friends,
 And thus, you see, this chapter ends.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD MAID AND THE SKELETON.

"If ever I return again,
 'T will be in a clap of thunder."

MY DEAR READERS: Fearing you might make some permanent wrinkles in your fair faces by laughing, I have concluded to give you a short history of an old maid, to cool down your countenances.

Of all classes of people on earth, there is none perhaps that suffer so much from the gainsayings of the world as the poor young woman who happens to go past a certain age without being tied to a man in wedlock. Although they may never have had an "offer" in all their lives, the world seems to think they have refused good chances, and could have been married while quite young, settled in life, comfortable and happy; and take a pleasure in exulting over any mishaps that may befall them in after life. The old bachelor, who has broken his twenty hearts, been the cause of a dozen suicides, and blasted the happiness of hundreds, is praised for his victorious achievements; while the poor old maid, with her traits of amiability, gentleness, and affection, her beauty and experience in life, is too often the object of scorn and ridicule by an ungrateful world.

But fearing that I cannot change the public mind on this point, I will refrain from further reasoning on the

subject, and proceed to give the account of one of those unhappy creatures, as occurring under my own observation.

While I was a medical student, I had many opportunities of witnessing the peculiarities of some of the fair sex, and there was none that figured larger in the fashionable world than Miss Kate Waddle, an old maid of thirty, and perhaps more; there was no telling her age, for she was eighteen until she was twenty-seven, then she was twenty for several years. Regardless of her age, though, let me alone, and I will "go on." Well, Miss Kate was not to say "awful ugly," or "very beautiful;" but she was tolerably fair-looking, considering the length of her nose. I had been acquainted with her a long time before commencing my studies, and thought she was a "nice gal;" but from what you will hear, some people thought her a little strange. Ever since she had come out on the punchcon-floor—or the oil-cloth, I believe they call it in the cities—from her loquacity she had attracted a number of "beaux." One and another again and again had levelled their flatteries at her without effect, and it was generally believed and currently reported that "she was too proud to marry." As she was possessed of a few "kinkey-heads and corn-fields," she felt a little independent, and thus she was rendered the more desirable.

I scarcely know where to commence a history of the "pranks" she had played off on the young men in that section of country. Yes, many, many were the hearts that fell a prey to her "sporting with the young folks," as she would call it, when reminded by her friends of some dear young man that was going *almost* to commit suicide for the way she had treated him. The first

young man that I now recollect of getting into her hands, got out as follows: He had been calling on Miss Kate but a short time before she was dreadfully in love with him, *as he thought*, and he was awfully in love with her, *as she knew*. He became a regular suitor, and ere two months had elapsed he courted her, and one so amiable as herself could not refuse a good offer; so she agreed to marry him.

Before leaving on the evening of their betrothal, the young man claimed a "coming together of bussers," as they were then engaged; but she replied, "No, I never wish any man to kiss me until the ceremony is said." The time was appointed for the wedding, and the young man returned home—as any man under similar circumstances would—very happy. He called once or twice more before the appointed day, and all "was well."

The wedding was to take place, at a little after dark, on Thursday evening, this being the great time for marrying in that neighborhood. About an hour before the designated time, the young man, accompanied by two or three intimate friends, who were to act as waiters, started from his father's, some three miles from where the wedding was to take place. They reached the house a few moments before the time, got down, hitched their horses, and went in. They had been seated but a short time before Miss Kate came into the room, apparently in a state of great excitement, and said, "Mr. Redville, I am very sorry that you have put yourself and friends to so much trouble; but, indeed, I had no thought that you would consider what we were talking of a few days ago as anything serious, or that I was considered as giving assent to a union between you and

myself. I never once thought of such a thing, was merely jesting, and thought you were too, until you arrived on this evening for the purpose of carrying out the matter—very sorry, Mr. Redville, such a mistake has occurred."

Poor Redville, how he must have felt! The boys that were with him said he came near fainting, trembled a little, swallowed his chew of tobacco, bid them "goodby," and went back home, and told the old folks he had been out coon-hunting.

Thus ended her first triumph, in which she gloried no little. Redville said but little about the affair, as it wasn't very pleasant or agreeable. For some time after, he seemed to think she *was* "joking;" but she could not keep a secret, and before long it was known all over the country, and then Redville made some noise, but not much. She was not troubled again for some time with a suitor, as the young men all feared to attack her, lest they should be used up; like all other dangers, though, it was at last forgotten, and she had plenty of suitors on all occasions.

On first acquaintance, she was very captivating in her manners; and on one occasion, after she had broke Redville's *heart*, she became acquainted with a young man, living out of the neighborhood, who knew nothing of her disposition. He soon became a suitor, and she made him think that she was perfectly enraptured with him. He fancied her, and her property, exceedingly, and concluded to propose himself as a candidate for matrimony. He did so, and to his utter astonishment, she railed out, in high tones of wrath, "that she considered herself insulted, and did not wish his company any longer."

It is reasonable to conclude that he left the field with feelings of humiliation.

Soon after this, another young man made her a banter, and was answered in the sweet tone of "excuse me, sir." Then a fourth took a loving to her property, and told her he wanted it. Him she put off, by telling him, "I don't know you, stranger; what do you mean?" And on going out to the gate where he had left his horse tied, he found the saddle under the horse's back instead of on it, and a big brush tied to his tail. She had now become notorious for twenty miles around, and suitor after suitor dropped off, until she was left alone, unloved, and uncared for. A length of time elapsed before any person took the least notice of her. All her fine dressing, her property, and influential position in society, could not win her another lover upon whom to lavish her flattery. Her bright hopes of the future were beginning to fade; and not only bright hopes, but her beauty was fading; yes, though she tried to make herself but twenty, it was too well known that she was near thirty. Her property began to reduce in value; for unless beauty and wealth are combined, there are always fears that a lady is sought after for her wealth. Those that she once would scarcely recognize, she would now gladly court their friendship and esteem.

It was about this time that a young man by the name of Joe Bennington, living in the village in which I was then living, took a fancy to her, and thought of courting her. He came to me as a confidant, and asked my advice on the subject. I told him, if he thought he could love her, to go ahead and try his luck, and if he succeeded, "all well;" if he was treated like some others had been, I would assist him in learning her "one lesson" which she would not forget

soon. Knowing that I could beat all the people in the country at tricks, he took courage, and commenced a formal courtship. He wanted her, I saw plain enough; for the poor fellow, like too many of us, though highly respectable, was in "want of the dimes," and by marrying Miss Kate could be in easy circumstances.

Although she was "getting up in years," and had seen the evil of her ways, she wanted to break one more heart and then she would marry. Joe Bennington popped the question, and she popped him very badly, by telling him, "he was after nothing but her property, and that he had none himself, or anything else to recommend him." Joe came over and told me about it, and he had the most horrifying countenance that ever human being did wear. "Well, now, Joe," says I, "if you will come over to-night I'll have something prepared for her to digest certain; for if she ain't stopped, she'll exterminate the race of man." I *studied*, and Joe went about his own business until night, when he came to the office to see me. I told him that I had fixed all things, and I wanted him to help. He said he would risk his life if it was necessary, to carry out my plans. In the office we had two full-sized skeletons, one of which was not very valuable. I threw aside the curtain and revealed them to Joe, and told him there was the thing to do execution. He trembled for a few moments worse than a man swallowing a potato, but recovering himself he wanted to know what I was going to do with such a thing as that. "That's none of your business; you must do as I tell you." I had a large piece of pasteboard on which I had written the following, in large red letters: "THE REMAINS OF POOR REDVILLE, WHO DIED BROKEN-HEARTED, FROM THE EFFECTS OF DIS-

APPOINTED LOVE, PLANNED AND PREMEDITATED BY MISS KATE WADDLE, WHO MAY NOW EVER EXPECT TO BE HAUNTED BY HIS PRESENCE."

"Now, Joe, you see what is to be done; I will go over and see Miss Kate, and while I am there, you must take this (unscrewing the head of the skeleton, and handing it to him) and go into her bedroom, lay this head on the bed, and immediately over it, place this (handing him the pasteboard), with the letters so that they can be read as soon as a candle comes into the room, and be careful to walk easy, and leave as soon as you have all things arranged."

It was a bold step, but I was resolved on carrying it out.

The reason that I chose Redville's name was, that he had left the country two years before, and she always seemed to regret not marrying him.

I left Joe in the office, and went over to see Miss Kate, and remained until I thought Joe would have time to get into her bedroom (which was on the first floor) and get home again, or back to the office, which ever he pleased to go to. I then made an excuse to leave, by telling her that the old doc. would be at home, and the office was locked. When I got back to the office, Joe was waiting for me.

"Well, Joe, did you fix it all right?"

"Oh yes, just as you told me."

We then sat down to wait until the fair one should retire. It was not long until we saw her going into her room with a light. As soon as she caught a glimpse of the *inscription*, she raised her hands to her head, and shook like a dying calf; but prompted by curiosity, she gently approached, and took hold of the paste-

board. On raising it, the bony part of frail mortality presented itself, on seeing which she gave one loud scream, dropped the pasteboard and candle, and fell prostrate to the floor.

The noise aroused the inmates of the house, and they ran in to see what was the matter. Not knowing what was the cause of this sudden illness, they sent immediately for a physician, and my preceptor was the one that was summoned. He invited me to go over with him to see the case, which invitation I gladly accepted. By the time we had reached there, the neighbors had come in in great abundance. The young lady was lying on a bed in another room, into which she had been carried, apparently lifeless. As soon as the old doctor saw her, he asked me to run to the office for some article of medicine which he wanted. I started of course in much of a hurry, but found time to go by Miss Kate's room, and rap up the pasteboard and head in my handkerchief and carry them unobserved to the office. I lost as little time as possible in procuring the medicine desired, and when I returned, the symptoms were no better. The doctor went to work to restore her, but his efforts seemed fruitless, so great was the shock to the nervous system. She lay in this state for twelve hours, before any symptoms of improvement, and the first thing she said on "coming to," was "where is the remains of Redville, that is now dead, but appeared to me last night, and said he had died broken-hearted, from my treatment, and would haunt me to my last expiring breath? Oh—oh—poor me!" and again she was swooning away, but my *ill-timed* dash of cold water restored her to consciousness.

No person could make her believe but what there

was something in her room, until she got up and went to see for herself. "It's gone, but last night I saw in letters of fire, something that told a tale of woe for me. Oh! my happiness is gone forever! I am now to be repaid for my conduct—mercy—mercy!"

In this condition of mind, it was not a hard matter for her to imagine all manner of things. She imagined that the spirits from another world were after her, for some time; and I thought this a favorable opportunity of trying my experiment on her. Accordingly one night I went to have a talk with her. I said to her, "Miss Kate, you are placed in a very deplorable situation, and I would gladly render you some assistance; I believe I can do it if you are willing."

"Anything to relieve me from my present state of feelings; if not, I feel that I will die."

"Well, Miss Kate, you are aware that you have played dreadful havoc with human hearts and human happiness, and that you have, like all others, had your day; your age requires some settled purpose of mind—in other words, that you should marry; and now, if you will take my advice, you will marry; and if these haunted notions don't leave you in less than a week after marriage, I'll give you all I am worth, but you must promise not to be offended at me when you are relieved of them."

"No, indeed, I will not."

"Then I propose that you marry Joe Bennington; he is a good, clever fellow, and loves you to distraction; will you have him?"

"Yes, if he loves me as you say he does; send him over, and I'll pledge him my heart, hand, and sacred honor."

I went and saw Joe, and told him of the arrangement. He shouted for joy, and swore I was the greatest man living. He went to see Miss Kate, and a contract of blessed alliances was entered into. A few days after that they were married, and you never heard of a happier couple in the world. On the third evening after the marriage I went to see them, and says I to her, "Have you been haunted any more?"

"No, I am happy and contented, and thank you a thousand times for what you have done."

"Well, you don't think it was Redville in your room that night, do you, speaking in tones of fire?" She shuddered a little, but said at last, "I reckon not."

"No, you need not have any fears on that subject, for I received a letter from him to-day, and he is well, and married long since; and besides that, I can explain the sight you saw that evening in your bedroom; it was only a little writing I had put on a white paste-board, with red ink, laid over the head of the doctor's skeleton; and while they were all restoring you, I went into your room, took them under my arm, and carried them back to the office; it has only been a plan of mine to make you happy, and I know you can never be otherwise with such a good husband."

She still thanked me for teaching her a lesson, and said she would make Joe a good wife.

They lived happily together, prospered in every undertaking, and the first child she had, though it was a girl, they named it, "DAVID RATTLEHEAD."

CHAPTER XIV.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

SCENE.—*A man flat on his back in the forest.*

ARGUMENT.

"THIS, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes, and 'for that reason have made these pills.'"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: *Mr. Wright, Corn-Cob, Poke-stalk, Ice, Freewill-Newspapers, Butter-crackers, Soap, Quinine, Indian-turnip, Iron-Ladle, Shoe-string, Calomel, Possum, Rhubarb, Gas.*

MR. W. (*alone.*) I have been drudging along through this world for some time without making much money; I am getting tired of it, and now I will sit down here and do some hard thinking for a few moments. (*Sits down.*) What am I to do to make a fortune? I have tried hunting bees, coon-hunting, making shoes, and—shoe-making, and many other occupations of like character, and still I am poor. I have heard that there are fortunes to be made at selling patent medicines—now I wish I could make something in the way of pills, then I'd go at it, and my fortune would soon be made; but let me see, I read a medical almanac once, and it said that if a man would get into

a tub of water, and imagine a thing, it would turn out so; then let me imagine that I am in a tub of water, and while there, things will present themselves to my view and tell me how to make a powerful medicine. (*Gets into the tub of water, and imagines powerful. The great components of his pills present themselves individually.*)

CORN-COB.—Thou happy man, whose name
Is destined to live for ages yet to come,
And whose actions shall be imitated
By his fellow-man, in rapid
Succession; I have come to present
Myself as the representative of
A host of nature's healthy productions
From the vegetable kingdom—that
You might so combine us, that we
Could exterminate all the ills
To which man is heir.
The part that I propose to take
Is more than I could dare ask,
Were I speaking to another;
But you are too kind to not
Appreciate my motive, for
Asking a predominance in
This great remedy. Of my
Ashes I wish you to take one
Thousand pounds, for when the
Mighty enemy of man—disease—invades
The system, I can expel it.
But now, for the present, farewell,
And think of what I've told you,

While those I have represented will
Present themselves for your hearing.

[*Exit CORN-COB, kicking up a dust.*]

POKE-STALK.—May it please your honor,

I am death on the nervous system.

I can kill more polecats,

Tear down more fodder-stacks,

And eat up more sheep, than

All the roots and herbs in the

Wilderness. Put two barrels of me

In your pills, and I'll knock

The black out of mankind before

Breakfast. Awaiting your pleasure—

Adieu—adieu.

[*Exit POKE-STALK, makin' de fur fly.*]

ICE.—I can cool, and quench the thirst,

And check the fever's rage;

Make things useful, though they're worst;

Give youthful looks to oldest age.

Take of me what you may want,

And put it to your uses,

The quantity, I trust, will not be scant,

If so, you'll have some great abuses.

