

RATTLEHEAD'S TRAVELS.



"The old gander held on to his holt, and went 'FLIB FLAB' from side to side, as they went streaking it through the air"—Page 81.

RATTLEHEAD'S TRAVELS:

OR, THE

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACKWOODSMAN,

THAT HAS TRAVELLED MANY THOUSAND MILES ON THE HIGHWAY
OF HUMAN DESTINY; BROUGHT ABOUT A REVOLUTION IN
DOMESTIC HAPPINESS; AND EFFECTED A GENERAL
SHAKE-UP OF CREATION.

BY

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(THE MAN OF SCRAPES.)

AUTHOR OF

"THE ARKANSAW DOCTOR," "RATTLEHEAD'S CHRONICLES," ETC.

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TO
JAMES H. BYRN, ESQ.,
OF TENNESSEE,

These Pages

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH THE KINDEST REGARDS

OF

THE AUTHOR.

1*

PREFACE.

FELLOW-HUMANS AND DESCENDANTS OF ADAM:

WHAT is the use for me to write a long piece in the first of my book to convince you that it is worth reading? No use in it; so you will please not look for it, and then you won't be disappointed. I have no claims on the public, only the price of the book, which the publisher will be apt to get, or he won't sell it.

Do you want to know why I wrote this book? If you do, it's not hard to guess; but still I'll tell you. I wrote it to make money; and, if I am not disappointed, I will do it.

While I think of it, and for want of something else to say, I'll tell you something more. I have one or two other things I am going to bore you all with before a hundred years: the next thing will be "Rattlehead Popping the Question," rather rough to bore with, but I am going to try it.

Now, I've said what I wanted; you can say what

you want when you get through reading the book. But I hope you won't let me hear it if you say anything bad. If you say anything good, just put it in the newspapers, will you, and much oblige your friend,

RATTLEHEAD.

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RATTLEHEAD'S TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

FALLING OVERBOARD WITH MY ARMS FULL.

AIR.—*The forest was my home.*

"Adieu, my friends, bowth bears and wolves,
Wild cats, coons, and alligators;
Say, what's the charge for going up?
The fare, I know, is beef and 'taters.

"MURDER! run here, for the blood is freely flowing;
What have you done to a fellow man?
Ah, its false, and straight ashore you're going,
Where with wild beasts you can try your hand.

"My child is sick, Oh, who can find a doctor?
'Who's trunk is this?' 'Mine, sir, and what's your wishes?'
'Come on a mission to—mend the cradle rocker.'
Here's big-bugs, no mistake—and scales without the fishes.

"Open the door and let me out, I pray,
My clothes are gone, and money lost:
The raging storm may last all day,
But I will sleep while we are tost."

RAWBONED TRAVELLER.

ON a hot and sultry day in the month of September, I bid adieu to my friends in Arkansaw, where I had been living for some time, and went to a landing on the Mississippi River, for the purpose of going up the country by the way of Louisville, Cincinnati, and thence to Philadelphia and New York, for the purpose of at-

tending my second course of lectures. I had not been living there so long for nothing, for I had learned some little about medicine, as well as learning how to fight wild animals, and thought myself a considerable doctor, when compared with—nobody else. It was quite a trying thing to leave those who, though not relatives, were the best and truest friends I had ever met, those who had stood by me in every moment of peril and danger; but it was necessary, and I bore it like a man.

I took with me very few things in the way of clothing, only what I could get into a small trunk, knowing I could obtain them much cheaper when I got to some city. At that time there were but few boats running, and I had to wait two or three days before getting one going where I wished. During this time I became greatly wearied, worn out, tired, and was sick of traveling before going further. Finally, the right one came along, and without asking a single question regarding the fare or price, I rushed aboard, happy for getting any sort of a boat to take me away.

When I got on, I found the old boat had as much as she could say grace over in the way of passengers, and freighted down to the guards. The passengers consisted of a lot of emigrants going to settle in the "up country," a large quantity of fools and negroes, and some few ladies and gentlemen, among which crowd was to be found—"RATTLEHEAD."

The captain was proud in thinking he was making five thousand a trip at low water mark: the emigrants talked and jabbered like a parcel of geese, and thought of "better times coming;" the fools and negroes sat around on boxes and barrels smoking cigars, drinking whiskey, and cared for nobody only "plenty to eat and

drink for a lifetime;" the ladies and gentlemen grumbled no little at the rough fare and slow travel, and wished they were "where they were going," while the cook slept over herself, and gave us late meals and Irish potatoes for desert.

Thus we went snorting up the river in the "old high pressure," and it would be an insult to say there was not material in abundance for "fun alive" and "mosquito gouging" on that boat. Although I did not weigh more than a hundred and fifty ton gross measure, I felt and believed, as strong as owl grease, that I was the biggest man on that craft, because I was a doctor. I had been penned up so long in the swamps and canebrakes with wild beasts, that I felt forty times larger than I would under any other circumstances have done, flying across the Atlantic Ocean in a steam saw-mill.

I took a berth in the state-room, A No. 1, third story up stairs, in the basement, after the wheel-house, on deck, in the cabin, before the fire-place; and of course, was finely situated for hearing what noise there was going.

In the state-room, there were two berths, one above and one below, and as the boat was crowded, every place was full. The upper berth had been taken before I got aboard, and I soon found that the occupant would prove a troublesome customer for a long voyage, as the chains running from the pilot house to the rudder passed over his head, which I suppose had not been greased since the boat was made, and every time it moved, such another screeking and rubbing—oh, git out, it was worse than a cart-wheel on a dry axletree, like old "Owens" used to have in the fall o' the year hauling

in hickory nuts, and the fellow would be waked up, and out he jumpt more than twenty times a night on the floor, smashing up my new hat that I bought off of a "trading boat," and paid two dollars for it in clean cash, and then bawling worse than if he were thunder struck with a piece of iron.

I let him go on for a while, and did not want to say anything about it, but at last I got so mad and sleepy, I could endure it no longer, so says I to him, "What are you after, getting out so much after going to bed? If you want to sit up, do it, or else go to bed and stay there."

"Wy, sar, the boat keeps cracking and twisting like it would brake, and I want to be ready for swimmin."

"Well, sir, you had better lie still and not be kicking up such a noise, or certain as you live I'll get tired of it."

Notwithstanding all the talk I could make use of, he got worse instead of better. I could get no sleep with him in there, and I sat to work thinking how I would get him out. About the time that I knew the captain would be on watch, I waited for a chance, and just at the moment that he jumped out, I screamed equal to a railroad whistle, "Murder, murder! Come here, come here, quick!" and as I said it, I knocked myself a "joe-darter," slap dab on the nose, and the blood rolled rite out o' me. The fellow of course opened the door, and by that time the captain had got there, and says he, "What does this all mean?" and I was still hallooing the louder. The fellow said he did not know, but the captain knew a man would not bawl that way late in the night, fore day, for nothing, and told him to stand his ground until a light come.

When the captain came in to where I was, he saw a great long carving-knife (that I had brought from the pantry on purpose), my hat mashed flat as a hoe-cake, and the blood just pouring from me in streams. I gave him to understand that the fellow was trying to kill me, get my money, and slip off the first time the boat landed.

In this state of excitement, the captain did not observe that the blood was issuing from my nose, and thought that I was right. Before the fellow had time to say "Jack Robinson," with his mouth open, he was informed that he must go ashore.

A mile or two around the bend was a woodyard, and there the boat stopped, and off went my troublesome companion.

While this was going on, I checked the bleeding from my nose, washed off nicely, and had two pieces of adhesive plaster up and down my neck over *the wound*. Everything now became quiet, the passengers all went to bed again (who had heard the cry of murder and run out in the greatest confusion), and I fell into a sweet repose, and would have slept all next day had I not been waked up by the kind captain to see how *my wounds were*.

Next morning, while at breakfast, the boat landed for the purpose of taking on some passengers, and though feeble "from my recent wounds," I went forward deek to see what sort of looking creatures they were. It was nothing else but a lady with pouting rosy lips, the sweetest face, and two children, you ever heard of.

She was so all bilin pretty, that I just licked out my tongue, for my mouth watered powerful. I was not the

only one that noticed her beauty, for I saw a whole boat-load looking at her like she had been put up for a show, and one middle-aged, middle-sized, middling good-looking man stared at her like she had been the new moon in a flax patch, and somebody said he was a widower who had lost his wife a year or two previous. I saw how the thing was working, and I thought to myself, and didn't let nobody hear me, that "I wish I may meet Tom Wilson at the wrong side of a toll-gate, on the turnpike road, if I don't have some fun before we reach Cincinnati."

The old fellow saw me looking at the dear little creature like I might fancy her, and that made him more anxious to have a smile from her angel countenance. He went and put on a clean pair of pantaloons, vest, and coat, slicked up his hat, brushed his teeth, and paid a dime to bootblacker. I curled my hair, picked up a fiddle and played a tune or two real nice, and looked over at her sweet as a sugar-house. We both strutted around like roosters going to fight, and the good lady looked at us, thinking, "What fools men can be when they try."

He wanted to get into the ladies' cabin, and I wanted to get there too, but neither of us went. That night at a little past seven o'clock, something took place on that boat most remarkable—what do you think it was?—"Rattlehead got a licking," says you, "or a limb broke." No sir-e, but I got the ice of fear and hope broke by the captain; the fair one sent for him, and said her child, the youngest one, was sick. Directly he come walking up the hall, and says he "Whose trunk is this marked DOCTOR RATTLEHEAD?" Now's my time: "It's mine, captain; what do you want?"

"There is a sick child in the ladies' cabin; will you please to go in and see it?"

"Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure."

I went in, and the young fellow was blating manfully sure enough. I examined him carefully, then went and prepared some medicine for him, which I had in my trunk, sat down by him and watched his symptoms. While I was doing this, I was also attending to something—to something else. It was a fine opportunity for talking to the mother, and I did not let it pass unimproved.

I learned that she was a young widow, twenty-two years old, the mother of two children, and a large amount of property, and living near Memphis, Tennessee.

I learned also, from the way she smiled when she looked at me, and laid her hand *accidentally* on my shoulder occasionally, that her husband had been dead long enough for her to be in the market again.

Secing that she was so desirable, I talked fast, thought hard, and looked as pleasing as a basket of chips of a cold morning. The middle-aged man was sitting down in the gentlemen's cabin, sighing worse than a horse with the "grubs," and looking cannonballs and firebrands at me, and wishing it were himself.

Although the child was not dangerously ill, I told the mother that it needed my attention and my presence; she skipped round like a king "*Bumble Bee*" in a brush-heap, and said "she thought so too," and she did look most tarnal pleasin when she said it, I tell you, and I jist thought I'd lose my toe nails, but I didn't. I told her where I was going, and how long I would be absent; she gave me her address, and desired me to

write to her during my sojourn in the east, and call on her on my return. I of course promised to do so. Many other things were talked of in general, nothing in particular, but I felt comfortable all over, the whole time.

Things continued thus until bedtime that night, when I pronounced the child much better, got up and was bowing politely to retire, and so she says, "Oh, he's better I know, but you will come and see me and the baby in the morning, won't you, doctor?" and "jemes-e-s river," how she fairly gave me the cold trimbles when she said so, for she rolled them big black eyes o' hers like I never read of in novels, newspapers, or nowhere else. "Yes, madam, I shall be happy to call if its your pleasure."

"My pleasure? oh, it would be too ungrateful if it was not my *greatest* pleasure, you have been so very kind, indeed."

"Thank you, thank you; good night, pleasant dreams, Mrs. —."

"And you the same, doctor, and I know you cannot have any other but sweet dreams, you have such a pleasant disposition."

She fairly made my "gizzard" jump, talking to me so loving like, but I managed to get to my berth safe and sound.

Next morning I renewed my calls, and was a regular attending physician to both mother and child for two days, during which time I paid the greatest amount of attention to the mother, thus completely monopolizing the trade. On the morning of the third day we were nearing the point where the dear creature was going to get off, and I could not help feeling incredibly bad,

from some cause, and I candidly believe it was because she was going to leave the boat, and leave me too. I went in to see her before she left, to tender her my kindest regards. She expressed great gratitude for my timely aid in relieving her child, and offered to pay me, but that I would not accept.

While standing there talking to her the bell began to ring, announcing that the boat was going to land, and just at that moment the captain came in and told the lady to be ready, as the boat would land in a few moments, at the place she desired to get off. She was soon ready, and when the boat stopped, as a matter of gallantry, and pleasure, I proposed taking the child which had been sick, in my arms, and escort her safely on shore; it was a bargain, and out we went, on a narrow plank, laid for the purpose, from the boat to the shore; the porter in front with the trunk, the mate with the oldest child, a beautiful little girl three years old, the good lady herself next in order, carrying her beautiful face and sweet pouting lips, and I in the rear with the sick child in my arms.

The others had all got on land safe, and were standing waiting for me as I walked slowly and carefully with the dear little sick boy, lest I might fall. When I got near the middle of the plank I heard some one, and I thought it was the captain, hollow out as loud as life would let him, "Look out there, 'boat is swinging, plank is falling, make h——."

"Oh, my child!"

"The doctor's gone!"

"Man overboard!"

"Run out the yawl."

"Haul in the cable."

"A lick on the starboard; stop her."
 "Oh, my child and the doctor!"
 "Bu-oh—hold on a minute, take holt here!"
 "The boat's on fire!"
 "We've run on a snag!"
 "Boiler's a busting!"
 "Where's my trunk, John?"
 "My life-preserver—blow me up!"
 "What's the matter?—get out o' the way here!"
 "What are you doing?"

"Run here, Jack"—and such another like you never didn't hear, for me and that child had gone down, plank and all, under the boat in about fifteen feet water, a stiff current, and the waves rolling as large as a smoke-house.

It was one of those times that "tries men's souls, and children's too," and for near ten minutes I thought I was "a goner," but I held on to the child all the time, for what would my life be worth to the "pretty widow," and her child lost. At last the yawl reached us, and we were landed in safety. There was no time left for making apologies on the one hand, or crying on the other, for the captain cried out, "all aboard," ling, ling, ling went the bell, and I only had time to say "good-by, I'll write to you"—the whole crowd listening, heard me, and they fairly made the old boat rattle, for they burst right out in one of the most "rip-snorting" laughs all at once, that ever I run into in my days—and I rushed aboard as wet as a drowned rat, and bare headed, for I had lost my hat in the rounds.

The fair one stood there to see the last of me, so I run back behind the wheel house, feeling worse than a grizzly bear in Jerusalem. She waved her white han-

kercher, and I made motions for where my hat ought to be but it wasn't there, and then I couldn't stand it any longer, but rolled off in a hurry to my berth.

By dinner time I had got on dry clothes, borrowed an old hat from the captain, and come out into the hall.

The first thing that I laid eyes on was that "middle aged man" who had been so much smitten with the young widow, and soon as he saw me, he bawled right out one of the biggest, longest, loudest, keenest laughs that ever come out of human nater.

My first thought was to walk straight into him with a sledge-hammer, pistol, or bowie knife, but then I knew he wasn't worth killing, and let him alone, for it was against my rules to kill anybody, for small things or big ones either. I then thought, if a favorable opportunity offered, I would pay him off in salt and onions, but I did not want to start a row on the boat, for I was a stranger.

As it was warm weather, most of the passengers slept with their room doors open, and among the number was my friend that laughed at me. That night, after every person had gone to bed, I was thinking what to do, and so I got up and went to his room—he snored mighty loud, like he was used to it—and after taking out his trunk and all his clothes, I locked his room doors—there was no one else in that room then—and took the key.

I managed to hide his trunk and clothes among the boxes, barrels, &c., and then I threw the key away into the river. I then lay down and slept quietly all night.

When I waked next morning there was some loud talking, grumbling, knocking, and no getting out, going

on at that fellow's room, certain. I wish you had been there, to hear that man fastened up in his state-room, his trunk and clothes all gone, and him making more noise than the old boat. After a while the captain come down, and asked the man why he didn't open the door and come out. "He said he couldn't, for the key was gone, as well as his trunk and clothes."

The captain could not believe such a tale, and told the man that he was drunk, or wanted to make a fool of himself, and told the passengers to let him alone, and when he got sober he would come out himself; if not he might stay there, for he was not going to break open a door for any man.

Whether the man went to sleep, or what he done I don't know, but he stopped his noise and I heard nothing more of it for five or six hours after, when we got on a sand-bar a few miles below Louisville.

When the boat struck there was considerable creaking, reeling, children crying, the captain cursing, bells ringing, &c., which made not only the poor man locked up in his room, but every one on board, think "something had happened."

During the greatest confusion, and the captain the madest at the pilot for bad management, this man in his room commenced the most pitiful moans, the loudest groans, and sharpest cries, that ever rolled over a steam-boat since they were invented.

The captain hearing him, come rushing down, and told him if he didn't stop his noise he would have him taken out and put into the river. The fellow quieted down again and remained so until another boat come along going to Cincinnati, and fearing that we would not get off soon from the bar, several of us left the boat

and went on the other, and were soon borne away from the scene of action, leaving the "middle-aged man" fastened up in his state-room, at liberty to laugh as much as he wished at Rattlehead, and get out when the captain got into a good humor, which I suppose was not soon, for the boat lay there aground nearly twelve hours, as I afterwards saw it stated in the newspapers.

Next day we arrived at Cincinnati. I remained there only a few hours, and then proceeded to Sandusky City per railroad. I there embarked on board a fine steamer for Buffalo, having in my charge two ladies, one an elderly lady, the other a beautiful and accomplished Miss of sixteen or seventeen, entrusted to my care by a Rev. gentleman in Cincinnati.

It was a dark and gloomy morning, the clouds were hovering over the lake in countless numbers, saying, as it were, to the sturdy sailor, "come not o'er the bosom of these waters, for it portends evil." Notwithstanding this, at eight o'clock in the morning we left the quiet little city of Sandusky, to battle against what might come.

We were some five miles from land, when suddenly everything was hidden in darkness; the thunder roared, the wind blew, the lightning flashed, the waves rolled, the steamer tossed, the women cried, the children screamed, the captain raved, the sailors worked, the old men prayed, some were sea-sick, and I rather didn't feel comfortable, went into my room, lay down, and went to sleep by means of taking a teaspoonful of chloroform, for I didn't want to be awake if I was to be drowned.

I suppose I must have nearly died, for I did not wake until about four o'clock in the afternoon, just before night, and when I went out in the hall everybody said

there had been one of the worst storms that was ever seen on the lake, but I didn't know anything of it 'till it was all over.

Owing to the gale we did not reach Buffalo before nine o'clock next morning. Nothing else very remarkable happened me on my journey, so I won't tell you about it, but bid you "good-by" until we meet again.

CHAPTER II.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.

Could I stop to think awhile,
How often I would save my pile;
But my hair, like the porcupine,
Is straight before, and curled behind;
So I must go with a rush and splatter,
And never mind what is the matter.
Sometimes in luck and sometimes not,
Sometimes 'gouged,' and oftin shot.

MAJOR CHAIRBOTTOM.

By the middle of October I had secured me a matriculation ticket in the medical college, and selected a respectable boarding-house. I was determined, if possible, to behave myself to the best of my abilities during the winter, for I was further from home than I had ever been before, and it was the time when I wanted two more letters added to my name, viz., M. D. (miserable dog), and to prove successful I knew I had to apply myself to hard study—all the tricks that I could start I was well aware would not give me a "diploma," and more than that I did not want to have a "diploma," unless I had the knowledge to honor it when an opportunity offered.

I went strolling through the college every day, before the regular lectures commenced, and though surrounded

by a crowd all the time, I felt rather lonesome, for they were all strangers to me.

I spoke to any and every one as though I was acquainted with them, thinking it was all right, as we were students together. I noticed, frequently, that some of the young men looked rather hard at me when I was asking them such questions as the following: "What State are you from? What college do you attend this winter? Is it your first or second course? Do they 'quiz' a fellow pretty hard at this college?" &c. &c. But, if I mistake not, I saw a man looking and thinking a little of the hardest at me one day, that ever frail mortality witnessed, just because I asked him the same questions.

It happened that I had been in the college and was going out, and when I got to the door I saw a man standing by himself and looking like he had lost all his friends and kinfolks, or was a long ways from where he used to be, when he wasn't there, and nobody to feel sorry for him.

It struck me in a moment that it was some poor disconsolate backwoodsman, like myself, a long ways from home, so I thought I would say something to him. I went up to him—I thought he looked rather old for a student—but what business had he there if he was not a student, and says I to him, "How are you, sir?" He looked at me and said politely, "Good morning!" "I thought so, he's a whole-souled warm-hearted southerner"—"What State are you from?"

"Pennsylvania, sir."

"Are you going to attend lectures here this winter, or do you think of attending some other place?"—and he said nothing but tried to laugh; finding he could not,

he seemed to get mad, for he was turning mighty red about the face and eyes, and behind the ears.

Thinking he was a student of another school, I tried to turn it off by saying to him, "Is this your first or second course?" Oh, mol put the kettle on—he looked mader and reder, plump down to the end of his fingers, than ever. I did not know what to make of it, and there we both stood looking like two cats going to fight over a chicken "gizzard," and some half dozen students standing close by, looking at us.

I thought I would make another start at him, and see would he talk; I did not want to insult a stranger, and had not intended to do it, had merely spoken friendly to him. My next attempt was "Do they 'quiz' the students here pretty hard in the spring, just before graduation?"

"Yes, a little of the hardest, perhaps, you have ever heard of, more especially when they are 'quizzing' those that like to 'quiz' others!"

And out he walked, leaving me standing there. I scarcely had time to think anything before up walked the students, and one of them that had learned my name said, "Rattlehead, you are in for a tight time of it next spring."

"Why?" says I.

"Because you have just been talking to one of the professors like he was a mere boy, and he will remind you of it yet, mind if he don't."

"Now, I have diddled it with a dough-beater. I expected so; always my lot to be in a scrape of some kind." If I had not matriculated, I should have left the college and went somewhere else; but I saw my name was registered, and then I was in for it—to go

home with a dogskin, instead of a sheepskin the next spring.

Though I felt so bad I would not let the students detect it, for I knew they would talk about it all winter, but calmly remarked to them "That the professor and I were so well acquainted he would not notice my jokes."

I ascertained where the professor lived; what his name was, and at my earliest convenience, which was not longer than a day or two afterwards, I called on him to apologize for my rudeness. He was very much hurt, indeed; and though I tried to gas him all I could, it would not do. I told him it was his young appearance that made me think he was a student. Still, he looked as "grum" as a toad of a cold morning. Seeing that he would not make the thing up, and knowing I was innocent of any intention to hurt his feelings, I got mad, and then I tell you there is no more apologizing in me. I got up—no, I didn't, for I hadn't sot down—but I put on my hat, which I had in my hand, and was sorry I had taken it off, and says I to him, "Now, Mr. Doctor Professor, I have done everything that one gentleman should require of another, and you are still mulish, and I wish I may swallow an alligator alive, if you may not stay so; and, more than that, I don't believe you are fit for a professor, nohow. I'll bet a ginger cake agin a dozen eggs that there is twenty men in Arkansaw that can lick you to death;" and out I went, determined to attend that college, determined to graduate and make him ashamed of living, of his conduct towards me, and sorry that he ever saw "Rattlehead;" the man than whom there is not a more steadfast friend, or unconquerable enemy.

But as you will see, before I close, how the affair ended, I will not say more on the subject, at present.

I made it a point to "post up" well on his branch; so that "quiz" hard he might, when he got me in the green-room. He saw how closely I attended his lectures, and I believe he was getting ashamed of himself; but I cared nothing for him then, whether he was mad, glad, sorry, or in a good humor.

Each professor had his private room in the college, which he was in the habit of going into, just previous to giving a lecture, and immediately after, and if any of the students had business with him, that was the time for seeing him. Nearly every day there was a number of students in the rooms of the different professors, trying to get a shake of their hands, and glance of their eyes, that they might know them on the trying day. It was not long before both students and professors knew me, and I did not often put myself to the trouble of going to their rooms, for them to know me; they knew me too well after I had attacked one of them as a student.

By close attention to the lectures and orderly conduct (which is none too prevalent in medical colleges), I secured the "good feelings," and formed an intimate acquaintance with every professor, except the one that I had the scrape with in the commencement.

There is no telling what an influence I exerted over the faculty by telling them "that I lived in the far South, was acquainted in fifteen States, and could send a large number of students to the school where I graduated."

Knowing that one vote could not reject me, I felt a little independent as regarded the "would-be student

of a professor." He was a good lecturer; but I did not like one way he had of doing, which was, "writing down his lecture before delivering it;" it seemed as if it would be such an easy matter for him to take it out of some book. When his hour arrived for lecturing, he came walking in with his lecture under his arm in an old "portfolio," as grave as a tombstone.

