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THE
ADVENTURES OF JEFFERSON PLUM,
AND
HIS DAUGHTER NANCY,

In the Great City, the first Time.



QUOTATION FROM THE BOOK:

I would rather be an Elephant at home in Chipville than one of the Lions abroad in the Great City.—JEFFERSON PLUM, Esq.

Nancy said: I would rather have the attentions and fidelity of my dear George in Chipville than the thousand flattering attentions and formalities of the bearded bucks in the city.
NANCY PLUM.

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JOHN M. RICHMOND.

TO THE READER.

Introduction.

WHILE in the pursuit of health and happiness by the seaside and among the hills in the country, I wrote this story for my own pleasure and entertainment. When I wrote it I had no thought of publishing it for the public; but by the request of a few friends and well-wishers I now present it for your entertainment and amusement, if happily we can find it innocent recreation. Health and recreation and happiness, physical and mental, all require, from the tiny boy and girl of eight years of age up to the gray haired man of threescore and ten, in some shape or other in propriety with the season of life, Spring or Autumn, to keep the springs of life fresh, buoyant and elastic. Nature needs but little to sustain mere existence, but the wants of the imagination are many. Fancy's eye is never satisfied, and craves continually. Napoleon once said imagination ruled the world, and if we will reflect but a moment and consider how few are Nature's real wants, our decision will agree with this assertion. The utilitarian prides himself in his practical works, despising fancy's realms. But if he will examine narrowly the operations of the political, the social, and the commercial machinery which keeps the world moving, he will not fail to discover that the world dances when the Queen of Fancy but sways her scepter and nods assent; and all his works, useful, solid and substantial are but instruments in sustaining and upholding her power, and in administering to her pleasure. Telegraphs, power looms, printing presses, and thousands of other inventions, less important, are all wheeled into her train to add to the pomp, the power, and the pride of life. But knowledge is sweet to the hungry soul, and that giant power the Pen, and the Printing Press, have satisfied her wants to the full in all kinds of knowledge. Light and solid as required, the Atlantic Telegraph, in the paths of the sea, like a new artery found, sends a thrill of joy through

all the political, the social, and commercial streams of life, sending intelligence into all the ends of the earth, in doing our errands and in administering to Nature's wants, which are few and simple. But more than all to Fancy's wide realm, her eyes wandering continually everywhere in quest of new pleasures and the end of wealth attained in fortunate commercial transactions is often squandered to please her wants, which are endless, in fast horses, racing like John Gilpin, and faster. Splendid mansions, often ~~shades~~ of splendid misery; French plate, fine lace, statues, twenty thousand dollar pictures, travel to improve mind and manners, yachts, grand balls, dinners, snipe, partridge, birds' nests from China, and a thousand and one more things wanted to please the craving kind. But steam power, the lawless tyrant, but when confined so useful, has probably worked more vigorously for our comfort and pleasure than any other one thing among the many to add to our material happiness. The power loom has clothed the nations in comfortable clothing as various in texture and coloring as Joseph's coat, (a token of love and affection,) to please the eye of taste and beauty, and Fancy's eye luxurious, ever craving, never filled. And the power loom on the banks of the Merrimack in Massachusetts, and on the banks of the Connecticut and the Farmington, in Connecticut, in administering to these many wants is particularly worthy and deserving of our attention. And let us pause and look at it for a moment in the path of life. Is it not a wonderful piece of machinery? What a splendid specimen of human skill and ingenuity! Why, it seems as if it had a sense, instinct, with life, reason, reflection and memory, for when the thread in the shuttle which feeds the warp in the loom breaks, the powerful loom which has been in quick motion stops—stands still as if it knew when to stop, and when to go on, unlike some human machines, for when they get under a full headway of steam they do not know when to stop or when to turn the brakes, for fear of a smash, and like the locomotive without a guide, or a madman running the machine, run it into the gutter, any place convenient for a quiet, safe harbor in a storm of thunder and needle-gun whisky. But this wise machine stops when there is danger ahead, and the shuttles, like a long tongue clattering, refuse to clatter and rests in the groove for fear of a big smash. What a triumph of mechanical genius—how wonderful! Look at its complicated movements; all its parts running in their several places in perfect order like clock-work, or like the machinery in the body of a man or woman, displaying the highest order of skill in its workmanship, ranking among one of the greatest inventions of the nineteenth century. And the

first man who invented or adopted them in his native place needs no Italian product to perpetuate his memory. How interesting and novel is the study of this carpet power loom. In the top part of this machine is contained what we will call the brain, composed of fine steel needles or nervous centres to convey, telegraph like, from which, like the battery in the telegraph, proceed the intelligence necessary to form the figure on the carpet vital to the corporation's best interests in this body of joints, levers, chords, tendons, screws, wheels, pulleys, weights, balances and regulators, and these needles, being in communication with the pattern continually when the loom is in motion, drive the chords of the harness into the grooves of the boards, which lift up the harness by hundreds and thousands, and these, the particular colored threads, by hundreds or thousands to form the pattern on the carpet according to the design, fulfilling the intentions of the designer, beautifully as he sees the figures forming in lines of beauty, and the flowers in variegated colors blooming on this ruby or green field of carpet-knighted cloth, pleasing to fancy's eye among the many things in her wide realm. And even in Winter the Queen can sit down in her soft cushioned rocking-chair beside the glowing diamonds, black and red, in the grate, when stern Boreas raves, and laugh at his storms gaily.