[*Exit ICE, slipping up.*]

FREEWILL-NEWSPAPERS.—Give us part of

The profits, and we will spread

Your name to earth's remotest

Bounds. Fools and wise men may

Then see what wonders your

Compound has wrought, and

Seeing they will believe, believing

They will buy, and you will receive your

Reward. Put us down number

One, for without our help, you

Can do nothing.

[*Exit NEWSPAPERS, setting the type.*]

BUTTER-CRACKERS.—I will cure the stomach

Of its power to generate acid,

Give it tone and vigor such as—

Such as never was possessed by

Man before. I will dry up

Cancers, heal broken appetites,

And remove pain from the Court-house.

Take of me a ship-load—I know

The bulk is large, but it's cheap,

Therefore don't forget me.

[*Farewell BUTTER-CRACKERS, with—git ober
dubble trubble.*]

SOAP.—Doctor, I can wash the dishes

While you can fry the fishes,

And I'm as good for pills

As things that never kills.

My name I know is Soap,

But that's as good as rope,

And though your name is Wright,

Don't think your very bright,

Else why this mighty splutter,

About crackers made of butter?

Take of me a mighty pile,
And put me up in finest style.

[*SOAP, tooked wid a leavin', workin' up a ladder.*

QUININE.—Her that has years to hear
Let him hear—"who has not heard"
Of my power—one grain is
Sufficient to cure the world—
This is all I can spare—I'm
Precious, I'm independent—pay for
Me the ransom, and take me.
Put me with the other components,
That I may be prince and
King, in that field of glory.

[*Exit QUININE, wid a buzzin in the ears.*

INDIAN-TURNIP.—Clear the track you
Hickory bushes, and let me git
To Mr. Wright. I am made of
Fire, that was left at the wigwams
Of my fore-mothers. I can eat
Horse-carts, drink aqua-fortis,
And swallow live bull-dogs.
I grow in great abundance, I
Am not mineral in my descent,
Though my mother was of French
Origin, my father a steam-boat,
And my brother a sheep driver.
Take me, the *Indian vegetable*, 'twill
Do for you more than all other things
On earth—the name of "Indian," that
Mystery to the white man, he will buy it.

Take of me one hundred, it will
Be enough for a name—enough
For thy fortune.

[*Slope INDIAN-TURNIP, running at the mouth.*

IRON-LADLE.—I too, sir, have come to present
Myself in this mystic remedy.

MR. WRIGHT.—And pray, what can
You do for me in this combination?

IRON-LADLE.—Me, sir, what can I do? I
Can do for you what none other
Can—pour into the heads of the
People the power of faith,
Without which you are doomed
To disappointment—then fail
Not to use me in great abundance.

[*Roll out of here, IRON-LADLE, mawlin Johnny over de head 'afore breakfus.*

SHOESTRING.—Do you recollect, long time, long time ago—

Corn-stalk fiddle and de shoestring bow?
Then music had its charms, then music had power,
When men could roll the wheat about, and make it into flour.

Now, Mr. Wright, if you doth wish to make a little money,
Take this shoe, and steal the string—the day is very sunny,

'Twill make you music good, and make mighty loud,

And folks will buy your medicine, and praise it to the cloud.

[*Git out SHOESTRING, playing rack-buck Josey.*]

CALOMEL.—Though I am not classed with
The vegetables, I am strictly a
Vegetable, for you know what
Grows in the earth must be of that
Kind. All your other forces may
Combine, but they can do nothing,
When compared with me. Every ill
That besets mankind I can cure,
And I trample poverty under
My feet. My triumph over disease
Has been heard of throughout the
World. In whatever part of the
Earth I go, happiness reigns.
If I should occasionally swell up
A jar, it is only for the patient's
Good; and when he is well, praises
Me for saving his life. Then try me,
And you will find no harm will
Result from my use.
Take of me twenty barrels,
'Twill not be too much, *call me*
A vegetable, and all is right.
[*Goodby CALOMEL, wid de teeth dropping out—
cheek caved in.*]

POSSUM.—Here, come take me, I'll
Grease your pill-wagons, they'll
Run easy—for you know I am
Very fat in the short ribs.

Take of me, ten—killed by
Uncle Ben—no less will do,
For a bug-a-boo.

[*Slide down POSSUM wid de old Rooster.*]

RHUBARB.—I can boast of age
And *bulk*.—Hippocrates called
Me into notice, and I have never
Died. The bake-oven itself can-
Not kill me—I am sweeter
And better. Take of me one
Yard-full—don't think me
Greedy—I will be a faithful
Servant. Adieu; I know
You'll use me.
[*Sidle away, RHUBARB, wid streaks ob littenin
arter ye.*]

GAS.—Now, all has spoken of
What they can do; I say, that
With all their boasted strength,
Without me, your pill won't go
Off. I am independent; merely
Thought I would tell you, that
My services could be had at a
Price; will you take me in large
And increasing quantities
As the sale increases? Yes, I knew
You would. A long life and a happy one.
[*Exit GAS, roarin like seven claps of thunder.*]

MR. WRIGHT.—Come on, come one, come all,
I'll take you at your own propositions,

DISTRIBUTION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE END.

MR. WRIGHT, <i>Swallowin glory.</i>	CORN-COB, <i>Pokin de fire.</i>	POKE-STALK, <i>Lying cross de fence-rail.</i>
ICE, <i>Fixin up.</i>	FREEWILL-NEWS-PAPERS, <i>Crammin it in.</i>	BUTTER-CRACK-ERS, <i>Feedin de pigs.</i>
SOAP, <i>Slickin off.</i>	QUININE, <i>Shaken wid de ager.</i>	INDIAN TURNIP, <i>Killin de fools.</i>
IRON-LADLE, <i>Wid a rat in it.</i>	SHOESTRING, <i>Chokin de rabbit.</i>	CALOMEL, <i>Huggin de stomach.</i>
POSSUM, <i>Eaten paw-paws.</i>	RHUBARB, <i>Playin wid de children.</i>	GAS, <i>Lammin it to 'em.</i>

CHAPTER XV.

BLOWING THE HORN AT A CAMP-MEETING.

"Sound the horn, that this noise
May be stopped."

So varied has been my course in life, that I am sometimes almost ashamed to tell what I have done. I have served an apprenticeship at nearly all the trades and professions, from a farmer down, even to a *doctor*. I have been doing so many things, that I have never made more money than would just about pay for my *grub* and *woollen linen*. I am mighty sorry for it now, but it is too late; but, perhaps, you may profit by my experience, so you shall have it, in slices, as I can think of it.

When I was about twenty years old, thinking that I could teach some of my fellow-beings a little of what I knew, I was persuaded to run for "District school teacher," in the county in which I was then living. I did not like the notion very much, but still thought I would oblige the neighbors if they wanted me to serve them. The teacher was chosen by popular vote, and I had to declare myself as a candidate on the morning of the election. It gave me the "big swallows," most 'stonishin, but I was not one to back out of anything after starting. So on the morning of the election, I went to the precinct, and after looking as pleasin at the

crowd for a short time as I could, I "mounted the stump." I don't suppose I ever have made such a talk since; in fact, everybody said I went into the state policy and international laws past endurance; but it had to have a stoppin-place like all other things, and I quit after getting tired. I had scarcely struck the ground before up popped a roarin big Methodist preacher; and of all the drubbins a poor dog ever got, he gave me the worst. He talked of the advantage of sayin prayers, readin hymn books, and sayin grace, and made a complete smashin of me.

When he got through, my friends told me to "at him agin."

This I did, quicker than litnin, for I was as mad as men git to be. Well, there we had it for more'n two hours up and down, down and up, until the hour for casting votes came, and then down I jumped, run to the big keg of whiskey, knocked out the head, and hal-looed for everybody to come and get drunk, whether they voted for me or not. When the parson saw this, he goes and mounts the stump again, took his text, and commenced one of the loudest sermons he ever spoke since he'd been on the circuit. Here was a grand contrast—the parson preachin away with all his power, and his brethrin groanin worse than dyin sinners, cryin *amen*, every sentence; and me and my friends, over the keg of whiskey, drinkin it like it was ice-water. I was fraid he would lick me, for Methodist folks was plenty as bee-hives, in that neighborhood, and camp-meeting wasn't far off.

After while the cry was, "Oh yes, oh yes, the polls of the precinct 'lection will close in five minutes."

Here came the trying moment that was to decide

which doctrine prevailed most, "drinkin whiskey or preachin." The votes were soon counted out, and now don't you think I was the worst whipped man that ever run for an office in this republic?

The way it happened was, that while I was treatin my friends, and making them all drunk, the parson with his force went up and voted, and thus closed the election, without the first vote being cast for me.

Seeing that I was badly beat, I slipped on my shoes and went home. I don't recollect that anything in the course of my life ever so completely routed me as that election affair, for though I could lick Julius Seeser at tricks, I saw no chance to get at the Methodist preacher. He crowed more about it than if it had been an election for president. I groaned and bore my affliction the best I could. The parson commenced his school, and went on with it until camp-meetin, at which time of course there had to be an inter-submission for a few days. Well, the parson, as usual, fixed up his ox-carts, and moved to the camp-ground. There was a number of the brethrin moved in to assist in the good work; among them, was Dick Leadbetter, Aunt Polly Didapper, Shadrick P. Brogan, and Billy Ripdoodle. The commencement was anything but flattering, as there was heavy rains, and one or two of the principal preachers had failed to arrive. It was in reality one of the most gloomy prospects I had ever witnessed at "cross-log camp-ground," and all the old wimin were sayin that "it was goin to be a mitey cold time of it, unless Bruther Herrin come."

But, finally, Sunday morning come 'bout four o'clock, fore brekfus, and with it cum Bruther Herrin, and some others of great power: the day, too, was bright as luvs

hope mixed with roastid taters for supper. Things 'gan to grow warm 'bout them diggins at ten o'clock, for you could hear the noise three or four mile. The school-master-parsin was ficiatin more than common, and then I begun to sum up how I'd fix him for his lectioneerin spree. I didn't bleve a word of his goodness, and I 'tended to try his power of forbarance an endurance 'fore that meetin closed. Parsin *Underall* preached the mornin sermin, and put everything in a good way, and as matter o'coartesay the sogernin parsin had to give a turn in the afternoon.

At three o'clock he commenced, and though he was quite eliquent, he did not haf cum up tu his lection surmin; but independent of this he had a mitey influence on his conregashun. They started as never they did, and I saw they were in for a good time. They continued doin their best for mor'n two hours; while they was at that, I didn't take part, but done sumthin else—don't matter what it was; you'll find out.

They were in the greatest way goin on, and so the parsin concluded they had better not holler too much 'fear they would ware out fore night, and zortid to the usual means to stop 'em, which consists in taking a large horn and bloin the best, for two minits. He tuck up the horn, which was hangin near tu him, to blow—tu—tu—blub—tu—blub—chuck—something was wrong with it, so he gin it a sling, and—"oh, marcy and gudness," says ole Miss Brogin, "hoo—eh—hailstorm," says Tom Whitesides; "mud and lasses togedder," says Polly Orrell; "dirt-dobbers and spider-webs," says Johnny Lax, an about this time everybody was hush sayin no thing. The parsin was staning thar with the horn, looking little of the maddest, and not saying a single word.

At last he broke silence, and ses he, "these are mity ligious times, but *darn the man that put the mush in the horn.*" Up run Rattlehead, fore he thaut, and sed, "pasin, you licked me at lectioneerin, but I wish you may make a johnny-cake of my melt, if you can 'spose me fore a croud like this." That was nuf sed for a gineral rush of all parties, and at it they went, throwin stools, bench-legs, rocks, an such other things as cum in thar way. The pasin soon foun my croud woud slash him, fore he node it, an commenced rallyin his forces powerful; my frems thought of lexion time, and faut like mad-dogs, and made earthenware and noses fly'stonishin.

In 'bout an hour I had the field, and the way the goats scattered from thar were a sin to Crockit. They loaded up the meules, horse-carts, and wagins, and was off fore sun-sit. Sum of the croud got after the pasin, as he lingered ahind, after the carts was gone, an roun an roun tha had it till he cum 'cross Whitlok's ole sway-back mare, an if he did'nt make streaks from that place, bar headed, I never saw thunderin an litenin in my life.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIGGINS'S GEORGE, AND THE OX RACE.

"I have a horse that can beat the world."

"Hold, sir, I have an old ox, whar can lick you so bad, you'll leave town."

I AM decidedly opposed to racin and gamblin, but I have bin so unfortunate in my life as to engage in it a little, once in a while, and if I had bin as big a fool as many whar haint more sence than me, I'd bin at it yet, for I was "lucky from the word go."

Many years ago racin of evry kind was "all the go" in the State whar I was then livin, which was that favorit ole State of Tennessee. Thar was an ole feller livin in the naberhud, who boasted of having the finest, the biggest, the fastest horse in the United States, an was the perfect dred an affliction of all the gamlin community. Everybody had becum fraid to try him, for loosin mony was no fun them hard times. One day I was up at big muster, an, as usual, old Zack Williams was thar with his race-horses, banterin the croud and the world in gineral.

When he had bin goin on for sum time, and considered everybody war afraid to say a word to him, I happened to come up. As soon as I arrived sum one touched me on the sholder, an ses he "cum here." I went with him for a short distance, an he led me into a croud,

whar commitey and congressmen wer all ssembled. I gan to think I was in cort, until one of them sed to me, "Rattlehead, we've bin waitin fur you these three hours, to sea if you can't do somethin fur ole Zack; he's bin prancin roun us aul, ever sins muster, an now, ef you kant stop him, we must gib under; if you will start sum sort on a race with him, we will pay aul that you luse, and ef you win anything, we will spen it fur 'liker.'"

I 'marked to 'em that I would study out sumthin fore night fur his benefit. They then felt contented, nowin if thar wer enny trix to be started, I could bring 'em out. I gows down to Ole Zack, and ses I, "How are you?" Zack sed "Good mornin," though it was evenin, an the next seentince was, "Rattlehead, you are a all fired Yankee at tricks, why don't you try me a run or so, probebel your good luck would still be lastin; so now ef you want a chanse, you can have it; my bay filly kan jus beet the wurl fur five dollars, fore hundred yards, easy."

"Well, Zack, I aint much for bettin an gamlin, you no, but I will tel you wun thing, I will bet you twenty dollars I can find an ole oxen that can slash you so bad you wont no how you started."

He becum awful rathy when I said that, but thinkin of himself fur a moment, he recollected that I war notorious for tricks, and tho't of gimin me a tryal, and balled out, "gow an git your peltry tricks, if you think you can beet the fastes anemel from ole Virginny."

"Zack, I don't no ef I hav any tricks, but I kan do what I tole you, ef you ar willing to try it."

He was willin to stake the money, an so Jake Mingle war to hole the cash till the race was over. Zack was pacin his filly up an down the rode, co'tortin, and

sayin he'd have nuf to treat all his frens out of me. While he was at this I goes round to Dick Sikes, and asked ef I might run his big red ox 'gin ole Zack's bay filly. He sed as I might, ef I could get sum boddy to ride him. I then goes to *Higgins's George* an axed him did he want to ride the rase. He sed as long as it wus me, he'd ride, but he was mity fraid of "ole Red." I was to give him ten cents an one drink when the rase was over.