On one occasion when he was going to deliver a most important lecture, his room, just previous to the lecture, was unusually crowded; and though I did not like him, and scarcely ever went near him, I went in on that day.

It had been announced, a day or two before, that the important lecture would be delivered at that time.

In going round the room, I observed that he did not notice I was there; and, after remaining a short time, I went out. It was scarcely five minutes before his lecture commenced, but, in that short time, I had been over and through several parts of that building, and when he came in was at my usual seat in his lecture-room. He was applauded more than usual as he entered, and he walked up the steps of the rostrum as proud as a "guinea chicken in an oat patch."

He took out his *handkercher*, and cleaned his throat, as much as to say, "this is my best effort, give ear all ye who seek knowledge."

After these little preliminaries, he opened the old portfolio and got out his lecture. He made a few off-hand remarks, and then took up his regular written lecture. He went on, I suppose, for near two minutes, in the most eloquent strain you ever heard. Shakspeare is nowhere compared to him—and about that time he could not hear himself "holler," the students were

cheering him so loud, stamping feet, rattling canes, and whistling through their fingers, so he was getting to look like he was "hog and homonyfied," and couldn't say another word, for he found, instead of reading his own lecture, he was reading a piece prepared by "Rattlehead," from the play of *The Hunchback*.

I gave it a *medical* start, as you will see, and then gave a little from "Scene II., Act IV.," of that celebrated play. It run as follows:—

"Medical science is that, the
Most loved and cherished of
All professions; and though
Fraught with toil and danger,
Let me intreat you to go on in
Its pursuits. It will lead you
To honor and distinction.
'Hapless, indeed, that's twice captive! heart
And body both in bonds.' But that's the chain
Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch
Define the texture of, or eye detect;
That's forged by the subtille craft of love!
No need to tell you that he wears *it*. Such
The cunning of the hand that plied the 'spatula'—
You've but to mark the straining of his 'tooth-pullers'
To feel the pain yourself."

"Huzza! huzza! rattle, rattle, bim, bim," and if ever you heard the like you must have been there, for it never happened anywhere else.

The professor was looking very strange to be a white man, for he was as red as a lobster after three hours hard boiling. With all his eloquence he could not put a stop to the noise, seeing which he bowed very politely and left the room in super-grand-disgusto-pointment. It was very evident to the class that the professor had

been "tricked," and he could not have had any other thought than "that he was *badly* tricked himself, and doubtless felt its influence. "*splendid.*"

I never saw a crowd of men enjoy anything better, or a man take it worse, in all my life. By the time the excitement was a little over, the hour for another professor was announced, and thus the affair ended.

The gentleman never made any fuss about it, knowing that he was rather "used up." The way I got into his knowledge-box was this: I had often observed him leaving his portfolio on the table in his room, and when talking to any person he went to his desk near the fire. On the day that I have been speaking of he was very much engaged talking to some of the students, near the fire; and, while he was at this, I went carelessly to the table, throwing my cloak around it, and quickly took out his lecture from the portfolio, and put the one which I had prepared in its place.

He went down to deliver his lecture without observing the change, and so eloquent did he intend to be, that he went on, for some two or three minutes, on the piece which I had prepared, not dreaming that such was the case. I had written only the one page, and had he went on until he come to the end of that, he would have felt much worse; but he saw he was getting into "tooth-pullers and love matters," and, to save time, he stopped to think, and "knocked under" when he got about half through.

There are many things that happened during my stay at college that winter which might be amusing and instructive to many; but as there is so much written, concerning matters and things in large cities, by those who have been raised there, I will only give my process of

examination at the close of the session, and then we will go on back to Arkansaw, to see the things that I like to write about, for, I think, I would be rather a poor hand to write on city topics, anyhow.

I got along very well through the winter, and believe I had the good-will of all the faculty with the exception of one.

In due time, my "Thesis" was handed in, and the day for commencing a final examination in the "green-room" was appointed by the President of the faculty. We were examined in the same order as we had handed in our "Theses," *i. e.* the real old miller's rule of "first come, first served," and being somewhat anxious to know how I would come out, I had given in mine early, so that I could have my own fun laughing at the rest, if I was successful, and if I was not, I intended to put out home before any one knew it.

Some acted on a different plan, waiting until the last moment, that they might post up a little, and also learn what the first students were "quizzed" on. On the appointed morning, at an early hour, one hundred and thirty or forty candidates for graduation were assembled in the hall of the college to learn their doom—for weal or woe, for happiness or misery, and though I have witnessed many solemn scenes in my life, I do not remember ever to have seen anything half so solemn as the crowd of students were that morning.

One would be going round saying over to himself the botanical names of medicinal plants—"Jalap, calomel and rhubarb, an extract made into pills, and given in solution with *arteria innominati.*" "Ipecac., powdered and dissolved in nitric acid, good for the—extensor muscles."

Another was thinking of Anatomy: "Os flexor carpi membrane, between the pleurisy and back bone, inserted into the scrofulosis of the decidua; corrugator nerve, to extend the—cuneiform artery."

Another was diving through Surgery: "Dislocation of the—blue pill and carditis; tumors, four kinds, adhesive strips, chicken soup, carotid ligaments and—warm water." ["What will he ask me then?"]

Another was on the Practice of Medicine; "Scarlatina fever: symptoms—regurgitation of the sesamoid bones, high febrile excitement in the—expressed juice of the root."

Another on the Diseases of Females: "Hysterics of the—sympathetic synchondrosis, croup, desquamation in the chylopoietic viscera—('what will I tell my dad if I go home without the sheepskin'), and give two pills every two hours, Pityriasis of the ankle joint—" and such another mixed up piece of science was never heard of at any other time; not because the candidates were unprepared, but they were "badly scared," there can be no doubt of that.

As soon as the first one on Class No. 1 was called, the excitement grew worse; every one was holding his watch, if he had one, to see "how long he was in" with the professor. He had scarcely got outside of the door before fifty voices were heard at once, "What did he take you on?"

"What did he ask you?"

"What, ha—how did you say he looked?"

"Was he hard on you?"

"How many questions did you miss?"

"And then what did he say?"

"And what did you say?"

"Hush and listen, be your time next." "Who, eh?" "Boys, its mighty hot in there; how long did he keep me? half an hour?"

"No, only six minutes and a half."

After a length of time it come to my turn, and I can tell you that I felt awful and no mistake; but in I went, and found myself in the presence of the Professor of Surgery. As soon as I entered the room, he looked up at me, laughed, and said: "Ah, my old Arkansaw, I've got you at last, have I? Now I'll give it to you."

I could tell from the good humor he was in, that he would bear joking finely, so when he commenced on me, I made use of that stratagem to meet him in good tune. His first question was, "Mr. Rattlehead, how would you tell that a man had a dislocation at the shoulder joint, or how would you distinguish it from other affections?"

"By his not being a woman, and by the loud bawling he would make use of soon after the accident, the magnetic feeling at the elbow joint, stiff upper lip, and curly hair." (*Laughing.*)

"How many kinds of tumors are to be met with in surgery?"

"All that is not met with in the practice of medicine or obstetrics; generally a great many more than there are good traits in a man's character."

"How would you treat a *colloid tumor*?"

"With hot whiskey punch, ice cream, and strawberries."

Seeing that I had so much fun in me, he continued to "quiz" me as regularly as if I had given the most scientific answers.

"What is inflammation?"

"A feeling as if hot bricks were laid on the part, the flesh too big for the skin, and a color something similar to that of a drunkard's nose or red flannel."

"What are its causes?"

"They are as numerous as a doctor's excuses, may be produced by the application of hot iron, a hickory stick, or bear fight."

"What measures would you resort to for checking it in its early stages?"

"Liquid measure, cloth measure, and the measure of the patient's purse."

"Suppose, Mr. Rattlehead, you were called to see a man that had a fracture of the back bone, what would you do?"

"I would take a *horn*, mount my horse, go by for the preacher and coffin-maker, and tell them I had a job for them, and then—"

"Good by, Doctor, you'll do; tell the next to come in; you may depend on my vote."

I rolled out of there, feeling as big as a poplar stump in an old field, and got ready for the next examination. It was not long until my name was called for going before another professor, and when ushered into his presence, I found it was the Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. I did not dread his branch much, for on that I was well posted, having been compelled to learn how to prepare my own medicines. He did not keep me long, as I answered every question as fast as he could ask them, and from the hearty shake of the hand when I was leaving the room, I knew he would vote for me.

The next one I went before was the Professor of Chemistry. I had as well acknowledge the corn, and tell the honest truth—he did give me particular Jesse,

if ever a poor student got it in this world, or a dissecting-room, and no quibbling or flying off the handle, for he was a straightforward man, and there was no use trying to stuff him with gas, or "saft soap."

I come out from his room rather down in the mouth, but still believed he would vote for me, as I had paid him particular respect during the entire session, and this is one thing that has a powerful effect on all men—and women too.

It was then announced that there would be no more examinations until seven o'clock that evening.

Long before the appointed time, the anxious crowd was on the spot, and none of them earlier than I, for I was the first on the list. When the professors arrived, I was called to appear before the Professor of Diseases of Females and Children. As fortune would have it, he was in a fine humor, and when I went in he asked me "if I was not from the south." I told him that I was. He then asked me many questions concerning medical men and matters in my section of country, and wanted to know if I "could not advance the interests of the college in the south and west?"

I told him most certainly, and not only could do it, but would advance the interest of the school, if I should have the honor of claiming it as my alma mater. (My mammy and daddy in medicine.)

The time was thus taken up for near half an hour, and when he looked at his watch he "dubbed off" by asking me two or three questions of little moment, and saying, "All will be right."

I now had two of the hardest to contend with yet—the Professor of Anatomy, and the one that I had tricked so nicely in the beginning of the session. While

standing there thinking what to say, I was called by the Professor of Anatomy. When I went in he treated me with great politeness for a few moments, but very soon he got down to work, and says he, "Mr. Rattlehead, what is anatomy?"

"The science of organization," says I, quick as thought. He then went on to ask me some other questions, of minor importance, all of which I answered without hesitation. In the course of his examination he asked me some questions relating to the difference in the Negro and the white race. When he asked me that I knew I was "in town with a pocket full of"—*Laud-anum*, to take as soon as they rejected me. In speaking on this subject, it was easy to get on the subject of "slavery," concerning which I had previously learned his sentiments. I kept him deeply interested on that point, until he found I had been in his room near three quarters of an hour, bid me "God speed" in my noble calling, and, as I left the room, said "*Good-by, doctor.*"

I then felt confident of my graduation, but still I dreaded the one before whom I had yet to go, for he entertained no good feelings toward me, as I well knew. But as I had to stand it, I summoned up courage sufficient to go into his "*August*" presence, though it was March.

"Do they 'quiz' students hard here?" says he, evidently trying to scare me into a "duck fit" at once. It was the best thing for me that could have happened, for when he said that I got so mad I could have swallowed a "stewed frog," and replied immediately, "Yes sir, if you'll give me a chance, I'll try to 'quiz' you harder than ever you were before." "Very well, have a seat, and we'll try it for awhile; if I recollect right

you once took me for a student; I hope to show you before we are through, the difference between a student and a professor."

"Wreak your vengeance, sir; though it cost my life I would not again offer you an apology. Proceed with your examination."

He thought he would have a rich feast on my carcass, but I was determined if he did, it should cost him as much as it come to, before he was done. I had made up my mind that he would give me a hard rub, and was well posted up on his branch. He commenced on the most difficult point he could think of, but I was with him—I answered almost before he got through with his question. He rallied his forces again, and still I was ready for him. It mattered not what part he went on in his own branch, I was prepared to answer. Very soon he got so much confused that he could think of no hard questions to ask me, and thus he got worse and worse.

He was getting to feel like a "big red rooster who had been whipped by a dominicker hen"—he tucked his head. After having tried me on the most difficult part of his own branch, he went into Surgery, Materia Medica, Physiology, and Chemistry; and finally wanted to go into Natural Philosophy and the Bible, but seeing he was completely run off of the track, I objected to being quizzed on these branches, and told him it was not included in the requisitions of the college, so if he was out of soap I would retire, as I had been detained one hour, and would report him to the faculty for keeping me over time to gratify his own selfish ends.

He saw that he was fairly beat, got up, come over to me and said "he was satisfied, and would vote for

me; hoped I would no longer cherish any unkind feelings toward him, and leave the college crowned with honor, and a steadfast friend of my "Alma Mater."

I agreed to be friendly, and thus we parted.

I went out into the hall and gave three cheers for the college and its professors, felt as large as Sam Bryson at Cooper's still-house, called for the map of a "Doctor's Conscience," (was informed they had no conscience,) crowed over the unfortunate ones that knew not their destiny; then went to my boarding-house, and treated to a "half pint of horse collars."

On the fourth of March I graduated, and in a few days was on my way to "ARKANSAW."

CHAPTER III.

A TURKEY HUNT AND TOOTH PULLING, OR LOVE AND ONIONS ARE FALLING.

'Tis here, my friends, we meet again,
And together laugh at toil and pain.
Come, we must have another hunt,
And if we're hurt, we will not grunt.
"My tooth does ache, but I can't stand
The look of them things in your hand"—
"Oh Sally, dear, I'll show you how,
For the doctor 'll pull my own tooth now—
Oh, my jaw, my jaw is broke,
I thought that it was all a joke;
Now will you look, dear Sal has fainted,
Which never was since we were 'quainted."

MARY FROGPOND.

THERE was nothing of much importance that happened on my return trip to Arkansaw, where I landed in fifteen days after leaving college. When I got home I found things driving on about as they were when I left. Some few had died, others had married, and many were sorry that I had been so long away from them. For several days I could do nothing else but stay at home and receive my friends, for they all come to see me. It made me feel once more at ease, after having spent a long and dreary winter in the north, and I was also confident, that though not in the busy throng that crowd the streets of the eastern cities, I was

in the midst of those who loved me, those who would stand by me in every trying moment, who would weep with me in sorrow, and glory in my prosperity and happiness.

I felt much more like a doctor than when I left the previous fall, and had seen things worth relating, which I did not fail to do for the purpose of amusing my friends.

There was one thing that I much regretted, which was, that Mrs. Hanly, the widow of my old friend John Hanly, had moved away, and gone to some part of Missouri. I remained at the same house, though, that was formerly occupied by Mrs. Hanly, and kept my medicine, &c., in the same old place, as the house was occupied by a very nice family, consisting of the old man and his wife, two sons and two daughters. The boys were rather small, but the girls were what you might call "young ladies," and plaid good looking too; the old man and old woman were mighty talkative, and told me a great tale of what "Kate" and "Lucy" could do on the "spinning-wheel and cooking, picking geese, and early rising."

A week or two after my return, some of the neighbors got together and agreed to have a "squirrel and turkey hunt," as a matter of compliment to me, knowing I was fond of it, and had not been in one in so long a time; and when the day was set for going, they come over and told me of it.

I told them I was glad they had got it up, for I was as ripe for a drive as I ever had been in my life.

It is customary in the backwoods when they set out on any day to kill a particular kind of game, that no one shall kill any other game but that; but on the day that I am alluding to, this rule was suspended,

on account of having a friend with me, who had come more than six hundred miles for the purpose of spending a few weeks in the forest to hunt. He was allowed, as a matter of getting used to it, to kill any kind of game he could find.

On the morning of the appointed day, there was a large crowd gathered at old "*Pete Reynolds's*," and at nine o'clock we all started out on foot. Old Pete took along his big negro "*Tolbert*," to carry the frying pans, poanes of bread, salt, fat, and such other things as are generally carried to the tent on those occasions, and he of course had to ride. There was only one horse up, and that was the "hip-shot sorrel mare," and so Pete told Tolbert to catch her. Tolbert knew where to pitch a tent, and he went on to make ready everything by the time we returned with the game. It was near five miles from Pete's house to where Tolbert struck tent, but we did not care for that.

My young friend (Ducker was his name) seemed in the finest humor I ever saw a man, and in spite of my advice, he would go off and hunt by himself.

I told him if he was not very careful he would get lost, and "woe be to you if you get lost in these woods, for you will starve, or be eat by the varmints before we could find you."

He struck out, and so did all the rest of us, in pursuit of something to shoot at, and before long I heard the guns firing away to my right, and to my left, but I had very poor luck. Twelve o'clock was the hour set to meet at the camp, and the pride of each one was to see who would have the most game. In the course of an hour or two my luck improved, and by twelve o'clock I had reached the camp with as many big turkeys, and

more squirrels, than anybody that was there. The others, one after another, kept dropping in, until all was there except my young friend "Ducker."

They all asked me what I left him for, and I told them I could not persuade him to stay with me. Many expressions of sympathy were manifested, but none of them could feel half so bad on the occasion as me, for I recollected that only a few weeks previous I had promised his mother, a very affectionate lady living in Louisville, Ky., that I would protect her son under all circumstances. And I recollected also that his sister, a lovely young lady of eighteen, with jet-black hair which hung in profusion around her snow-white neck, pearly teeth set in a beautifully shaped mouth, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, had said to me, when leaving her, "my brother is in your hands, if anything happens to him I shall always be unhappy."

This had cast a gloom over our hitherto merry party, and sad, sad indeed was the thought that my poor young friend was then lost, and wandering in the greatest agony through the forest, surrounded by ravenous beasts that would devour him if night overtook him.

We were just preparing to break up the hunt, and go in search of my friend, when we heard some one whooping and hallooing, about a quarter of a mile to the left, like he was lost. We answered him, and in less than half an hour he was with us. He came up puffing and blowing, and without saying a word about being lost, he commenced telling what he had killed. He said that he had killed a deer, a panther, and a turkey, and would have brought them, but they were too heavy. We gave him the praise for his great success in hunting, and as

he said they were not far off, three or four of the stoutest went with him to bring them into camp.

While they were gone the rest of us sat down, and I amused them by telling how people lived in the cities north. They were not gone long until they come back with the game—yes, it was game, and what sort do you think it was? Well, it was nothing else but a two year old *spotted calf*, which Ducker thought was a deer, a whopping big *buzzard* instead of a turkey, and Pete's favorite *black dog* for a panther.

I knew Pete thought "a heap" of his dog, and was afraid he would make a fuss about it, but as soon as the thing was understood he roared out laughing like he would kill himself, and all the crowd joined in, and I think Ducker was the worst whipped man that ever went to Arkansaw.

By this time "Tolbert" had fixed us as fine a dinner as I ever stuck a tooth into, so we sat down and took a real old fashioned backwoods dinner, which I relished greatly, for I hadn't forgot how they used to feed me on "tough beef and baker's bread" when I was at college. When I was eating the great fat chunks of "a gobbler's breast," I could not help thinking how my mouth used to water for it when I couldn't get it, even at four dollars a week.

After we had all eat and talked, and talked and eat for an hour or two, we concluded to quit and go home. Everything was gathered up; the game that we had not cooked, cooking utensils, &c., and we all got back before night. Ducker said he would not go by himself again, Pete laughed as long as he wanted to, and the hunt broke up in fine order. I was somewhat tired from

my long walk, went to bed early and enjoyed a long nap of sweet sleep.

Next day, awhile after breakfast, a young man and a young nice-looking woman come to me for the purpose of having a tooth extracted—or that is, the young woman wanted one extracted, and the young man come along for company.

They looked very loving at each other, and I thought they might be promised to marry when things turned up right; but that was none of my business, she wanted a tooth pulled.

I got out my instruments, and had everything ready, but then she got a little weak-hearted, like women frequently do—and men too sometimes—and “could not bear it.” I tried every way to convince her that it would not hurt, but all in vain. The young man that was with her seemed very anxious that she should have it out, and told her that he had several that needed pulling, and to convince her he would let me pull one or two, at the same time handing me a tooth that had been extracted perhaps five years, and he also gave me the wink, as much as to say, “Go through the motions, but don’t pull any,” which I knew was done to induce the young woman to have hers pulled.

He sat down in a chair, threw his head back, and opened his mouth. I took up the pullers, made a few flourishes, and put them into his mouth, as if in the act of pulling away, like I had holt of a tooth. While fooling in this manner in the young man’s mouth, I observed several teeth somewhat decayed, and needed pulling. Thinking it was a favorable opportunity, I could see nothing amiss in me pulling one or two.

While he had his mouth open I applied the pullers to

the one most decayed, and took a regular set at it. My intention was to take it out, and no fooling or winking in the game; but as soon as he began to feel the pain he tried to get loose, and as I am one of those that don’t let loose every time, I held on to my holt. As he was much stouter than me, it was not a hard job for him to raise right up with me and the pullers in his mouth.

It was rather a dear raising to him, for just at that moment I made my surge on the pullers, and “*crack, pop, hick,*” went something, and out come the tooth-pullers, and about two inches of the jaw-bone, amid the yells and screams of the young man, and lamentations of his sweetheart. The blood gushed out in a powerful stream, and when the young lady saw it, she forgot everything else, and—fainted.

She could not hold a balance any longer, so over she went on the floor. I can tell you that I had my hands full at that time, if I never do again. When I saw the blood streaming from his mouth, I called a negro to hold the spit-box for him to spit in, while I revived the young lady. I did not want him spitting about there, for the young ladies had done something very unusual for the backwoods of Arkansaw; they had gathered up their rags and made them into a carpet, and I knew he had no more sense than to spit right slap on to it. The negro poked the spit-box pretty close to him, but instead of spitting into it he turned his head a little to one side and “twack” it went on the carpet. One of the young ladies come in about that time, and when she saw the blood on the carpet she blazed out “Oh, mam,” and run and got a wet cloth to wipe it up.

The blood was still running free from his mouth, the negro following the turns of his head with the spit-box,

and so he began to get mad. Says he, "Clear out from here, you black imp of Afriky, or I'll spit rite slap into that wash-bowl you've got in your hand."

"Yah, massa, dat what 'em want, and Miss Lucy won't be mad."

By this time I had revived the young woman, and was giving the young man a good scolding for jerking his head. He said he did not intend for me to pull his tooth—

"Oh, you wanted to fool me, did you? I'm glad you got your jaw broke; it's what you deserve. Now pay the doctor for pulling out your own tooth, and toddle home to your mammy by yourself; I'll never have you while you live, for if you are mean enough to lie for this little affair, you'll do worse. My tooth is entirely cured, so good-by, you rascal, and never let me see you again. Go by dad's and take home the big black sow that you give me, for I don't want anything you've got."

He paid me and went home, and then I lent my horse to "Ducker," and told him to go home with the young woman. He did so, and then I went and got my dinner, for it was twelve o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

A CURE FOR COWARDICE.

Far away 'mid hills and rocks
I once did chance to travel,
And 'spite of all the bolts and locks
A man is made to trimble.
But this courage once so weak,
Is now as bold as life,
As I played him such a mighty trick,
Because he left his wife.

SHADRICK LICKLOG.

OUT in this wild country we have very often strange things to contend with, and every scheme has to be resorted to, to make things go right; and here is a specimen of a "Tom and Jerry" breakdown occurring in Arkansaw.

While on a visit to the hilly country of this State, there happened a rather odd circumstance, illustrative of the heroism of the women of the backwoods, and the friendship of Rattlehead in a tight place; and so I'll tell you about it, and then you can think for yourself. During the time I was staying there, the neighborhood was thrown into a terrible state of excitement by a report that a bear had attacked the house of one Julius Crane, living three or four miles from my friend's house. It was not merely the report of a bear attacking a house that produced this rolling up of big sensations in

the left side, for it was as common a thing as mean whiskey, but it was said that instead of Crane's standing up to his "lick-log," under these trying circumstances of human forbearance, he crawled out of the scrape, and left his wife and children to fight it out. His wife came over to my friend's house after the bloody affair was ended, and gave a long account of what she done, with the assistance of her son Davy; and as well as I recollect it was as follows, and she looked woful mad while she talked:—

"Last night, 'bout half an hour by sun—while 'fore night, me, and Julius, and the children were sitting at the back door next to the woods; and while we were there, I saw a bear coming right along up to the house; and says I, 'Julus, yander comes a bear; get your gun and knives ready, while I shut the doors.' Julius run back, and I saw he was scared; and against I got the doors fast, the old bear was in two jumps of the house.

"I expected Julius was loading his gun and whetting his knives, and so I stood at the door, and directly curash come the paws of the bear against it, like he wanted to knock the house down. He run back apiece, and then he come again the same way; so says I, 'Julus, why don't you shoot?' and not the first word did he say. And Davy, my oldest son, ten years old last Christmas, seeing how it was, bawled out to me, 'Mam, you needn't call dad, for I saw him gwine up in the loft.'