No tears of pity in her wandering eye,
As the starved wretches in their rags pass by;
If one does start as if ashamed is hid,
Or quickly froze beneath its silken lid.

Here sitting dressed in her afternoon robes of state she can sit pleased, and while sitting survey the glowing colors of Spring and Summer, dressed in her royal robes of spotless green, and red, and rich blue, and scarlet flaming, the leaves dancing and fluttering in the Summer winds, while the clear waters in the running brooks are leaping and dancing in the sunlight, joyous over the green-covered moss on the rocks below. And while her jewelled slippers on her delicate feet are on the Axminster rug, pleased and contented can look at the squirrels running over the lean rail chirruping to their jennies, while they run to crack their walnuts under the foliage of the green trees saved from winter's frugal store; and while these frisky denizens of the woods are engaged with their mates the birds are happily singing among the branches of the brawny elms, while some, domestic, are sitting in their nests waiting for their cock-robins to fill the mouths of their young progeny with the evening worm, their evening meal, all the colors radiant on the cloth as the colors on the feathery tribe near India's choral strand, as the dyes

from these parts and South America are good or bad, and as the dyer is skilled in old Tyer's art.

How beautiful are all these colors so happily blended on this green or ruby colored field, rich in living verdure, sprinkled with all the colors of the arched rainbow that liberal Nature, kind and generous, brings forth from her laboratory to please the eye of day shining in the blue heavens above. And the sons and daughters of Eve's fallen progeny walking on the green earth below are reassured by this sign that the author of all this wealth ornamental is true to his promise. And how much is it the privilege of the dyer and the glory of the designer by a skillful combination of colors happily blended,

To make the splendid figures glow and shine,
By warm rich colors on a cool design.

But all this poetry of motion and life-like coloring on this carpeted field is arrested, and the machine stops if one thread is broken or gone, and if each thread in the shuttle should break in the hundred and thirty looms all in one moment of time, the roaring and noise in this place, Niagara-like, would cease, and it would be as quiet as a churchyard; you could hear the mice nibbling the dry crusts of bread and cheese left of the girls' lunches at ten o'clock. And what are these running for but to please the Queen Fancy's luxurious eyes—her eyes ever craven but seldom satisfied. And but for the enterprise of a tall gentleman towering among his fellows in physical proportions as some tall oak in the forest conspicuous above all the rest, thousands now employed ten hours in the day in Connecticut would seek for homes elsewhere; but if all were what is called prudent, reasonable and economical, and void of fancy as the dead trees in Spring are of leaves and blossoms, where would you find a market to sell and keep the wheels of commerce rolling for profit to corporations, and bread for workmen. Fancy's eyes fill the mouths of half the world. The farmer doubtless thinks he does it all. Nature's real wants are few and simple, and easily satisfied, while Fancy's eye is never filled, never has been, and never will be. It roams over the world into all holes and corners prying. The swift ships racing with the winds supply her wants in teas and spices, and furs and feathers from foreign countries, always indulgent to herself; while pensive, patient Reason stands at the door waiting to come in and counsel give to Fashion's many feathered train, high colored, cutting her wide swath, while domestic Happiness content stays at home, aside from all the pomp and pride of life in genial discourse with a friend in wealth of

reason and imagination bright soaring on pinions high, nor heeds the antics of the gilded butterfly.

But I must be brief in this introduction, and as I am about to leave the story in your hands I hope you will be entertained in the reading of it as much as the author has been in the writing it for his recreation and amusement, to please his fancy on a rainy day, or in an hour of leisure seeking for health and happiness, without which every blessing is flat and insipid, as the best champagne, the life and spirit all gone. In this production I throw in my mite in the variety of mental spice to season our plodding fare through life, and as we are accountable only for the one or the ten talents, indulge the hope you will deal kindly with me in judging by the rules of the schools. But as there is a variety of tastes to suit doubtless it will please some at the board; and if one likes this and another that, the whole bill of fare may finally be disposed of in our great Uncle Samuel's dominions, the great father of the Indian and the Moses of Sambo. And is it not well the great spirit of the Indian, the white man and the African has formed so many different tastes, for if we were all owls what a sober set of folks our grandfathers and their grand children would be. And if we were all birds of gay feather how light and frivolous. And if everybody were prudent and wise how would lawyers thrive? And if all Adam's children were real good how could ministers preach good morals in life and practice in the pulpit? And if all were temperate in eating and drinking, and speaking and looking hard, how would doctors get along and live, while others die of disease in mind and body? And if we were all economical and rigidly reasonable in the use of carpets how could weavers, men and women, and twisters, little boys and girls, get pumpkin pies to eat every day, and turkeys fat on Thanksgiving and Christmas, while corporations corpulent dine on turtle soup, snipe and partridge any day that suits their lively fancy, and ride on fast horses, galloping 2:40, like the harmless followers of the muses?

On their Pegassus climbing up Parnassus,
Racing like John Gilpin on their rackers.