I then procured two big spurs, saddle, &c. I also had fixed on George's sholders, red, white, an all sort o' cul-lerd flags, looken terrible nuf to kill; an sides them I had a long thorn bush tied fast to ole red's tale. We war now reddy fur a drive. I had made Zack 'gree to run the race through Ant Kitty Leach's lane, fearin my animal wood fly the track, an I was also to hav twenty yards the start.

Evrybody foun the race war comin off, an fore we got ready, the fense were loaded with men, boys, wimin, and children, from one eand to the other, on boath sides. When I got my oxen fixed for the turf, I an George led him up tu the place. We had bin waitin but little while 'fore Zack cum up with the filly, lookin slick as an eal, jumpin and foamin at the mouth, and turnin bout wus than mad tigers. He wanted to kno ef I was ready; I tole him I was. Then, ses he, "roach up your short horn's dinem, for you'll git the wust likin you've had at yer trix yet." "Never mine, ses I, bring up the filly." He brot the critter up, shore nuf, an bout time he got hur in fifty yards o' the place, she woodent go no funder. "Hellow, Zack, come on; what's the matter?" He klucked, and swaded, and rubed, but the filly were

stock still. "Take down all them red, blue, an white things, flying over ye'r rider's head, it scares my filly."

"That's none of my business, 'bout 'em scarein your filly, you can put on as many as you plese."

"But that's not the bargain."

"I kno it's not the bargain, that's why I do it—nothin sed 'bout it."

Now Zack gan to see the inflewense of a trick of Rattlehead, an ef hé didn't do a little clean swearin, I thinks I never heard sum.

After waitin a hour an ten minites, tryin an striven to 'concile his fast nag, he jes stuck up a stick to see how fur he'd got, giv the bridal rein to Bill Hubs, an mounted fur the race. I saw he felt a smotherin in the long ribs, an I war kalkilatin to pick up the money fore nite. As soon as he mounted, I hope George to fasten the saddel on with too big lether gerts, fear the anemel wood git to breathin fast. This bein done George was thrown up, an the big spurs put on, an also the brush to his tail.

"Ar you ready now, Zack?"

"I am ready, an will soon pass you under headway, cum back, treat, an drink the liker, fore your ole stear gits out."

"Very well, holler as you go bye, dun't forgit."

"Clear the lane—look out—go"—an as it wer sed, ses I, "Sock the spurs to him, George." George giv une unmerciful kick at ole Red's ribs, and—"BA—BA—BU"—he went, as he commenced streaken it down the lane, an the flags an thorn-bushes flyin after him like rainbo's. While ole Red were leavin them parts for those not nown, Zack's filly were jumpin higher than barn tops, an none the funder towards tother eand

did she git. I node frum the bellerin I herd at tuther eand o' the lain that I wus to be winner, an thout I'd as well hav sum more fun; so I goes round sorter behind Zack whar he wus still kickin, an ses I, "Zack, I'm sorry fur you, and now you can beat ole Red out yet, perhaps," an as I sed it, I picked up a roarin big rattlettrap made of boards, an ef I didnt make it talk jubir then ther's no truth in noise.

When Zack's filly heard it, she let loose with every lim in her body, and soon was overtaking Ole Red. The 'citement wus terable bout jus now, ef it ever wus.

Zack an the filly run wus than a wile beast; but not fast nuff to over-cetch my oxen fore he'd dun his duty. Jus as tha got out bout twenty yards from the eand of the lain ole Red, poor fellow, run into a gully bout three or fore feat deap, an down he an George cum rite in a lump. Zack bein close ahind cum sharp up, an so in he went with the bay filly. Here was a pile wuth lookin at, hosses an riders all in a heap in a gully. Afore long thar was a crowd nuff bout, an took em all from there zirable location.

Nun on 'em wus mutcht hert, only George had one leg broked, Zack a fraktur of the arm, an a nose nocked rether flat, the bey filly's neck broked pas mendin, an ole Red's horns nocked off.

Zack rether cum to his sences, an said thar were no use foolin wyth Rattlehead. The money was all spent for licker, most of the croud got tight as Dick's hatban, an then we all went home, hopin to see Rattlehead next big mustar.

CHAPTER XVII.

WOODEN LEGS AND WIFE-WHIPPING.

AIR.—*Good-bye to Indianny.*

Man's misfortunes are great,
His toil has no stopping place;
He oft lives out a life of misery,
And ends his days in sorrow.
But the ingenious contributes to relieve,
And better our condition, gives us
Comfort, and tells us to
Go on our way rejoicing.

BOB TWINKLE.

I WER travlin through the State of Indianny once, to take a peap at the hog and homny artifisial flours in the vasinety of Injinopulasville. While I wer goin on I stoped to git 'quainted with the good folks near town to make bord cheap. I entered my name at table, an got to konversin with the wiminsis on varous points of industry and artifisial econemey, an amung uther things the follerin kum up: Mrs. Redden sed, "as how, thar wer bad reports in the naberhoud, an ef 'twas true sumbody aut to put a stoppin tu it. Ole Kitty Lenan waunted to kno what the bad neus wer. "Wel, tha sa ole Fred Snider beets his wife nerly ever day, an the pour woman suffers mazinly. My ole man wus goin to town tuther mornin, an as he went by Snider's he heerd the pour creater crying fur mercy, like sum 'un wer

killin her; so he rides up to the doar, an waunted tu kno fur what wus so much hollerin. Ole Fred looked mitey sheapish, like he'd bin doin sumethin meen, and his wife with hur eyes swelled up, an red as boot-legs, but frade to say anny thing, an turned it off sumthin bout bad news tha'd heerd. Now this looks plain nuff, an should be stoped—pour 'oman beat so an not 'lowd to tell it."

Evry body rased thar hans an—"is it possible!" then Mrs. Redden went on, "and wuss yit tha kant manige tu ketch him; sum uther plan mus be trid." I listened fur sum time to the ole lady tellin this tale of sorrow, but after I cood stan it no funder, I had my simpathees rased fur the woman, an when that is the caise I am very apt to git to hard thinkin to help hur.

Says I, "Lady's, I am a stranger to you all, but ef you'll let me have a chance, I'll brake that man of such trix as that fore too days, or you may brake my neck." Tha sed I shued hav a chance, aney moment. I then made some inqirs bout him an got all the news I needed. I found that on the nex day he wus goin to a corn-shuckin in the naberhood, an thought this the bes chance in nater to teach the ole chuck-a-luk to let his wife enjoy a little hapness ef she wus poar.

It is customary in that part of the country to invite all the nabers to the corn-shuckins, an tha kan bryng any fren tha may have; so as I wus getten 'sidered a fren tha tole me to go over with them, an I coud git to sea ole Fred, the man who whipt his wif. Wel, as I'd nothin 'ticklar to do, I tole 'em I'd go. I had a lame man travlin with me by the name of gameleg Jones, an we all went off together to see the fun. I rode, long with sum of the ladies, an Jones one, an fore very grate

while we war thar. The folx wer "corn gone, here agin," an the corn went rite long in the crib without no trubble. When nine o'clock cum, sum body ses, "boys, let's have a race, an clean away the pile."

It did not take long to git the thing started, an soon a pole was laid cross the corn an at it tha went. Tha had a all smashin race of it for a while, an then if tha didn't pul each tuther's wool for cheaten, thar's no use thinkin of it. After the corn wus over with tha all made frens agin, an sid no more bout it, but goes up to the house for suppar.

We all set down to a fine lot of good things—yes, nun o' your dildal fixins, as yu see in town, but real pork, cabbage, taters, ingens, beaf, corn-bred, an hot bisket.

When supper wer over, thar wus to bee sum fun in corse. Bout this time 'roun kum ole Miss Redden, an, ses she, "*Mr. Rattlebrain*"—"Excuse me, marm, its *Rattlehead* ef you ples"—"Well, the branc aint fur from the hed no how; ef you waunt to doo sumthin to ole Fred 'sarnin his wife, now's good time." I tole her to say nuthin, an I'd ficks all rite 'fore we broke up.

I went an hunted up game-leg Jones, an axed him wood he help me with a trick? He sed "he wood ef he kould." I tole him I wood see he warnt hert. I then got thre or fore stout looking fellers to say tha'd stan up tu me, kause I was a stranger in them parts, an mout nead help. When I had things ranged to suit me, I tole em all to git sum suitable place, and tha'd see how to kure "wife whippen." I tuk Jones oft one side an splained the thing tu him, an when we got back tha all had ole Fred cornered, an taukin to him fast.

I goes rushen up an ses I, "I am stranger here, gentlemen, but I kno thar ar a man in this crowd who whips his wife." Every body 'menced nyin it's being them, an ole Fred mongst the rest. Sum wun wanted to kno ef I could tel the man ef I saw him. "Yes, as soon as I see his eyes." Tha tole me to 'mence lookin at countenances, an so I did, and when I saw Fred, he wus turnin an twistin his face thre ways at once. I dodged an dodged agin—Fred looked wus an wus; so I sed rite out fore the crowd, thar's the man who whips his wife."

Ole Fred 'nied it in course, an then I had to go a little further, an I did'nt care I did. I sed to him, "Now, sir, ef you ar inicent, thar ar a way tu tell it; I'll hav sum hot water got, an ef yu kan hole your foot in it as long as any man who may come forward to try it, you ar inicent; ef not, you ar guilty, an mus be so deklared." He seemed happy to git off so easy, thinkin that no one wood put his foot in hot water."

Ole Miss Redden had the hot bilin watur brot in a tub an set before me. I then hollered out to see wood enny body kum, an stick his foot in the bilin water. No one kum fur a while, and I gan to think it would be a let. At las hoo shood kum forard but game-leg Jones, an cosouze he stuck his rite foot into the bilin water, an let it stay fur five minits, but he groned, an bit his lip an nose to stonishin degree, like 'twas mos killin him evry secunt.

Jones was a stout-harted feller, or he could never boarn it. When he tuck out his foot it was Fred's time, an didn't he shiver fore he'd doo it; but after bout five minity, he deliverately cried out, "I can bare the hot water, well as you sur, or no uther man," an as he sed

it, che-row went his foot—in the bilin water—"oh, oh!—my foot—my foot——*oh!* I won't whip Peggy no more, oh, no, I wount; my foot's ruined"—an down he dropped with a monstus shuck too his nervus sistem, an not a wird more cood he say.

I tuk the 'vantage of this 'spicious moment an axed him ef he did'nt whip his wife sometimes. He 'now-ledged the corn, that he had, but never would do so 'gin.

The damage to Jones was very slite, fur he poked in his "wooden leg," 'cordin to my directions, an he cood have hole it thar all nite. The watur wus so blazin hot, it tuck off all three koates o' skin from Fred's leg, and he war two months in gettin well. I stayed thar sum time boardin cheap as nothin, an glad to get me, an ole Fred has never tuched Peggy sinse, and ses never will agin. Ef ever you go thar ax fur Rattlehead, an then you can hear of what I done, fore leaven the naborhood, and tha'll tell you he is a riproarin man fur wooden legs and the far sex.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TAVERN-KEEPER AND BARREL OF CIDER.

"Pompy, bring out the black hoss, an saddle him."

"Yes sir, would but he kant moov a
Peg, he's eat so much o' the popler
Troff for waunt o' sumthin els."

WHERE IT HAPPENED.

I GOT tired stayin bout wun plase so mutch, some five ears agone, and 'cluded to travel little fur bad helth. I fixed up myself an ole black, bid good farwel to every boddy, and struck my corse fur Misseury, cross the Massyspey river. I war travlin in cumpeny with myself, an we didn't talk great eal, an so we war ruther lonsum.

I went through Kaintuckey, part of Illynoise, crost over an got into Misseury. I went on til I cum tu a little villige, bout fifty mile frum the bigist river in the westurn cuntry. I were now tired, and so wus my hors, an I 'cluded to stop an see how I'd like the naberhood. I put down at wun of the best lookin taverns in the place, an fore long was 'quainted with the keeper, an the keeper made me known to his frens an the blacksmith. I had not bin stoppin long fore sum one else stayed all nite at the same tavern, and who you reckon 'twas? —Phil Smith—'twarnt no body else. Nex mornin fore I got up sum wun wur lamin 'weay at my doar like the house wus fire. Ses I, "An what you waunt, ye fool?"

"Phil Smith is down stares, and waunts too see you fore he leav's."

I wur so 'sprized to hear it I bounsed rite up, fixed fast, an down I gows to see ef it wer Phil sure nuff. When I got down Phil was jist ready to start on his jurny, his leggins on, hoss kotch and bill paid; an sis I, "Phil, whar ar you goin this way, follerin me?" He said "he was goin on bout two hundred mile funder, had stop'd to stay all nite, an hearin I wus stayin, tha wanted to see how I cum on. I thanked him, an toll him I was glad tu see him. We taulked bout things at home fur a while, an I herd then of the deth of ole Molly Shoars, Ebineser Hill, Jeddydiar Rakes, an menny uthers that I am too sorry tu mention.

I axt Phil how he liked my tavern, pun a average? He said, "not 'tall, fur his hors looked like he had bin starvin to cure the grubs, an he had nuthin fur supper only cole bred, and biled sheep." "Wel, but you had sumthin better fur breckfas, didn't you?" "No," ses Phil; "same thing fried over, an some dried appels an hot water tu swell a fellur up."

"Well, Phil, don't grumble, I'll make it all off him fore I'm dun; I'm only stopin hear fur a while to git a chance to *learn him a lesson*; I stoped here when I fust cum to the plase, an the old lanlord cried out, 'Pompy, take this hors, fead him well—PUT HIM INTO THE CRIB, ram, jam, and cram him long as he can stan'—an, Phil, what you think—jus as I turnd oft I heard the ole rascel say, '*Pompy, mind now, give him the too muffins in the half bushel basket, and put the popler pole cross fur him.*' You know, Phil, I am not meen myself, an kan stumick it no way, but this was the meenist trick ever

startid on a feller's animal, and I war 'termined to pay him fur it."

Phil then bid me good-by, an wint on whar he wer gowin. I had been stayin with the ole tavern-keeper fur three weaks and wus a little in his det, an he wus gittin ruther uneasy fear I had no munny, but I put him off telin him I wer lookin fur munny in a letter. Durin my stay thar I got up sum tricks, as usuel, on evry wun I cood, who did'nt do the thing rite. I never hav intentionally tricked a strait forwerd onest persun, ef I neu it. I was soon as well known as ef I'd bin raised thar, an when the folks in the villige wauntid any fun tha cent fur me.

I was lookin every day fur a chance tu take ole tavern-keeper off the roost—but 'twas hard job.

Finally wun day the ole chunk sed to me, "Rattle-head, the say you can beet bob-tale at tricks; I would like to see you tri wun on me."

"No, sir, I don't kno what trix is, but I can ginarely do what I sa, else I woodent say it. I tell you what I kan do fur you—haint you got sum good sider, whar haint bin broached sense it wus made?"