"When Davy, poor boy—his grandmam says he's the nicest child I've got, but never mind that—said that to me, I got so mad and 'shamed, because Julius was a coward, that I left the door and got the gun myself.

The bear was still charging around, trying to get

something for his supper. And as he was raring up one time, I gave it to him—a perfect busting load it was too—and he keeled right over about ten steps from the house.

"I was just going out to skin him, and have some of him for supper for the children; but I saw he was not so dead as I first thought; then I concluded to wait awhile and give him another load, but he was lying so that I could not hurt him much by shooting.

"After waiting a little while, I saw it was going to be dark after the sun quit shining, and had better go out and finish him with 'big butcher.' Davy saw I was going out, and asked me to let him go out with me. I asked him if he could do anything, and he said he would fight with the little meat axe. I told him to stay in the house with his little sister, and if he saw me get into a hard fight he might come and help me. I then opened the door, took the big knife with me, and out I went, and just as I got close to the old bear he raised himself upon his hind legs and made for my bones. He done it so quick I hadn't time to get back, so I had to fight or quit living.

"As he jumped at me I let him have a sweeper right in his side, but he was too much for me, and down he brought me sprawling on the ground, and there he had me, but I kept giving it to him with my knife fork-ed. About this time Julius hollered out for me to 'Give it to him, Betsey; give it to him;' but not the bit he come to help me. Davy saw I was getting to close quarters, and run out, got the meat axe, and the way that child made the bear '*hump it*' would done your soul good. During all this time Julius, lazy scoundrel, kept hollowing out for me to 'Give it to him, give it to

him, Betsey; but he laid safe enough in the loft all the while; and when me and Davy had killed the bear, and we're ready for skinning him, out poked Julius, and, says he, 'Huraw, Betsey, huraw; and well done, Davy, my boy; now aint we *all brave*?' I felt like using him then like I had the old bear; but then I knode he wer my husband, and could raise a crop of corn and taters, so I let him live."

When this thing was known about, and it did not take long for that, everybody in the neighborhood was mad as a red nigger at a corn-shucking; and my friend, knowing that I was a little up to paying off people for meanness and bad conduct in general, asked me if I couldn't do something in the case; I told him I would try. Julius tried to deny the statement made by his wife, but all the children said "Mam was right."

I waited until the excitement wore off a little, and then, as I was going home very soon, I wanted to be present at the exploration of what was called "Rich's Sink-hole," or rather a cave, in which there was said to be a great many curiosities, and perhaps silver and gold.

The entrance to it was on the top of a high hill, and it was said to be two or three hundred feet deep, for a man had been let down it once, the length of three bed-cords. The day appointed arrived, and all the people in the surrounding country were there, to "see what was to be seen." Preparation for the descent was made, as on the previous occasion, with a long rope, to which was attached a large basket for a resting-place for the man who would venture to go down. Only one person had ever been down it, and his account was so flatter-

ing, some one else was wanted who would be bold enough to explore it.

When every arrangement had been made, the question then arose, "Who would go down into that dark place. One humm'd, another haw'd; this was afraid, that didn't like to try it, and nothing was doing fast. Julius Crane *happened* to be there, and so says I to him, "Julus, some people have said you were not a brave man, but I think you are as brave as any man living; and now, for my sake, come and put bad reports about the bear fight and other things at variance, by going down on this rope; may be you will find a fortune."

The thing struck Julius exactly right, and without another word he got into the basket, and down he went into that awful looking place. When he got to the bottom—a great long way it was, too—he hallooed as a sign that all was right.

After waiting a few minutes, he again hallooed for us to bring him up. This we done gradually until we got him within thirty or forty feet of the top; and, says I, stop fellows, and I'll try Julius's spunk; and they stopped as soon as I told them, for they were looking out for some fun. "Halloo, Julius, how do you feel? We're going to stop you right where you are till you give an account of yourself; and if you don't do the thing right, we'll let you go down with a rush, you, rope, and all together; and you may stay there. Now, say, did you get up in the loft, while Betsey and Davy killed the bear? Speak in a moment or you will be in eternity; and tell the truth and nothing but the truth, on your oath." And now didn't he squall worse than a wild-cat in a brush-heap on fire, and said that it wasn't fair

play; then we began to let him down tolerably fast, and he hallooed the louder and the more of it.

We let him stop again a little to see what he would say, or would he "acknowledge the corn." When we stopped him, he still stuck to it that he killed the bear. Says I, "Boys, let him go along down;" and they started him again, fast and no mistake. He didn't go far before he yelled out the truth, that Betsey did kill the bear while he was in the loft. We then drew him out, and he looked the picture of death. As soon as he struck land I said to him, "Put out home in a hurry." "Pour it to him, boys; pour it to him; let him have it." And he fairly left a blue streak after him, he run so fast, for the fellows were putting these "eggs" to him where are not sound every time, and yellow cucumbers, worse than a hail-storm, that I had told them to bring along for the purpose. He was made a complete cure of, for he is now one of the greatest bear hunters in all Arkansaw. And he has hired me to write out his life, which will be ready before very long, and then you shall hear something more about this great man—mind if you don't.

CHAPTER V.

RHEUMATISM AND GREEN PERSIMMONS; OR, HOT WORK FOR SMALL PAY.

To the forest, friend Ducker, we'll go,
For there we shall find neither ice nor snow.
No! to the sick bed now I must haste,
Then adieu, for I have no time to waste.
Oh! doctor, my system is tortured with pain,
Then do cure me quick, and money you'll gain;
My mouth, my mouth, is all on a blaze,
And my limbs do get worse the harder you "greeze."

TOBEY BIGFELLOW.

THE morning was bright and beautiful! the little birds were chirping and flying from tree to tree; the sweet odor of flowers was wafted by the gentle breeze from hill to hill, and everything that was calculated to render life, and especially the moment, desirable, was seen on every hand. I had just started to take a walk into the green woods with my friend Ducker, to show him the grandeur and beauty of nature as displayed in the forest, where civilization had made but little progress, and anticipated much pleasure in hearing his flow of words elicited by being thrown into such a strange element, but was prevented from going further by being called away to attend a sick man living nine or ten miles off.

I told Ducker, that "such was a doctor's life," and hoping that he would excuse me, I recommended him to

the care of the young ladies, who I knew would be very happy to have the pleasure of his company.

I started off on my favorite old animal to see the sick man, and went pretty fast, hoping to be back in time to have some fun with Ducker and the young ladies. When I got there I found the patient suffering from a bad attack of rheumatism. After examining him for a short time, I told him what was the matter, and that I thought he would soon be well again if he would take the medicine as he ought to do, and not go out in the open air. He promised to follow my instructions, and I fixed him the medicines which I thought requisite for the disease; after which I started home, promising to call again in a few days.

I found Ducker enjoying himself to the utmost when I got home, and I candidly believe he was glad I had been called away, believing that I had made some money, and knowing he had a little of the finest times that ever rolled over his recollection. Three or four days after this I again visited the sick man, and was much pleased to find him well, for he was not able to pay much, any way; or, if he was able, he was not willing, which is located in nearly the same region on "a doctor's conscience."

Him and I commenced a regular confab, and says I to him, "Didn't I tell you so, that you would get well if you would take the medicine according to directions; and now ain't you glad there was one good doctor in your reach to cure you so soon?"

He did not seem disposed to make a ready reply from some cause, and I rather urged upon him the necessity of explaining his private feelings in the matter.

At last he said, "Doctor, I know I am better, but I never took any of your medicine!"

"What was the reason you did not take it?"

"Oh, well, it was rather bad to take, I thought, and so you see I've got well without it!"

This was the keenest cut, right or left, that had ever invaded my private feelings, and I scarcely knew how I did feel for more than half an hour; but knowing that I could do nothing more then, I made out my bill and told him I wanted my money. He studied about it for some time (it was none of your small bills, *it wasn't*), like he didn't know whether to pay it or not. I hurried him up, told him to give me back the medicine, and "fork over," and I would leave. The way he began to look wild, when I told him to give me back the medicine, was distressing, for the truth was, according to my prognosis, he had taken it and was relieved, but told the tale he did to keep from paying anything.

Seeing that I "had him cornered," he agreed to pay for the medicine and for the visits both, and after he had done so I left, expecting, of course, that he would never send for me again.

I heard nothing more from him for a week or two, when I was again requested to visit him, as he was much worse than on the previous occasion. I at first thought I would not go, but on reflection concluded to not lay myself liable to censure from any quarter, and went over to see him.

He was much worse, as he had went out too soon and brought on a relapse. He was very penitent and sorry for the way he had treated me before, and promised that if I would only do something for him once more he would take the medicine before I left the house. I told him

that the medicine necessary for his disease *then* was quite different from what it was in the first attack, and I did not have the medicine with me which I wanted, but if he would send some person with me I would fix it up at home and send it to him with directions for use.

He sent over and got his neighbor, "Rolly Scisms," to go with me, and off we started for my place. I was not long in preparing the medicine, and sent "Scisms" on with it and also "special written directions" for using it. I retained a copy of the "recipe," little thinking it would ever be given to the world in a book, but nevertheless it is so, for here is a perfect copy taken from the one in my possession. I am disposed to think it is one of the *most powerful* remedies for rheumatism that has ever been tried, and will change the pain very soon after using it. This recipe alone is worth the price of the book to those who are suffering with that painful disease.

No. 1.

R. Castor-oil	one ounce.
Indian turnips (mashed)	half an ounce.
Ground black pepper	two table-spoonsful.
Green persimmons	half a pint.

Mix well together, and put into a bottle. Kept tightly corked, and shake well before using. Take one table-spoonful every fifteen or twenty minutes, taking care not to use any water or other fluids for a few hours after taking it.

No. 2.

"R. Cayenne pepper	twenty grains.
Aqua fortis	one ounce.
Tincture of assafoetida	two ounces.
Water	half an ounce.

Mix these all together in a large bottle.

The limbs affected with the pain are to be thoroughly rubbed with this liniment every two hours. The use of these medicines must be discontinued if they produce much *heat or burning*.

I had promised to call next day to see how he was getting, but expecting some "hot work" on my arrival I did not know whether to go or not. I asked Ducker if he didn't want to take a ride with me to see a patient? He said he didn't care if he did, and so he borrowed a horse, and him and I went over to see the case of "rheumatism."

We rode up, hitched our horses and went in. We found the man in a lovely fix, if you call "twenty on a vine anything," for his mouth was so completely *burnt out* that he could not talk, and he looked like a "beef-steak" from head to foot. "Uh, uh, uh!" says he, when he saw me, trying to talk but couldn't: if he could I know he would have been blessing me for giving him such medicines. I asked him "if he had taken the medicine that I sent him." This seemed to increase his torture, as I could see by the way he looked sour at me.

While we were standing there his wife came in; and now let me tell you all, if you ever meet up with such a companion that will look at you at any time as she looked then at me, your misery is sealed the rest of your days;

for of all that ever crossed my path yet she was the most savage-looking, as she thus commenced on me:—

“Oh, you vagabond, you’ve come back to make a finishin’ o’ my husband, have ye? You’ve nearly killed him now, and just look at him, as he lies thar with his mouth burnt out, and all the skin off his body?”

“Has he taken all the medicine, or has he done like he did before, took none of it?” When I said that, the old lady could stand it no longer, but made at me with a rush; and as she came I saw her grab the “frying-pan,” and I knew she could do execution with it in the way of hard knocks, and had better get ready for a fight. I dropped my saddlebags, which I still had across my left arm, and had barely time to do anything before she was on me. She made a lick at my head with that big iron thing, and used it like it was a riding whip, but as she struck I dodged to one side, and the lick she intended for me come down with high pressure steam on the puncheon floor and smashed the frying-pan in a hundred pieces. That way of knocking iron asunder with one hand convinced me that there was a *scrape* on hand of no small size.

As the “frying-pan” flew out of her hand, I ran close up to her, and by a powerful effort I succeeded in oversetting her. She fell near the table; and as soon as she laid eyes on it she gathered it, and “cusslam” she pitched it at me. I stooped, and it went over my head without injuring me.

During this time Ducker stood there, looking on as contented as if he was at a theatre or still-house, and never offered to touch or say a word to either of us. The next thing she got hold of was the “fire-shovel,” and it wasn’t any of the small kind, either, which I saw

she was determined to try on my “noggin.” She ran up and made a lick at me, but I kept it off with a piece of the table. While in this most “three-cornered of all fixes” for a little man, I heard some one come in at the back-door, and when the woman turned and saw them, she exultingly bawled out, “thar’s my brothers now.”

It was plain that the thing was up with me then, unless something was done soon, quick, fast, and more of it. They were two big, stout, double-fisted men, either of whom could have thrown me over the fence and not half tried, and they pitched right at me. I saw Ducker was too much scared to fight, so I motioned him to go out of the house. He did so, and left me alone with the two men, and one of the strongest, ugliest, and most wolfish-looking women this side of Nova Scotia.

When they started towards me, I was standing near the fire-place, where there was some fire, for cooking, I suppose; and on looking towards the door (I wished I was out of there too), I saw a large horn lying on the floor, which I knew from its looks was a powder-horn. I made a jump like I was trying to get out at the door, but sorter half way stumbled over the horn and picked it up.

Knowing that they were strong enough to do as they pleased with me, the old woman and one of her brothers went up to the fire, sat down, and looked at the other brother to see how bad he would beat me. Him and I had it round and round for some time without his being able to get hands on me. At last the other brother that was at the fire railed out, “Here, Bill, grab up this big skillet and knock his brains out and be done with it.”

Bill took him at his word, and went to the fire-place to get the skillet. By the time he got to the fire-place I was at the door, and as he stooped to get the deadly weapon I pulled out the stopper of the horn and threw it, with the powder running out in a stream, slap into the fire, and as I did so dodged out of the door. The powder did its duty, for I had scarcely cleared the door before the old horn "blew up," and knocked them all into the beginning of "dog days."

They all quit fighting me, and went to doing some of the most "square-toed" hallooing they ever had been guilty of, and while they were at that I took up my saddle-bags, and "now, Ducker," says I, "we'll go on home while we've nothing else to do." From what I heard afterwards, they were all rather worse hurt than me.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAVELLING IN A LOG-CABIN; OR, GETTING A DUCKING IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

I have a friend I want to see,
I know he's not forgotten me;
And that's the way you get your horses,
Regardless of a traveller's losses.
I've a negro sick down in his cabin;
Oh, we are taken while a-nappin';
Here lies the victim of high waters,
Bright hope of one of Columbia's daughters.

CYPRESS KNEE.

"WELL, Ducker, what do you think of my way of getting out of a scrape? Does pretty tol'rably good, don't you think?"

"Yes, if you hadn't fixed some way that time, you and me both would have been dead before now."

"I try to have something ready in time, though, Ducker, on all occasions; and now, if you are willing to risk me a little further, we'll go down to the Mississippi River and have some fun. I've got an acquaintance there, living right on the bank, and a plaguy fine fellow he is, too, I can tell you."

"Anywhere, doctor, for the sake of fun, that is what I come out here for; and when you get ready let me know, and I'll be glad to go with you."

Such was the conversation that took place between

my friend and me, a short time after visiting the rheumatic patient. Early next morning we got our horses, and struck out for the Mississippi, to see my friend "SQUIRE OVERALL," who had been living there for a long time. As we were going on, we of course had to talk on matters and things a little to pass off the time, and thus we went on:—

"I think, Ducker, we'll get there by ten or eleven o'clock to-morrow; to-night we will stop at the '*Sweet Gum*,' quite a notorious place, just on the edge of the bluff. They say that travellers get used pretty rough there sometimes; but to-night will be one of the times that they had better lie low, for I've got one of the best pistols and biggest knives in all Arkansaw, and as certain as any one attempts to trouble me there, they'll get their dying papers."

"What! do they kill folks, doctor?"

"Yes, they do sometimes; but never fear, they'll not hurt us."

"Doctor, you've got a powerful good-looking girl at your house to be living out in the woods. How long have you known her? I would like to hear something of her folks, and where they are from, and all about them in every way."

"I don't know much to tell you; but as you seem anxious to hear, I must tell you something. Last summer was the first time I heard of the family, and the way it happened was that my old friend HANLY, who you heard me tell of last winter, was down in the bottom, near Columbia, and when he come back he was talking about some clever old man that had two daughters and TWENTY NEGROES, a good plantation, and plenty to eat; and so, when I came to find out, this is the same

family who have moved out of the *bottom* because it was not so healthy; mighty clever people, I warrant you, or Hanly would not have said so. I believe you are rather taken on about one of those girls; which one is it?"

"Oh, never mind that. I just wanted to hear something about their raising. What time o' day—ten o'clock, I 'spose?"

"Yes, it is. Spur up your old sorrel, or we won't get far to-day."

At twelve o'clock, we stopped at a little spring on the side of the road, and made a dinner of dried venison and corn bread. Those who are unaccustomed to eating that kind of food would pronounce it "dry eating;" but we were glad to get it on that day, and I can assure you we eat with a coming appetite. We then went on until near night, at which time we came to the place that I had been speaking of in the morning, and put up for the night. Ducker looked on every side of him, fearing some one would kill him; but I, being somewhat accustomed to *serapes*, took it "as easy as an old shoe."

We were both tired, and went to bed early. There was no fastening to the door of the cabin in which we were put, and this made my young friend more afraid to fall asleep than he otherwise would have been. I looked around for something to put against the door, but could find nothing except a broom; this I placed against the door in such a manner that the least push would throw it down and make a noise sufficient to wake us. Very soon we both were sound asleep, although surrounded by danger, and did not wake until daylight next morning. Ducker seemed very glad that we had waked up

alive, rubbed his eyes a little, and out we jumped, ready for renewing our travel.

The man that kept the house was up, waiting to salute our ears with the glad sound of, "oh mercy! gentlemen, your horses are gone, saddles and all. What will we do?" I imagined I "smelt a rat" immediately, and believed that our horses, &c. had been carried off by the old man himself, or by his consent; but knowing that breakfast was hard to get along there, I thought it best to be easy until we got something to eat, and immediately replied, "Well, let them go till we get some breakfast, and then we'll see after them."

Breakfast was ready very soon, and we sat down to eat; but I did not say much during the time, as I was thinking what to do. I eyed the old fellow's countenance very closely, and could see guilt depicted there as plain as sunshine. When breakfast was over, I took Ducker out to one side, and told him "that we had but one way of recovering our things, and that was to scare the old fellow with pistols and bowie knives. So now see that yours are ready, and we'll try the experiment."

We marched up to where the old man was standing, and when I got within ten or fifteen steps of him, I drew out my pistol and knife, and at the same time Ducker drew his.

"Now, sir, have them horses here in fifteen minutes, or you are a dead man; we have heard of your tricks on travellers before, but, sir, this is your last unless you produce the horses."

When I said that to him, he screamed out like I had shot him, which seemed as a signal for help, for just at that moment a man ran out with a gun in his hand and pointed it at me. I was then placed in a trying

situation, for if I turned to shoot him, the old man would be on me, and unless I did shoot him he would kill me. I had not a moment to think, for he raised his gun to level at me. As he raised it, Ducker fired at him with his pistol, and he fell to the ground. I then drew a bead on the old man, and would have shot him, but he dropped on his knees and begged for mercy, promising at the same time to have the horses in a few minutes. I kept him there until he sent his little boy off into a thicket of woods and brought the horses and saddles.

As we had no time to spare, we got on our horses and went on our way, leaving the man lying where he fell when Ducker shot him. We went on until about ten o'clock, without any interruption, through the forest of thick woods, canes, briers, &c., when we came to a large bayou. Here we had to stop and consider whether it was safe to attempt crossing it, as the water was very deep and running rapidly.

Ducker, poor fellow, who had already passed through so many scenes of backwoods life, was still as brave as ever, and willing to follow me to any place I might go.

I told him that I thought we could swim our horses over without any inconvenience, except getting a little wet. He said, "Go ahead, and if you get over safe I will follow you."

I fixed up my things securely and rode down the steep bank. It was a very "ticklish business," for the water was ten feet deep and running very swiftly. My horse was well accustomed to swimming, and got across without any difficulty. As soon as I got over and fixed up, I told Ducker to come on. His horse had not been practised much in swimming, and went in very awkwardly; this made Ducker a little afraid, and caused

him to manage the reins very badly, but I thought best to say nothing, as that would make it worse with him.

When he was nearly half across, I saw a small log floating down with the current, and I had scarcely caught a glimpse of it before it struck the horse, and knocked him and Ducker both under the water. Oh! what feelings I experienced at that moment, knowing the great danger that my friend was in, and that if he escaped it was a mere happen, everything being unfavorable for him, unaccustomed as he was to such a hard life, or the perils that then awaited him. I stood looking anxiously to see them rise to the surface of the water, and what made the anxiety much greater was, that fifty or sixty yards below, there was a large *drift* of wood in the bayou, and if they went under that I never expected to see them again. In less than a minute I saw them rise to the top, about half-way between me and the drift, and as they come up Ducker was still on the horse's back; when he got his head out a little above water, I heard him cry out, "Oh, doctor, help me."

I run down as fast as I could, for I knew his situation was dangerous in the extreme, and when I got pretty close to him I told him to jump off, and try to swim to the bank. He did so, and as soon as he left the horse, the poor animal again sunk under the surface. Ducker made a powerful effort to reach the bank, but could not; when I saw that, I told him to grab hold of the limb of a tree which was lying in the drift. He made one or two attempts before he could get hold of it, and I once thought he would fail, but he finally got hold of it and held on.

I run on to the drift, took hold of his arm, and as-

sisted him out, but he was nearly exhausted before I could get to him. I got him out on the bank, laid him down, and went to look after his horse. When I again got on the drift, I could see nothing of him on the upper side, and, of course, could make no other calculation but that the horse would be drowned, as he had been carried by the swift current under the drift.

I waited a little while to see if he would come out on the lower side, but it was all in vain, he had doubtless become tangled in the logs and brush underneath, and could not get out.

By this time Ducker had revived, and was sitting up. I told him the horse was gone, but he should feel thankful that his own life was spared.

We then went on our way, taking it time about riding, and got to my friend's house at two o'clock that day. I found him in fine health and spirits, full of fun, wide awake, and happy to see us. The misfortune which had befallen us was spoken of, and he said it was a great wonder that either escaped, as the *mail rider* had been drowned at the same place two days before, but the mail bag was saved by washing up against the drift. We talked on until dinner was ready, took a little "*'o the critter*" to whet our appetites, and set down to as good a dinner as ever I laid mouth to.

A little after dark that evening, the squire asked me to go down and see one of his negroes that was sick. I told him "certainly, I am always ready and willing to do what I can for the afflicted, and more especially for any one that is about your place." The squire and I went down to see the negro, leaving Ducker at the white folks' house with the ladies, knowing he would

be better entertained with them, than looking at a sick negro.

We went in, and as everything was dark, we had to send up for a candle. The candle was soon brought, and I commenced an examination in the scientific way like I saw them do in the hospitals.

"Have you any headache, boy?"

"Yes sir, my head hurts in the ebenin."

"Let me see your tongue; yes, have you got a bad taste in your mouth in the morning?"

"Mitey bad, massa, I tells you."

"Have you sickness at your stomach?"

"Oh yes, God bless you, massa, dis nigger am sick to do sum good."

"What day were you"—"Look, look, see the house shaking!"

"Oh God, massa, we are all gone."

"Here comes the chimney down—che-row," and just at that time we found out what was the matter, for about an acre of land had slipped off into the mighty Mississippi River, carrying cabin, negroes, Rattlehead and the squire, all with it, and leaving us at least two hundred yards from land in a sweeping current, and the water a hundred feet deep. The house was kind enough to keep itself together, and away we all went floating down the river, and the candle still burning in the cabin. It did not float far before we saw that it would not hold together much longer, for the floor was so far down in the water it would get knocked away the first snag that we run over.

We floated for more than two miles in that situation, and I can tell you everything looked powerful serious, for the squire said that his skiff was over on the other

side of the river, and everybody has heard how wide the river is way down so low; so we knew the folks on the bank could do nothing for us.

We could hear their lamentations as we floated along, and it was indeed distressing to listen to them, and still more distressing was it to be in our situation. We were soon out of hearing of those on the bank, as the current changed and carried us towards the opposite shore. When nearly two miles from where we caved in, we could see around the point the light of a steamboat coming up, which was not far off. This seemed to send a shock to every heart, the poor negroes seeming to be the worst scared. Up to this time not a word had been spoken by any of us, as we clung to the side of the house with our hands between the logs; one of the negroes held the candle all this time in his hand, which was fortunate for us on several accounts.

When I saw the steamboat coming up I thought it was time for some one to speak, or we would all die in silence very soon, and says I, "Squire, how do you feel? We are in the wrong cabin one time."