And how would the political, the social, and the commercial world move, as Gallileo said it did, if it were not for the thousand and ten things the fancy imagining wants to please us. One of these wants is a Park—a real want—yet not so to some who deal in lots to supply this want. The city fathers in New York lay out a great Central Park, where thousands of the little boys and girls, and men and women, full grown, from the workshops and factories, and boys and girls from the

schools, and students from the college can go and amuse themselves between meals, to relieve them from mental and bodily drudgery, (making a toil of what should be a pleasure, if too long prolonged,) in innocent recreation and relaxation of mind and body in the pursuit of health and happiness.

Now, dear reader, I wrote this story in spare hours from fatiguing travel, plodding along, often weary and tired, and if you are weary and tired and have but a poor appetite for solid reading in the intervals between meals, as school boys and girls playing, and factory and workshop boys and girls working; you may if you like in the evening, tired and weary, sit down and read the story, for your entertainment and pleasure, of Jefferson Plum and his amiable daughter Nancy, or sit down and think of the wonderful inventions of the past and in the future to come, when, as glorious ranting Robin says, the day will come

When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, and all that,

And when by the aid of the telegraph, making allowance for difference in time in all ends of the earth, all the world may in one and the same hour sing a song of praise and liberty to Him who has such great things wrought for the good of all the faculties necessary to man's happiness.

In reason, sober fancy, rich and warm,
In strength will carry us through life's rough storm.

Or in anticipation looking far into the future when perhaps by the aid of the wonderful inventions to come we may, or the grand children of the present generation may, take a trip aerial and see the man in the moon and come back again and tell their grandfathers all the sights they saw in the great cities, seeing the elephant.

Now launching my little book into your beautiful hands and warm, kind hearts, you may, if it meets with your approbation, receive it with a welcome hospitality at your firesides on the long winter nights, the royal time to gain knowledge, light or substantial as you have mental ability to digest it. And, my friend, knowledge is power, and there is no royal road to it but by patient endurance in well-doing, night and day, plodding up Parnassus' rugged path, or diving down deep into the laboratory of Nature, or on the surface studying plants and flowers, their nature and their uses. Now I leave you my book to glide along as the spring gales of truth, gentleness and good will may favor it.

And now into your plate the chaff and wheat,
Throw to the winds the draff and use the meat.

J. M. R.

THE CHARTER OAK.

A lone and solitary tree
Stood in an open lot,
Said to the strong winds passing by
My roots wove round the rock.
You cannot wrench me from this spot,
Oh! winds, I am not afraid,
Hundreds of years I have stood here,
Rough storms in life have shared.
And may be here for hundreds more,
But that I cannot tell;
I'll toss my green leaves in the breeze,
And sing while I am well.
But roaring blasts came sweeping up,
Rough Boreas struck the bell,
And wrenched the monarch by the roots,
The giant oak low fell.
Like Cæsar wrapped in Autumn's robes,
He fell upon his face,
And left his comrades miles around,
With a becoming grace.
And just like the soldier at his post,
He felt no danger nigh,
He saw no omens in the air,
Or storms in Autumn's sky.
So may we fall in duty's place,
Whate'er that place may be,
A monarch in life's bustling fields,
Or sailor on the sea.
To ply the needle or the awl,
Pick cherries on the trees,
Command our will in Johnson's chair,
Old Moses' friends to please.
And when life's roots are dried up,
Gray hairs on front and top,
Resign ourselves with sweet content,
And fall into our lot.

J. M. R.

The Adventures of Jefferson Plum

— AND —

HIS DAUGHTER NANCY,

IN THE GREAT CITY.

SOME years since there lived on the Eastern wing of Long Island a short man who had a tall daughter. His sun of life had risen beyond the meridian; her sun was still rising up the hill. Her sun was more like the pale moon, Queen of Night, obscure in seclusion, shaded as it were by thin, fleecy clouds, as a veil that hid her progress from careless observers, and although much out of sight the eye and the mind of a keen observer could discover that she was moving on to fulfill her mission in the varied and complicated machinery of life. So our May Queen, Nancy Plum, was making progress in the pilgrim's life. The Squire, her father, was a prominent man in Chipville. He had filled the office of Justice of the Peace and Selectman of the town, and Nature, who is now and then liberal, had selected him as one to whom he might be partial without robbing others of their gifts and graces. This man had a round, full corporation, in a flourishing condition, and weighing altogether 250 pounds, which, added to his other empty honors conferred on him of a less lasting nature, all summed up in the aggregate helped to make him a very solid man in the estimation of his fellow-citizens of Chipville, (although of little stature, like many great men who have lived and died.) His judgment in village matters was as good, (so considered in Chipville,) as the Court where three good heads is considered better than one. But added to all his empty honors, which, like bubbles floating on the river, prick them and they are gone forever, he owned a shingle roofed house, (old style,) an outhouse, (new style,) three brown cows in the usual style, a contraband dog that barked to the round, full moon in the winter nights, and above all, the dearest, yet the best, a wife of decided masculine qualities, all of which, the first and this thrown in combined, stamp him an important character among men who had not seen much of the world.