"Yes, two or three barrel down in the sellar, mellar as ye plese."

"Well, sir, I kan go too wun ov them barrels, boar a hole in wun eand an draw sider frum it—I kan boar a hole in tuther eand and draw wine frum it—bowth shal run out at the same time, an thar wil be a barril ov each. Now what ye sa—jus sa the wurd an you kan hav wine 'nuff to last you a hole year."

"How long wil it take you?"

"Bout a hour ef you wil help me; wil you do it?"

"Yes, I'll call Pompy two ef you sa so."

"No, you an me mus bee by ourself and no wun els."

"So now tel Pompy to bring out my hors, an put on the saddel ready for me tu run him wun mile. The wa the thing is done is this: I wil sen a bag wun mile down the rode with certin things in it, an while you are workin at the barl as I wil sho you, I wil run my hors down fur the bag with the things all in it; you are tu sta close too the barl til I git back, *an not moov*, or you wil ruin the hole bisness."

"I wil do enny wa ef you wil tel me hou I can doo it two."

"Yes, I will learn you after I doo it wunce too konvinse you; but you must be blin-folded, and a hankecher fast roun your mouth til I git dun; an when you learn how, you must do the same way when enny wun helps you; thar ar a mistera 'bout this that I hav nevar showed any body before, an you mus not tel it for years to cum or you wil forgit how yoursef."

"I wil not, sur, I promis you."

Pompy then brot out my hors, saddeld an fixed him up. While he wus at this, I goes an fills the bag an tole him whar too put it. I waited til Pompy returned an then wer reddy fur makin wine an sider.

Ses I, "Now, ole man, lets go down an git to werk." We went down, takin with us an augur of suitable sise, an takin hold of it I board a hoal in wun eand, an tole the ole man to put in his finger to stop it. He did so, an then I board a hole in the uther eand while it was lyen lenthways, an tole him to put a finger of his tuther han in it; which he dun very quick, for the sider wer wastin.

Thus he was sited: wun finger of wun han in

the hole in wun eand, an a finger ov the uther han in the hole in the uther eand. When I got him in this place I node I had him rite; so ses I, "now you hole fas while I run fur the bag."

I lef him blindfolded, a hankereher tied over his mouth, streched over the barl holden in the sider, an tole him he mus not mov til I cum back.

I then went out, mounted my horse, an put off fur the bag which Pompy had deposited 'cordin to my directions, in a brush heap. I went with a rush an got thar pritty quick, an soon as I did, I untied the meal-bag in which was my *saddel bags*, tuck them out, throwed them cross my horse, an away I went on my journey, forty-six dollars in the tavern-keeper's dot, an him blinfolded laying cross the sider barl.

The next thing I herd from the ole man war arter Phil cum back from Missoory—he sed that "he cauld thar when he wus on the way home, an the ole feller inquired bout me, and sed 'that he waited over that barl two hours, an cumin tired he let go all holts—out run the sider—cum a little too his sencis an thought, cuss that Rattlehead, he's got off without payin me, nearly broaked my back, an made me loose my barl of sider.'"



"I lef him blindfolded, a hankereher tied over his mouth, streched over the barl holden in the sider, an tole him he mus not mov til I cum back."—

CHAPTER XIX.

KELLINGER'S INFALLIBEL LINNIMENT.

R. Six hundred steamboat bells,
 Forty glass-jars,
 One bushel toe-nails,
 Two English Grammars,
 Three pound niggars wool,
 Four goat skins,
 Five cypress-knees,
 Six hat-boxes,
 Seven steam-tubs,
 Eight kags gunpowder,
 Nine cans mustard,
 Ten barl alcohol, and—

(DAN TUCKER.)

“Ole Danel Tucker climed a tree,
 An he climed it fur de wurl to see:
 The lim break off an down he cum:
 The people sed he's drunk on rum.
 So git ot de way, ye steamboat bells thar,
 Oh don't you, don't you break my glass-jar:
 Oh wach my toes, fur de nales are now gone,
 Dat big black book is gaune tu Kape Horn.”

Directions. The ingredients are all tu be put on a
 flat rock an biled fur too days—gently stured every

phew ours with the mast of a ship. In applyin it
you shood immerse hot pieces of iron in the fluid an
pich at the surfis at a distanse of ten feat from you;
then appli a poltis of lobsters an melted lead, an—

(SUSANNA, DON'T YOU CRY.)

A niggars wool is mity dear,
De goats ar 'gun to die:
Big cypres trees du shake wid fear,
Oh hatters, don't you cry.
Oh hatters, hatters, don't you cry:
Big cypress trees du shake wid fear,
Now, hatters, don't you CRY.

After which wash off wid oil ov vitriol an soft soap,
gow down tu Leatherspoon's mil-pon an see what the
fresh dun, an—

(LUCY NEAL.)

Steam-tubs dat's good or hard tu git,
Gunpowder's selling high;
Groun mustard too has tu be bought,
An alcohol we buy.
An alcohol we buy,
An alcohol we buy—
Groun mustard too, has tu be bought,
An alcohol we buy.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT BIG QUILTING UP AT SADDLER'S.

When honey grows in rocks and bluffs,
And brandy flows in torrents,
The girls may ware the pants and puffs,
For Saddler 'll give no warrents.
We're going to see the pretty girls
Way up in fly-blow hollow,
Where they have hair that rolls and curls,
An fat as they can wallow.

JERRY HICKMAN.

I HARDLY know, my readers, how it is that I hav
failed too giv you sum account ov my frolics at quiltings,
fur I hav bin at a mitey heep on 'em in my days and
nites on earth; an now ef I'll bear with you, I'll go 'n
to tell 'bout that big quiltin whar we had wunce in fly-
blow hollow, at Saddler's.

Well, to begin with, I'd as well tell how this holler
got its name, fur it aint the most zirable name on
record; but niver mind that, it bars the name now, an
'spose will furever do so. In the fus sett'n of the
cuntry, ole Willy Bumpus an Dennis Warrin went out
huntin, an happened to go up this same holler. Tha
crost buckeye fork, at the mouth of little Sandy, an
jus as tha got over, the dogs struck on the trale ov
sumthin, an went so fast tha soon left the hunters
ahind. After 'bout two days, tha cum up with the

dogs 'gin whar tha had treed the bar. Tha shot him out an skinned him, an then bein unable to take the meet home, left it fur tu cum back arter it. Tha went on home, an if ever tha foun that bar 'gin till he wus fly-blowd, jus pull my ears wid the fire-tongs. So tha calld it fly-blow holler, an its gone by that name reglar ever sinse.

Up in the darkist part o' that holler, lived ole Gid Saddler. Saddler was remarkable fur good luck, an 'specially bee huntin; an wel do I 'member sittin down fur a hour or two menny time, listenin to him tel bout findin bee trees. Saddler had a lot of nice lookin gals, an 'casionaly tha'd hav a quiltin, while the ole man had his log-rollins. The greatest 'jections body could hav to Saddler wus, that twice in a while he'd hav such a all roarin 'clination fur bee huntin, he'd neglec his crop, an the weeds would take it. The nabers tauked too him great 'eal bout it, but 'bleve it never dun him enny good, fur huney he wood hav. But still the nabors thaut him tolabeled eliver feller, after all; an when Saddler got rether 'hind-han with his crop, tha gethered in, an hope him out, knoin as how bee-huntin wer his failin, an evry body has thar own failins.

Well, wun fall his crop wus lef out in the fele, an cole wether 'tendid to come, arter by-an while, so the nabors tole him, ef he'd have plenty of huney tha wood all help him gether in his corn. He tole 'em that he wood go out an try, an the fus good tree he foun he'd let 'em kno. Wun so perfic in the art as Saddler wus, coud not hunt long without success, an in less nor too days it wus known that thar wus a big lot o' huney ready. The news wer soon sirkelated that thar wus too be a *corn-gatherin* an quiltin at Saddler's on Frida.

That wer all the invitashion necisary, an when Frida kum all the naberhood wer thar. When tha had purty wel gethard, the men went to the field too pull an hawl the corn, an the gals an ole wimin went too quiltin.

Tha 'pinted me as hed man throe the day in the fiel, an Julia Craddie, fus maniger ov the quiltin, an secin too the dinner. I was 'stingished as kommander, by warin Saddler's big blowin horn round my neck; an Julia, by tyin a red bandanner hankercher round her waste. Saddler had as fine a lot of huney as you ever put lips too; an as it wood not be good by itself, he tuck three gallins uv it up to town, an swaped it with Flannigin, the Baptis preacher, who wus keapin grocery, fur lickier.

Bout 'levin clock he got back with it, an at the request of the crowd, I tuck charge uv it, fearin tha'd get drunk 'fore the corn wus gatherd. Thar war a snorten chance ov gals thar, I kan tell you; thar wus Febe Rollins, Sal Chumny, Kate Bryson, Pol Cooper, Ketty Scrogins, Darkus Jones, ole Tabby Patterson's gal, tha called Sis, an lots ov uthers that I've long sense furgot. I kep things rushin, and so did Julia Craddie, an by dinner time we wer mor'n haf dun. I 'lowed a little lickier for dinner, but not nuff to make drunk cum; an then after it wus over, we went an finished the corn. Bi this time the quiltin wus through with, an in corse thar had too be sum dancein, drinkin, toasts, playing, &c.

The quilt wus tuck out ov the way, an tha 'gun to kick up a rorin frolic on them punchins, sarten. I wus the poorist critter ye ever saw, to danse them days, an haint got no better yet; an so after faulin up an down

sum haf duzin time, I tole 'em I'd leave the track, an lay off the big horn. I gows then an sets down by Saddler, tu here him tel bee-huntin scrapes: he wer taukin tu ole Josias Hubbard, an Rubin Owin, an ses he, "The wa I got so much hunny this time wer, that I'd bin wachin that big bluff down thar fernenst Ike McKee's house, an last Sundy I trased a bee rite in a crack in the bluff, so I jus bored in an blowd it up, an you never saw sich piles in yer life;" an the wa he looked pleasin while tellin it, wer 'nuff to give the ager to rattlesnakes in the hottest weather.

'Sides this conversation, thar wus sum more goin on in tuther room; thar wer ole Miss Cragwall, an Ant Susy Donilsun, setin in the corner smokin an taukin bout North Carliner lightood; an ole Lucy Collins an Betsy Lee takin snuff evry minit, an 'swadin evry body else to take it that cum near 'em; an thar Rattlehead wer gowin bout tawkin to nobody, an fealin like a fool at a political meetin.

I went too ole Saddler's shubocks, an down I set, thinkin why it wer I had'ent lernt to danse while younger. I 'spose I'd bin sittin thar bout quarter an hour, when up kum Phebe Rollins, an ses she, "Mr. Rattlehead, I'd like to see you show sum tricks fur us too nite, long as you dont danse, I kno evry body'd like to see it."

I tole her I wus always redy to serve my frends, an ef she'd make the croud be sivil fur half hour, I'd do the best I cood. She went an tole them all 'bout it, an tha wer all still as mise in phew minits. I tole Phebe that ef she wood go out o' doors fur a short time I wood hav a owl in the chimney, flutterin with all its strenth; ef it wusn't, she mite beat me with the iron

poker fur a hour. This wer sumthin so strange, tha all wanted to see it bad, an Phebe 'greed to do as I tole her, an so out she went.

When Phebe went out, I tole 'em all tha mus hide thar faces an not look at me, or the owl wood not cum. Tha hid thar eyes, an I went an got the iron poker, fur I gan to think as how the owl had fooled me, an warnt cumin. I waited fur ten or fifteen minits, an then ses I, "look up all ov ye, an, Dick Belcher, you go an tel Phebe to cum in."

Dick went an called Phebe, an in she cum looken ruther doubtful, an gows rite too the chimney to here the flutterin ov the owl. "Oh," ses she, "ye lyin scoundrel, I'll lern you a trick; you thaut too jes make a fool ov me, an that I wood not tuch you with the iron poker; now you'll kno what ef I don't or not;" an as she sed it, I bowed my hed submissively, an tole her I node she had me wun time, an to lam away as much as she wanted, so she did'nt break my bones."

She did'nt wate for me to git dun taukin, fore she grabed the poker to—"Oh luddy! its hot—my han, my han!—my foot!"—an by this time Rattlehead warnt thar—fur the way I'd bin hottin dat poker in the fire fur the purpos, would scared an iron maker himself. Phebe wer wus hurt than I kalkelatid she'd bin, but had to bare it, cause it were Rattlehead's trick, an she had got him to doo it fur her. The han wer fixt up, an then on we went, like nuthin had happened.

'Ginst now the licker was flyin on evry han, an Saddler sed "he bleaved sum 'on 'em wus drunk."

They'd all bin dancin til the floor wer nearly wore out, an tha stopt to rest. Evrything was down side up; *giba, giba, oh, hi, hic, marcy me! Luce, Ant Betsy,*

corn stork, fishin on Sundy, makin sope in March; an now I tel ye, such like you never herd; evrybody an tuthers taukin at twice, an the fiddler stanin close from the fire place, coartin old Tabby Patterson's "Sis."

Well, he talked on, an I talkt off with Pol Cooper, while she wer stanin by the cubbord eatin dried punkin an sassinger, an 'dreckly I hears ole Miss Collins screme out "Good God! look at Bill's fiddle:" an ef it warnt all in a blaze at the big eand of it, as Bill hel it under his arm, squattin down, you may shute me. Jes as Bill tuck it frum under his arm, the strings gin such a big pop that it give the ole wimin all the square-toed hed-aik, an Bill says "All on ye go together then," an rite in the fire it went. Bill swore that it wer wun ov my tricks, but I tole him nun of his sineations bout me or I 'gin a trick he'd never furgit in his nateral life. So he sed nuthin more bout it, an to make the thing all rite sum wun, an I bleve in my sole 'twas Saddler, hol-lered out fur Rattlehead to make a speech. No sooner than Saddler sed so, all the crowd wer hollirin fur me to make a speech, an the more I sed nuthin the louder they cried out, "a speech frum Rattlehead." I never felt so slunchindicular in my breathin days, fur I node tha'd hav me up ef tha had to doo it by mane strenth, an not the wird did I kno what to say.

In two evils, I ginerally take the wust. So I 'greed to speak ef we cood git a plase suitable. Saddler sed thar wer a nice slantin plase down rite on the edge of the creek, an room 'nuf fur all the croud. We fixt up, an away we goes, the ole wimin smokin, an snufin, Saddler lafin as ginerall, Bill mornin an gruntin bout his fiddle, an me thinkin what I'd say when I got up.

We got to the appinted plase, an foun it well suited

fur the bisness. Rite strait long with the bank lay a big buckeye log, an then the croud cood stan, set, or lie as tha chused long on the slant. Tha all scated themselves kumfortable, an up I jumped on the log, an what you reckin I spoked about—ef I didn't speak bout the price of meal, you may roar me up salt river. The crowd was desperltly interested, an I was gowin on tel-lin 'em of bad rodes, warin out oxins, stormy-weather, gwine to markit, an the holesale rascals wantin heapin measure, low-water, big-Jim cheatin wid de toll dish, an all these sort things, an rased my arms an feat tola-ble high, and the fus thing I knode, I foun myself bout three feet under water, 'cause I'd sliped off the log, an co-souse I went down the bank. It was now gittin late at nite, an it bein in the fall o' the year I wer chilly when tha got me up the bank, an so that put a quittin to my speech.