"Well, Doc., its drawing too near the end with us now to be joking; that steamboat will make a finishing of us, mind if it don't."

"Oh, I hope not, my old friend, for I'll *call her in*, and we'll all get aboard and go back to your house; now see if I don't tell you the truth."

"Well, we'll see pretty soon, for she's sheering to the right to keep off the bar at the head of the island."

I wanted to give a little encouragement to the squire and the negroes, for unless that were done, I knew we were gone cases, the whole of us; but the truth was I

did not feel much better than the others, though my apparent cheerfulness gave them all hope and courage for the time.

The house was an ordinary log cabin, as I before said, with a board roof, the boards being nailed on. My intention was to get off some of the boards, if possible, so that I could get on top. I climbed up as close as I could get, and, with the aid of a piece of chinking I knocked off two boards; I then pushed my head through the opening, and with my shoulders I forced off two or three more, went through, and got on the rafter.

The boards were made of cypress, which is very brittle, and easy to split; I took one of the boards, split it as fine as I could, for making a torch. The steamboat was now fast approaching us, and I had but little time to do anything; our only hope of setting fire to the split wood was by means of the candle, and there was a little wind blowing at the time, which would easily have put it out if brought on top of the house, and we had not time to light the split wood with the candle alone before the boat would either pass us or run into us and send us all to the bottom. On searching my pocket I found a wad of paper, in which I had wrapped the venison for our dinner the first day of our travel; I took it out, folded it quickly, and set fire to it by means of the candle. With this wad of paper I made a fine torch, and commenced waving it to attract the attention of the pilot. I waved it to and fro in the ordinary way for calling a boat on the western rivers, but it seemed as if everybody was asleep or did not care for our distress. She came nearer and nearer, and in the direction to strike us without fail. I began

to despair, but, like the drowning man clinging to a straw or feather, I waved it manfully until within two or three hundred yards of the boat, when "*ling, ling, ling,*" went the bell on the old "floater."

The captain, after coming within about a hundred yards of us, halloo'd out,

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"Come and take us to land, captain, we are in a log-cabin that fell in the river above here a little piece," says I.

He ordered out his small boats immediately, and in the course of half an hour we were all safe on board going back where we had come from. The captain landed us at the wood-yard, a short distance above the house, and proceeded on up the river. If ever you saw people happy in this world they were to be seen there that night, for they expected nothing else but that we were all drowned.

Ducker said he believed I beat all the men in Christendom to get out of *scrapes*, and if he ever went to prison he wanted me to go with him to get him out. We all then went to bed, thankful to our God for sparing our lives. Next morning we got breakfast, went out under the shade of a tree, and sat down, to talk over the adventure of the previous night; and the first thing that was done, was to call up the negroes who had been with us in the cabin, and give them "three fingers of whiskey," as a matter of respect.

After talking more than an hour on the subject, we give it as our opinion that it was the tightest, the wettest, the longest, the roundest, and most three-cornered *scrape* we had ever been in. The "squire" then wanted something else to amuse us, knowing we were

not going to stay long, and asked us, as a matter of curiosity, if we would not like to "go down on the bar to hunt turtle eggs?" We told him we were in for anything for the sake of fun.

He gave the negroes some directions how to load up the "wood-boats," got his knife and pistol, and off we all went to see a little sport, in a way to which we had been quite unaccustomed. A few weeks previous to that time the water had been very high in the river, as is usually the case every year, and after the water falls, the settlers on the river bank take a look at the various places where logs, brush, planks, &c. &c., are collected, constituting what is called "*drifts*." In those drifts they frequently find things that are really valuable, which have fallen off of some steamboat, been washed from a landing by the sudden rise in the river, or the remains of a "wrecked boat," an account of which is so often given in the newspapers throughout the country.

As the water recedes there is left the most *beautiful sand-bars* that ever a man looked at, and innumerable are the little curiosities picked up by those visiting the river at that season of the year. The scorching rays of the sun soon dry the sand, and it is at this time that the turtle comes from her watery habitation to deposit her eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

They select a place under the logs or small cotton-wood bushes for a nest, and there deposit their eggs. Persons who have lived on the river for a long time, are as fond of the eggs of the turtle as they are of any other, and resort to the sand bars for procuring them, which are found in innumerable quantities by those who

understand the business, but one unacquainted with such things would meet with poor success.

On the morning of which I am speaking there was a good breeze of wind, and though the sun was shining hot, it was a pleasant day, and I think I never enjoyed anything more in my life, than our walk on the beautiful sand-bar. The "squire" took us down to the edge of the water, to learn us the art of finding turtle eggs; and it was not long until I was a number one hand. From the edge of the water I learned to track them through the sand to their nests. We soon had as many as we wanted, and then went to look through a large drift, a little lower down the river, that the "squire" said was a celebrated place for the lodgment of things floating in the river during high water.

When we got to it we found it to be everything that the "squire" had represented, for the amount collected there was almost beyond description.

Each one took his course to see what could be found worth taking out. We had not been separated long until I heard the squire halloo for Ducker and me to come to him, and immediately set out, going as fast as the rough travelling would admit, to reach him. Ducker got there a little before I did, and from the way him and the squire were laughing I knew they had found a prize.

"Here's something worth having," says the squire, when I got up to him; and it was, too, for I saw it was a large "flatboat," which had been stove during the high water, and lodged in the drift.

The squire sent the negro back to the house for an axe or two, and some other things for cutting into the boat to see if the contents were worth anything. The

negro soon returned in company with two or three others; and they fell to work to cut into the boat, which did not take long, and on examining we found it had been a boat laden with bacon and flour. The bacon had been thrown into the boat loose, and was, of course, all ruined; the flour we took out, and found some barrels of it were still in a comparatively good condition,

Thus far the examination had been a matter of mere amusement, but what were our feelings on getting into the part of the boat where the crew had slept, to find two very large trunks, many smaller ones, cooking utensils, and worse than all, two "human bodies" locked in each other's arms, and both of them cold in death. Every one was horror-stricken at the sight, and could not for some time do anything else but look on their lifeless forms and think, "Oh, that the fond parents of these young men knew where they now lie, it would be a consolation even to know their sad destiny."

I was the first one to break silence, and asked the squire if it would not be well to take out the bodies and bury them, and also take the trunks to the house. He agreed with me, and then we left a negro to watch the bodies, took out the trunks, and carried them to the house. We made a large box, took it down to the boat and put both bodies into it. They were interred on the bank of that same river that had proved their untimely death, and this epitaph placed at their heads:—

"THE TWO YOUNG MEN FOUND IN THE WRECK OF A FLAT BOAT LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS. PEACE TO THEIR ASHES."

Hoping to gain some information in relation to where the young men and boat were from, we opened the trunks

on our return to the house. All the small trunks were opened first, but everything in them was so defaced, no information could be gained from them. We opened at last the two large ones, hoping to find something to give intimation of the starting-place of the unfortunate boat, but alas! they were like the others; they had been in the water so long everything seemed ruined. We were about throwing them all into the river, giving up all hope, when my attention was drawn to a pocket in the middle of one of the large trunks, which appeared to contain something. The pocket was cut loose, and enclosed in it was found a small flat tin box; this was opened, and in it was found several papers, partially damaged by the water. We dried them carefully, and then looked over them, but all we could find were pieces of poetry—relating mostly to love—and one little note which it appeared had been written to the young man just before he left home, by his sweetheart—his intended wife.

Unfortunately there was no heading given to it, as is usually the case, by which we could tell where the young man's friends lived; it appeared as if written in great haste, and only gave the first name of either party. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR WILLIAM—

"It nearly breaks my heart to think we must part so long—at least the time will appear very long to me. Do return as soon as you can, that we may be united, never again to part; the time for complying with our engagement has expired, but I will still wait on you, knowing that you would comply now if you thought it best for us both. Farewell, my dear Willy, and may heaven smile

on you, and grant you a safe and speedy return, is the prayer of your devoted
KATE."

When this was read there was not one person in the house that could suppress the rising tear, to think of the feelings of that poor young lady, who knew not where the object of her affections was, or what misfortune had befallen him. Should this little volume ever meet the eye of the dear young lady, I hope it may bring to her mind recollections of her devoted lover, who now lies in the valley of the Mississippi, but was true to the last expiring moment, as is shown by the security that he placed over the last lines of his intended bride.

Ducker and I remained there only a few days more, as the many mishaps and scenes of sorrow since leaving home had seized us with superstitious awe. We returned home with the firm conviction, that of all the scenes through which we had passed in life, none ever made a deeper impression on us than our visit to my friend, "Squire Overall, on the banks of the Mississippi."

CHAPTER VII.

QUACK DOCTORS, BEE-HIVES, AND DEAD NEGROES.

A Case of Consultation.

Doctors great are good to have
If they are free from tricks;
But folks beware lest you should leave
Your life with heartless quacks.
Oh, clear the track and let me come,
Or the patient soon will die—
His horse is loose and going home,
And he does fairly fly.

JOEL TADPOLE.

ON my return home from visiting my old friend, I learned that there had been many calls for me in my absence, but as none of them were very urgent, they waited for me to return in preference to calling on any other doctor; in fact there was no other doctor to be had without going twenty-five or thirty miles, and he was only a sort of mixture of "quack and Indian." A few days afterwards some of my friends told me that this quack had been sent for to attend a case in the neighborhood, and he was about to make a *kill* of it, to avoid which my friends put in a good word in the ear of the family, and tried to persuade them to turn off this quack and send for me. The family at last gave in to their entreaties, and told him that they did not wish his services any longer.

He had heard of me, and immediately come to the conclusion that I was to be sent for in place of him, and would not leave without getting a sight of that doctor of whom he had heard so much. As soon as they said they wanted me, one of the neighbors rode over and told me that my services were desired immediately, without saying anything concerning the quack. I asked him if the other doctor had not been there, to which he replied "he had, but the family now wanted me."

I was greatly tempted not to go, but as it was a woman sick, I thought I would go once. I got my horse and went over with him to see the case, and when I got there this quack was still waiting to get a sight of RATTLEHEAD. I went in and commenced examining the case as if no doctor had ever seen it; seeing which he became greatly enraged, and talked to me in rather a short manner. I did not want any difficulty with him, and thus I bore with him for a length of time without returning a word; but he grew worse instead of better, and began to abuse me in a terrible manner. I spoke to him and told him I had not come to visit the sick to have a quarrel over them, but wished to restore the afflicted to health and happiness.

My language was mild, and he thought I would bear with his insults for any length of time rather than have a fuss at the house of the patient. This is one thing too prevalent in the world—taking advantage of a man under particular circumstances to accomplish some design—and it made me very mad to see him trying it on me at that time, and I could not withstand it longer, but told him emphatically if he did not let me alone what I would do with him.

He still continued his abuses, and, to make my word

good, I had to do something consisting of what is called "fighting;" so at it I went by picking up a three-legged stool which was sitting in the middle of the floor, and made at him like a thunderbolt. He saw I was mad in good earnest, and immediately made tracks for the door, and darted out without looking back to see what I was doing. I am always anxious to avoid hurting a man if possible, and take it out in playing off a trick upon him, and when he started to run I held on to the stool but made no use of it. As he run out of the door the dogs (and there was half-a-dozen or so of the largest size), saw him, and took after him as hard as they could tilt. I discovered that there would be some fun if the thing was well managed, and "*Sic, sic, sic, hu-ee—hu-ee, go it my fellers,*" says I to the dogs, and they fairly flew; they run so fast I could hardly see their tails; and my stars in cloudy weather! what a roaring them dogs and I made.

It was so "all-hump-shouldered" agreeable to the crowd, that they joined in with me in setting on the dogs, and the trees shook like they were dying with a bone in their mouth, we all made such a noise. When he got nearly half way across the yard he run a-fowl o' the old lady's ash-hopper, and raised a perfect cloud, he knocked the old thing so high.

The old lady had a goose setting on fourteen eggs, on one side of the ash-hopper, and in knocking it down it come over on the setting goose, making her squall louder than trees falling in March. The old gander was not far off, and when the goose began to squall, he run up to see the cause, and finding the man just getting up he seized holt on his coat tail, and as they run he flapped his

wings like the sail of a ship, half-way, making a noise through his nose as he went.

The old gander held on to his holt, and went "*flib-flab*" from side to side as they went streaking it through the air. The excitement was now rising so fast the patient jumped out of her bed to see the ending of it, and just as she got to the door the two *quacks*—the *gander* and *doctor*—run on to a bee-gum standing in the corner of the fence, and down they all three come in a pile, with the feathered gentleman on top.

The bees soon poured out and fell on their under-the-fence-less enemies. The gander being protected by his feathers could stand it very well, but the poor doctor got it all over, and scampered away as quick as possible; but before he could get off the dogs were upon him. The bees not knowing who was their friend or enemy, began on the dogs as soon as they began on the quack, and the dogs, though able to fight a bear or wild-cat, could not stand the bees, but turned and run in a different direction.

The quack was glad to get away from there, for several reasons; one was, the dogs were after him, I was after him, and the bees were on him. His only hope of escape was by jumping the fence; this he attempted to do, but fell back among the bees, dropping his hat in the rounds, and throwing off fifteen or twenty rails from the fence.

His horse, which was hitched outside, began to feel the sting of the bees also, and took a dead set on the bridle reins, that resulted in a smashing of the remainder of the fence, and then he struck his course for home, nearly twenty miles, leaving his owner to get out of his difficulties the best way he could. The fence being

knocked down, enabled the fellow to get outside, which he did in the greatest possible haste, fighting the bees all the time, who were increasing in numbers rapidly. As he got over, he again left a streak behind him and took the same path his horse had gone, hoping, doubtless, to overtake him, that he might carry him safely and swiftly away; but in this he was mistaken, for the horse was more than a mile ahead of him, going faster than buffaloes in a prairie on fire.

The dogs had now rallied and were ready for renewing the chase; they saw him running off into the woods, gave a few fierce "yells," and going a little round to avoid the bees, they were soon in pursuit of him; the quack was some four or five hundred yards ahead of them, and was quickly lost to view in the deep recesses of the green woods.

The dogs, hurrying on after him, were also soon out of sight. Thus far, the thing had only been a matter of sport; but, now that they were fast getting away from us, and knowing that there were eight or ten large dogs after one little man, we could not feel comfortable; for, if they overtook him, which they would be certain to do, unless he got into a tree, we knew very well they would tear him in pieces in a few moments.

I spoke to the men present, and reminded them of the danger the man was in, and urged them to hurry on after the dogs as quick as possible, fearing they might kill him before any one could reach them; they responded to the call like men of soul, and we were all soon doing our best to see who should be first at the scene of action. I never could run very fast, but, on that occasion, I did some running worth talking about, and was the first to come up with the dogs. When I

got within seventy-five or a hundred yards of them, I saw they had overtaken him, sure enough, for they had him down and his body such a mangled, horrid spectacle that we could scarcely tell whether he was white, black, or what were his awful feelings when attacked.

Though I had seen many dreadful sights in my life, I never had experienced such feelings as I then did, when beholding the ground strewn with fragments of clothing, and stained with human blood.

I felt that the worst of all results had at last sealed my destiny, and would gladly have killed every dog on the spot, if it would have done me any good, or restored the poor man to life; but it was too late to wish, useless to weep, and worse than folly to say that I felt "awful."

When they all came up, and saw what was done, I could see horror depicted on every countenance, as they looked up at me, as much as to say, "You are the cause of this!" The body had been torn into small fragments, and was the most perfect mutilated piece of human remains that I had ever looked on. We were all standing around close to the body, and not a word was spoken for more than half an hour, all waiting for one another to say something. Seeing that none of the rest cared to talk, I thought I had as well begin, or we might stand there all day, and says I, "Well, gentlemen, you all know that it was not my intention to kill the man, or I would have done it in the real "Arkansaw style," but the dogs have made a finishing of him, and I can't help it."

None of them seemed to blame me, which gave me courage enough to go up and take hold of the body to look at it; on examining it, I saw something that made

me doubt whether it was the body of the "quack" or not, but did not say anything. The skin looked as black as if he was a negro, and, on further inspection, I found the "wool," so characteristic of the African race.

Without letting any of them know what a discovery I had made, I commenced looking about in the trees to see if the "quack" was not safe in some such resting place, while a poor negro had proved an easy prey to the infuriated dogs.

I had scarcely raised my eyes, before I saw him "crouched" in the fork of a tree about thirty yards off, looking on at our sorrow, with as much composure as sleeping on hot iron. The thing was then as plain as daylight at midnight; and, says I, "Halloo, men, yander sits that puke now, instead of being dead, as you all thought, and this is some poor fool runaway negro that the dogs have caught;" and now, if you are willing, we'll go up and have a small chat with the fellow to see how his pulse beats, under the influence of "*dog's bane* and *doctor's racing*."

They were all anxious to see what I intended doing with the fellow, and so we went up to the tree where he was, and says I to him, "How are you, sir?" He looked every way like he didn't know what to say or do, but at last he said: "I do tol'able well while I am up here. You aint gwine to kill a feller, are you, right here in the woods, twenty miles from home?"

"Yes; unless you do two things, and that, too, in short notice; the first is, that you tell who it is the dogs have killed; and the second is, that you are to leave the country in ten days."

He agreed to do so if we would let him down and

show him the way home, for he said he was so scared he was perfectly lost.

He said that as he was running, and when the dogs were very close to him, he saw a negro man jump up before him a few steps, and, before the negro could get under headway, he passed him, and immediately after, the dogs came up, caught him, and threw him to the ground, where they soon killed him amid cries for help, while he was climbing the tree to save his own life. We then told him to come down and we would show him his way home. He did so, and after he was gone we took the remains of the negro to the house to bury them, thinking it was some of the negroes in the neighborhood who had been sent out to attend the stock, but which we found to be a negro that had killed his master some time before, and afterwards run away.

He was never any more trouble to me, for he kept his words true and left them parts; but where he went I can't tell. I then fixed up some medicine for the sick woman and went home.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

My friends are gone; I am alone—
But what's the use for me to mourn?
I'll get my gun and take a hunt,
And let my time be hap'ly spent,
Over my head a storm doth break,
And I take shelter with a rattlesnake.
Noble dogs, though you are dead,
You'll be remembered by Rattlehead.

SHIN PLASTER.

I HAD just returned from seeing a sick man, some ten miles from my place; and, as I did not have much to do, I concluded I would go out and take a hunt. Ducker and the girls had gone down to the lake on a fishing frolic, so I had to go without him, which was a great privation, for I had become greatly attached to the young man.

I picked up a rifle, cleaned it, and procured plenty of ammunition. I also, as usual, took along the big pistol and bowie-knife. It was rather a warm day, but a fine time for hunting. I blew the horn, called up five or six dogs, and off I went to the woods in fine spirits, though I was nearly alone, my dogs, gun, pistol, and knife being my only company. I wandered a considerable distance from home without having much success, from some cause, as I only killed one deer and two turkeys.

Being very much interested in the hunt, I paid but little attention to anything else, and before I knew what was going on in the upper world, I was overtaken by a storm and rain. Now, I never was much afraid of getting wet; and since I had been living in the backwoods, I had been soaked so often and so thoroughly, that I never tried to keep dry under ordinary circumstances; but from the way things began to shake and tremble in them woods, I suspected I was to be lost once and for ever, never to return.

I therefore thought it my duty to my future wife and fortune, to seek shelter under a tree, across a log, or in a bear's mouth.

On looking around me, all the place that I could find was a small opening in the side of a bluff of rocks, scarcely large enough for me to squeeze my bones into. Knowing that time was precious, I called my dogs up, told them to go in, and immediately after them I pushed myself in; for by this time the storm was raging dreadfully.

I had to get on my hands and knees to get through the small opening, which was a difficult task, as I had to carry my gun, bowie knife, and pistol, to keep them dry. I soon discovered that the cavern run some distance underground, so I tried to get as far in as I could. When I got as far as I thought necessary to go, I stopped, and listened to hear how the storm was going.

I had been standing there only a few moments, when I heard a strange rattling, which I knew was not outside, but in the cave very near me. My dogs also heard it, for they began to growl and bristle up, ready for a fight. I looked around, and about five feet from

me, as near as I could guess, I saw two specks of fire looking right in my face, and it gave me the most three edged sensation that ever run through me, for I knew it was a rattlesnake of the largest size. What was I to do? If it had been a bear, wolf, or wild-cat, I could have had some chance, for my dogs and my weapons could slay him; but hemmed up in a cave with a rattlesnake, and in the dark, I could not tell when he would strike, or where he would strike. If he bit me or my dogs, I knew we were dead animals, and bite he would if we all staid in there together.

It was impossible for me to get out unless I went within a foot of the snake, and that too on my hands and knees, as I had come in. I gave up the thought of leaving the place then, and resolved to kill the slick-headed rascal, or he would kill me and my dogs, and—and—that would be the last of poor RATTLEHEAD; and even if I killed him there might be twenty more within ten feet of me, as there is frequently a hundred of them found in one bed.

I would have shot at the place where he was, with the hope of killing him, but I run the risk of killing my dogs.

I thought of telling my dogs to take hold of him; but that would not do, for he would certainly kill them. I could not strike at him with my knife; for the dogs would be in the way, I knew perfectly well, and would not allow me to fight without they had a hand in it. I loved my dogs, and did not intend to see them killed if I could avoid it, and I was willing to risk my own life for some time rather than hazard theirs. Two of them had been given me by an old settler for curing him of the "*ager and fever*," and I prized them very highly.

I saw that the snake was getting mad, and would not wait much longer for me to make an attack, but would commence himself, on me and my dogs. You who are comfortably seated in your parlor in the city, with all the luxuries of the land around you, cannot, I fear, appreciate what I am relating; but imagine yourself in a similar situation, and the picture will present itself in all its horrid colors.

The snake just coiled himself up, and I could tell that he was making ready to jump at me, for he gave a terrible rattle, which fairly made my teeth ache. When he did that it seemed as a signal for action, for at that moment I heard another begin to rattle within two feet of my head, lying, as I supposed, on a shelf of rocks; and a little further on the other side, a third began to rattle with a vengeance. I saw that my time was up, unless I did something soon, and what to do I did not know.

The dogs seemed to know my danger, for they began to bark and rub themselves against me, as if asking permission to fight. Seeing that I could not restrain them any longer, I gave the word, and they immediately darted forward and seized on the nearest snake to me.

While they were doing this, I stooped down and went out, as I could be of no service to them in there. When I got out the storm and rain was over, and it was nearly sunset. As soon as I was outside I called my dogs, to keep them from being killed, if they were not already bitten. The first one that came out was old Beaver, and I saw in a moment he would not live long; for he had been bit by the snake in the left side. Next came Ringwood, and the blood was dripping from his

right fore foot, as he held it up and cried, coming towards me. Last of all came my favorite dog, Nimrod, and oh! what feelings rushed through my heart, when I saw him walking slowly towards me, and the snake, with his teeth fast in his left cheek, dragging by his side. He staggered a few steps, and fell on the ground, uttering a deep groan, as he turned his longing eyes toward me, as if trying to say, "Help me, master, I am dying."

I jerked out my knife, run up to him, and cut the venomous serpent in a hundred pieces. I do not recollect anything in the course of my life that ever made a more powerful impression on me, than seeing those three noble animals lying around me in the agonies of death.

They had been bitten by the poisonous reptile, and I could do nothing for them.

My favorite dog, Nimrod, was the worst, and he died in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes after he came out, in the most heartrending agony. As I stood over his dying form I could not suppress the tears, and they trickled down my cheeks in countless numbers. The other two dogs I saw would soon die, and to put an end to their sufferings, and ease my own feelings, I took out my knife and plunged it to their hearts, and in a few moments they were both dead.

I then made the best of my way home, with a heavy heart, regretting to my very soul that destiny had directed me to take a hunt on that evening, at which time I lost my dogs in a deadly struggle, and the circumstances will long be remembered, as among the saddest of my recollections of ARKANSAW.

CHAPTER IX.

DOCTOR BILLS AND YELLOW JACKETS, OR RAISING THE
"YELLOW BOYS" IN A NEW WAY.

My wife is sick; oh! doctor, come,
And try to ease her pain,
Or I am left without a home,
Thrown on the world again.
Is it gold you tell me of,
That's found in piles and lumps—
Get off, get off, you little brats,
You raise my skin in bumps.

PHILIP WILD-CAT.