Squire Plum, if I may so speak, passed current morally, physically and intellectually, worth 95 cents on the dollar in stamps, shinplasters, greenbacks, gold pens, or any other currency—a fixed institution, an acknowledged land-mark, and known as such by all in his native town. But this acknowledgment of superior parts puffed up the vanity of our Squire to a high degree, and when the young saplings saw the dried

timber yielding obeisance to fancied worth, but more exalted vanity, it impressed the young twigs with that reverence that is given sometimes to superior cunning or sagacity. He became exceedingly puffed up when the green withs doffed their hats with the "Good morning, Squire." He would strut about very proudly, as many Squires have done who have hunted many a fox and jilted many a lass in the long winter nights. Some of the jolly philosophers now and then had a hearty laugh at the Squire's pompous vanity, accompanied with the remark, "A peacock's feathers don't hurt anybody, and they look pretty when the sun of prosperity shines on them." But some of his friends comforted him with the solace that philosophers' opinions were of little worth when they are not backed by something of a more substantial nature. But the philosophers maintained that ideas were potent for good or evil. Even kings and princes had to bow with deference to the force of ideas in fertile minds, and forced their way in the world of progress in spite of armies, cannon, and cold steel. And sovereign states have paid tribute without stint to establish ideas on a firm and lasting basis that all the storms of adversity can never upset, for truth and justice is long-winded. But to continue my story. As his sun began to set her star began to rise in the village horizon. The young ideas, like tumbling stars in a clear frosty night, began to breed and shoot in the upper story of the Squire's daughter, Nancy Plum, and like affectionate mothers she must needs nurse her young buntlings to keep them warm. The young tender shoots must be cared for that were brewing thick and fast in her barmy noddle, working fine, and there was no course left for her to ease the fertile brain but to cause these little shooting stars that shot down like leaves in Autumn nights, clear and bright, but to commit them to paper that the rising generation may see them as well as the present, and wonder that one small head could carry all she knew. Well, our Nancy in time filled a book between the batters with these twinkling ideas that emanated from time to time from the prolific firmament above, to the great delight and edification of the blue stockings in the place, but filling the green stockings with blue envy they vainly endeavored to conceal. But this was looked upon by the shrewd ones as incontestable evidence that Nancy's book was, after all, a splendid successful borealis, and the Southern friends were chagrined to think that they could not produce such streamers in their end as they had in the Northern parts in the person of Nancy Plum, the Northern star in the village of Chipville. Her friends thought it would be best to let her light shine, although it may infringe on her extreme modesty, yet for the sake of making many happy it was considered by all her friends who wore the blue and yellow veils that these sweet-scented flowers, which she had nurtured with tender care, ought to be put into a fine bouquet and placed on the center of the center-table, that all who came might smell the sweet fragrance wafting their rich qualities to the senses of the sensible and cultivated in the ordinary channels of life in Chipville. But to show still more their deep sense of the worth of her work that had not yet seen the press, her dear friends, individually and collect-

ively in caucus among themselves, resolved to devise ways and means to have the Mountain Goat put into press right off. All being agreeable they formed themselves into a quorum, and on the first ballot chose Miss Penny Royal president of the meeting. She was 35 summers old. At corn husking time the lady of the chair opened the meeting with an eloquent and impressive speech, stating that all of the fair sex who were now present were as well conversant with the object of the meeting as she, the chairman, was; and it would be superfluous eloquence thrown away for no end in her to expatiate on the merits of the Mountain Goat, that needed only to be published to receive the stamp of public favor; and if they were all of her mind it would not lie long on the shelf, like a sweet flower born to blush unseen, for if it was the production of her prolific mind she would soon have it before the public. But if you please I will now sit down and leave it to the sober sense of this meeting to decide what shall be done with the production of her illuminated mind, the two-horned Mountain Goat. Certainly there is little use in having it born if it was to blush unseen.

Miss Winkle, who was fond of fun, with dimples on her round, rosy cheeks, rose up and said, she would move that it be put into the cider-press forthwith, and then sat down, provoking mirth all around, but the president reproved them by observing that in this age of silken civility laughing was out of order and could not be tolerated, and while she swayed the scepter of order and decorum, order and decorum must prevail; but just as she got through speaking to the girls, Betty Cotton, without the fear of the president before her eyes, sneezed very loud and exceedingly strong, and as she had an uncommon lively fancy, and fancying she smelt the cider in the cider-press tickling her nose, sneezed very loud, and unintentionally opening her mouth very wide all the teeth in her head fell out on the carpet, which increased their merriment still more, as none of the girls knew till then she had false teeth. Betty felt so bad about it that she leaned over on to Whitie Lamb, who had a splendid chain of ringlets streaming back over her snowy white shoulders; but just as she leaned against Whitie the rickety chair, false to the use for which it was made, tipped right over, and as any person naturally would in sudden danger or by accident grabbed the first thing at hand, which happened to be the curls. But lo and behold! on falling she carried Betty's curls with her, wig and all, (just as she dumped on the floor,) in her lily white hand, which put them all into a wild state of ludicrous consternation, not knowing what might come next in the course of unexpected events, and when the grave president saw how things were working, the teeth and the curls on the floor in close friendship with each other, the high scepter of order and stately decorum fell from her grasp, just as she stuck her white cambric handkerchief into her sweet mouth. She fell back in her chair very heavy, so very heavy indeed that it fell clean over, (it was a rocking chair,) the pocket handkerchief still in her mouth, which came near choking her. In this last effort to support the dignity of the chair, by accident it fell on to Rover, that set Rover jumping all around, yelling, and whining and barking,