We all stroled back to the hous, an I cood hear 'em all giglin an lafin as we went on, an I node it wer bout me, an I didn't luv it much, but sed nuthin. Saddler 'gin me sum dry clothes, an we wer bout brakin up, when the ole wimin sed too me, "Well, Rattlehead, your bin sorter beat to nite; with all your tricks you've got a duckin, an that's more than anybody els has got: but we'll giv you a chance wid the ole folks; now see ef you can play off enny of your pranks on us without us findin it out."

I was bout as near up fur a trick as I recollect ever tu hav bin, but in bout twenty minits I had studied it out to suit me. Now, ses I, "I'll tell you what I can do fore I go home: I can take that snuf, an giv sum to evry wun in the crowd, an ef tha'll take it all at wunce,

I'll gree to made a shower o' rain fall in haf-hour after you all take it—what say you all—men an wimin?"

Tha looked wild as bucks, or floped card rabbits, an sed tha'd try me. I then had them all put in rows of twenty, an when I got 'em all in order, goes back in tuther room fur the snuf.

I stayed in thar little longer than I wanted to, but cood not help it, an finaly I went the rounds an giv a pinch of the snuff, as much as tha cood hole 'tween the finger an thum, an now, ses I, "all ov you hold your snuf til I give the wird; I'll go out o' doors, an when you hear me holler, evry wun is to suck the snuf in good an strong." Tha agreed, an out I gows, got my hoss ready, mounted him, an then I sed, "HU, EH!" loud as I cood, an stuck the spurs to my hoss, an off I went like a whirl-win.

I herd nuthin more bout it tel nex mornin, Saddler cum to my hous, an tole me, "*tha all like to sneased themself too deth, fur Rattlehead had gin 'em Cayann pepper insted o' snuf.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

GRAPE VINES AND LOST SUPPERS.

The people to the party bound,
Ner think of danger coming—
Now Rattlehead at home is found,
And we will eat our pudding.

BILLY WILLARD.

"Poor Rattlehead! I'm sorry fur him. It will ruin his feelins when its over: he has never bin known so perfectly used up as he will be this time."

"I don't kno, Jack, tha say he takes it unkommon easy, an you had all better be wachin, kaise I 'bleve he's studyin out sumthin fur this nite, now, while he aint sayin nuthin bout it."

"Don't feer, we've studid wel as him, an thar ar nuthen he can doo with us."

"Vera wel, now mine wat I tels you, that devlish feller 'll make sum 'un ye walk-talk ginger blue fore you kno ennything bout it, an ef you will take a fool's advise, you'll gin him a 'vite too your hous, fur evin tho he dus kut up sum 'dubble-shuffle' trix, you had better 'vite him than too hav him mad at you."

"I care nuthin bout him bein mad, that what I want, an ef he cums bout here too nite, I'll bet the black rooster 'gin a pare 'o shoes, that he won't kum on sich bisnes for a long time agin; fur I 'low to hav the flea-bittin gray-mare, the swob-tail sorril, an the big mule

reddy, an ef he cums hear tu nite bothrin me, I'll run him slap-home but what I ketch him; an ef I git him, he'll hav a good larapin fur wunce."

Thus talked Jack Baily and Zekiel Whitlock, 'sarnin me, while tha thought noboddy warnt hearin 'em; but tha wer mistaken, fur Rolly Bradly herd the hole ov it an cum an tole me 'bout it.

Now, as 'gards his 'vitin me too his hous, I kared nuthin bout it, an he needn't had enny feeres on that pint, fur ef he'd 'vited me, I dont 'bleve I'd went, 'less it wer fur sake ov pittty for the poor dog; but when Rolly tole me what had bin sed, I felt like pullin off cows' horns I wer so mad, kaise I'd never trubbled Jack in my life; only wun time, an that wer when he turned his hogs in ole Miss Pilkinton's paster, an then all I dun was, after tellin him fur duzzin times to keap 'em out, I gin his hogs good warm slop with salt, rats-bain, an stricknine in it, an tha got tired livin, sum eighty 'on 'em, quit goin in the ole woman's paster, an died. I cood see Jack didn't like it much, kaise poark wer sellin fur three an a quarter that season.

I don't wish you to think, my reader, that I tuck this intrust in ole Miss Pilkinton, on 'count of her an me bein kinfolks, fur I am a grate fren too the orfant an widder, that was the kause; fur all the kin she an I wus, wer, that she had a all-smashin good lookin dauter, an I went over 'casionally three or fore times a weak, too chat, an ete hiekry-nuts.

"Well, Rolly, I s'pose Jack wants too see me mad, an 'tends to run me home, and gin me a floggin."

"Yes, that ar what he sed, fur I herd him tel Whitlock so."

"Now Rolly, cums the tryin pint: you kno that

Jack's mad at me kaise I killed his hogs—you kno I wus rite, Rol, fur all the nabers sed so—an he waunts too get up a fus with me in sum wa. I 'knowledg that I am little trubbelsome sum times an hav a heap ov trix, but I don't mean no harm by it, an now I want too kno ef you ar a fren ov mine, an wil stic too me, fur I am 'gwine to hav reveng out ov Jack fur that talk, or I'll leave the cuntry."

"You kno I'm a fren, an wun whar will di fur you, ef its needen, an you kan have as menmy moar as you want."

I knode Rolly wer the true grit, fur I'd seed him tried afore; so I ses to him, "My ole feller, I'm bent on wun ov the most rip-snortin, torn down rows that you never herd ov, and I want you to go over fur Zed Goodman, an Flem Hartgraves, an tell 'em too meat me here too nite just at dusk, an you must cum with them, an all ov you cum horsback:—good bi til I see you agin."

Rolly! ah what a noble hearted feller he wus; I'll never fergit you, my ole fren—recollections of the past wil evur make thi name deer to me.

Rolly went, 'cordin to my instrucshions, to see the boys, an I stayed at home makin preparations fur the cuming nite. It was now twelve o'clock in day-time, an I had sum little time left fur sober thinkin. But while I think uv it, let me tell you what wus to cum off, bout which Jack wer makin so much fus: it wus a regiler torn down candy pullin, and fortune tellin frolic, that Jack wus gowin to gin the nabers, an leave me alone, not vited too kum. He thought it would nearly kill me not too be thar, as I wer so fon ov sich places, whar I could have my own fun. After the candy pullin

thar war to be a good, fine, nice, big supper. Jack lived in a double cabin with a entry 'tween 'em, an too big windows on both sides ov the house, an also doars a'cordin. Tha war the bigist cabins in the hole naberhood, and wood hole a heap o' people.

I lerned from Mulinaxe's Sam, the basket maker—he made collars too, sometimes, I 'bleve—that, “in wun room wus too be the candy pullin, an fortune-tellin, an the uthur wus to be 'zerved fur the table, an fine fixins—an the licker—which wer not to be toch til ten o'clock that nite.

Bout dark Rolly an the uthur boys rode up, an ses I, “boys, git down a minit, an I'll be reddy;” they dun so, an fore long every 'rangement war made, an off we all gows t'wards whar Jack lived—two mile an a half. I tole the boys how I 'tendid tu doo, and got 'em wel traned fore we got thar. The fellurs wer all good bot-tum or tha wood never 'greed to go thrue so much with me, for 'twus rether bold undertakin.

We rode up to the back of the turnip-pach, hich'd our horses, an got off. By this time the croud had getherd in, an-all things wer goin on at high water mark. I sed to the boys, “you stan here while I walk up neerer the house too see how the cat jumps.” I servaid roun thar fur a while, satisfied myself, an gows back to whar I'd lef the boys. We all had an ole bag a peace, an Mulinaxe's Sam had a laddur bout five feat high. I tuck Sam with me, an Sam took the ladder an bag, an him an me sneaked up to the house, an put the lathur under the winder, while Rolly an the tuther fellers wer watchin the hosses.

When we got the lather fixed, I tuck the bags, an in I went into Jack's cabin, whar the table wer sittin, an

fast as I filled the bags wid roast gobblers, poun kake, jugs 'o liker, an all them kind o' good things, I handid 'em out to Sam, an fore grate while you better think the table were striped ov its regler 'lowance, and nuthin but clean plates left, for the gran supper.

Tha had fixt evry thing reddy 'cept the turkey, an hot meats, which wer sittin by the fire in dishes too keap hot—these I tuck out an throde 'em in the bag with the rest. It wer the most ticklish sitiation that I ever had been in—spose Jack's folks had opin'd the doar, whar tha had locked too keap out the dogs, niggers, and drunkards, an foun me in thar? tha'd had me safe, you ar thinkin, but not so much as you spose, fur I had the longest, bigist, truest, deth lookin 'volvur whar wus to be foun in them parts, an ef I hadn't yoused it, 'bin kaise 'twoodent go off.

Never-standin all that tho, thar wus nuff 'on 'em thar too have slutherd me at last, ef tha'd tride, had tha foun me stolen thar supper; but I kept one year listnin fur the doar, and tuther eye at the winder, an at last I got out all wuth takin, without the doar bein tuched.

I got out an hope Sam toat off the bags too the hosses. This wer a tolibel greesy bisnis, but I gin the greesy wuns to Sam, an I toated the licker. Thar wer jis too loads a peace fur us, an gin we tuck 'em all out too the horses, got restid, an Sam over his scear, it wur gittin neerly time fur supper.

I tole Zed Goodman, Flem Hartgrave, an Sam, to take the bags an go on, an when they got to the edge of the woods tuther side ov ole Tim Taylor's they mite stop at the forks ov the rode, an wate fur me an Rolly, fur we would cum with a rush, an take the fôrk ov the

road whar led to ole Miss Vagner's instid ov goin strait on home.

Tha'd all been gone bout little more than half-hour, an Rolly an me wer settin thar on our horses waitin fur ten o'clock, an talkin on things in the naberhood, composed as you ples—an ses I, "Rolly, I see the lites gin to stur roun in the kitchen, an I reckon 'twont be long afore tha'll go too supper."

Jack was a terrible feller to talk loud, an we cood hear him plainly, ever wunce in a while, tellin sumthin like he wus 'zultin over me. I boar it all, tho, without grumlin fur sum time, an at last Jack ses in a loud toan, so evry wun cood here him, "*oh yes, oh yes, cum in too supper evry body.*"

"Rane up your nag, Rolly, fur we ar gwine to hav a rase sartin, fore ten minits."

The croud walked in to supper, an—an—an sich a squall ye niver did here—"Rattlehead, been here, Jack; what did I tell you?" ses Zechiel Whitlock. Out run Jack, callin fur sum wun too go with him too ketch me, "for he ain't far off, you may kno."

Three or fore ov his frends replide in a minit, "I'll go, I'll go, to ketch that devil, an flog him too, fur he is a perfec dred too the hole naberhood," an as tha sed it put on thar hats, an run out too the fence to git the horses, to go in pursute of Rattlehead. When we herd that, Rolly an me giv one strong *whoop*, an away we went whipping an spurin, for we knode Jack's flea-bitten gray wer hard too beat.

We got some too or three hundrid yards the start, an so we had the vantage 'on 'em, an we made use ov it. We cood tell that tha gaind on us, but did not kare, fur it wus dark, an we wus clost to the fork-ropes. Jack



"—an what you thinkin wus happened? why tha had run afowl ov a sawyer—which wus a snortin big long *grape vine* whar I had tied cross the rode."—Page 141.

an his frins hollerd an cussed, kicked an spured, an dun all tha cood, but Rolly an me kept silent. When we got to the fork-rodes, Jack wus about a hundred an fifty yards ahind us, frum what I cood tell by gess wirk, an we turnd out easy as we cood, an verry soon he an all his croud passed on whizzin. "Hush, Rolly, you'll hear sumethin pop dreckly," an I had hardly got dun sayin it, fore I heard the quarest noise: "oh hush—chug—bim—que—oh—Jack, I'm killed; ba—uh—whea—lumber—limber—ya"—an what you thinkin wus happened? why tha had run afowl ov a sawyer—which wus a snortin big long *grape vine* whar I had tied cross the rode, so as too take the horses jist bout the brest, an whollip hoss, rider an all, on the ground; too trees, wun on each side of the rode, too which the grape-vine wus fastened, quaked, an trimbled, but the vine wus fast, an down the croud all cum in a pile, wun after tuther.

We all waited fur sum time to see wus ennybody hert, but not a bit ov moovin wus thar to be heard. We wood all went an looked after them, but we spected another crowd wood soon be on to see how the thing turned out, an didn't want too be foun thar, an mor'n that, we all wanted sum ov the good licker, an also sum gobler, fore it got cole; so ses I, "*boys*, lets go on home, I hear a noise behind yander, an tha'll tend to Jack & Co., ef tha nead any assistance, an tha wood think it ruther spicious ef enny of these folks are ded or dyin."

We went on home, an had as good a supper as you commonly see, an licker in abundance.

The next mornin that grape-vine warnt to be foun thar, I'd ben and tucken it away. The fuss thing I heard bout Jack's adventur wer that tha all fell in a pile, on wun an tuther—Jack's leg wus broke; sum wun

else had a head so bruised an black his wife woodn't own him; another a shoulder knocked out o' jint, and the fourth wun had all his frunt teeth knocked down his throat, an still wus, Jack's flea-bitten gray was killed as ded as a door nail.

Jack Baily haint never bin known to trubble Rattlehead enny more sense—keeps his hogs out ov ole Miss Pilkinton's paster, an all the rest ov his croud ar lef the country.

CHAPTER XXII.

EVE-DROPPING AND BIG-LYING.

"Hello, Bill, brot your saddle home."

"You triflin dog, you mite have
Spoke at the door."

If thar ar ennything in the wirl'd that I hate, it is what is comonly called Eve-droppin. Thar ar menny uther things what I don't like, 'sides this, sich as steelin a man's characktur, stealin a porshion ov a feller's book an puttin it in the newspapers without askin neither the author nur the publisher, like somebody did with my "Arkansaw Doctar" a short time after it come out, and people sed it was good as stickin a chunk o' fire too a feller's nose, kase it's a cole morning; dropping a lode of brix on a man's toes, and saying, "oh me, I didn't go too help it," an menny, menny more things what I haint time to tell bout, and you've no patience to listen too.

It is nuthin more than you would 'spect, that a feller whar has bin trickon the wirl'd, as long, an as much as me, wood naturally hav sum good frends, an sum good enemys; an sum who wood have a grate curiosity too kno how I cood start so many trix, and ginerally got off "rite side up."

It has bin oftin sed by peeple that new me, that tha 'blevd trix wer more natrul an 'greeable too me than eatin my dinner; an I've sum times thought myself that I wer born too keap the peeple frum dying with the

blews an sad-melenkolly, fur very often I didn't kno five minits aforehan how I war gwine to get out ov a scrape, or what tric I would start to suit the times.