It was now the middle of summer, and the weather was very warm; everything had a drooping appearance, from a long drought that had visited us; the time of hunting was over for the season, and as my young friend Ducker was unaccustomed to a warm climate, he resolved to return home. When he told me of it I felt as bad as if my own brother had been going away from me, for we had been associated together so long he seemed like a brother to me. But in spite of all my solicitations, he would go; and I felt that I would be doing wrong to insist too much on his staying, fearing he might have an attack of fever, which is so prevalent in the southern and western States during the hot weather, and is very often fatal with those unacclimated. It required but little preparation for him to start, as

regarded clothing, but on the morning appointed to start, I found it needed considerable preparation as regarded *hearts*, for the way he had got to loving Miss Lucy, the old man's daughter, where I was living, was *sweet*, and plenty of it; she too had felt the influence of being associated with a nice young man for several weeks, and I candidly thought she would not live, for a short time after he told her he was going home.

Notwithstanding all this, after a talk of about an hour they parted as happy as if all the world and forty acres of land besides belonged to them. I and the old man, Mr. Lackey, the father of the young lady, went with Ducker to the river to see him off safe. It was a sad parting, indeed, as the steamer neared the shore, and we took the parting hand with poor Ducker, who promised that he would return when cool weather set in. This I was disposed to doubt, though, having made many such promises myself under similar circumstances, and never fulfilled them. The boat soon glided away, carrying our young friend that I never expected to see again, and then we returned home.

Early next morning there was a man that came for me to go to see his wife, who he said was very sick. He was rather a hard-looking customer, but as my rule is never to take a man from his external appearance, I got ready and went with him. There were scarcely any persons living in the region where he was; and I wondered how he ever found me out, so far off in the wilderness as he was.

When I got to his house, I found that his wife did need a doctor very much, for she had a very bad *ulcer* on her right arm, of six months' standing. As usual, every old remedy that could be thought of had been

tried, which had the effect of making it much worse, and the poor woman's situation was truly distressing.

I had the part well cleaned, and then applied a bandage tightly around it; ordered some alterative medicine, and, after telling them I would come again, I returned home. I was not surprised that his wife had an ulcer, for you never read of such a house as they lived in, I am certain. It had been built of *buckeye logs*, and them *green*, and, as it is a kind of timber that retains its *sap* for a long time, small sprouts or twigs often grow on its whole length. This was the case with his cabin, and the sprouts were growing as thick as oats inside and out—all over the house—and it looked like a brier thicket more than anything else.

A day or two afterwards I went to see her again, and found her doing very well. I continued to visit her for a week or two occasionally, and she got entirely well; expressing the greatest gratitude for my timely aid. Her husband promised to pay me in a few days; saying that if any man deserved pay, I did, for making such a speedy cure. I thought it doubtful about his pay when he was talking so good, but did not say anything.

My diagnosis turned out right, for he soon forgot my kindness, and could talk to me with as bold a countenance as if he owed me nothing. Some time after this he happened down in our settlement, and I got a sight of him, so I thought I had as well have a little fun out of him as not, for I was confident he would never pay me a cent in his life.

I went up to where he was, and says I, "How are you, Bill?" (Not knowing what else to call him, as I never heard what his name was.)

"Very well, sir; an' how you cum on?"

"Oh, about as usual. Is the old lady entirely well yet?"

"Fus rate, fus rate; gwine about now; but still I have to milk the cow, and do the other little out-door things, when I am at home; and when I go off enny whar, I always leave my wife *plenty* of wood and water."

Some person standing off a little piece, hearing him make use of such language, took the liberty of replying to him by saying, "Yes, I know you leave your wife plenty of wood and water—*wood on her back and water in her eyes.*" This cut him to the *quick*, and he could not say the first word, for I suppose it must have been true from what I heard afterwards; the folks said that he was in the habit of beating her sometimes most unmercifully.

I was very sorry to hear it, of course, but did not consider it my business to be looking into the family quarrels in the neighborhood. Says I to him—

"Come this way a minute, Bill, I've got something to tell you," and off me and Bill walked, 'bout ten steps from the crowd. "Now, see here, my old fellow, I want to tell you something, if you'll promise not to say anything to anybody else about it, will——"

"Oh! I can't promise what day I will pay you, but as soon as I *can.*"

"You are mistaken, I was not asking you to pay me what you are——"

"I've got nothing you can *take*, 'less you take my buckeye cabin."

"What are you talking 'bout, you fool? I can't make you understand anything I was——"

"I never *talked about* you in my life; and I can whip any man that says you didn't cure my wife."

"Listen to me; I wanted to tell you what a chance there was of getting *gold* in a few miles of here; would you like to——"

"No, I hain't *gold* nor silver neither; and anybody says so tells a lie, that's what of it; and thar ain't no use keeping after a feller all day for a little doctor-bill."

And thus the stupid man went on for at least half an hour, thinking I was dunning him for my bill; the old saying of "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," occupying a prominent situation all the time. After a length of time I brightened his apprehension a little, and made him understand me.

I told him that I had found a "gold mine" in the neighborhood, and if he would dig for me only two days, I would give him a clear receipt, and two hundred dollars besides when he got to the gold.

He looked like he would go into fits, he was so glad when I told him of my great discovery, and what a chance of the "ready cash" he would get. He was perfectly convinced of the fact that I had found a rich treasure, or I would not make such liberal offers; for though Bill never paid any of his debts, unless it was in chopping wood, splitting rails, burning brush, or some such things, he considered himself perfectly good for his contracts.

I made him promise that he would not tell any person where the "gold mine" was; and, after setting the day, and making some other little arrangements, we went back to where the crowd was.

Next day at ten o'clock was the time set for com-

mencing operations. That night I again visited the spot, to be certain that there was "*gold to be found*," before Bill set to digging; all was as favorable as on previous examinations, and I returned home well satisfied that Bill would "*raise the yaller boys*" in a very short time, when he once got at it. He was punctual to the hour, and then we went out into the woods to find the spot, which I had designated by driving down a stake, telling him it was the custom among gold hunters.

When I had pointed out the spot to him, I told him I would go off a piece to see if any person was watching us, and when he heard me whistle he was to commence digging. I went as far as I thought necessary, and gave the whistle, at the same time jumping up on a large log, so that I could have a good view of him.

I saw him lay off his linen, like he intended to do a good day's work, and I was confident he would, for "the hope of reward sweetens labor," as everybody knows. I suppose he had struck some eight or ten good blows into the face and eyes of the globe, when he dropped his *grubbing hoe*, shook his head, threw up his hands, *hollered*, and commenced fighting like something was close to him, but hard to hit. He fought manfully for a few minutes, but did not achieve much of a victory, for he let all holts go, and rolled away from there with a perfect looseness, blating worse than a poor cow in fly-time, and fairly pawing up the earth every jump he made. I expected he would make right for me, but he seemed to forget where I was, where he was, or what he was trying to do, for he struck out through the thickest canebreak that ever grewed in the nineteenth century, making the grape-vines and little saplings pop

on every side of him; and in fact if there had been a regular, old-fashioned, double-jointed hurricane, there could not have been a worse destruction of small timber than he made.

"Now, boys, come ahead, and we'll see some fun, for Bill's got fairly under-way, and I don't think he'll stop this side of home, for they are after him hot and heavy, and you know they don't let go so soon every time."

This was what I said to the fellows who had come, according to my special invitation, to see Bill's operation in gold-digging, but which turned out to be a "yellow-jacket's" nest that I had picked out for his benefit. My business there on the previous night was to stop the hole where they came out at, while they were all in, lest Bill might discover the trick; after which, I drove down the stake, and then threw leaves over the place to hide it. Those who are living in cities, and older parts of the country, may not know what those "yellow-jackets" are, and I had, therefore, better explain, so that all can understand. They are a little insect, not quite so large as a bee, but very much like them in one respect—they sting. O yes, I can tell you these things called "jackets" sting seven times before they quit, and make the sparks flash out of your eyes every time, they hurt so bad.

So you are now prepared to form some idea of how friend Billy felt with a whole nest of them on him, and him divested of his surplus clothes, so that he could work fast, pay, in a short time, a doctor's *bill*, and lay up *two hundred* for stormy weather.

We all went on after Bill, to see what he would do; but he went so much faster than we could that he was soon

out of hearing. Notwithstanding this, we could track him, without any trouble, he made such a perfect opening through the thicket. Every one was in a pitchfork, double-roasted roar of laughing, and got tired of chasing him in less than half an hour, called a halt, and sat down to rest.

After resting a short time, it was agreed on, and went into, that we follow him one hour more, and see how he got over "Bear Creek," which was two miles ahead. On we went, whooping and hallooing, not caring who heard us, or what they said. When we got within a few hundred yards of the creek, says I, "Stop, fellows, I hear something off here to the left." Bube—bah—cha-a-a—oh—bube—bah—eh—bah—bube—chug—oh! and such blubbing, it made my hair hurt me all the while. We rushed on then as fast as we could, fearing the man might get drowned, and what do you think we saw? Bill in the creek, as we expected, and just as we got there we saw him sinking, and some old man said it was the last time he would sink, for he would rise no more. Red calico and sweet potatoes! how one-sided I began to feel; to think of killing a poor ignorant man, was the worst of all the sensations I had ever had in my life, and I did not think I could endure the thought and live twenty-four hours.

The old man was mistaken one time, for Bill did rise again, and that too before half a minute; and instead of sinking for the last time, he was only diving under the water to get out of reach of his enemies, who were still hovering around him, and every time he came to the surface they pitched into him as fresh as ever.

I halloo'd to him, and told him to dive and swim thirty or forty yards under water, down stream, and

then come out. He did so, and was soon on land safe; but he was so swelled up from one extremity to the other, no one could have told who he was by his face. I asked Bill what made him hurry off so sudden without saying something to me about it, and even went so far as to say that I believed he had found gold, and run off to the creek to hide it, where he thought I would never find it out. You can easily imagine his feelings under such circumstances, after having been stung nearly to death, then to be accused of stealing, was sufficient to make a man lose his appetite, with a big, fat, roasted gobbler before him.

He endeavored to explain himself by telling about the "yellow-jackets;" but I would not listen to it, and told him if he did not immediately go home and get my money, I would have him hung in less than two days. He became alarmed for his safety, pledged his head to have my money next morning by nine o'clock, and then we all broke up and went home, leaving Bill to go by for his clothes, and make tracks for his cabin. Next morning he brought me over the money (twenty dollars), and all things passed off without any more trouble. It was stated by those who had known him a long time, that it was the only debt he had ever paid during his three years in the wilderness, and they said Bill would get it back from me in some way, even if he had to steal it.

I had thus far come off conqueror, and was determined, if he troubled me any more, to run the game still harder on him. It was not long after this that he came for me one day, just before night, to go and see his wife again, who, he said, was worse than when she was sick the first time. He seemed to think that I would

not go without he paid me in advance, for he pulled out five dollars, and said, "here is the money; now get your horse and go as quick as you can, for I tell you the old woman is awful bad."

I could not refuse to go when he offered me the money; so I got ready and went on with him. He lived eight miles from my place, and I knew I would have a rough time of it, for it was through some of the thickest woods on the American continent that we had to travel. We went on until nearly dark very well, and Bill seemed to be in a fine humor, more so than I had ever seen him; but I thought perhaps he had taken a horn before leaving home, and did not take much notice of it. We were now in the thickest forest through which we had to pass; the last rays of the departing sun were flickering on the tree tops; the gentle birds had ceased their chattering; no more was heard the humming of the busy bee; the sable curtain of night was closing on us, and nature itself seemed sweetly reposing.

As we were proceeding on our way he suddenly stopped his talking, and being in front he sprang from his saddle, and caught my horse by the bridle, saying, as he did so, "You are now in my hands. I was once in yours. I have come for you to-day, not to see my wife, but to get you where you now are, without arms, without friends, and at my mercy. You can take your choice—give me your money, or say your last prayers and die."

I was considerably shocked for a moment; but before he had finished talking I was ready to make him a different answer from what he expected, for he was green to think I would travel through them woods without arms. I had my pocket-pistol and side knife, and

while he was standing there with his old "rusty butcher" in one hand and my bridle-reins in the other, I deliberately pulled out what he thought was my pocket-book, but which happened to be my pistol, and as he turned his head, with a guilty conscience, to see if any person was near, I blazed away and down he came.

As he fell, he opened his unconquerable throat and mouth, and convulsed the elements themselves with his noise. "What's the matter, Bill? I've got no arms," says I, when he struck the ground; but he made me no answer, as he kept bawling and roaring worse than mad lions, and I candidly thought he would drive every wild beast out of the country.

When he cooled down a little, I got off my horse, hitched him, and went up to see if Bill was much hurt. The ball had penetrated his left breast, and there was an ugly wound, but I thought not a fatal one. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a situation more trying than the one in which I was then placed; but knowing that I was right, I resolved on trying to get him to the nearest house and dress his wounds. He was losing considerable blood, and could not long survive it. I asked him if he could sit on his horse. He said he thought he could, and begged me, for God's sake, not to hurt him any more, that he was sorry he had acted so mean.

I picked up his knife, fastened it to my saddle, assisted him in getting on his horse, and then we started back to my place, which was about as near as any other house. I took his horse by the reins and led him after me. Thus we proceeded very slow, as he was so weak and sick, I thought he could not hold out to get there.

It was ten o'clock when we returned, and great indeed

was the surprise of my friends when they heard what had happened.

On examination I found he was not as badly hurt as I had first thought; the ball had struck against one of his ribs, wounding an artery as it did so, glanced off and lodged in his back, having cut its way all round one side of his body. I cut it out, dressed his wounds, gave him a dose of laudanum to ease his pain and procure sleep, and then, having fixed a place for him to rest, we all went to bed.

Next morning he felt much better, and, after asking pardon a thousand times, he went home. He got well without any difficulty, and thus I let the affair drop, thinking I had the best of it, as I got five dollars in cash, and had a capital opportunity of trying a "*centre shot*."

I have never heard of Bill's whipping his wife any more; he makes a good neighbor, and "pays his debts."

CHAPTER X.

A SHAKE UP OF CREATION, OR IN A CAVE DURING AN
EARTHQUAKE.

I'm glad to see you, my dear old friend,
And a welcome hand to you extend;
'Mid all the strife that's neath the sun
You and I will see some fun.
Come, let us visit a mighty cave,
Ne'er fear that it will be our grave—
The earth is shocked, a sound like thunder,
Has made us think this world's a wonder.

JOSIAH LIMESTONE.

ARKANSAW is a great State—a remarkable State—abounding in the many and diversified curiosities of nature; portions of it are low and swampy, while others are hilly and rocky; some is almost barren, and some is the richest soil in the world. In one part we meet with bayous, swamps, lagoons, lakes, and marshes; in another with sink-holes, caves, and cliffs of rocks. The place that I moved to, when I come to this State, was in the *lowlands*, bordering on the hilly country, and thus I had the advantage of both.

My friend, Ducker, had been gone some time, and, having had many ups and downs since he left me, I felt quite lonesome, and often wished for his return; but believing, as I did, that he would never visit us again, I quit thinking of it.

It was now the middle of September, but the weather was still warm, and as I wanted a little recreation, I caught up and went out to the hills to see a friend of mine. I found him well, and very happy to see me, saying that "he had been looking for me a long time."

The day after I got there he proposed that we should either go out and take a hunt, or go to a big cave, four or five miles from his house. After talking it over for some time, we thought it was too warm for hunting, and decided to go and have a look at the cave, as it was something very unusual for me to see. We got some dry boards, and split them up, for making a torch, made a few other little preparations, and started to spend the day in "subterraneous explorations."

The cave was in a very large, rocky hill, which caused us to go a-foot, as a horse could scarcely get along with any degree of safety. Another reason why we did not wish to take our horses along was, that we expected to be in the cave for some time, and did not think it safe to leave our horses outside, at the mercy of the ravenous wild animals that roved the forest. There was three of us together, my friend, one of his neighbors, and myself, only one of which had ever been in the cave, and that was my friend, Brown, who said he was well acquainted with every part of it.

When we got to it I observed to Brown that I was not much pleased with the appearance of things at the mouth of the cave, as there was two or three huge rocks which seemed ready to fall every moment, and if they should fall on us we would be mashed as flat as a broken merchant. He laughed at me, and said the rocks had been hanging the same way over since he first saw the cave, more than five years. Notwithstanding this, I still had

some apprehensions of danger, having once been squeezed up in a small cave, under very unfavorable circumstances, which come near costing me my life.

I did not wish to be called a "coward," and therefore agreed to go in with them. The torch was lighted, fuel to feed it fixed, and after leaving a handkerchief at the opening, as a sign that some one was within, we started on our pleasure trip.

I asked Brown why he had left a sign at the mouth of the cave? He said that people were in the habit of coming there sometimes, to throw large rocks into the cave, merely for amusement, to hear the peculiar sound they produced. Our course, at first, was a gradual descent, over piles of stones of every description, which Brown said had been thrown in, as he first told me, by visitors, who, willing to amuse themselves in the way of rolling stones, were not bold enough to venture down, fearing they might be so unfortunate as never to return.

We continued to go down for a distance of near one hundred feet, before we come to the greatest depth. Here we saw many little curiosities, but nothing of particular interest. Then rising, we went up a short slant, and passed by a place where I saw many names scratched on the rocks, also what Brown said was called *the bell*. and I think it deserves the name, for on striking it a pretty hard blow, with a long slender rock, kept there I suppose for the purpose, you would have imagined you were in some bell-tower, in time of a fire.

After proceeding some four or five hundred yards, we came to a beautiful pool of water, in a place somewhat elevated, and I think it was the best water I ever drank, and so perfectly limpid that we could see the rocky bottom, which was more than fifteen feet from where we

stood. Here was the first place we met with any difficulty; the pool of water extended nearly across the passage, allowing only a very dangerous place where we could get along. We had to hold to the rocks, and climb round the best we could, and if we fell we knew our landing-place would be in the water, which was as cold as Christmas. It was more than half an hour before we all got round, but we got over safe.

There was some of the greatest curiosities found, after passing the pool, that I have ever seen in any country, many of which I threw over the pool, so I could take them home as I went back.

When we were about a hundred and fifty yards past this place, we come to one very narrow and difficult to pass, and as it was now getting time for us to proceed in a different direction—home—we agreed not to go any further, and turned about to go on back.

We had not proceeded more than half way to the pool, when our hearts were made to sink within us, by hearing a great noise in some direction, we could not tell what, or from what cause it proceeded, but were not left long in suspense on that subject, for very soon we saw a large arch of rocks over our heads crack, and two or three pieces of considerable size fell close to us. Brown, who was best acquainted with such things, spoke immediately and said,

"Let us hurry from here with all speed possible, for there is an EARTHQUAKE, and some large rock may fall on us, or before us, and stop up the way so we can never get out." Imagine our feelings in that awful situation! Under almost any other circumstances we might have hoped for life being spared, but then the chances were one to ten thousand against us. I saw Brown was

scared almost to madness, and was not fit to carry himself or us out of there safe, and I spoke to him and told him to give me the torch; he resisted for a little while, but at last gave it to me, when I told him I would go first and lead the way out.

I had been in too many scrapes in my life not to know how folks acted in a time of danger; and thought it due myself and my companions to be composed if possible. As soon as I got the torch, I told Brown there was no use of being scared; that it would not do us any good.

He calmed down a little, and then we went on at a pretty brisk step; but did not get twenty yards from where we had stopped for me to get the torch, until a tremendous mass of rock fell just behind us, shaking the earth itself. Our situation was now truly horrible; but still we went on, not a word being spoken by any of us until we reached the pool. Here Brown and his neighbor became greatly agitated; both wanting to go first, and neither willing to wait a moment; I saw it was useless for me to say anything more to them, and so I let them alone. They both made for the pass at once; in doing which they came their full length side by side in the water, and carried all the torch wood with them. Our situation, which was as bad as imagination could picture before almost, was now doubly so, for the torch which I held in my hand I knew would not last more than half an hour longer at furthest, if that long.

When they fell in, I thought they had better be on home's side of the pool; and I spoke to them, and told them to swim out on the other side.

The water had cooled them off a little, I suppose, for they took my advice, and went out at the other side,

leaving me with the torch. They got out; squatted down; and began to shiver a perfect death ager, and rattle their teeth like an old wagon.

Whether their fall had anything to do with putting a stop to the earthquake or not, I am not prepared to say; but one thing is certain, I heard no more shocks after they struck the water. I took the torch in one hand, and with the aid of the other I crossed over safely in much less time than when we were going, and when I got to my two companions I thought they would just swallow what little fire I had, they were so cold. Brown raised up his hand, and put it over the torch to see if he couldn't warm it a little, and as he did it about a pint of water run out of his shirt sleeve, and out went every spark of fire there was, and us more than four hundred yards from the mouth of the cave without anything to eat.

As they looked at the last spark extinguishing, they screamed out as it was their last moment in the earth, and down they fell at my feet, like I could do anything for them. It was a trying moment, there in that "blackness of darkness," with two men about to die at my feet; but I summoned up courage, and spoke to them in the fiercest tones that I was master of, and told them it was nonsense, childishness, and *cowardice* to act so. Says I, "Get up, and go to dancing, or some other exercise, and don't lay down there, or you will both die."

They got up, and while I sung, I made them "pat juber" and knock up the dust with a rush; they kept it up for a few minutes, and by the time I was tired of singing, they were hot o' dancing, and we all quit. You may think it was a strange place for men to be dancing, but it was all the means possible of getting

them warm, and reviving their spirits. We then commenced talking of our situation like men of sense and reason, and with all our reasoning we could not think of any means to get out. Brown and his friend were for going out immediately, let things be as they might, but I could not agree with them, for I well knew how easy it was to get lost in such a place as that.

I told them that as certain as they started out without a light, they would get lost; and proposed to them that we should sit down quietly where we were, and wait for some person to come after us; I told them that the neighbors would collect together, and come with a light, knowing that we were in the cave during the earthquake. They were two to one, and said, "go, they must," or they should die in that cave, and of course I had to go with them.

Brown said, if I would follow, he could lead us out safe, as he was so well acquainted with the cave, having visited it for many years.

He took the lead, me next to him, and the other man behind, and started to reach the entrance, and once more view the light of day. Brown understood it well; I soon discovered that; for he would go a piece, and then "*holler*," to tell where he was, and how to get on.

We crawled on our hands and knees sometimes, sometimes walked, and often struck our heads against the rocks. As near as we could tell, it was getting late in the afternoon; and we were anxious, indeed, to get out before night. In about an hour I heard Brown cry out, "I see day-light," and I knew he was right, for I looked in the direction he told me to, and I saw it myself. We were soon at the place, but, oh, heart-rending thought, to behold the two large masses of

rocks, that I spoke of before we went in, lying at the entrance of the cave, completely stopping it up with the exception of a small crack not large enough to admit our bodies to pass!

Every hope of life now vanished; and once in my life I felt that my days were numbered, that soon I should be sleeping with the pale nations of the dead. It is needless for me to say that all of us gave utterance to such painful feelings; and many, many were the tears that gushed from our eyes as we thought of our awful destiny. While we were thus meditating, we heard a slight rumbling noise, and each of us started in frightful apprehensions of another shock which would soon launch us into eternity.

We soon found that we were mistaken, for it was the neighbors coming to search for us, and their feelings must have been beyond expression when they saw our situation. They spoke, and we answered them, telling them to help us if they could.

On examination, they found a place where they thought an opening could be made; they commenced with their axes, &c., which they had brought with them, and in about an hour they had made an opening through which we could pass. We all got out safe, thanked God for his mercy, resolved never to visit a cave again, and then went back to my friend's house, where we arrived a little after sunset, and found his family in the greatest agony, fearing we had all been killed.

I remained at my friend's for two or three days after this, and then returned home.

CHAPTER XI.

FLOGGING THE LIFE OUT OF A PANTHER, OR THE RESULT
OF HUNTING HAZEL-NUTS.

Go catch your horsé, and saddle up
To go along with us;
We've got the pistol and the cap,
So never mind the fuss.

I hear your horse begin to neigh
Like something's made a banter;
Oh, will you, will you look this way,
And see that great big panther!

JEDEDIAH HORNBEAM.

SOME time in the early part of October, the young ladies got at me to go with them on a "Hazel-nut" hunting expedition, as I was then a little more at leisure than I had been through the summer. I did not care much about going; but, as I had never been out with them any since I became acquainted with them, I thought it my duty to go; for they had been remarkably kind to me, and seemed to think as much of me as if I had been a brother. On Friday morning by ten o'clock, we had every arrangement made, mounted our horses, and rode off. There was a fine thicket of hazel-bushes three miles and a half from their father's house, and we agreed to go there. There was three of us in company, the two young ladies and my-

self; quite enough with one exception, we could all have done better with one more "for a partner."

As we went on, I got to talking about my friend Ducker, and was not surprised to find it an agreeable topic of conversation, considering everything. We soon reached the place, got down, and while I was hitching up the horses, the young ladies went down to a little spring for some water.