supposing he may just as well be as merry as the rest, and keep up the fun on the bill to the last. But, dear reader, you will be sorry to hear that in the fall the sweet William and daisy in the president's bosom was all crushed to pieces, which was considered a bad omen by the less enlightened of the company. This last unintentional accident of the chair broke up the meeting, some as serious as owls, but some as gay as larks, accompanied by their evening sparks. But as you may easily divine, this meeting that was held in a corner like a tea meeting, came to light in Chipville gossip, and coming to the ears of Squire Plum and Mrs. Plum made them itch for they always thought that Nancy was clever, and when the citizens of Chipville were beginning to trump up the fame of the Plum family it was time for them to open their eyes wide and look around and find out the meaning of all this new honor that was but beginning to float on the silver streams of life. Modest Nancy had always kept her literary productions to herself, hid from the eyes of the prying and curious, and was always shy of showing them to any one as she was not quite sure whose integrity and judgment she could rely on as a friend to trust in, free from envy. But like all authors of true merit their works will show for themselves, and however much they may try to hide the fruit of legitimate growth, like lovely flowers, they will not be left out in the cold to blush unseen. So her first literary maiden efforts could not be hid from the keen scent of the citizens of Chipville, and as coming events will cast their shadows before them, so did all this gossip bring before the mind of Squire Plum the importance of being up and doing for the honor of his house and family; and as he was an important man in the neighborhood it became him, as a public spirited character, not to neglect any opportunity to glorify his native town. Well, it came to pass one evening after a beautiful sunset in the month of October, while Nancy and the Squire were sitting in the best room, he made some inquiries as to the merits of the Mountain Goat, which was fast rising into notoriety, and thought of course it must be a good thing when it was produced from the fertile resources of the prolific Plum family, which stock had not as yet failed for many generations in the past, and promised more in the future, which all the substantial citizens in Chipville readily admitted. Well, Nancy, after some bantering, bashfully confessed to her dear pap that she was the real author of the book entitled the two-horned Mountain Goat, (in the best room.) But as it became to be noised around that the Squire's daughter was setting up for an author, the Squire could not go into the machine shop, the blacksmith's shop, the tailor's shop, shoe shop, street, fair or market, but the busy bodies, whose ears are always itching for some new thing gadding about, were making anxious inquiries about this new tale they would like unfolded. Questioning about the merits of the goat, they wanted to know what kind of a goat it was, if it was a nanny goat or a granny goat. Some of the real or pretended ignoramuses wanted to know the size of his horns; if they branched out from the front, the East, or the West, like the vane on the top a fashionable church; or if he was a she goat, or a he goat; how much milk

he gave, if she was speckled, who was her sire, &c., &c., asking many foolish questions of no consequence, all of which questions showed their real or pretended ignorance. One gross-minded philosopher, who licks his lips on the good things of life wanted to know if it was a young kid or an old one; but them sort seldom think higher than their dear bellies what is good to eat. But some be thanked, whose fancies were lively and controlled by clear judgment, saw with the more discerning eyes of the understanding, and by the title of the tale, that it would be lively and frisky, skipping nimbly about from one bright thought to another, as fancy lead in the fertile head. But all of these not very serious questions puzzled the good old farmer Plum very much, so much indeed that he could hardly tell what kind of a goat it was himself, whether it was a nanny goat or a granny goat, intended for the Free Masons, or if it was in the imagination only, or the green carpet fields nipping the green leaves on the mountain top, or where for he never took the trouble to read it. But to all these questions of a frivolous nature he answered them all briefly, simply by saying that it was not in the cow house, the sheep pen, or the horse shed, and as it was immaterial to some what it was he bid them all good morning, saying, as he turned about to leave them, that it was not of a material nature, though it may produce in time material results, if she turned out a good milk-er, leaving their itching ears as prickly as ever, wondering what for all the world what kind of an animal this two-horned creature could be: for their life they could not tell. Jamie Roland, a poetical character, suggested to him that he ought to have the goat milked and put into the press. (Jamie often spoke in figures.) This puzzled the honest man still more, scratching his head until his head was relieved by the explanation that he ought, for the benefit of and nourishment of man and woman kind, get the book put into the press, pressed or published for the comfort, recreation, pleasure and amusement of all that were to fill the places of their illustrious predecessors. Jamie always professed much anxiety for the young chips, how they should succeed, and he was never better pleased than when they were doing better than himself. This he called improving on the past. To do worse was retrograding. But the good Squire Plum was so much pressed by the officious, the flat and the frisky, &c., of all kinds that he could not help but take the matter into serious consideration. Even Mrs. Nettle assured the Squire that it would not fall still-born from the public press, coming from the source it did, from an old settled, well-established family. Mrs. Clatter endorsed the same lucid opinion, and moreover it ought to be taken into consideration by all who were interested in the pride, the pomp, and glory of our own time-honored town. It was not only the Plum family that were interested but the Cherry family, the Apple family, the Quince family, and indeed all the fruit-bearing families of the place. In fact, the resolve grew so strong that the worthy man felt it incumbent upon him as an individual, and a duty as public man representing the wishes of his constituents, to take some active steps at once to appease the sovereign peoples' clamor, for in this legal tender age of pro-