I hav oftin lamentid my peculyer dispersition an temperament, as it has frequently led me into the most tryin difkulteyes that evur besit a livin mortel. But this wil do now, bout myself, for I don't bleve I will ever git rid of my dispersition tel I git rid o' livin, so I'll jist drop the subject, an go on to tell you bout a Eve-drop-pin *scrape* what I got into wunce in Kaintucky.

I had been stoppin at a place neer Green River, fur a few weeks, 'tendin too sum bisnis fur a uncle ov mine—an while I think 'bout it I wil tel you I never got enny thing for it—but never mine that, the poar ole feller ar ded now, an won't treat me so no more—so his wif tole me, an I 'bleve her—an it ar so mizerbel to me too be a stranger 'mung white fokes, that I got 'quaintid with evry man an wimin I cood, *in the naberhood*.

Sum how or sum how els, sumbody foun out that I cood think quick in a tite place, if it war necisary, an they got after me to start sumthing fur the benefit of an ole miser livin 'cross the river, by the name ov Watkins, if I recollect rite.

I don't now 'member what he had bin dooin too make his nabers dislike him, but ennyhow he was mitey unpopler throe the hole kcommunity. Tho' so appeerently frenless, he had sum frens—like all men in the world—tha hav sum wun to look too fur aid an kumfert in time ov trubbel, whither tha git it er not.

Well, be things as tha may, I 'greed to take a part in the proceedins, of enny wun wood start the plan. This tha wood not listen to, an sed that evrything mus be managed by my d'rections. Secin that tha wood

not doo nuthin, 'less I startid it, I tole them to set sum time an plaice, an I wood meat 'em an tel 'em what konclusions I were 'rived at. Tha sed that tha wood meat me that nite at Dave Rhodes's. I tole 'em I'd be thar. I had the thing nicely fixed fur sum fun, an felt much like it, fur it was the fast chance I'd had fur sum time. Nite cum on, an I got my hors an started over to Rhodes's, but went by; 'cordin to promis, fur Bill Tobbert. I foun him at home, but Bill sed "he coodent go, fur he had lent out his saddle that mornin to Joe Sails, and he hadn't fetch it back."

Bill an me then went out to the bars, to see ef wee cood 'zern ennything of Sails cumin with the saddle. We cood see nuthin uv him, an as it warn't late Bill sed we wood go up to the lot to look at a sow an pigs ov his. We looked roun at things for a while, an went on to the hous, an stil Bill's saddle hadn't cum. Bill was monstus mad 'bout it, fur he wanted to here what report I made, and how things wus to be dun.

I tole Bill not to mind bout the saddle, fur I wood tel him fore I went. Bill then got his wife to go in the kitchen, an take the children, while him and me talked. Bill sed to me that he believed Sails had kept the saddle a purpose, fur he was a grate fren of Watkins's an might hav herd sumthin ov what was gwine on. I tole him I hoped not, an went on to tell him what I thought ov doin, an 'bout the time I wus finishin to go on to Rhodes's, I wer talkin very lowd, an Bill lafin fit to kill himself, thinkin of the fun we'd all have with ole—"che-rum—boo—slash," went sumthin in the middel of the floar. We had hardly turned round to see what wer the cause ov this teribel noise, fore, "Helloo, Bill, I brot

y'r saddle home," ses Joe Sails, an thar he lays on the floor, all in a pile, with the saddle, bare-headed.

"You triffin dog, ye mite have spoke at the doar, an not rush in on a feller in this way," ses Bill.

I am the most 'spicious man you ever saw, an thought it wus strainge that the feller wus bare-hedid, an so ses I, "My fren, how did you happin to cum three mile without your hat; an whar's your hors?"

"I was fraid Bill wood nead his saddle, an I cum oft in a hurry, an forgot it."

"But that looks rether strange, that you shoold be in so grate a hurry, and walk here instid of ridin' hoss-back."

"Oh, yes, but I didn't want to ride back home bare-back, kaise I haint nuthin now to ride 'cept ole Rone, an he's 'stonishen poar, an got the sharpist back-bone ov enny annimel that ever I backed—the black filly I sole to Ward, the drover, tuther day, an got forty dollars fer her; my wife didn't like it much, fur she sed I'd spen the munny fur whisky—good by, sir—I'm much ableged too you, Bill—good nite," and off he went.

Bill, poor feller, didn't seam too think very strange ov Sails fallin in the middle ov the floor at wun jump, bare-headed, piled up with the saddle, but I had bin in too many ups an downs in my time not to see into it.

Ses I, "Bill, I'll bet you a quart 'ov ole whisky, that Sails has bin lyin up in your loft, listening too what we've bin sayin, an in tryin to poke his head over too fur, down cum him an the saddle, all together. The saddle he no dout put up with him for the very 'scuce he had when he fell in here a while ago, an ef you dont bleve me, go up in the loft, an you will fine his hat."

Bill looked as wile as ef judgment wer cumin, an up

he went into the lof to look fur Sails's hat, an ef he didn't fine it shoar nuff, I never saw a hat in all my life.

It wer plane as sunshine, that Sails had herd our talk, an the affair wer nocked cole as a wedg. Bill wanted to go an raise a row with him, but I tole him not to do it, as it wus ginst my rules to pay a man in that way, "but wait a while, Bill, an say nuthing, in no way, an sum time er uther I'll make up for all lost time." We then fixd up an went on to Rhodes's to tel what had happened, and kandidly I never felt as badly whipt in my life; to be so completely smasht, had never bin my missfortune afore, an without enny crying, groanin, or suisidin myself I tuck it very hard, but, I didn't let nun ov 'em 'scuver it.

When we got to Rhodes's, I tole 'em bout the affare, and how I 'tended to doo, and then bout Sailes's "*Eve-droppin*" us, an the fellers wus so mad, it wer all I cood doo to keap 'em frum gowin rite over after him, an make him giv an account uv himself.

I tole 'em that "my fust set wood be 'gin Sails, instid ov Watkins, long as he'd got so smart at trix." The crow'd then broke up, an went home.

I staid in the naberhood fur a few weeks after that, but didn't see no chance to do ennything fur Sales, an I 'gin to think it wood be a failure with me wun time.

Sailes lost no time in tellin ole Watkins bout what he'd herd, an not only that, but forty lies bout things I never herd ov. This ov coarse had a grate effect on the mine ov the ole miser, an Sails wur gittin rite into the ole feller's good graces. Bout threec weeks after this, I herd that Sails wur gowin to Louisville, to sta fur a short time, doin sumthin fur ole Watkins. This wer bout the time I foun out that I wer doin bisnis fur nuther

man, an warnt gwine to git ennythin for it; an when Sailes got reddey to start I warnt fur frum it; I was gwine to Louisville myself—I *wus*. Sailes had bin gone unly too ours, when I startid rite on arter him, on the same rode. I overtuck him at 'zactly two ours past twelv er'clock, in the after-noon.

I bleve kandidly, that Sailes thought I wer gwine to sassinate him, but I kommenced so frenly, things wer all soon rite, an we wer gowin on talkin politicks big as Watch, an 'last ses I, "Sales, did you kno I wer goin to leve the naberhood?"

"No. Whar you gwine?"

"I'm gowin to the City ov Louisville, an I wood like the best in the wirl too hav company: how fur are you gowin this rode?"

"I'm gwine rite-smac to that plase myself, an I'm mitey glad to git kumpany, fur I aint much yoused to travlin, nur I aint quainted with sitty ways much, an 'spose you ar."

I tole him I wood be happy to doo ennything fur him while we wus together, that was in my power.

We went on too Louisville, without ennything occurin uv intrust. As it wus ruther 'spensive too keap a horse Sails an I boath sole out the fust day arter we got thar, an went to board at a private house. We roomd together, went throe the city together, an fore long were as thick as three or fore in a bed.

We had bin stayen thar fur too weeks, an Sails's bisnes wer neerly dun 'tendid to, an he wus bout leavin fur home, much sooner than he 'spected when he went thar. Him an me wus goin 'long the street, and I struck a notion to hav a littel fun fore him an me parted.

Ses I, "Sails, I kan beet you runin the lenth ov three squars fur a treet of brandy punch."

"No you kant, not 'sputen your wird, tho, but I kan tel you that I never bin beet in Kaintuck, on a foot-race, ef that's what ye're talkin 'bout."

"Well, I know I'm small an lean, but I 'bleve I can lick you, an now git yourself ready, and ef you git afore me you must not think strange if I holler, fur that's a way I hav ov gitten a feller to stop, so as I kan git ahead ov him; but you see I am two onest to take this 'vantage ov you, so now don't mine my hollerin, but run out your distance, an you ar tu run with a brick-bat in each han, an don't you drop 'em, kaise 'twont be sientific in a city too drop your bricks; in fact wood be called cheaten."

He 'greed to it all, an sed he wood soon be drinken my licker. It was just bout dark, an the people wer passen on the streets gowin home, an wun way an a tuther, very bizzy. Sails roled up his briches, rubbed his legs, spit in his hans, and co-vorted roun wus than ef thar wus ten thousan dollars at stake. I tuck out my han-kercher, tied it roun my waste, blowed off my breth like it wer cole wether, an roached my hair. "Now, Sales, 'member what I tell you; ef you stop fur my hol-lerin and let me beat you, I claim the licker, an a forfit of too dollars, when we get back to our room."

"Never ye feer, I'll drink your licker fur you, an not haf tri."

We stood side an 'side on the walk, an ses I, "go," an Sails farly shot by me, an when he got bout ten or twenty steps ahed ov me, I hollered out loud as I cood, "MURDER! MURDER! STOP THIEF! KETCH HIM! KETCH HIM!" But still Sails run on like blazes ov fire

an brimstone wer arter him, til wun ov the watch fastened on too his carkas, an politely axed him to hold his horns a minit. When I got up I made my complaint that he was tryin to rob me, and had picked up too brickbats to knock me down."

You may gess as how Sails sed we wer runin a race, an me bein a 'quaintance ov his, an me tellin the watch to see fur himself the briks in his hans, an him bein a stranger too me, an finally he was marched off to the kalaboose, to wait his trial next day at 'leven o'clock. I went on home, slep well that nite, an next mornin thar was a steamboat gwine down the Ohier River, at ten o'clock, wid "Rattlehead" on it.

Whatever kum uv Sails, I can't tel you, fur I went on bout my own affairs, an never went back thar.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF BEGGARS.

Oh, would that I again could
Return to my native land; though
It may not shine so brilliant in
The eyes of others, there is
No place so dear to me, as my
Own native home. But now
I am left in a land of strangers,
Without money, without hope,
And at the mercy of cold,
Unfeeling humahity. Without
Help, I must perish, die, and
Sink into an untimely grave, &
Unheeded and uncared for.

BEGGAR'S LAMENTATION.

WE must all admit that thar ar menny cases of charity that we meat in this life, an when a case ov *reil* charity presents itself, thar ar nun more ready to len a helpin *arm* than Rattlehead; but when I think a individuel ar tryin to 'pose on the publick, an more 'specially me, I am "down on it" like a thousand brick, an wood jest as soon hert the fealins of 'em as not, or start a prank to *lern em a lesson* fur dooin better.

It is not neccessary fur me to say, that nearly all citys ov enny size, are infesterd with professional beggars. They impose on menny a kind an nobel hart,

who think it thar duty to be charitable to the poar an needy.

I wunce happend too be in St. Louis, an fore I'd ben thar a weak, I herd the most terabel complaint bout the beggars bein in the city, that I ever heard enny place in my born days. I foun that all the grumblin warnt fur nothin, neether, fur on evry kornur ov the streats, in evry hotel, barbur's shop, eatin house, grocery, dry good store, warehous, steamboat station, an rail road landin, tha wer ternally poken out thar hans an sayin, "littel help for poar creatur—poar oman with five children an no father;" an all such talk as you ginerally hear frum this class of impostors.

I went to sum ov the city authorities, an tole 'em ef tha'd give me a hundred dollars I'd clean the place ov them pests in ten days; ef I did'nt I wood'nt ax 'em a cent. After menny questions put to me 'bout it, to which I replide, it wus nun ov thar bisness, so I got the place clear ov 'em, tha tole me to "blaze away," an tha wood pay me the munny ef tha saw I dun the thing "up brown." Next mornin I walked out after breckfus, an I hadn't gone too blocks fore up stept one ov the tribe, an kummened on me with his "tail of sorrow, an nuthin too eat, stranger here, out of munny, an out ov work." I jist let him go on fur a minit or too, an then I cummened. Every time he'd say enny thing, I repeated rite long after him, an sed the same thing he wus sayin, an by the time he wer dun sayin it, I wer dun. If he sed, "please sir give a poor man sum munny to buy sum bred for his children;" I sed "give a poor man sum munny to buy sum bred fur my children." If he sed, "my wife is sick, an I want

sumthin to buy her a bit to eat;" I sed, "my wife is sick, an I want sumthin to buy her a bit to eat."

If he pulled off his hat, an hilt it out to me, I tuck off mine, an hilt it too him; ef he tuck out his hankercher an gun to wipe his eyes like he wer weepin and cryin, I tuck out mine, an gan to beller wus than a little yearlin, an wiped oft the teers from my forehead; it mattered not how he dun, or how he acted, I was with him.

Soon as people who wus passin saw it, tha stoped to see ef thar wusn't a "new kumer in town," an fore a hour you wood thought the whole population had turned out to look at me. The beggar, who was a grate-big strappin feller, bout six feat high, an greesy as you plese, gun too think he had tuck the "rong sow by the ear," an made off from thar. I thought I wus dooin tolable well fur a beginnin, an I made oft frum thar too, rite long after him, an the crowd gun to git interested in the thing, an so tha follerd on after us. The crowd wur gitten bigger an bigger all the time, an the begger wur gitten more, an still wusser tired ov me, but I stuck the closer too him, begging him to give me sum munny for my poar wif an children.

This wer the fus time I ever had tried the experiment, but I gan to think it wood doo, frum the way things wus gwine 'long.

I follerd that feller closer an tighter fur neerly thre ours through this street an that, down wun alley an through tobaccor sheds, over wood yards, an evry whar he went, I'd go, an the way he wer looken wile, wus nuf to make a rooster lay a egg. He thought ef he'd git long little faster, he'd leve me ahind, but all sich notions wer no whar, fur I jist walked faster too, so he

didn't gain enny on me. Findin he coodn't get rid ov me in that way, he struck a line fur the river, an went rite on the ferry-boat—I went too, an as menny as cood git on two boats, all went 'long to see the fun.

When the boat struck land on tuther side, the feller jumpt off on to the first thing that cum in his way, an made tracks fur the woods faster than a grayhoun. I jumpt off too, an rite after I went, an the crowd follerd on after to see the result. I had thought wunce that I cood run a little, but when the begger 'gun to "put patty down" that day, I thought I never had seed enny runnin afore by man er beast, fur he made the dirt fly evry step. 'Gin I got to the forest he wus neerly half mile ahed ov me, an that wus the last I ever saw ov him.