We all put on our "buckskin gloves," to keep our hands from being stained, and at it we went, picking off the hazel-nuts in a hurry. We were enjoying ourselves very much, and had gathered a large quantity without molestation; when we were about to turn back to go where the horses were, I heard my "old black" neighing, like danger was approaching, and I knew it was time for me to be looking out. I did not wish to scare the young ladies by telling them that danger was near, for I felt certain they would see it for themselves soon enough. We walked on pretty fast, for it was some distance to our horses, so as I could find out whether there was Indians about, or whether it was a wild animal of some kind.

When we were within forty or fifty steps of them, I heard "old black" neigh again, fiercer than ever, and my frame trembled like a leaf, for I had so often been warned of danger by that noble horse, I knew he was not making a noise for nothing that time, and though it cost my own blood, I was determined to go to him, and see if he was in danger.

We did not go many steps further until we came in sight of the horses, and our eyes had scarcely caught a glimpse of them, when we saw what had caused my horse to give warning, for just at that moment we be-

held a huge panther making his leap from a tree, and fell on the neck of one of the horses the young ladies had rode, crushing him to the ground.

I told the young ladies to stand where they were, and I would go and do what I could to relieve the poor horse, which was then struggling with the panther, and groaning when the sharp teeth of the infuriated animal pierced his flesh. I had with me the same weapons that I was in the habit of carrying on all occasions, my big knife and revolver, with which I thought I could kill the panther, while he was trying to devour the horse; I took them out, and crept upon him as fast as I could safely go, and when I got within ten or fifteen steps of him, I fired at him with my pistol. The shot took effect on him, for as I fired I saw the blood run from an opening the ball had made just over his right eye.

I thought for a moment that the shot was a fatal one, for he gave one keen shriek that pierced my very heart, it was so much like the human voice, but I found I was sadly mistaken, as he was only enraged by the wound, and seeing me he left the horse, and made a spring at me.

I knew I could do nothing more with the pistol, so I threw it down and took my knife in my right hand, so that I could use it in the approaching death-struggle that awaited. The panther made such a spring, that by stooping a little, he went over my back without touching me.

I run on the other side of the horse, as he was still lying there bleeding, before the panther could straighten himself, but as soon as he did, he sprang at me again. I was not so fortunate the second time, for he struck

me with his foot, and carried me to the ground. As I fell I struck at him with my knife, and wounded him severely in the left side, but notwithstanding this he had the advantage of me, and soon had me in his power. I once more attempted to use my knife; it was in vain; his powerful weight completely overpowered me, and stripped me of all hopes of defence. There I lay, prostrate on the earth, with the hideous form of the panther hovering over me, as he again loudly shrieked, exulting over his prey, and trying to call another of his fiendish tribe to devour me, the horse, and the two innocent young females, who were as unprotected as the tender flower from the ravages of the killing frost.

He was so very heavy that I found it almost impossible to breathe, and his fore feet held my hands to the ground so that I could not make the least effort.

Strange to say, that panther lay on me in that way for more than two minutes. I knew not what would be my doom, or how soon I would realize it. I was almost dying for want of breath; the strange visions of eternity began to reveal themselves, as I was carried by suffocation to the brink of death; ten thousand scenes floated before my vision—some sad recollections of the past; my mental fabric was ceasing to give out its warning of danger, and no longer held command over my feeble frame. I felt something trickling down my face; what was it—tears? No, it was the blood gushing from my nose; I was bidding adieu to things of life with no very bright prospects of future, and could scarcely tell whether I was dead or alive; and was only aroused in a small degree to a state of consciousness, by the report of something that sounded like thunder in my half listless ear, and at that moment the panther fell by my side.

I still did not know what had been done, or whether life yet existed, but in a few moments I heard a still small voice breathing the spirit of an angel near me, trying to rouse me by saying, "Oh, doctor, do, do look up and speak to us;" and when I opened my eyes, what should I see but the forms of the two young ladies, bending over me in breathless anxiety, trying to restore me to consciousness, telling me that I need not fear anything, as the panther was dead?

When I had so far revived as to be able to sit up, I saw the panther lying by me, and could not imagine how he came there, until the young ladies said that when they saw my situation they run to me, and seeing my pistol lying on the ground, they picked it up and fired at the ferocious beast, and luckily they hit him and killed him. Miss Lucy was the one that done the shooting, and she might well be proud of it, for by so doing she saved my life.

On getting up and looking round, I can tell you there was a sight that no one need wish to see: the horse with his throat cut by the panther; the panther, whose lifeless form was stretched at full length on the ground, and the two young ladies and myself showing traces of a bloody conflict.

The horse, a large beautiful bay, had bled to death for the want of some person to attend to him, and when Miss Lucy saw it, she burst into tears as she stood over the poor animal which she had so highly prized.

While she was standing there looking at him, she told me of one or two instances in which the horse had undoubtedly saved her life, and she thought more of him than all the horses in the world. Such is the nature of woman, that when they once appreciate a



"And when I opened my eyes, what should I see but the forms of two young ladies, bending over me in breathless anxiety, trying to restore me to consciousness, telling me that I need not fear anything, as the panther was dead."—Page 118.

kind and noble act, even though it be from the humblest source, they cherish it with never-dying remembrance. Bless them for their goodness, for amiability, for love, for kindness, and—for saving my life that Friday in the forest.

It is remarkable that every person likes to linger near the place where they know danger once existed, if it be then removed, as is evinced by the fact, that we all strive to have a look at places of great conflagrations, suffering, and death.

This was the case with us, for we all stood looking over the place of the dreadful struggle for more than an hour. I then looked around and found the other two horses; the young ladies got on one, and I mounted mine, and then we started back home, leaving our hazel-nuts till another time, when we would be better prepared to take them. This was one among the many scrapes of my life that came near making a finishing of me, and I would not try the same thing over again, if you would give me all the gold in California.

You can very easily imagine my feelings towards the young ladies after they had saved my life, but the worst of it was, I knew one of them liked Ducker, and I did not know which of the two I liked best, so I took an "ager" and split the difference.

CHAPTER XII.

SORE EYES AND BROKEN JAWS, OR AN ADVENTURE WITH
A SOAP-GOURD.

'Twas ten o'clock in stilly night,
When I was sweetly sleeping;
The moon and stars were shining bright,
While by my side a man stood weeping.
The blood is gushing from his wound,
And he is pale as death;
She with pain and fear has swooned,
And no longer draws her breath.

PAT PIPESTEM.

ONE night awhile after bedtime, when I was asleep, and the rest of the folks were doing something else, I was waked up to go and see a sick child of one Mullinocks, living four miles north-east of my place. I got up and went out to the fence where he was, and the first thing he said was, "Oh, doctor, do come quick, for my son has cut his foot off, an' he ar a bleedin to deth fast." I had no time to ask questions then, but got ready as quick as possible, and started off with him to see his child. I thought my horse was a traveller, but he could not hold a light to Mullinocks's "gray filly" that night; he spurred her with a three-sided kick of his left foot, and I could not get in "hollering" distance of him more than a minute at a time the whole way.

Sometimes he would run under a grape-vine hanging

across the road, and over they both went all in piles five or six times before we got there.

At these licks, it did not take long to get to his house, and on going in I found he had not misrepresented the case in the least, for his son's foot was cut nearly off, and more than this, his wife was lying on the bed in nearly as bad a fix as the little boy; her chin and throat were terribly bruised, and she was perfectly speechless, with difficulty of breathing, her throat and face swollen very much, and a great tendency to chilliness and trembling. I never had been as badly cornered in all my life, in any case, as I was in the two that night; I asked Mullinocks what had caused them both to be so badly hurt? He said he did not know anything about it, only when he come in from his work he found them "jis as I saw 'em then." At first I did not know but what he was telling the truth, as I did not know much concerning his character; but on looking at the little boy, I saw that his foot had been cut "*crossways*," and of course he couldn't do it that way himself, and cut it so smooth.

It was quite desirable to know something of the origin of such a calamity, but I could not take time then to inquire into it more, until I had dressed the wounds; the little boy required my attention first; he was still bleeding, and almost dead.

I proceeded to dress his foot, which required no little time, as I had no one to assist me that was worth anything. Mullinocks helped me all that he knew how, but I noticed he was trembling right over and under, rather square-toed like, and trying to say something, but did not want me to hear it. He set his thinking apparatus out a little too much, and while he was think-

ing to himself so fast, I heard him whispering, "Oh, I wish I hadn't bin sich a fool as to be playing with the axe, and then nothin' woodn't ov happint; but I won't tell this doctor 'bout it, for he's mighty tricky."

I never let him know that I heard him, and kept still until I had dressed the boy. After attending to the little fellow, I turned to his mother, who seemed in the most dangerous situation that I could have thought of—she had the *lockjaw* from the effect of her injuries. I soon discovered that it was a case requiring powerful treatment, and I acted accordingly. I did everything that I could for her relief, but it was more than two hours before she was any better.

When she had so far recovered that I considered her safe, I sat down—for I was nearly worn out with fatigue—and commenced talking to Mullinocks. Says I to him, "Now look here, my old fellow, if you know anything concerning this affair, tell me; for I must find out, if there is any possible chance."

He still declared his innocence, and was mad as a mud tarapin because I questioned him so closely. This put me in a good humor to tell him my private opinion, and says I:—

"Well, Mullinocks, you may get as mad as you please, and talk as loud as thunder claps, turn up your nose, and swear till you are blue, black, and white spotted all over in square miles; but let me tell you that I believe you know a little more than you say about this affair; I think you have had a hand in it in some way, and don't want to tell what it is; I should like to know what you meant, when I was dressing that boy's foot, by whispering to yourself something of 'What a

fool I was for playing with the axe,' and some more such expressions, that you thought I did not hear."

The man looked as if he had just slipped up out of a new moon, and found a witch in his corn-crib, he was so badly scared; he rolled his eyes four ways for Sunday, run his hands in his pockets up to his elbows, sneezed three times with his mouth shut, and broke his big jug of liquor, saying that it had done the harm. I was not so credulous as to believe the jug of liquor had done all the harm, though I was confident it had been the great starting-point, and I was determined to find it out if possible, let the cause be what it might, for I feared the child and the mother would both die.

Mullinocks saw I was hot on the track of him that had caused the bloody scene, and after his scare was a little over, he took it into his head that he would scare me, and make me cease my inquiries on the subject; thinking, doubtless, that it was my business to *cure* the wounded, and nothing more.

He pulled off his coat and made right at me, without saying the first word; he was able to lick me, real beef fashion, and I knew it, so I didn't have any time for offering apologies, if I had wanted to; and, therefore, had to get to doing something faster, harder, and in abundance. I had the knife in my hand with which I had been dressing the boy's foot, cleaning it, but I did not want to *spile* my knife cutting at him, and thought if I could get anything else I would not trouble him with the knife, for it was as keen as a razor, and if I made half a lick at him, and hit him in the right place, I knew I would lay his day-light in the shade, with a "sway-backed looseness," and there would be three

patients to die on my hands, and that was more than I wanted in one night.

I hardly had time to look for anything else—and I knew it was not useful to strike him with my fist—but I did look round to my right hand, and I saw one of the old-fashioned, long-handled gourds, that would hold nearly two gallons of whatever was in it, setting on the shelf, and any *storm in a port*, so I gathered it by the neck, and as he come I busted it all into toun smashes over his head and eyes. When I grabbed it, I found it all over square-toed heavy to what I had expected, and I give Mullinocks the blind staggers in about two minutes. As the gourd busted, I saw what made it so heavy—the old woman had it chuck full of *soft soap*—and if ever you saw one of these short-horn Durham calves in a paster with the dogs after him, you can form some notion o' how that fellow bawled out that night, when the soap run, with a stiff current, straight into his seeing organs. Julius Tadpole on three legs, and old Rob Roy's turnip patch, how the feller did yell out—

“Oh, Polly, my dear Polly; I won't knock you under the chin no more, nor chop Phlem's foot, if ever I git so I can see agin. Oh, uh—bah—hac, upc—pee—sis-sors and corn-cobs—my eyes—my eyes, doctor, do sumthin for me, an' I'll tell you how it all happind—oh—hoop—ee—doctor—Polly—” and now didn't he dance reels, jigs, and double-shuffle all at three times?

I told him I should do nothing for his eyes till he told me what he had done with the axe, and Polly, and Phlem's foot, that he was yelling about so.

“Well, I will tell—oh, my—the way it was; Polly an' me tuck a dram or two 'fore night, and—co—ho—

uh—ginn a little to Phlem, too; and when we got to feelin our liker pretty smart, we got the acks an' 'menced foolin with Phlem like I wood kutt off his foot—OH, MY EYES—and Phlem he got a foolin too, an' tried cood he jurk his foot 'way 'fore I cood hit it; so, arter—Polly—oh, Polly—while I struck too hard, an' Polly wer lookin at me, an' the handle o' the acks hit her thar on the chin next by her throat, an' nocked her over, faintin as she fell; this made Phlem thro up his foot, an'—fire—fire—is in my eyes—an' as he throde it up, an' I wer not noticin, an' cutt rite 'cross his foot, an' then I war skeered too death, an' went fur you—OH, MY EYES—hot water—an' that's all 'bout it.”

It seemed like a reasonable tale, and I thought perhaps it was so, which was soon confirmed by his wife, who recovered from the severe shock she had received. She agreed entirely with her husband's statement, and then I got some water, washed off Mullinocks's eyes for him, and rubbed them afterwards with lard, which eased them very much, but I tell you they looked mighty like the sun rising in Indian summer, and he could not see well enough to bake a johnny-cake for the family.

I then had a perfect dry-land hospital of my own, without going to any of the cities for patients, the old man (I say old, but not so very old either) with his eyes so swelled up that he could not do anything; the little boy with his foot nearly amputated by the axe operation; and the mother with her jaw-bone fractured in two places, and knocked out of joint on both sides. By this time day was breaking, and I had been up with them folks all night, doing a fine business, dressing wounds for over two hours, with the big drops o' sweat pouring off me all the time, and after that got into a

fight with Mullinocks, knocked him over the head with the soap-gourd, and made three ply-quadrilateral fire balls of his peepers—something of a *scrape*, gentlemen, for most of men, but as nateral as making a dinner off of iron-railing to RATTLEHEAD.

I made a speech to them on the subject of their foolishness in playing with such dangerous weapons, fixed them all up the best I could, then went home to my breakfast.

I had to attend to them until they got well, as a matter of course, and I will agree to swallow an elephant without cooking, if it was an easy job by any means. I got them all well again, except Mullinocks himself, but his eyes were a little too much for me, and to the best of my recollection he has the sore eyes yet—perhaps never will get rid of them, and that is what makes me hate it the worse; for I never did anything before in my life that lasted a man so long. If they are not well by next fall, I am going to petition the legislature at Little Rock to let him go to New York, to see if they can do him any good at "The Eye Infirmary;" they say it is a great place there to cure sore eyes. The old woman chaws a little one-sided, and can't eat enough to *keep* her alive hardly, and Phlem is going on "crutches," very lame, *but still they are both very well.*

CHAPTER XIII.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER, OR, THE RESULT OF PIG STEALING.

ONE night when it was dark and rainy,
I lived west of the Alleghany,
And being tired I went to sleep,
For then I had no cause to weep;
The other folks were tired too,
Which was nothing very new,
For those who live among the canes
Must work their hands instead of brains.
While all of us were loudly snoring,
And wild beasts through the woods were roaring,
A man that lived within three miles
Come to our house to take the spoils.
My friend Luckey kept some hogs,
Sows and pigs, and big bull-dogs;
The varmints could never catch the hogs,
Lest they themselves were nabbed by dogs.
Thus we always slept contented,
And took our rest when naught prevented,
Not thinking that the sow and pigs
Would be attacked by human rogues.
But that night this man did come,
To steal the pigs and take them home;
Knowing the dogs wouldn't even moan,
For to them he was too well known,

He boldly marched up to the fence,
 And says he, "How do ye do, gents?
 I want to put you in this bag,
 To show you how much I can wag."
 So saying, he grabs one by the tail,
 And then the pig began to squeal,
 For that is all a poor pig knows,
 And does it well, as he always shows.
 As soon as it began to whistle,
 The sow jumped up and raised her bristle;
 Chug, chug, she went, with mouth wide open,
 Then this man was tuck with a lopin'.
 He held the pig both tight and fast,
 Thinking to have its meat at last,
 But when he went to jump the rail,
 The old sow tuck him by the tail.
 His coat was strong, and hard to tear,
 So the old sow held him firmly there;
 She gave a pull—he tried to jump,
 And over they all come in a lump.
 He fell on his back, the sow on her feet,
 Let go his coat, and tuck his meat;
 The sow was strong, large, fat and mad,
 So she run and got him by the head.
 He raised his hands to "gouge" her eye,
 But didn't she make them fingers fly;
 He got her ear, and begun to ring it—
 She gathered his nose, and away she slung it.
 He once had thought he was good spunk,
 But the sow just licked him like a chunk;
 He saw unless he bettered his work,
 His time would soon be very dark.

Another awful struggle he made,
 But 'twas all no use, for there he laid;
 The strength he had when the struggle began,
 He knew was fastly on the wan.
 But one thing alone could give him hope,
 And that was next thing to the rope.
 It was to halloo for help aloud,
 For in the house there was a crowd.
 Time was precious, for he was sinking,
 And the old sow fought without blinking;
 Still madder she got, as his flesh she tore,
 He could stand it no longer and began to roar.
 He roared so loud it waked us up,
 And seemed as if he'd never stop;
 The old man Luckey heard the bray,
 And thought that it was judgment day.
 We all went out and looked around,
 And there this man in a scrape we found:
 "Oh, that's the fox that steals my pigs, ha;
 At night he comes instead of day."
 'Twas thus the old man Luckey sed,
 That night, when he got out of bed;
 But though 'twas a mean trick for a man,
 We give to him a helping hand.
 It was long before this man got well,
 For his face and eyes did greatly swell,
 But when he found he was getting better,
 His nose had grown as "flat as a flitter."
 He'll never steal a pig again,
 For it cost him too much pain;
 He now is a neighbor quite good,
 But he's got a mighty scarry head.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAY TO CURE A SCOLDING WIFE.

Why don't you bring a load of wood?
 See here, I want some water;
 Take that milk, and churn it good,
 And then give me the butter.
 Oh, my dear husband, are you dead,
 And left your wife in this cold weather?
 Then I must brush and fix my head,
 To get myself another.

OLE MISS QUINCY.

IN the course of my life I have often met with men who were cruel to their wives, and have seen some that were so far bereft of human feelings, that they would make their wives get on their knees before them, and beat them like they were dogs, instead of "the noblest of God's creation." These are things that I ever regret to see, I am such an ardent lover of the fair sex, but I never suffer them to exist long where I am, for I devise some means of-curing the hard-hearted man of his besetting sin. On the other hand, it has likewise been my misfortune to see some few "hen-pecked" husbands, who mourned over their destiny, and would have committed suicide, if that would have done any good, but feared that it would only leave room for some other poor man to be served the same way.

With all my tricks in this world of sorrow, I have, on

all occasions, unless when prompted by a hasty temper, endeavored so to dispense them as to do the most good to my fellow-beings; and when I saw a poor, miserable, "hen-pecked" husband, I have ever endeavored to help him out of his lamentable condition, when I could do it with safety to him, his wife, and myself. It would be cruel and unjust in me to take an active part in punishing a bad husband, and let a wife that wanted to wear the trowsers go unpunished.

It happened that there lived in my neighborhood, out in this country, a remarkable woman, and as I happened on one or two occasions to have a little business to do with her, I'll give you a short history of the case, and then you can think for yourself, whether she was a "remarkable woman" or not.

When I first settled in Arkansas, this woman had a husband, who was as kind a man as ever lived in our State, and wanted to do the thing that was right with everybody, and his wife, too. I had been living in the neighborhood but a short time, until I heard of this Mr. Quincy, that had a rare woman for a wife; it was said he could have no peace with her one way or another, for she would rule him, in spite of his teeth; in fact, the man could scarcely make a crop of corn, 'taters, cabbage, or anything else, owing to the way this woman treated him.

Quincy could not more than get out to work before she would call him to bring a bucket of water, a load of wood, to churn the milk, feed the pigs, or something else, equally as unnecessary; it mattered not if she had plenty of water when he went out, she would throw it out and say he went off without doing anything for her; if there were piles of wood, she burnt it all in a pile out

o' doors and threw leaves over it to hide the ashes; if he churned the milk for her over night, she would mix some water with the buttermilk and make him churn it over, and, of course, he could not have the ordinary success in producing butter under these circumstances, which was a source of torment to him from two causes; one was being hindered from performing his duty out in his corn patch, by the long and toilsome labor over the churn full of water, trying to gratify his wife's wishes in making butter; the other was that, while he was doing his best, the wife would stand round picking at him all the time with her everlasting jaw.

The consequence was that he, poor man, "had no pleasure in living;" his life was one continued torment to him. This was her second husband, and the neighbors said that she had treated her first husband nearly as bad as she did Quincy.

I often thought of this fellow's miserable condition, and wanted to relieve him; I spoke to the neighbors on the subject, but they told me it was utterly useless, for he loved his wife with such undying affection that, as soon as any person hinted that she was "ruling him with an iron rod," he became as much enraged as if you had spit in his face.

Under these circumstances, I thought they might just fight their own battles, and I would mind my own business. I was almost ashamed I had felt sorry for such a fool as he was; too frequently the case, that when our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of our fellow-beings, it is returned with a scornful look, a harsh word, or unfeeling conduct. Things wore on in this way until I went on to attend my second course of lectures, and I thought nothing more of it during the winter; on my

return in the spring I found Quincy among "the things that were"—he was gone, he was dead. I was informed by the neighbors that there was no doubt but that his wife had been the cause of his death. He had been dead nearly four months when I got back.

It was then the widow Quincy, and strange to say, she seemed like another person altogether; it appeared as if she was conscious of having lost a "good husband," and that her own conduct had laid him in the silent grave, where he was then resting in peace, free from the curses that beset him while living.

During his life, she had never known what a calm moment's reflection was, or one hour's repose, without dreaming of new plans by which she could torment a kind husband; now she was calm, pensive, thoughtful, and submissive; she talked but little, and that little was spoken in a spirit of meekness and deep humiliation.

Acting in this way, she could not fail to secure the good feelings of those by whom she was surrounded, for they saw her dependent situation, with two interesting little children to take care of. Every person in the neighborhood thought her completely changed; nothing could induce her to show any tyrannical acts towards her children, or show a ruffled temper under the most trying circumstances. She did not want for anything; while there was a piece of meat or loaf of bread in the hands of her neighbors, she had a part of it. With all her bad qualities, she had some good ones; for instance, she was very good looking; hard to beat, I can tell you. Although she seemed to feel so humble in her actions, she did not forget to cultivate her beauty; she slicked up her hair mighty often, and fixed up all to smashes; go to her house when you might (if you had been there,

to go), you would find her "fixed up brown," and very pleasant in her manners.

By pursuing this course, it was not long till she had plenty of visitors, generally men that were not married, too, and they staid as long as if they were kin-folks.

One middle-aged old man, in particular, that happened to be a widower himself, went packing off over there about twice a day with bread, meat, 'taters and all kind o' good fixins he could lay his hands on, and some of the boys said he killed a turkey one morning and went over with it to the widder Quincy's, and like to not got back the whole week.

It was plain to be seen that she thought more of him than anybody in the neighborhood, and after the other men saw it, they quit going and let Simpson have the day (that was his name, you see).

Well, after awhile the thing got whispered round that Simpson and her intended to marry one another, just for company's sake. Of course, nobody objected, for it was none of their business, and I believe people wanted to see how she would treat her third husband; any how, I know I did for one. It's very little trouble to marry in Arkansaw, after a fellow gets a woman to say "Yes;" all that we have to do is to get two to hold the broom-handle, and one more for a witness, promise to love one another as hard as brickbats, and then jump the broom, kiss twice, take a drink of whiskey, if we can get it, and the affair is all over. Simpson come out and "acknowledged the corn," that they were going to marry. We all gathered in for a hunt, whetted our knives, rubbed out our guns, and struck out on a gaming frolic to kill something for the wedding. Simpson didn't go, in course, for it's agin the rules out

here for the man who is going to marry to "hunt his own meat."

We hunted about half the day, found plenty of game, and came back home; that night Simpson had a jug of liquor, and between the meat and that, we had plenty for such an occasion. I needn't take up much time telling 'bout the wedding, for the fact is, that Mike Warren (the overseer of the road) acted as pasin, and tied them fast together in the bonds of love and onions; they jumped the broom, and done the other little requisites of kissing and drinking, and then she went out to help the other women 'bout the cooking.