gress and silver civilization what one man can withstand the wishes of the great people when they take it into their enlightened understanding to honor those whom they delight to honor. But how to do this appropriately was the intricate question not so easily solved. One of his particular friends suggested that it might be well enough for him and Nancy, the meek eyed author, to go to the city of great York in the high pressure steamboat saruniler, every other morning, by consent of the captain, Capt. Fairbox, but his good lady, Mrs. Plum, had to be consulted first. Mr. Plum told her all about it. He told her the object in view was the publishing the tale our daughter Nancy wrote, the two-horned Mountain Goat, in the great market of the wide, wide world, on the pressure of many friends for the benefit of the whole human family, Nancy had read it to her dear mother three months ago, and therefore knew something of the merits of the wonderful tale that was fast rising in the estimation of many citizens in the place who had never read it, but said it could not be a bad story when it come from the well to do Plum stock. The old lady allowed it was all well enough to consent to its publication to please her numerous friends, though it never came into her head to parade the Mountain Goat before the public gaze. The good man Mr. Plum had never read it nor heard it read; he was more interested in raising bulls that would run, and sheep that would bleat, and cows that would give plenty cream for the ladies' tea parties, (Mrs. Plum's included,) than in reading long tales about mountain goats skipping and bounding over hard, high rocks. But although he had never read it he knew perfectly well it must be creditable to the family stock, and what everybody said was so must undoubtedly be true. Well, after casting it over and revolving in her mind the chances for and against the project, she gave the casting vote in the public's favor, observing that if it swam on the tide of public approval, it would never sink; and drawing a long sigh, reflecting on the importance of one vote, said, if it sink let it perish. So it was decided on the casting vote, more to appease the hungry people's clamor than any desire she had to have her name floating through the broad ways and narrow ways of the rolling, round, wide world. But she was willing, good soul, to sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of making many people happy, if it turned out so. So it was decided, and arrangements made that Mr. Jefferson Plum and Miss Nancy Plum, the meek-eyed author, would, without delay, get all things in readiness for the contemplated journey to the great market of the continent to dispose of this new unheard of wonderful tale, the two-horned Mountain Goat. It was a great journey for the Squire, as he had never in all his valuable life been above sixteen miles from his native village, Chipville. Consequently it was a prodigious undertaking for him. But Spartan courage rose for the occasion, and as the eye of the public was on him he must, on this momentous occasion of his life, go through with the undertaking if it cost him a whole suit of new black broadcloth. So he put on a good stiff upper lip, as some would say, a good heart for a stay brae. Well, as time brings all things to their growth so this eventful day

came round it was a beautiful day in the month of good old October, when the face of Nature begins to wear a sober aspect, the intended travelers rose early in the morning, and partook of breakfast as other authors do. But it was a great day in Chipville. The news of the day was the absorbing topic, and that news was the journey of the Squire and his graceful daughter, Nancy Plum, to the great city with the tale of the wonderful Mountain Goat. On the morning of the day all classes came to bid them good speed. When the bus came to the door to carry away the trunks, the hackman and everybody else were anxious to give them a helping hand. The best specimens of manly beauty, physically, morally and intellectually were all shaking hands with the fat, burly, good-natured Squire; also the best samples of womanly grace and beauty, rigged in their best attire, were pressing forward, eager to shake the hand of our young author, wishing her a pleasant journey to the great metropolis, and hoping that the object they had in view might be crowned with complete success. Indeed, all who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and hands to help, on this eventful day, were ready on a moment's notice to do anything and everything in their power to administer to the comfort, convenience and happiness of these two persons whose lot it was to go out into the large field of the world to prosecute a perilous journey for the benefit of the whole human family, if they please to accept the gift. But it was a great day in Chipville. There never had been a day before it nor one like it since, in the ancient borough of Chipville, even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Of course they were duly escorted to the high pressure steamer commanded by Capt. Fairbox. A large crowd was in attendance, who escorted them down by twos and threes, &c., &c., without any regard to order, down to the puffing steamer that was to carry them to the great market of the world. They all kept step to the sound of the fife blown by Jerry Piper. Jerry had took it into his head that it might enliven the scene and put more spirit into the occasion, and that it would not be ill taken. Jerry guessed right, for they were all as merry as if the Squire of the place was taking off Nancy to get spliced to the manliest, the richest, the handsomest and the best young man that ever rode in a railroad car. Oh, but it was a proud day for Jerry, and if you had seen him on that day as I saw him you would say so to. Jerry had his whistle well wet on that great, never-to-be-forgotten day, in extra licks from a big bellied bottle, till, as he said himself, he would be blowed if he could blow any longer, the whistle was so very wet and the whistler and the weather was so very dry.

Well, to make a long story short they got to the boat, safe and sound in wind and limb. But in justice to the fair and candid reader it must be mentioned that in this large, motley crowd of people of all sexes, age and size, representing all the various strata in human life, mixed up hoxy poxy, a live goat, (brown and white,) by her own consent or instinctive scent, followed them, apparently as interested a spectator as the rest to the boat, which was considered by many a good omen. Jamie Roland, the village poet, put a garland of flowers around her

graceful neck as an emblem of the success that would result to the fair author of the Mountain Goat. This is the way they used to do in ancient days in Greece, when the racer won the prize, encircling his head with a laurel crown. Jamie had read ancient history in his shop when the rest were smoking their pipes or burning their idols.