I then went on back too the citty, the crowd dispersed, an I tuck a good rest an eat my dinner. I stepped out in quest of more game, an fore very long I foun it, but I saw that tha had heard ov me, an wus gitten fraid to say enny thing to passers-by, even ef tha war wimin, least tha shood cum on to me.

I kommenced on the second wun in a similar way, an I kan tel you he didn't wait long fore he off frum me, an so fast that I soon lost sight ov him. I wus then in fur anuther ef he cood be foun. I 'gun to speet the nex wun I cum 'cross wood be a woman, an I didn't hardly know how I wood do with her, but wus bent on drivin 'em all out o' the place, male or she-male. Sum how I happend not to fine enny wimen that day, but bout haf past two o'clock in the arternune, while fore nite, I met with a "hard case." He was mitey decripid—he had the rumatis, an coodn't walk—desperate. This all made little or no difference with me; ef enny-

thing, I 'tendid to be harder on him than enny ov the uthers, to see ef thar wus enny rumatis bout him, or wus he a "gran imposter."

Soon as I stopt an 'gun too look at him, he cummenced groanin an tellin bout his sickness—I groned an tole bout my sickness—he cried—I cried—he rubed his legs an kneas whar the pain wus—I rubed my legs an kneas an cried out fur hunger—he *didn't* kno what else too do—I *did* kno what to doo—he quit groanin an looked at me—I groaned the louder an looked at him—he set down—I set down, an 'gun to rub my eyes, an talk bout when I used to be at home, how good my parents wus, an then I laid rite flat down fore the feller, an beged him to giv me sum munny—he turned his face away an didn't want to look at me—I got up an still begd him fur God sake to giv me sum munny an let me go—he axed me wood I go ef he gin me a quarter—I tole him I wood—he gin it too me, but yet I didn't go, I cried the louder fur more—he 'gun too see I understood the game, an wus gettin uneasy, lookin up an down the streats like he wood move ef he cood—the crowd wus now gethrin faster an faster, an the ole man didn't kno what too doo—finelly he 'gun to move frum thar by degrees—I 'gun to move too—he looked roun an saw me—I looked strait forerd an saw him—he went a little faster—I went a little faster—stil he went on, an all the crowd after us, an fore ten minits more he wer gwine like a race-horse.

I kept up with him, until he got so scared, he had to take too his den—he rushed into his house, an just as I got to the doar his wife met me and cummenced bawlin powerful, but her bawlin dun no good; in I rushed, an foun the ole rascal in better circumstances

than I wus myself. I still yelled and groaned, an tole him I must have somethin more fore I left—he then pulled out *five dollars*, an forked it over, an—an—an then I left, an tole the crowd we would ajurn til next mornin arter breckfas, an then I quit the trail fur the day.

Nex mornin I renewed my labers, and kep them up through the day, an fore night thar warnt a beggar to be foun in the whole place; tha had heard ov "Rattle-head," an thar wus no sich thing to be herd ov 'tall, as beggin in that citty.

I waited fur several days, tryin to see ef thar wus enny more who would appear, but I coodn't fine the fust wun, so I gows down fur my munny—thay paid it cherfully, an thanked me, too, an then, as I had "made a rize," I tuck a steamboat an left fur down the river, an hav never visited the place since, but I hav heard from reliable sources, that thar has niver been a begger in the place, frum that day to this.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAKING A "RAIZE," IN A TIGHT PLACE.

"Your tricks, we'll bet, is now at an end,
Your force, no more 'gainst us you'll lend:
For we have seen you, in your many ways;
We've seen your strength, in all your plays"—
"Hunt me tar, soap, wool and feathers,
And I will gether up their quarters—
Get off an come at me full sail"—
"Look at my coat! who drove that nail?"

OLE FORKEY-DEER.

How oftin do we hear it sed, an very truly too, that it requires sum perticuler sercumstance—sum freak of fancy, some mishap, reverse of fortune or character, to bring out the genus ov the man. I, as well as thousans ov uthers hav frequently seen this the case, in the men-ny ups an downs of this life, an in nun has this been more clearly demonstrated, than myself; for wel doo I 'member when I wus young, how evry body used to talk ov my notty hed, an pail-face, an sed I'd dye of weant ov breth; but not 'standing all that, I had a notion that I'd liv till I dide, ef my head wus little lumpy in places. I paid no attention to these prophesyes, kaise I thought I had as good rite to tell fortunes, an mine the gap, as 'enny man in the wirl, 'cept Dire Macmin.

Wunce in my travels down the Ohio River, thar wer a

sort ov a mishap tuck place too me. The way it happened wus this: The boat on which I wer travlin, wer not the finest you may ever see, an being housed up on the ole craft fur too or three days, I felt ruther tired out, and wus glad to hear the captain say, when we got to the mouth ov the river, that the boat wood stop for an hour or two, fur the purpus of takin on sum frate. We rounded to, at Cairo, Ill., and made fast to the wharf-boat, lying at the *then* flourishin sitty ov the cumin-together of the waters.

As soon as we landed, I went ashore to "see what I cood see," an—buy sum apples. I went, an went, an admir'd the scenery much; I walked up the river fur two mile or more, unconscious ov what distance I had got frum the boat, and doutles wood went furder had I not herd a mighty rattlin an ringin ov a bell, which soundid so much like the bell ov the boat I had cum down on, that I 'cludid it must be gwine to put out, an then ef I didn't doo some nice walkin, I 'magine I never did doo enny in all my time.

I hadn't got far, fore I herd it ringin agin, an jist as she quit ringin, I herd one or too—"che—ru—che—ru," an off went, oll high pressur.

When I 'rived at the landin, I cood only sorter see the smoke of the boat gowin roun the bend with my trunk on her, an all my clothes in it, an not only my clothes, but my munny an evry thing else that I had that wus wuth enny thing, an I knode thar wernt a bigger set ov rogues in the "five points ov New York," than wer on that boat, so my things wer a "gaune sucker," that wus plain nuf fur enny fule to see.

I looked after that boat, bout five minits strate as a

shingle, but finding that would never bring my trunk back, I wisht the ole chince-ridden thing a safe arrival at the bottom of the river, fore too days, grunted a phew times, turned roun an walked off, without sayin 'nuther wird.

My wish turned out about three-thirds rite, for the boat tuck wid a bustin ov her bilers below Memphis, an down she went, but that didn't doo me no good t'wards gitten back my trunk. Immagin, my frens, how you would hav felt in my fix, more 'specially at such a place as that never to be forgotten Cairo, whar a man kant help thinkin bout the pests ov Egypt, all the time he is thar. I dont member ever havin felt so bad in my life, bout a small affair—didn't know what too do, as I had only ten dollars left—in a land of strangers, far frum frens or home, an only wun sute ov clothes.

I went too wun ov the cheapest-looken taverns I cood see, an put up for the nite. Knowin that it didn't 'sarn anny body about my misfortune, an thinken ef I wer to put up a poor mouth, the folks wood pay no 'tention too it, I 'cluded to walk as big as ever, an think ov dooin sumthin fur myself too git a little munny I wood hav actid a short time in most enny station fur munny to git home on, fur I didn't want to rite home fur it, kaise they mite sed I wus gamlin, an I knode I hadn't, or tha mite say "what wus you dooin off the boat," an thin I coodn't say nuthin.

Nex mornin after breckfus, I struck the rode leadin to the country, an on I went, not knowin what wood be the fust thing I'd cum onto. By dinner time I had got sixteen mile, and cumin up to a very nice-lookin house, asked ef I could get sumethin to eat.

I wus invited in, an soon sum nice dinner wus redly fur

me. While eating, the ole gentleman wus sitting near me, an as is usual in menny of the western States, he axed me a heap ov questions—such as “Whur ar you frum; what mite your name be, whar ar ye gowin?” &c., an so on.

As I wus ruther seakin sum employment, I thought I'd better out with the wust ov it, an probabel I mout git a job, an so I toll the ole man bout my bad luck, an axed him cood he git enny thing to do fur me bout thar.

He weanted to kno what I follerd, an what I wus willin to take. I tole him I follerd most enny thing when sercumstances required it, an tuck as much as I cood git.

He sed, “that ef I wood keap grosery, thar wus a man livin in a small village, five mile further on, that weanted a han, and frum my appeerence he had no dout that he would hire me, an giv good wages.” I finished my dinner an axed the ole man to giv me the groser's name, and sed I wood go on an see him.

When I reacht the village, I inquired for “Brad Hopper the groser,” an had no trouble in finding him. It did not take us long to agree, fur Hopper thought I had bin raised in a grosery or stil-house, an wus willin to pay me a fare price. I set in with him, an went rite to work like I knode all bout it.

While thar I becum acquainted with a number ov persons, an thar wus never sich a opportunity fur me too play off my trix, as while in that grosery. When wunce foun out thar wus no eand too them, an I soon wus as well knone thar, as I wer enny whar else.

Every opportunity that I had, I made use ov it to amuse our customers, an tha wer not few. I had bin

stayin with the groser for bout five weaks, an with the incum ov my wages, an a few uther things, I wus gettin nearly as well off as fore the steam-boat stole my trunk.

It is generally the case that when we are wel fed, we “feal our keepin,” an this was the case with me—I was gettin tired of the grocery, and concluded to go home.

Bout the time that I wus gowin awa, sum ov the folks got to vexin me, by sayin that I was out ov trix, an cood not play off enny more in that naberhood. The groser, who had got sumwhat 'tatch'd to me, did not like to hear 'em slandr in me, kaise I were gwine off, an 'greed too bet a hundred dollars that I cood trick sum wun, or enny wun, if I wanted to. The bet was soon made up, and stood as follers: Hopper bet that I cood play off a trick on sum wun in less than three months—the opposite party bet that I cood not. Sickniss occurin was to be considered a just cause why the engagement had not been fulfilled, utherwise the money was to be forfeited.

I then bid them all good-by, telling them that in 'bout twoo months I wood return an comply with Hopper's wishes. Hopper wus so confident that I wood do it, that he never axed me a wurd 'bout what I was gwine to do, nor did I tel him ennything ov my intentions.

Hopper loaned me a horse to ride to the river, an went with me to bring it back. He remained but a short time 'fore he returned, knowin that his business so much required him at home.

When he left me, he expected I wood soon be on my way home, but in this he was mistaken, fur I had no notion ov leavin till the trick was dun with—this gowin back thar so fur, to do a thing that I knode was no trub-ble, I did not relish well.

I was gwine long thrue wun ov the streets at Cairo, an happened to see a woolly dog follerin a man, an 'mediately I strue a thought that if I cood buy him I wood make a trick ov him. I went up to the feller an axed him ef he wood sell the dog, an what wood he take fur him. He sed I mite have him fur two dollars. It wus a tolable tite price, to a man "in a tite place," but I paid it an tuck the dog. I put a rope roun his neck, an tuck him to a barber's shop to hav him fixt to my notion, which was 'bout as follers: I had the hair trimmed an haggled in places; these places filled up with a mixtur of human hair, wool, feathers, &c., which wus made to stick close to the dog's skin, an stick together with the best glue; put the bushiest tale to him a dog ever did ware; had him dyed of all colors; glued pieces of coon-skin fur to his legs, and paster jints; had half ov the brest of a turkey, an half the brest ov a chicken skined off, an glued on his neck, an then, lastly, tho not leastly, I got two short tips ov deer's horns, a piece ov leather, an made a hole through it, an putting the pieces of horn through, glued them in fast, and then glued the lether tite an fast to the dog's skin. Pieces of wool, hair, &c., were glued on the lether to hide it, and the sawed part of the horns.

The dog bein drest, I went an fixt up myself. I procured a wig an whiskers, an put 'em on, an frum thar color, an my gineral appearance, you wood hav thought I was older than Adam. I procured a coat, an sum uther things, fur correspondin with my gray hares, an then I was redly.

I made sum inquirys 'bout musicians, an foun thar wus no scarcity ov them, so I hired two, a flute-player and fiddler. I also hired a horse an carryall, an a

driver, and when evrything was 'raing'd, we drove a peace out in the country, an cum back as a "*travlin show*." I got sum bills printed, had 'em stuck up through the town for a gran show on the follerin nite, an kept my music-men disguised too keap them from bein knone, an all hands lay low till nite cum on.

When we went into the room to make the show, I was 'most thunder struck, thar wer sich a crowd, fur I knode tha'd mob me ef tha foun out the cheat. The plase, I 'spose, wood held four or five hundrid, an it wus jam full, at twenty-five cents each, thus takin in over a hundrid dollers the fust nite.

As soon as I made my appearance on the stage, I made a short speech in explaining why I had made the show. Tole them all about the dog's strange appearance, an still I didn't bring him out. I tole 'em, also, that I had engaged the services ov too celebrated musishions, frum Itily, who wood play sevrul ov the latest pieces ov musick.

I directed the musishions to play while I prepared "Carlo," the most perfect curocity in nater, an bowin very low, an perlitely, I retired, leavin the music roarin. At the cand ov the fust tune, which wer very long, I rung the gong (big tin-pan) as a signal that the "dog wus cumin," an in I walkt leadin him with a long red ribbin.

I jus wish you had all bin thar to see that show; ov all the laffin, lookin, squintin, rollin up ov eyes, openin ov mouths, an did you ever see the likes, never wus in the western cuntry, 'fore nor sence. After this wer over I orderd "more musick," an thus the thing went on fur 'bout an hour an a half, an then all hans broke up much pleased.

Nex nite the room was fuller, ef possible, than the fust had bin, an all things went off well. I stade thar only three nites, fearin sumthin mite leak out, an then my trick wood be no more, an Hopper would run a chance to lose his hundrid dollers, an that wer what I coodn't stan on my 'count.

We all bundled up an left to go the rounds, for it was gittin ruther profitable, and we thought we'd keep it up awhile. We showed in two or three places, an dun a fine bisniss, and wood hav kep it up probable, had not my dog gun to show sines of *bad helth*. When I saw this I hurried on to the little village whar I had bin keepin grocery.

That bein our last, we 'tendid to do our best, an shure 'nuf we did mak a gran display, an had as menny as the room wood hole, an rite close to me sat Hopper, an not fur off was the men who bet with him. After the show was windin to a close, I got up an called out the name of Hopper, an sevril ov those who had a han in the bet, an axed ef thar war sich men lived in that neighborhood. Bein tole that ther wus, I asked 'em ef tha pleased to remain fur a few minits after the croud had gone, fur I wanted to see 'em.

Fore long the croud was gone, an thar stood Hopper an the rest whose names I had called, lookin like fules. I axed 'em to hav seats, went an shut the door, an then I sed to them, "Gentlemen, this which you see (pintin to the dog) is nuthin more than a comon woolly dog, fixt up by Rattlehead as a trick," an, as I sed it, I tuck off my wig an whiskers, lade off my ole cloths, an thar I was jus like I had lef 'em a weak afore, only a few hundrid better off.

Tha wus the wust lookin set I ever cum cross, an

Hopper fell down, an gun a rollin over an over, an hollerin, like he'd split his throate. Seein as how I had laid it on 'em, tha gub in, an tole me to take off the dog's horns fear sdm wun else mite git lickt the same way. I tuck a nife, and cut the lether, and down tha dropt on the flore.