We drank the liquor, eat the meats, said good night, and all of us went home, leaving Simpson in possession of his "dark and heavy responsibility."

In two or three days the neighborhood was all quiet again, and every one attending to his own business; but people were very anxious to know how the new couple got along, for many thought the woman would soon be for putting on the same clothing she used to wear, so that she could get 'round better. Two weeks or more passed, and not the first grunt had been heard from Simpson. People were getting to think she had met the right one at last; but not being so credulous as to think that a woman would change her disposition, without some radical cure, I thought she would show the folks, in a short time, that she still maintained her position as commander; and if the thing did not leak out, it would be because Simpson was ashamed to let it be known.

One night I had been out to see a sick woman, and on my return I had to pass close by Simpson's house; when I got pretty near to the house, I heard the dogs sorter barking and growling like they were under the

house, but I didn't care for the dogs, for I was too well known in that country to be bit by a dog—they would all come to me when I called them—so I rode along up like nothing was the matter; I didn't intend to stop; but when I got right by the house, the dogs come out wagging their tails, and looking up at me, and still I heard the noise as before.

I now suspected that it *might* be Simpson and his wife, and was bent on seeing whether it was so or not. I got down, took off my saddle-bags, hitched my horse, and walked close up in the corner o' the chimney; and looking through a crack, I saw Simpson lying in the bed, coiled up, shivering like a wild varmint was after him, and his wife with a big pair of tongs, 'bout half red-hot at the catching-holt end, laying down the law to him, which was 'bout as follows, according to my recollection:—

"Now you gwine to allers have plenty o' wood for me?" "Y-e-s."

"And churn for me when I tell you?" "Oh, yes."

"And do what I tell you any time?" "Y-e-s."

"And milk old Spot and Pidey?" "Y-e-s."

"Well, then, go to sleep, and don't you be orderin me to git your supper another time; I've got plenty to do to 'tend to my children—my poor husband's children—and I'll do it for his sake, 'cause him and me never had a cross word in all his life; dear man, I wish he wer livin now, he wus sich a good man."

The cat was out of the wallet then, and as I was satisfied on the subject, I got on my horse and went home. I did not think it was right to tell things that would make a disturbance in a family, so I kept the thing to myself, thinking that other people might find it out the same way I had done, or as they pleased. Some

one else had considerable curiosity, and resorted to the same means I had done—happening round that way on purpose—and when he found it out he could not, or would not keep it, but blabbed it out all over the country.

He said that he was watching, and when Simpson come in, he asked his wife to get him some supper. She never said a word, but deliberately hauled away and "diff" she tuck just below the right eye, fairly keeling him over, then grabbing him by the hair she pulled him all 'round the house, and the poor fool, like her other husband, didn't try to do a thing, her pretty face being sufficient to make him keep "hands off." The thing was kept from Simpson about any one knowing it, and others looked in the same way, to see how far the woman would go, and how much he would bear, without resenting it. Tim Jones went over a few nights after this and saw her run Simpson out to the frog-pond, throw him into it, and while she had him down, not wishing to get very wet herself, she give him an awful pelting with old chunks, clods of dirt, and rotten potatoes.

Some one else went to take a look, and saw things still worse, if possible, and I think you will admit that it was. He asked her for something, in a fine humor, too, he was, and the next thing he knew she had the fire-tongs—and them none too cold—fast on to his smeller, and then throwing them across her shoulder, she led him round and round the room for two hours.

When I heard all these things, I could not bear it any longer; it was more than one human should bear off of another, and as I had in many instances made good husbands of bad ones, I thought certainly I could tame that woman down to her normal temperature. I was

mad, *I was*, and *Rattlehead* don't get mad oftin; so when he does, something has to come. I had known this man, Simpson, before marrying the woman that was about to lead him into the grave, and he was a good neighbor, clever man; his greatest fault was that a woman could do as she pleased with him, and he'd not say a word about it, unless some person found it out; then he would get a little spunky sometimes for a few days. In the first place, I had to let him know that the thing was found out through the neighborhood, and then, if he was willing, I thought I could give him a few instructions, by which he could make his wife as tame as a setting hen in less than a week.

One morning I went over to see him, and found him at the house, looking like he had been run through the "flint-mill" the night before. I asked him to walk out in his "new ground," and there I told him all the whole affair. He looked like he had slid down a tree a mile long, and was scared nearly out of his existence.

He asked me what he "should do in the case?"

I then told him, if he would follow my advice, I would make a good wife for him out of that woman. He jumped nearly ten feet right straight up, he was so glad, and said he would do anything I told him. "Now," says I, "Simpson, I've got an all roaring, free and easy, great big tin horn, at my house, and you must make an excuse to go off with me, and I'll give it to you. When you come back, you must commence blowing that horn, before you get in sight of home, and do you just keep it up, and don't you stop, but walk straight in the house, and keep up your blowing as hard as life will let you. As soon as you get near the fire, take one of these wads of paper and throw it in, and in about five minutes

throw in another, but keep up your blowing all the time; never stop to speak to your wife; and if she says anything to you, just point your finger upwards. After doing this way for one hour, lay down your horn where you know she can't get it, and go on about your work. When you go home, never ask her to get you anything to eat, but go and get it yourself; never do anything she asks you, and never speak to her; if she speaks to you, pick up your horn and answer her with as snorting a blow as you can give, and lay it down again, and if she gathers on to you to fight, throw some of this powder slap into her eyes, and she'll drop back; then pick up the horn, and go ahead as usual. If this don't cure her, then say *Rattlehead* can't do anything."

The little "wads of paper" that I gave him contained a due proportion of gunpowder, arranged for a blast; and the powder for throwing in her eyes was *Cayenne pepper*.

He went home with me, got the things, and went as I had directed. He went into the house blowing away, and dropped a wad of the paper in the fire, which bursted with no little noise, as it was tightly packed; in a few moments he threw another, and another, with the same loud reports. His wife spoke, he blowed his horn; she spoke again, he blowed the louder; she thought him deranged, and run at him to give him his accustomed flogging; as she come he blowed the horn, and threw his hand full of the *Cayenne pepper* right in her eyes; and sweep-stakes of Rome, and tadpole slue, how she screamed! A catamount never screamed half so loud in the year the woods were burnt. But still he blowed the horn, and by this time every dog in the settlement heard it, the folks heard it, and here they come, through

canes, brushes, briars, along the road, and everywhere. The dogs were howling, men were setting them on like they were in a chase, and the woods gave back its echo of the weeping and frightened women and children. Thus Simpson still blowed his horn, as the dogs were howling, and the poor wife raving from side to side, up and down, washing her eyes. When the neighbors began to gather in with their dogs, guns, knives, and every implement for battle, Simpson stopped his blowing to see what was the matter.

They asked him what he meant, and he come flat out and said he was trying to cure his wife's temper, and would do it or die. I then rode up out of a thicket, where I had been all the time, made strange of such conduct, and done the best I could to relieve the woman's eyes. I don't suppose there ever was such a racket in our settlement before, but I cared nothing for the fuss, for I knew that horn would have that very effect on the dogs, and on the neighbors too; 'twas what I wanted.

In an hour or two, we all broke up and left. About two weeks after that, Simpson come over, and I think he was the happiest man I ever saw; he said his wife had become a perfect angel, and he thanked me a thousand times for what I had done. He gave me his big "yaller dog" for my services, and now let me say, in concluding my remarks, that his wife continues the same "angelic creature" yet, and the way them folks lives happy together now makes me ashamed because I haven't got a wife too.

CHAPTER XV.

SCUFFLE WITH A BEAR AND SCRATCH WITH A WILD-CAT.

Blow the horn and call the dogs,
Then let us go a hunting;
You go by and feed the hogs,
And I'll fix up the wadding;
Clear the track and let me shoot,
For he's looking right at me.
Stop; yander's another varmint to fight,
As well as that one in the tree.

DICK LUCKEY.

I HAD been living with my old friend Luckey for several months, and him and I had never had a bear-hunt together; so, one morning, I proposed to him that we should get our dogs, guns, knives, &c., and go out on a real good-fashioned hunting spree. He was willing, and by eleven o'clock we were ready for the chase. We had been a little unfortunate with our dogs through the summer, several of them having died when the "distemper" got among them, and, one way or another, we had but four left; they were as good though as ever fought, and never gave up as long as they could work their jaws. We sounded the horn, got up our things, and struck out right through the thickest forest, knowing that we would have to go through the roughest places, if we had any luck at bear-hunting.

The dogs were all ripe for a drive, and were out of

sight in a few minutes, trying to start some game. They did not go far before I heard one of them sing out, and I knew he was on the track of a bear. They were then two or three hundred yards ahead of us, but we harked 'em on.

They all joined in, and in a few minutes they fairly made the woods ring, they made such a noise. It had been some time since I was bear-hunting, and it made the hairs stand straight on my head as the dogs went on after the bear. We hurried on as fast as we could, to keep in hearing of the dogs; for if they went on and came up with the bear, we knew they would attack him, and there was not enough of them to whip him, unless we could help them. When they had been running for about half an hour, they took a turn, and came back very near us, to the left, and came to a stop; we went down to them, and found they had tree'd the bear, as large a one as I ever saw. He was sitting up in an oak, resting himself, and seemed as independent as a wood-chopper. It was not necessary to hold a very long consultation on the case, as it was decided to shoot him out. Luckey raised up and blazed away at him with his rifle; the shot, though not a fatal one, wounded him, and down he came among the dogs, fairly shaking the earth for a mile round as he struck the ground.

The dogs mounted him immediately, and then they all went at it in good earnest; sometimes one was on top, and then another. After they had been fighting for nearly half an hour, we saw that the bear was not much hurt, and would whip the dogs unless we interfered; we were afraid to shoot at the bear then, lest we might kill some of the dogs, and were at a loss to know what to do.

Luckey, who is a very brave man at anything, took out his big knife and said he would go and help the dogs to kill him. I told him I thought he had better wait until the dogs wearied him down a little more; but he would go his own way. He stood a moment until they got him down again, and rushed up with his knife to kill him; just as he got to him, the bear turned his head a little, and before Luckey could get out of the way he had him by the leg, and down he jerked him. He fell all among the dogs, bear, and brush, and was in a worse fix than any of them; they were so mixed up that I could scarcely tell who was getting the worst of it; but I thought Luckey was, for he was human, and the others were not.

I knew it would not do to stand there and see a bear kill Luckey and the dogs too; so I jerked out my knife and went to their relief. I was a little more fortunate than my friend, and succeeded in introducing my instrument about six or eight inches into the "tub of fat," and the old fellow "kicked over."

Luckey then got up, and said he thought he would take my advice next time; the dogs went off a piece, and lay down to rest, while Luckey and I skinned the bear. He was fine and fat; so we thought ourselves well repaid for our labor.

After having skinned him and cut him up, we thought we must have another before going home, to make one a piece for us; our dogs were a little tired, and so were we; but having been so successful, we were stimulated to still greater exertion, and I believe our dogs were as proud of the fight as we were, for when we again sounded the horn they came howling around us as fresh as when we left home. Having packed our meat away safely,

we again set out on the hunt. It was now about one o'clock, one hour past dinner time; but we did not wait to do any cooking.

The dogs rushed ahead eager for another fight, and we soon lost sight of them as they penetrated the depths of the thick woods. It was not long until we heard them open again away to the right, and as they did, the sound seemed like they were coming towards us with all their power; we could tell from the way they all ran that they were on a hot track, or had just jumped the game. I spoke to Luckey, and told him I did not think it was a bear, but a panther, deer, or wild-cat. He said he did not care what it was, so that we could come up with it, kill it, and take it home, to show the folks in the neighborhood that we could hunt to do some good.

On come the dogs with a thousand yells, and they come rapidly towards the spot where we were standing; in a few moments, we heard the bushes begin to crack close to us, and we raised our guns to fire should it come in sight, but it passed on unobserved, owing to the canes, briars, bushes, &c. The dogs quickly followed in close pursuit, and then we joined them and followed on.

They went about half a mile further, and all at once stopped barking; we then hurried to them as fast as we could, and found they had treed a wild-cat. I have seen many in my life, before and since, but I never have seen one equal to the one up in the tree that day. We both thought at first it was a panther, it was so large. Luckey was struck dumb for a moment, as he raised his hand, pointing at what we then thought was a panther. I thought I would relieve his anxiety, and raised my gun to fire at it as he had shot on the first occasion,

and very successfully. Just as I raised up to take aim, he touched me on the shoulder for something, and I looked to see what he wanted; he never said anything, but was looking as pale as death, his whole system trembled, his lips quivered as if trying to speak, but failing, he turned his head quickly in a different direction, and on looking that way I saw a huge bear advancing rapidly upon us.

It was an awful predicament to be placed in—the bear coming on us at a rapid pace, and the wild-cat over our heads, ready to spring upon us at any moment.

I was not surprised that Luckey was looking pale, but that was no time for backing out, and I raised my gun, fired at the wild-cat, and down he came among us. The dogs were on him as soon as he fell, but they were thrown off as quick as they got on. By this time I had loaded my gun again, and was about firing at the wild-cat, when I heard Luckey's gun go off, and on turning round I saw him fighting the bear by himself, not the first dog near him. The bear had got him between his paws, and was giving him a death-hug. I run up to them and fired at the bear, wounding him in the side. He fell on the ground and struggled dreadfully, as the blood gushed from his wound, and I thought he was entirely disabled.

We did not have any time to look at the bear, for Luckey, poor fellow, had been wounded in the struggle, and was bleeding profusely. Notwithstanding this, he tried to load his rifle again, and would have done it very soon, but the infuriated wild-cat had whipped off every dog, and came bounding towards us with his eyes glaring like fire-balls; he was foaming at the mouth,

and his tail wagged, like he was bent on destroying our lives.¹

My gun was not then loaded, having fired at the bear to save Luckey from being killed, and now I had no time to load it, as the wild-cat would be on me before I could get ready to load. Luckey was in a worse situation than me, having been wounded, and was then quite faint from the great loss of blood, and, of course, he could not assist me any. I called to the dogs to see if they would rally again; if not, I knew I must bear the consequences. I had never known them to back out as long as they were able to stand, and thought they would still obey my calls, and rescue me from impending death if they could.

When I called them, two of them got up and came to me as quick as they could; the other two tried to rise, but could not, as they had been wounded, and under them was a large puddle of blood. Before the two dogs could reach me, I saw the wild-cat would be on me, and I seized my gun by the barrel end, to try to defend myself; but just as I got hold of it, the horrid creature sprang at me and seized me by the shoulder, knocking me down, and as I fell he loosed his hold, leaving me within two feet of the bear.

Before he had time to seize me again, I had got partly under the old bear, who was lying there not dead, but so much disabled I thought he could not hurt me, and I did not see much choice even if he could hurt me. I concluded I had as well be eaten up by a bear, as torn in pieces by the wild-cat. I did not know whether I was wounded much or not, for I fell in the bear's blood, and was covered with blood all over, and I could not see where the wild-cat was, or what he was doing, for



"I started to rise up; but when I sorter got on my knees, I felt something strike me in the breast, and it was nothing less than the wild cat, which socked his teeth right into my flesh."—Page 147.

my eyes were completely blinded by the foam, dirt, hair, &c., which besmeared me so that I scarcely knew what I was made of. I could not see Luckey either, and did not know but what the varmint might have him in his power, and destroying what little life there was left in him. At last I heard the dogs fighting again, and knew they were at the wild-cat. While this was going on, it gave Luckey a little time, and he managed to get his rifle loaded. I started to raise up, but when I sorter got on my knees, I felt something strike me in the breast, and it was nothing less than the wild-cat, which socked his teeth right into my flesh, but at that moment I heard Luckey's gun go off. The animal gave a deafening yell, made a spring, and fell across my back as dead as a hammer.

Talking about bear hunting, I think this is one of them, and I wish I may be spun into shoe-thread three times the first new moon, if ever I want to get into another such.

Luckey and the dogs were not as bad hurt as I expected, and after dressing them up a little, and skinning our bear, scalping the wild-cat, and looking at the battle-ground awhile, we went on home, but did not get there until nearly sundown.

CHAPTER XVI.

COLLECTING A DEBT OFF OF A WOODCHOPPER.

Come, doctor, come and see this man,
 For he is mighty sick;
 He's burnt his foot, he's burnt his hand,
 And badly cut his neck.
 He's now got well; what is his tune
 About this doctor clever?
 He's nowhere here now to be seen,
 But chopping wood down on the river.
 CLOTHES-POLE.

THERE are few things in the practice of medicine that so much annoys a physician as going round collecting what is due him for "services rendered," but there is *one* thing annoys him still more, and that is, to fail in getting his money after calling for it half a dozen times. I suppose there are not many men and women in the world that follow the *killing* art, who are as successful in collecting as me, though I have often come near losing my life in doing it. You have seen, in reading the foregoing pages, that I have been a remarkably "good collector;" but in several instances I was placed in *scrapes* that every one would not have got out of, and I would not have done so either if I had not been accustomed to breathing an atmosphere "highly charged."

If you have no objection, I am going to give you the history of a "collecting" scrape that I got into once on the Mississippi River; it won't take me long to tell it, so I hope you will bear *on* me, and I will get through the faster.

Lest you should think that I was a little hard on the man, I'll give you the case from one end to the other, and then you can judge for yourself, and if any of you think I was wrong, just sit down and write to me at "Coon-Hollow, Ark." and tell me of it. If you say I was, I'll go and hunt up the fellow yet, and give him back his money.

One day as we were all going to set down to dinner, somebody rode up to the fence and called for me. I didn't like to be cheated out of my dinner, but I got up and went out to see what he wanted. He spoke in a great hurry, and said that Bill Johnson, Daily's brother-in-law, was dying, and no mistake.

"Well, then, what do you want with me, to have him die on my hands?"

"Oh no, but Daily says he'll never forget you if you'll cum up rite quick and see the feller, fur he's sufferin' power."

I did not wait to finish my dinner, but went on to see Johnson. We went with a perfect rush, and when I got there, found him rolling and tumbling from one side of the house to the other, kicking and hollering, and in a snorting fix for a white man to be in.

He cooled off a little when he saw me coming, so that I could have a chance to do something for him. On examination, I found one of the worst scalded men I had ever met in my travels on the doctor's turnpike of me-

dicine. Daily commenced, and gave me a full history of how it happened. He said:—

“Bill turned a fool and got drunk, just 'cause he had the licker to do it on; and when he was pretty tight, he went out where Feby was making soap. Feby didn't like to have him 'bout thar much, and tole him to go off. He thought he would doo a leetle smart, throd off his coat and jackit, and jump, rored, and pitched round much as he wanted, and would bin at it yet, but as he went 'round to show his strength, he run agin the soap pot and turned it over; the soap was bilin hot, and it made him git away from thar faster n'r he went; but the hot soap had dun the wirk fur him, for he soon tuck the trimbels, and looked like dyin'. So I sent for you.”

It was no time to be scolding a feller for his sins then, so I told Daily not to say anything more on the subject. I then turned in and done what I thought the nature of his case demanded, and made him as easy as I could. I saw that he was dangerously ill, but did not deem it necessary to say anything to Daily about it, for he would tell Johnson as soon as I left the house, which would not have done him any good.

As soon as I had dressed him, I told them I would come back next day, and then went on home to finish my dinner, for they were all so much scared they never thought to ask me if I had been to dinner.

Knowing that he was bad, I was very punctual in my attendance, and visited him next morning early. He had passed a restless night, and then had a high fever, with delirium. I again prepared medicine for him, and went home, fearing that his case would result fatally. You must recollect, as we go along, that in the country it is very different from what you see in the city. In

the city, a doctor can write off a prescription, flourish his hat a little, send the folks to the drug-store, and let the patient die a fashionable death; but in the country this is not the case. The poor doctor has to make pills out of medicine that he has bought himself, and paid his own money, unless he can get it on a credit, which is not often the case, unless it is a druggist that sells things cheap, owing to their quality.

Day after day I attended this man, and attended him well too, for in a few days he was getting better. Two weeks after he got hurt, I went for the last time, and pronounced him well. This was a speedy recovery, considering that he was a bad hand to follow directions; for, though I charged him particularly “not to touch a drop,” he would take a little liquor when he could get it.

When he began to get about again, I expected he would pay me very soon; but time went on, and still he didn't say anything about paying; I thought several times of asking him for it, yet I did not do it, hoping he would “fork over” in a few days.

One day I was called out some thirty miles, to see an extraordinary case, and did not get back for two or three days. On my return, the first thing I heard was that Johnson had run off, and no one knew where he was gone. This was good news, in the superlative degree, for me to hear; but I never let on that I minded it, for I thought the least I said would be the best. I knew Daily would not pay the debt, for he had never been known guilty of such a thing in his life, and therefore concluded to try and find out where Johnson was gone, and if he was not too far off I would follow him.

Although I made no fuss on the occasion, I felt ter-

rible workings in my breast that I shall never forget. It was then I thought that were I called on a similar occasion again, I would tell those that wanted me I would not go unless they paid me in advance. What use was it for me to toil and struggle with those who suffered? Although I might watch around their suffering couch, and administer some healing balm or palliative, they cared not for it when they were restored to health, but would turn a deaf ear to all my calls.

A few days after this, I got a hint that Johnson had gone down on the Mississippi River to chop wood. I could not find out the exact place where he was, but my feelings were such that I resolved to try and find him out. I well knew the difficulties I would have to encounter, for if I went to the Mississippi bottom to inquire for a "wood-chopper" by the name of Johnson, or any other name, I would be told that "the bottom is full of wood-choppers, but we know nothing of their names."

Notwithstanding all this, I intended to make an effort to find him. Accordingly, next morning I set out in the direction I had heard he was stopping. Going as I then was, I could not ask any of the neighbors to go with me, for it is as much as a man can do to collect his own money. It was in the month of November, and I had no difficulty in getting through the "bottom," as the road, or rather the *path* I should say, was quite dry. When I got to the river, the only place I could get to stop at was at a "wood-yard," and was glad to get that; in fact, I did not think it was a bad place to hear of a wood-chopper.

The company at the wood-yard consisted of one white man and four or five negroes, whose exclusive business

was to attend to the chopping, hauling, and selling of wood to the steamboats, and though it is a somewhat lucrative occupation, it is one that I could never reconcile to my feelings, I am certain.

The man treated me the best he could, which was not the best in the world, but as good as I had any right to expect, knowing his situation. I did not wait long until I told him my business, and inquired particularly whether or not such a man as I described had been in that part of the bottom within a few days.

He said that, only two days before, such a man had applied there, wanting to chop wood; but as they had as many as they wanted, he did not give him anything to do, and had sent him on down the river to another man that wanted "choppers." I asked him if he would let one of the negroes go with me and show me the way, and told him, if he would, that I would pay for the negro's time. He said I might take the negro and welcome, without any charge, as he was always willing to assist a fellow in a tight place. It was about two miles to the place where Johnson had gone, and there was a large bayou that I had to swim my horse over. When we came to it, I took off the saddle and blanket, put them into a canoe and got into one end of it, holding my horse by the bridle reins, while the negro got in the other end and paddled. By this means we got over without any trouble, for my horse led well, and I went on to see if I could find Johnson.

I rode up to the house, got down, and went in; I told the man that I wanted to find a man who was owing me, and told him his name.

He replied that such a man had been chopping wood for him a day or two, and was living in a shanty out in

the woods. When I told him the nature of the debt, and how Johnson had treated me, he said that the fellow must pay it, or he would turn him off, and sent a negro out to where Johnson was, requesting him to come to the house, as there was a man waiting to see him.

The negro soon returned, and said he would be in directly. We waited an hour or two, but there was nothing to be seen of Johnson; so the negro was sent the second time, but when he came back he said he could not find him, and that he could not see anything in the shanty like clothes, guns, or anything that he used to see the choppers have. I immediately "smelt a mice," and told the man that Johnson had made for the Mississippi side, where he thought I would not follow him, and asked if I could get a negro to set me over. He sent one of the negroes with me, and when we got down the bank, he said one of the "skiffs" were missing.

This confirmed me in my belief, and as I did not wish to give up the "hunt on a hot track," I got in the other "skiff," and the negro soon rowed us over. When we neared the Mississippi shore, I saw a sack that looked as if it contained clothes, a large good-looking rifle, and several other things just at the edge of the bushes, but did not see any person that claimed them, or noticed them.

We fastened the skiff, went out on the bank, and looked around, but could not see any person. I then went up to look at the things, and recognized the rifle in a moment as being Johnson's.