While the Squire was walking the plank to the boat a trifling accident took place of little consequence, though in the iron age it would been considered a bad omen. But in this golden age of silver civilization and legal tender contract, gentlemen and ladies have learned better sense from the higher schools and the steady forward rank and file of marching on ideas, marching on to the music of the rolling tide of human progress.

Little straws will show how waters flow,
Little feathers how the winds do blow.

But there is not wanting yet many who attach much importance to little trifling incidents. As has been said, the Squire, in walking the plank and while bowing gracefully to the ladies, let fall his new, fashionable, narrow-brimmed hat into the water below, just as he was bowing to Mrs. Pompey, while she was waving the red, white and blue. But quicker than you could say John Robinson, a half dozen were in after it, and they were like to quarrel which would have the honor of presenting it to the highly respected gentleman, Mr. Plum. It was quickly settled by the captain ordering them to hang it on the boat hook, as the boat could not wait any longer for their confounded nonsense. They did so, the captain tossing them a quarter to drink the good health of the Mountain Goat, when the impatient boat pushed off amid the cheers of the assembled multitude, puffing and blowing, the steam whistle shrieking, ploughing gayly through the yielding, briny waters like a thing of life. Some lingered long on the beach, following the boat as far as the eye could reach, waving the red, white and blue. But that was a great day in Chipville, and long remembered. In memory of this day a he goat, with a garland of artificial flowers entwined around his graceful neck, was erected on its base in the center of the public square, with a boquet fastened on each horn, to testify to all strangers who came in and all who went out of Chipville that such an event took place; also to remind those who should follow in the wake of their illustrious predecessor that such a day should never be forgotten; also that it might stimulate the endeavors of all the natives in the place to add to the glory of their time-honored town, nodding woods and silver streams, never to make it less. But it was a great day in Chipville, as all confess who saw it with their own eyes. But dear reader, young or old, fair or comely, you will not require me to mention all that befell this worthy couple on their way to the great city. But you may suppose, or guess as the Yankees do, that they eat and drank very much as other people who never wrote long stories until they arrived in the metropolis for the first time in their life. When they got to the wharf they were quite bewildered by the officious attentions of the hackmen. They buzzed around Nancy and the Squire like as many

bees around a pot of molasses candy, all anxious to do them service for a small remuneration. One was for taking the trunk, another the band-box, another a large carpet bag, and one burly fellow was for taking off Jefferson Plum bodily; another enterprising chap would be for taking off Nancy bodily, until they were completely befuzzled with their impudence, smartness and audacity. One red nosed rascal was in the act of carrying into the carriage the box with the Mountain Goat. But the Squire by this time was so frustrated, dumbflumered and dumbfounded he hardly knew where he was or what he was about. But he happened to have enough wit left to roar out at the top of his voice, "Mountain Goat!" "Mountain Goat!" as he would have hallaoed to his old sorrel horse in the lot among the clover, the hackmen and the city folks wondering what could be the meaning of that, they stared and looked at the Squire as if he had lost his wits. But the captain coming up in time relieved him from his ludicrous situation from the whole pack, and when the passengers were all gone he put them into a hack selected by himself and all drove off, bag and baggage, to the Humming Bird House, kept by Bill Wing. It was ten in the evening, and as country farmers go to bed early, and after putting his name on the book he took a toot and went to bed, as all sober people do away from home, at an early hour, and got up, as all wide awake farmers do, early in the morning, while some of the late larks were snoring in their quilts. But as he used to say, the early bird gets the early worm, and as Mrs. Hardflint used to say to her little boys and girls when she roused them in the early morning, summer and winter, to go to the coffee mill, or the cotton mill, up with you, sleepy heads, the early chick gets the early pick. But the early bird on this, his first morning in the city, was changed, for as soon as he got down to the foot of the stairs a large bull dog, not accustomed to country farmers getting up so early in the gray morning, stood ready to pounce on him, and barked loud, and ran at him as he would on a thief, eager to devour him, or a piece of beef, developing quickly in our distinguished stranger a state of wild consternation. But the vigilant landlord hearing the noise below jumped out of the warm blankets in double-quick to ascertain what could be the matter, whether it was a thief or a rogue with the dog. But it was only the Squire and his dog Fag. Fag had his two paws on the right and left shoulder of our man, and held him there as straight and stiff as if he had been a marble statue on exhibition at the World's Fair, or if you please a fore-quarter of beef or a hind-quarter of mutton. Bill Wing, of the Humming Bird House, smiling good-naturedly, released him from his perilous position, with an admonition not to rise so early in the morning, as there was no early worms in the city for old birds to pick up in the early morning; it was just the reverse. In the city their worms all glowed in the evening between the hour of ten and twelve at night. But this explanation puzzled him, as the honest man supposed that the same laws that ruled the open country governed the great city, and natural laws was the same in one part of the universe as another. But it set him a thinking whether or no the lamp of day did not rise so

early just to accommodate these gay larks who picked up their glow worms in the evening, who were now snoring in their beds. But all these doubts were soon dissolved when he lifted up his honorable head from a brown study on hearing the familiar step of his own amiable daughter Nancy tripping down stairs, pattering into the room, bidding her pap good morning just as the rays of the glorious luminary, the lamp of day, darted his life inspiring streams through the open windows. After sitting a short time reading the morning news they were duly summoned to the morning meal, which was particularly acceptable, as they had not broken their fasting for some time. The breakfast was good and they done it ample justice. The fatigue of the journey had not taken away their healthy appetite, as they were both in vigorous health and cheerful spirits from the encouragement they received (as yet) all round on every hand, (except Fag.) The landlord was well pleased to see them enjoy their breakfast so well, as he often used to say there was little trouble in feeding hungry folks.