Nex mornin I offered to pay back the munny to the croud, but tha sed the thing wus too good not to be 'warded fur it, an tole me to keep it. Hopper got his hundrid and wanted to 'vide with me, but I tole him I was satisfied with what I had got.

We wus all settin at Hopper's, talkin 'bout the trick, an wun thing or tuther, an wun feller that happened not to go to see the dog, ses, "oh you 'coodn't fule me, nor trick me nuther; ef you can I'll treat the croud as soon as you doo it." I was 'bout satisfied with tricks fur wun time, but still I didn't like fur a feller to be ganterlizen over me, an was thinken cood I possibly start ennything els 'fore I left fur home. While I wer studyin 'bout what to do I got to walkin 'bout 'hind the counter, this place, that, which, an tuther, pick't up a hammer an tacks, an like too hav swolled 'em, but I didn't, an finally, tole the feller that "I had no time left to doo ennything in the way ov trix, as I wer gwine to start home in a few hours." Gin this time the folks wus walkin 'bout out o' doors, santerin long like so many cranes, so I thought I'd just wake up the sensibility's ov all present, an out I run, an as I run I hollerd out, "FIRE, FIRE, HOUSE 'A FIRE," an away I went streaken it.

When I got bout twenty-five or thirty steps off, I heard sum wun holler too know whar the fire wus, an ses I, "don't kno, I thought sum place mout be a fire

an"—"Who nailed my coat to the counter—my broad-cloth coat, an all the tale tore off"—says the feller that had bin settin on the counter—an he tole the truth too, fur that's what I went roun the counter fer. I nailed it fast, an I—" *Oh it's nuthin, sir, only a trick of Rattlehead's.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

RATTLEHEAD'S BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

I. IN those days came a young man—an author—on his first legs, an in hfs only pare of britches, ambisious fur glory an munny; an with manuscrip in han, he venters to see a publisher, an sez to him, "Here is a field fur my futur glory, an your immedeate gain—take it, an help the neady, aspirin to fame"—his nose is doffed, an concence hurt—go on—go on—farwel, Gotham, an now I'll take a rail-road—whar shal I rest my bones for a moment—"by me, stranger, I like your 'fiz"—an whar do you live?" He gows on, an in time ov nead offurs the helpin han to one with ten thousan charms, an alltogether luvly—at a great expense—but he heals the wound—what a sweet buss, in hope of the time to cum—"oh my wumick is so sick"—deception—lives in the rong story ov the hous—washes the dishes, an sweeps the side walk—bid good farwel to hopes ov fortune—labor is aprepeated—reward ov merrit.

II. Then pills ov life, an bitters ov ashes, come to restore man to the garden of Eadin, an dig his taters—keap out the blackbirds, an swell coat collars—remove dirt frum the stumech, an cool the crow-bar of dispepsy—wash out silks frum hoss-troughs, an kill the everlastin seben yeer ich.

III. Now it happened that a certain man wus blessed

with the fruits of the earth—in sumer—an his hart bein small he kept them, an give not of this plentiful store to his nabers, seein which, tha becum roth, an sed, “while he yet sleeps, we will go by nite an take them, an eat an be filled”—a shot gun is herd to belch foarth, an scatters beans in thar midst—an dogs too, are sent to chastise the rebellious children—bags, baskets, an hanketchers are lef behine—spunc returns an rocks are thrown—the remainedur is devoured an rines are left—the bare of justis decides the injury—a tric—then cums revenge an a fite—“meet me in the dark”—the chimly is his refuge—but yet is insecure—he’s shot—an down he falls.

IV. Here behold the mad bull is turned loose on our toes—an our dishrags—though you have frens that died a sentury agone, one drop of the precus “Antidote” will bring them back in the viger uv life—pain in the slop tub is cured at a glance, an retroversion of clothes-poles is made to quake an trimble—inflammation ov door-hinges vanishes, an pneumony of the stumic is thrust out—fever an ager ov the ink-stan, an cider press, finds here no resting place—nuralgy ov the pot-hooks hides itself in shameful beneficence, an tick me-sum-tu, bids adew to is habitasion, an gows to one hundrid an two—Ash-bank Lane.

V. And it cum to pass, that men full ov feelin an simpaty fur drunkin mortality, tuck a notion too do good after licker wus riz, an tha sed we will quit bad habits, an tel uthers how good we feal, an such was the noise that menny herd, an did likewise too—an euro-sity promptid certin wuns whar dont ware the briches, only when the kan, to say we wish to jine your good wirks, an be led into the secret—behole its dun, an the

pamperd goat is seen to jump with 'zultin force over the systim of frail distructibility, an the spot ov beauty on her blower is knocked crooked—the inferior axletree ov chawin vitality, is bent tuther side—then recuverin frum a mixter of positions, tha brake up an go in serch ov hay-stacks an fether-beds.

VI. Furthermore, in these days of discuvry, the wise men ov the east foun an extrac, whose virtues excels pine knots, an lays ole gridirons in the shade—stafalona ov the wind—er curtens falls like a flash before its power—Iretis of the back-bone is no more to be heard frum, after the milk-strainin—log-rollin fever is silenced, an ten thousan pouns a minit on your sore toe, will have no effce—contortion of the dough-beater is cured by a single dose—rickety mill ponds will stan strait in a night, an lumbago ov school-houses is droven into the groun—rincles ov the face are turned into gold, an lock jaw, ov ten ears standin, rolls slick as greasy leather.

VII. And in those days cum a doctor from Paris, whose name wus not known, an his knolege wus not herd ov by enny save himself alone—walks to the ladder of fame, an sees its high, but ses he'll clime it or perish—his fist hope wus but gloomy, an no good fren to say “go on”—offers his labur fur nuthin, an pays his own way—an when the grate effort wus made, an he wus lookin fur faces, he's still alone—wun rap at the doar gives courage—“oh, nuthin but oysters to sell”—that ear, tho dull, wus asked to list fur pay—it is dun—an wun step is taken up the ladder—an another—still more—an now the hight has bin attained.

VIII. Balsam wus seven days ole when he begun to

rain, an his name went like fire in stubble, through the green States ov Amarikey—evry wird whar fell from his lips was believed, an thus he cried unto the peeple, “give ear all ye afflicted—*‘tis found at last’* the preserver ov your lives, no longer need you fear, you need never die”—yes it’s good, it cures palsy of the liver, and congestion ov fense rails—dropsy ov the spit-boxes fleas at its cuming—an idiosyncrasy ov the byou’s is heard of no more—lungs that ar decayed an lost ar replased by new an beautiful edifices, that shall last as long as cedar rails endures—circumnavigation of the eyeballs will no more be known, when this powerful magic shall hav bin scatterd to the fore winds ov the rye-patch.

IX. Behold in his young days he was tole ov ghost tails, an mud tarapins in sunny weather—his vision was full ov fancy, an he giv ear to strange sounds—years passed on an nuthin wurse than turkey buzzards ever crost his rode—then he gits bold, an bids defiance to snails, an hob-goblins no longer has enny terror fur him—his sweet lady is charmin, an keeps him til a late hour—“oh what do I see—am I hanted—away with fear, death or victory”—an a knife is drawn—he rushes forward, pierces it to the heart agin an agin—oh fudge, an ole stump or root of a tree—boldness increases—a fren is lost—an agin he’s hanted—an agin he rushes on the enemy—a stump? no, an ole sow, whose ours of repose he has broke—gits on his back, an jerks him crazy—good.

X. Now it cum to pass, that the “*Universal suffill-er-age*” crost the big pond an landid at New York—he proclaims having gone roun the earth, an kotch two tadpoles—never will furgit Bryant’s tobacur

patch, near which he foun the herb “blow ye the trumpet blow”—Syracuse is foun to be a place whar the pigs grunt, an geese have long slender necks—thar application is, “*Universal*”—knock knee’d colic is cured in ten minits—an bandy shanked typhus inflammation ov the shoe-soles loses its existance frum wun application—good fur sore conscience—an wares out rumatys ov the Legislatur.

XI. Then cum a steamboat an sed “I am boun fur the upper cuntry, an wood gladly hav you go that way, we hav on board, not milk, wine, an huney, but whiskey, beef, and taters—will you cum go along with us?” tha go aboard, fur then no choice tha had—a cross ruler is on the vessel—an the passengers cry aloud for redress—five dollars is offerd to ring the bell to his harts content—accepted—an now a work, not ov a minit is begun—the continuance of its tolling makes a storm rize in the ruler’s countenance—orders quietude—lo! it gits no better fast—he pleads—in vain—offers to return the cash with usury—nay—tribble the amount is made clear—an the wirl goes on the same way.

XII. It cum to pass after this that the children ov Adam an Eve wept aloud, saying:—“Cole wather is cummin, an behold we hav no hair whar-with to cuver our beds, while uthers hav plenty, an pay Barbers to hav it taken away.” Then arose wun out uv the Quaker Citty, a man ov titles, an offerd a force to relieve the wants ov slick heads, an candidates fur matrimony—how tha shood bless his name—only put sum uv it on a bootleg, an hair fur paddin ov saddles is produced, an empty pockets will be plenty as hen-teeth—apply it too the sides ov steep mountains, an behold how it will grow til you can thar-by work your way up.

XIII. Moreover thar lived in a small village East ov the Mississippi River, an West ov the Cumberland Mountains, a lady ov lands, an kinky-heads, who tride to devour the male population in that region—all efforts to change her purpose, seemed in vain—the wirl wer weepin—then cum “Rattlehead,” the fren ov the good an true—an interposed fur the unfortunate—his skeleton’s ghastly look—his inscription in letters ov fire made her swoon away—returning to consciousness, she cries fur mercy—a *lesson is taut* her—she’s united in wedlock an trowsers—a happy life—a happy wife—a happy husban—and a gal-baby, called—“*David Rattlehead.*”

XIV. Then cum the red man ov the forest, an speaks mysteries—his spirit is brooding over the man ov Nater—“Go, ye, an git into a tub ov water, an you will see sights by moonshine,” an whatsoever tha say, go ye an do it—he chokes up wid de big swallers, an opens his mouth to hear the news—he grasps it eagerly, an puts into execution—the compound is produced—doctors, you are not wanted longer—it cures you ov the chills, an makes wheat from flour—way-lays rale-rides—stops up the hall ov records, an kills delireum tremens ov the ankle joints—sweeps out the hog-pen—screws on the brain to tha heel, and storms the fort ov pleurisy ov the briches-pocket.

XV. And durin them days, it cum to pass, that school-teachers wer wanten, to teach them whar didn’t kno, an it moreover did pass that speeches wus made, licker wus drinked, the Pasin did zort, an wun the prise—camp-meetin approaches, an much good is dun—the horn is blode—the mush doth fly—Polly Brogan squalls—a row is raised—the crowd disperse in a hurry an the Pasin rides off the sway back mare, streaken it.

XVI. Zack Williams in the days of big muster, did stonish much people, by braggin on his Bay Filley’s runnin; an lo! an when tha cood doo no better, tha sought help—an ox, tho ov umbley berth—is brot in all his horrid shapes, an flyin cullers—the filly cant cumit—go—an still she looks on with amazement—the ox is near out, bellerin as he goes—the rattle-trap is put in action—the filly moovs like an arrow, but too late to win the prize—into the gully goes ole Red—an quickly after him—the filly—thar wus a pile—Higgins’s George—the ox—Zack’s Filley, an all together.

XVII. And in those days that darkenes follered light, thar wus to be foun a man who whipt his wife—he heeded not reason, an let pass her cries for mercy—a travler wus passin by an offers to stop it—“go on”—a corn-shucken thar wus, whar tha met—supper wer over—hot-water ordered—in goes a leg—but it wus wood—no harm—another—it wus flesh—“oh!” my wife I’ll whip no more—“forgiv me”—he’s cured.

XVIII. Now it happened that he went into a far cuntry, an as he traveled, he tired, an did stop to rest—an he received poor treatment, at the hands ov his lanlord, an his beast fared no better—he stopt to see, wood it grow better or wus—thus past twenty days, an twenty nites—fare yet bad—a barl ov sider—fine, wus in the seller, from which could be drawn wine and sider at one time—’twas dun—an horse-fun redddy—away goes travler—in debt—an the keeper—cross the barl—holden fast.

XIX. Then cum a hoss-doctor with his gray baird, an long hair, an sed, “Why not immagine man an beast the same—tha are—my liniment will cure all—take it—put it on—or rub it down—all pains, whether ov wood

ur flesh, curl thar tails, an take a shower-bath—hair too, frum rocks, are made to grow, an elephants are made frum bed-bugs, by its use."

XX. In the day of making merry, tha wer exceeding happy—sweet meats flurished roun, an whisky is made to sparkel—the quilt is out, the corn is gethered—bee-hunting tales are tole, an hot pokers, pay the fools in thar own coin—speach-making—he falls—the water ketches him—"oh! drowned rat—dry yourself—an gub it up fur to nite"—take snuf an the rain shall fall frum below—"che—che—cha—oh! take away your cayanne pepper."

XXI. And in those times, one thar wer, who liked not "Rattlehead," fur killin his swine, an he prepared a supper, an sed unto uthers, "Cum an pertake," an lef him not 'vited—"boys, a fren I want, in time ov nead"—"we ar with you"—the supper is missen, an, oh! what a noise—a race ansues—a plan is laid—"rush, my fellers, rush"—yes you'll ketch—ketch—a—a fall cross that grape vine in due time—pop—pu—oh!—over tha go—who turned up *jack*.

XXII. Now, while he yet tarried, a miser is complained of—a lesson is to be taught—all frustrated—saddles ar fallin—good night—eve-dropper, mark me—you'll see the elephant yet—far-wel to Kaintuckey—or Green River—a race for a drink—hold on to your bricks—murder—stop thief—an—thar I lef him.

XXIII. Moreover the famine was hard to beat, an menny thar be who sufferd imposition, detected in them who might hav liv'd honorable—how is the evil to be remedid—oun hundrid dollars ar offerd to be taken—"go on—go on"—"my childrin ar starvin an necked"—I say so too—I am sick—I say, I'm sick—good by

—you've got me—another—an—another—an *five* closes the scene.

XXIV. Therefore having no furdur bisness at that place, he—tuckd't wid a leavin fur—down the river—an the storm raged while he wus yet eatin his dinner—an when tha landid at the mouth ov the river, he got oft an walk't fur—"too be a dooin"—a ratlin ov bells am heard an—he hears it—agin it rattles, an him ar lef on—shore—grocery-keepin an—gits tired agin—"whar's your trix?" A pile of menny—two dollars fur a dog, an—the barber's bill—makes a *show*—rite side up—"oh! whar's my tale"—thar it lays on the counter.

XXV. The struggle is over, my readers—farewell once more; many hard trials may yet await me, ere I shall again meet you. When I meet you next it will be in something else.

But now, once more, adieu; and may fair winds and bright skies attend you, through the many ups and downs of this god-forgetting world; may you, sometimes, when whiling away a gloomy hour by reading a detail of my struggles in life, think of me, with one feeling of emotion; and may you never know one moment's sorrow, is the heart's most ardent desire of your

Obedient Servant,

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