I came to the conclusion that he had considered himself so safe, he left the things on the bank and had gone to hunt up a shanty. Not knowing in what direction he had gone, or what else to do, I told the negro

to pick up the bundle of clothes and other things, and then-taking the rifle in my hand, we went on back to the skiff; we got in and started across immediately, fearing that Johnson would get back and follow us to get his things. We were disposed to do as well by him as he had done by us, and left the skiff for him, should he return and want to cross over after us.

I suppose we were about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, when I heard him come rushing out of the bushes, and then jumped in the skiff, straightened himself, and started after us as fast as he could pull. Knowing that he was a desperate fellow when he got mad, I prepared for the contest. I looked at the rifle to see if it was loaded, and found in it a heavy charge; my other things I knew were in good order, and so I did not fear him much if he should attack me. He was the best oarsman, and gained on us very fast; seeing this, I told the negro to do his best, and he pulled manfully, I tell you.

I discovered that it would be useless to try any more to beat him to the Arkansaw shore, and told the negro to stop; he did so, and I hallooed out as loud as I could, "Look out there," and raised the rifle to my face as if I was going to fire; Johnson stopped pulling, and looked at me with the gun ready for shooting, and bawled out for me not to shoot him for God's sake.

I knew I had the best of it, for I had his own gun, and he could not "hold a dodge to me." He kept his distance after that until I got over; he soon came up to the bank, and said he would pay me if I would give him back his things. As that was what I wanted, I told him to come on; he came out, paid me my bill (twenty-five dollars), and then I delivered his things,

give him a good scolding, took him back to the house, and recommended him to the mercy of his employer; he sent Johnson back to work; I thanked him for the loan of his negro, got on my horse, and went on back to the wood-yard where I had first stopped.

I staid there that night, cracked some hard jokes with the young man, and next morning I went home twenty-five dollars better than when I left, and nobody hurt.

CHAPTER XVII.

CORN-STEALING AND HORSE-KILLING.

Doctor, I've never had such luck,
And I am quite forlorn;
Something's playing me a trick,
That's using up my corn.

Get your rope, thorn-bush and fodder,
Bring here your old tin-pan;
Never suffer yourself to shudder,
For it's nothing but a man.

PETER PIG-BASKET.

"I SAY, Doc, I want to talk with you a little; come out here and sit down on this log with me; you know I am a man that works hard and tries to make a living for my family, and that's more than every one does in this country; well, I have got a good crop of corn this fall, and I think I ought to have, for I ploughed it over four times, and hoed it once, and intended to sell a little, but I b'leve my family, stock, and everything else will starve, for something is eating up all the corn in the lower fields; it can't be coons or bears, for my dogs don't suffer that, and if they did, I'd shoot the last one and get a new breed; now what you think I better do? I am in a awful fix, Doc."

"How long since you first saw the corn being destroyed?"

"Ever since it 'gun to get in good '*roasin ears*,' and it's nb better yet."

"Well, never mind it; I'll go down with you after we get some dinner, and see if I can make any discoveries; if I do, I will try and do what I can for you."

This is a conversation that took place between old Tom Whitesides and me, a short time after I got back from my collecting expedition. It was no funning or fooling about these times, for "corn was corn" when a fellow had it, as it sold very high to settlers coming into the country from the older States, and who were compelled to have it. Under these circumstances, I thought it my duty to do what I could for Whitesides, for he was a good neighbor. We got some dinner, and went down to the field where he said his corn was getting destroyed, about two miles, and I found he was not making complaint for nothing—the corn was torn down and used up badly.

I looked around carefully for some time, and thought I could remedy the evil. I saw a number of horse-tracks through the field, showing that it was the horses doing the damage. I asked Tom if any of his folks had been riding through the field; he said they had not. I then pointed to the horse tracks, and told him some of his neighbors were feeding off of his corn, and if he would do as I told him, we would put a stop to the business; he, of course, was willing to do anything I might suggest, and then I gave him a short history of my intentions.

I told him that if he would agree to watch with me that night, I would come back a little after dark; he said he would, and after telling him what preparations to make, I went back home.

At the appointed time, I rode up, gave the sign, and Tom answered me. We then hitched up our horses, and sat down to await for the approach of the things that had been so destructive to his corn. We had been sitting there for about an hour, when we heard the sound of a horse coming rapidly towards us. Tom started to jump up, but I would not let him, and in a few moments we saw a man ride up to the fence, get down, and turn his horse in the field; he then put up the fence, and went off. After I thought he was out of hearing, I spoke to Whitesides, and told him I was ready; we then took a rope with us and went into the field to catch the horse that had been turned in a few minutes before.

The horse seemed to know that he was in the wrong pasture, and run off from us as fast as he could; we followed him up, and in the course of half an hour, we had the rope around his neck. We led him up to Tom's house, and dressed him off in good style: he had a fine bushy tail, and we got some half dozen old tin buckets, a few boards with holes in them, a bundle of fodder and a large thorn bush, and tied them fast to it.

We could hardly hold him still while we were fixing him up, and when we took off the rope and told him to go, you ought to have been there; he give one little step, and as he did he heard the tin buckets begin to rattle, the fodder begin to crack, and the thorns flounced a little over his back, and "git out of the way, old Dan Tucker," how he left a streak behind him!

Every jump he made, the buckets rattled the louder, the fodder flew in pieces, and the thorn-bush put it to him "from the word, go." At this rate, he did not long remain in sight, and as we wanted to see where he

went, we all mounted our horses and followed on; the sound of the buckets was a good guide for us, although he outstripped us by half in running. We followed him a little over three miles, round and round, and at last he come up to a house, and whose should it be but Daily's, the place where I attended to Johnson, when he got burnt?

The noise waked up Daily long before we got there, and he was out trying to do something for his horse, as he had run until he could no longer stand, and fell on the ground just before Daily's door. When we run up, Daily saw that he had been caught at his tricks, and made for the woods like death was after him, but we were looking out for that, and started on after him, and in less than fifteen minutes run him up a tree.

There were three of us against one, and it looked a little like foul play to whip him, but Whitesides swore he would do it if he was shot for it in less than a week; I saw he was mad, and let him do as he pleased with Daily.

He told him to come down, or he would shoot him out in less than two minutes; Daily began to explain "how it happened" before he got to the ground; but Whitesides would not listen to him. As soon as he come down, Whitesides laid hold of him, tied a rope around his waist, fixed a loop in it, and hung him upon a limb of a little "hornbeam" about five feet from the ground; then taking a good big limb of the tree, he fell in on him like "deadening timber in a new ground."

The fellow squalled worse than I ever heard a man in my life; but still Whitesides poured it into him for more than a quarter of an hour; he then stopped to rest a little, during which time Daily told so much,

made so many fair promises, and begged so hard, that Whitesides let him down; but he had given him one of the worst whippings I ever witnessed in my life. That was the best thing that could have happened for Daily and Whitesides both, for Daily has become quite an honest man, and attends to his own business, and Whitesides has never lost any more corn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SWEET KISSES AND HOT ASHES, OR THE WAY JIM
ALLGOOD LOST HIS SWEETHEART.

The morn was bright as the glistening frost
Clung tightly to the trees,
And I in reverie was lost
As I watched the sun's bright rays.
List! I hear the sound of footsteps
In the distance loudly beating—
A friend from his saddle leaps—
Ah! bless the happy meeting!

DAVID RATTLEHEAD.

'Twas now the 22d of November; there had been one or two severe frosts; and as the morning sun rose higher and higher in the firmament of heaven, giving out a genial warmth to the terrestrial world, the leaves were seen to lose their tenacity for life, and fall to the ground one by one, until the trees were left stripped of their summer robe, desolate and alone; the sound of some winged songster, as if warbling his last note in gloom and despair, could be heard in the adjacent wood; the smoke of Indian summer was hovering over the land, telling too plainly that the then delightful weather would not long remain to make our hearts glad; and as I sat out by the side of the house, thinking of my prospects for the future, I saw two persons slowly ap-

proaching; as they come nearer and nearer, I looked eagerly at them, for they seemed like strangers.

When they reached the gate, I went out, and to my great joy I met with my favorite old friend, Ducker, who had fulfilled his promise in returning, but had not written to any of us in some time; he had with him a man who had come from the river to assist him in finding the way, and to carry back the horse.

It is needless to say that the meeting was a happy one, for I had thought of him a thousand times when he was far away; and when in my worst scrapes I often wished he was with me. It will be recollected that, before he left us in the spring, quite an intimacy had existed between him and Miss Lucy, my friend Luckey's daughter; and on the eve of his departure they had a long talk together, which I thought resulted in some "hard promises." I was not certain about it, nor did I put myself to any trouble to find out, for it was none of my business.

Well, after Ducker left, I expected he would write to some of us, at least once in two weeks during his absence, if he intended returning; the young lady expected so, too; but great was our disappointment on finding that he only wrote two letters, and they were soon after he got home. I wrote to him twice, Miss Lucy once, and after that we got tired and quit writing, as we expected he did not care to keep up the correspondence. Seeing this, I noticed closely to see if it had any effect on her mind, but observed no change in her in any way whatever.

During his absence a young man living in the neighborhood commenced coming to see Miss Lucy, and if there had been any love existing between her and

Ducker, I saw it was in a fair way to be forgotten, for there is no truer saying than "absence conquers love," and in this case the neglect to do what had been promised—writing letters often—added to the mere absence. The young man came often, but I never heard of his making any open declaration of love, or "popping the question," though he was treated with the most perfect kindness by her and her parents on all occasions, and I thought strange that he did not bring matters to a close. Time wore away, week after week, and everything seemed to remain the same. I often wondered what could be the cause; whether he could not "get his mouth off," whether he was afraid to attempt asking her, whether he was coming just to pass off the time, or whether the man had not sense enough, were questions I could not answer.

The old folks, too, were taking some notice of his frequent visits without doing anything in the way of marrying, and I could tell that they did not approve of it.

Things went on in this way until the very unexpected arrival of Ducker, and then you will readily believe that something had to be done on the part of Jim Allgood (the young man), or Ducker would renew his suit if he had ever loved her, and might carry it to a successful termination.

On Ducker's return, Miss Lucy treated him with all the kindness of a friend, but nothing more; his neglect in writing to her had so changed her feelings, that there was no trembling hand, no hurried breathing, no rapid beats of that kind heart, and no suffused cheeks at his approach. I saw that it made him deathly pale,

and sank deep into his heart, though he tried to avoid showing it as much as possible.

After sitting in the house a short time the morning that he arrived, I asked him if he would not like to walk out into the woods awhile; I did this to relieve him from the unpleasant feelings that I knew he must be laboring under, for, though naturally talkative, and had been absent a length of time, he could scarcely make out to talk any after he met Miss Lucy.

He was more than willing to accompany me in my proposed walk, and, in fact, I believe he would have went two miles to fight a bear, for the sake of getting off from the house; the poor fellow felt miserable, I could see at a glance.

We walked out, and commenced a general summing up of affairs since seeing each other; and this soon carried his mind from dwelling on Miss Lucy's conduct towards him when he went into the house. I had many scrapes to tell him of that I had been in, as you can judge from what few I have told you in the course of this little work, and in half an hour he was laughing again as though nothing had happened, but still I could see that he looked as if he had waked up from a long "nap," and did not know what to think of himself.

Even the slightest allusion to Miss Lucy was avoided on my part, fearing he would relapse into his former mood, become discouraged, and go home. As it was near dinner time, we did not stay out long, and when we returned to the house everything was more easy; Ducker's shock was pretty well over with, and Miss Lucy was a little more pleasant; thus things began to look as they did a few months before. That night, about dark, over come Jim Allgood, as usual, to see his

dear Lucy; I was out of the house at the time Jim come in, but some of the folks gave him a "knock-down" to Ducker, and they both sat down in the house together, where the old folks and the young ones, too, were looking on.

It was not long until I came in, and there they all sat with their hands crossed, and if you couldn't have heard a pin drop, then make me into a willow basket.

"Who's dead?" says I, as I walked in and found them all doing nothing; this was a starting-point for good big talking in that cabin, now believe me, my reader, and old Luckey just broke right out laughing as hard as he could split, for he know'd what I meant coming in and speaking that way.

Well, I thought I'd keep the thing up as long as I could, and so I started on to a great "rigmarole" of a tale that I had heard once about how people live in the East Indies; it's too long to tell it over to you in this book, or I'd tell it now; but I don't write books jist to talk about tales; I have been trying, as well as I knew how, to tell you what I have seen out here in Arkansaw, and I haven't got room to do that, nor half of it. The reason I commenced on telling tales was, that I knew the old man would rather hear me tell tales, and put in one occasionally himself, than to eat his dinner. When I got through with my story, the old man commenced, and I think he must have told half a dozen good long ones before he stopped; I know he told the one about the "Mare's Egg and the Rabbit," "Irishmen in a Silver Mine," "Swimming in a Flax Patch," "Eating a Raw Squirrel," and one or two more.

While we were passing off time in this way, the young folks didn't take much interest in it, but sat there, eye-

ing and peeping round at each other as if they didn't know which would be hung first, or what day Sunday come on.

At last, the old man told his last tale, looked across at Lucy, Ducker, and Allgood mighty sharp, and then went to bed. It was getting a little late, and I was rather sleepy, but still, I could not with propriety ask Ducker if he wanted to go to bed, for he saw that Lucy was leaning a little towards Jim Allgood, and Jim did not want to go home, for he had heard of Ducker before, and dreaded him worse than every wild varment in ten miles square; he would first look at Miss Lucy and redden up behind his "gills," then he would peep at Ducker, and look as pale as an ash-bank; Ducker wasn't a bit better; in fact, I think he was worse.

Ducker was looking just as if he was thinking, "Oh I wish I had staid here all summer, or wrote three times a week and paid the postage; then this backwoodsman would never have got the start of me." Jim thought so loud I could almost hear him, and here's the way I made out his thoughts: "What a fool I was to be fooling and dilly-dallying with her all this time, and never axed her wood she have me, nor I didn't evin tri too kiss her, and I b'leve I could dun it menny time; but let me git the chance unce more, and I'll try it, or brake mi neck; oh, but it's too late now, this citty gentleman will carry her off, fur I sede her look at him twice sence I cum in, and she don't laff and smyle, and ax me how mam an' dad is, like she did tuther nite when I cum to ax her wood she have me, but I didn't, and oh, don't I wisht I had, then ma'bey she'd had me 'fore this feller cum, but—but—" and then sich a gruntin'

and drawing in a heap o' breath at once was dubble and twisted three times over and wrapped on a corn-cob.

I began to think that they would sit up all night; but about two o'clock Jim raised up, stretched himself a time or two, and said he b'leved he would go home, for he had promised his "mam" to be back by ten o'clock, and 'spected it must be nearly the time. The rest of us then went to bed.

The time was fast approaching for a hard struggle, and for my life I could not tell who would come off conqueror. I was confident that Miss Lucy had once loved Ducker, but whether she would renew the intimacy or not, it was hard to tell; if she had not been attended by Allgood, it might have been easy to kindle the flame of love in her heart for Ducker again, but this greatly operated against him. Ducker had the advantage of Allgood in one or two respects; he was more handsome, and better calculated to win the affections of a young lady; and he lived far off—"distance lends enchantment to the view"—which is generally well calculated to have a good effect on the human heart. Allgood had the advantage of him on other points; he was her last suitor, and though he had not proposed marriage, she had every reason for thinking that such were his intentions; he had been unceasing also in his attentions ever since his first acquaintance with her.

Ducker was a particular favorite of mine, and I would have been glad to do anything in my power to forward his plans, but I can never stand this thing of "two against one," it matters not what the game is, so I resolved to let them fight it out themselves.

As Ducker was staying at the house, he could be with her most of the time, and if he could not make an im-

pression on her with such opportunities, it would have been useless for me to say anything in his favor, even if I had been so disposed. Jim was not willing to surrender his claim without a hard struggle; but he was so all-smashing bashful that when he had an opportunity to talk to Miss Lucy, he could not tell what he wanted to say; he still continued to visit her as often, or oftener than before, and I could see Ducker did not lose an opportunity to make some good impressions, and before long him and Lucy got to going about together as much as they had done before he left us in the spring. I sometimes thought she did it as much to see what effect it would have on Jim as anything else, and then again I thought she was not settled in her mind, and was giving way to her feelings, that she might see which of the two she could love best.

Only a few days had passed, when a circumstance occurred that operated against poor Jim very much, and though I thought the most of Ducker, and would like to see him succeed, I could not help feeling very sorry for Jim, to see him striving with all his power, and at last prove so unfortunate.

One night Jim failed to come over, when we were looking for him, and we thought a little strange of it, but old man Luckey said that it was a little cool, and probable he didn't feel like coming out, for the night was very dark any how.

After supper we all went to the fire and sat down; Luckey took up his big cob-pipe, filled it with tobacco, and commenced smoking—how amazing fond he was of that pipe; I can tell you, without joking, that if I had met him on the river when he was in a good way of smoking, I should have thought a steamboat was coming.

We talked and talked about one thing and another, until early bedtime, and then all, except Miss Lucy and Ducker, fixed up and put out to bed; my bed was in the office, and Ducker always slept with me, so I told him I was tired and was going to bed, and he could come in when he got ready. He was not sorry in the least, I could see that sticking out, for it was the best chance that he had met with since he got back.

As I was going to bed, I heard Luckey's old woman say to him: "Don't you hear the dogs barking down by the crib? I expect they have tree'd a bear, coon, or something else, and you had better go down and see what it is." "Oh, never mind it, old woman, for if it's a varment they'll keep him there until morning, and I know that I wouldn't go down there now for the sake of killing the biggest one in the whole State."

I thought I would go down myself, but when I got out and heard old YELPER barking, I thought it was nothing bigger than a *polecat*, so I went on to bed. I had been riding most of the day and was tired, sleepy, and a little madder than usual, and soon fell asleep.

I did not wake until Ducker came in to go to bed, which was, according to his own account, twelve o'clock, and I suppose it was an hour or two later than this, according to the clock. When I waked again, it was nearly daybreak, and the first thing I heard was Luckey rousting himself and getting ready to go out; I had slept as much as I wanted to and got up too. Luckey and I both got out about the same time, and if you'll b'lieve me, I'll tell you that the same old dog was barking as strong as when we went to bed. Luckey said good morning, and I did, too, and says he, "Doc, as big a lie as that old dog tells sometimes, I'll bet there

is something bigger than a coon this time; don't you want to walk down and see what it is?"

"Yes, just soon as not; go in and get the gun, and we'll go down to see what the old rascal is making such a fuss about."

He went in and got the gun, and we walked down to see what the old dog was after; it was then a little after daybreak, and we could see the old dog down at the gate, and something on the top of the gate-post. When we got within forty or fifty steps, Luckey raised up and was going to fire away, saying that, "I'll give you some *fowl*, if that's what you want, my varment. I don't know what you are, but I know you've got no business on my gate-post all night, keeping my dog barking fit to kill himself, so I'll—"

"Stop, Luckey, for God's sake, for that is no varment, I know; it's a man or his ghost, or else I am worse deceived than I ever was." Luckey took his gun down from his face, and we walked up close to see what it was, or how it come there, and what do you think it could be? It was Jim Allgood, stretched at full length on the piece that goes across the top of the gate-posts; if it wasn't, you may make me up into corkscrews, and says I, "What are you doing up there, Jim, this time o'night in the morning?" He said that he had as well own the truth at once, and be done with it, and then people couldn't talk about it. "Well, go ahead," says I. He then went on, "Last night I come over 'cordin to promise, and when I got inside the gate, that great big dog made at me, with his mouth wide open, and this was all the place I could get out of his way, and so I run up here, 'spectin he would go off 'fore

long and let me alone, and then I could come down and go on to the house."

"But why didn't you call for some of us at the house, so we could come and drive off the dog; you might know that we would have come immediately."

"Well, I kept waitin and waitin till after bedtime, hopin he would go away, and then I thought he would get tired 'fore mornin, and leave me, and if he did I would go back home."

The night had been rather chilly, and Jim was as cold as an Irish 'tater, so Luckey told him to get down, go up to the house, and take some liquor; he hated to do it very badly, but at last he went with us, took a little, and then went home. The fellow felt "perfectly awful," for he shook and trembled like it was his last day. He did not come back for two or three days, but at last his desire to see Miss Lucy overbalanced shame and fear, and he came to see what effect his late calamity would have on the fair one. He came in a few minutes before supper, and I always shall think he did it on purpose, to see if the old folks would leave the kitchen, and leave him with Lucy, as they had often done before. Ducker happened to be away that night—he had gone over to stay all night with Redden King. Redden thought there was no such a fellow as Ducker, for they hunted and fished together about half their time, and therefore Jim had a fair show. His experiment proved successful, for no sooner than supper was over with, than Luckey said, "Come Doc; let's go in tuther house, and talk over matters and things."

I saw what he was after, and went in with him; it was not long until the old lady and Miss Kate, the sister of Miss Lucy, came in also, leaving Jim and Miss

Lucy in the kitchen. I thought this looked unfavorable for Ducker, but then I knew Luckey was a "fair-play" sort of a man as well as myself, and wanted to give all hands a chance; and besides this, I had seen Ducker and Lucy "casting a sheep's-eye" at each other occasionally, that looked like "something was a brewing." To tell the truth, I could not tell what to think; when she was with one, she seemed to like him, and when she saw the other, she treated him just the same way.

We had been sitting there for near an hour, when a notion struck me that I would satisfy myself on the subject, by "cavesdropping" a little; I accordingly made an excuse to go to the office, saying I would be back in a few minutes, and went out. There was some cracks, through which I could see into the kitchen, and I slipped around, got to one, and looked in; I saw where they were sitting, and crept round to hear what they were saying. They were in the jam of the fireplace, and if Jim wasn't talking love one time with a wide mouth, then I have never heard it described in the novels and newspapers, or done any of it myself.

He had got a stool, and was sitting right between her and the door, and was fairly bustin his "gizzard," he talked so lovin to her. He wrung and twisted his hands, took out his big cotton hankerecher to wipe away the tears, groaned, sucked in breath very fast, and tried to smile, but blow me overboard if I could see that it took much effect on her. She sit there as still as a mouse, and looked as if she was studying about something else, but I s'pose Jim thought she was charmed with his love-making, for he looked like he

was greatly encouraged, and got warmer in the cause rapidly.

He got nearly far enough several times to say, "oh, Lucy, won't you have me?" but his *liver* failed him. At last he thought he could venture one little kiss, she was sitting so still and nice, and raised himself up slowly, looked round to see if anybody was looking at him, puckered his lip a little to the right, and—"whick" went his food-gatherers right across her sweet lips. She jumped like she was thunderstruck, and laid hold of the nearest fighting instrument, which was a big bucket of hot ashes, and threw the whole contents on him, as he shot out of the door. The larger quantity of the ashes hit him just below the nape of the neck, and gave him a good roasting; he screamed out manfully, and was off for home with a "sway-back looseness;" the dogs again put after him, but it was no use, for they couldn't run with him, and he was soon out of hearing, leaving things in a condition far different from what he had found them.

As soon as I saw her pitch the ashes at him, I broke for the office, for fear they might find out that I had been watching, and by the time the old folks had run out to see what was the matter, I was coming from the office, crying out as loud as them, "What's the matter, what's the matter here?"

Miss Lucy did not wait long before she told what had happened, and though they were all surprised to hear it, none of them condemned her conduct in the least.

Poor Jim! his destiny was sealed, his history told, and his neck badly burnt with hot ashes. He saw what was the result of not "popping the question" in



"She jumped like she was thunderstruck, and laid hold of the nearest fighting instrument, which was a big bucket of hot ashes, and threw the whole contents on him, as he shot out of the door."—Page 174.

time, and the lamentable contrast between "popping the question" and popping "a kiss."

Next morning quite early, I was sent for to go and see him; and on my arrival, found the man with a bad neck, indeed; the ashes were very hot, and had burnt him severely; I made no allusion to the cause of the injury, and left his friends under the impression that it was caused by a fall, this being the tale he told when he got home. He suffered for about a week considerable pain, but his symptoms were not dangerous at any time, as regarded the burn on his neck, but I feared there would be a worse injury of the neck than that—a slight tying of a rope around it; but I was mistaken, for he got over his trouble in a short time, and I heard nothing more of it.

On returning home on the morning after Jim had been hurt, I found Ducker and Miss Lucy sitting together chatting away as happy as crows in a cornfield, and as composed as if nothing had happened.

From that time they were together every day, and their cheerful countenances indicated their contented and happy hearts. On the twenty-fifth of December they were married, and next day took leave of the wild woods of Arkansaw, and were soon on board a fine steamer, that bore them "swiftly and sweetly" away to the home of his mother, then living in Louisville, Kentucky.

THE END.

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