After the morning meal, which set well caused by regular habits and constitutional gifts, they were ready for work or business. Nancy put on her bonnet, the same she wore at home on Sunday in the church, the Squire got his dark green umbrella, and out they sallied on business. But I had almost forgot to mention the fact that a policeman, hearing the noise of Fag, jumped in through the window of the Humming Bird House as the paws of Fag was on the right and left wing of Mr. Plum, and threatened to take him to the Tombs for being up so early in the morning, disturbing the peace of the city. The Squire thought it must be a dismal place, the Tombs, as he often remembered hearing the choir sing "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound." But he declared on his unbroken word and immaculate honor that his business here was a legitimate one. He said he came on here to ride the Mountain Goat into public favor. The policeman, the guardian of the innocent and upright citizen, supposing he was going to ride the goat preliminary to receiving orders as a Free Mason, with a knowing wink let him off, as he had been proposing to take orders himself if his calling would not interfere with his contemplated proposition. Well, without further circumlution out the worthy couple sallied to try their chances among the generous publishers for the sale of the prancing, lively goat, on the street, Division street. They were so eager to find a publisher and get through with their business and so lessen the expense, they asked most every one they met where they could find a first-rate publishing house, as they had business there of great importance. But all they met were in such a great hurry they whisked by them as quick as Croesus would by a poor relation, or a member of parliament by a voter three days after election. One waggish pedestrian, whose health was flush, spirits high and wits lively, pointed out to him a house with three brass balls over the door, telling him to go in there, they accepted most all kinds of grist into their mill. When the fellow mentioned grist he was sure he had some day been a country farmer, consequently an honest fellow; so off they went to the sign of the three balls, opened the door, bidding

Jacob good morning. Jacob responded, good morning, what ish you vant, dis morning? A respectable citizen told us, said the Squire, that you published tales here. Oh, yes, says Jacob, what kind of a tail is it you vant, a fox tail or a lamb's tail? It's neither one, says Jefferson, knitting his brows, it's the tale of the Mountain Goat, wrote by the author, my daughter, introducing him to Nancy. Ah! indeed, smiling graciously, let me see it? Is it a long tale or a short one, handing him the manuscript, looking over it turning over the pages. How much you vant for de paper, says the Israelite. Nancy whispers \$1000. Ho, poh, says Jacob, me give you 100 cents for de tale of de Mountain Goat; it ish as much as de paper ish worth. But seeing quickly they had got into the wrong shop out they came, quicker than wink, chagrined to think that a corrupted city farmer should deceive them so early in the morning. Nothing daunted, however, on they pressed, determined to accomplish the purpose for which they came, knowing that it would never do to return to Chipville barren of results in profit, fame or honor. So on they went till they came in sight of a large house with the name Flint & Lock, publishers. Glad in their hearts at last to find a house they might possibly depend on, in they went, and as soon as the proprietor noticed them he smiled very sweetly, bowing at the same time very graciously, bidding them good morning. After a few remarks on the weather, crops, &c., &c., he bade them be seated and he would himself attend to the business on hand. All seated in their cushioned chairs the sedate Squire commenced by stating that by and with the consent of his fellow-citizens of Chipville he had undertaken this great journey to this great city for the purpose of disposing of the Mountain Goat, the production of his daughter, Nancy Plum, introducing him to Nancy. The bookman was happy to have the honor, &c., &c., smiling graciously, asking him how old it was, and seeing they were not city folk he concluded they must be country folk, and wanted to sell a nanny goat. The bookman was in a fine humor that morning. But the Squire was beginning to look rather queer at the corner of the mouth, supposing this time he may have stumbled into the two brass balls. The bookman indulging his humor asked him if it was a granny goat; how much milk it gave in the morning, and some other questions not altogether pleasing to the disposer of this new story. Mr. Plum said, it is not a live goat, sir, or a shot goat, sir. Ah, I see, beg pardon, mountain venison. Ah, capital; just what I want. My wife told me to get some this morning for Charlie as he was not very well with the hooping cough. (Charlie had been out hooping, and got cold chasing the hoop.) Am glad you have come, sir; how lucky. I went all through the market this morning, on the east and west side, and thought of telegraphing to Philadelphia for some for the sick boy. I'll take the hind quarter, sir, and the fore, sir, or if its a matter of indifference, sir, I'll take the whole animal. What's the price? The Squire aghast, falling back on his chair, and catching his breath, with conflicting emotions prowling through his laboring breast, in a stammering, husky voice relieved his aching heart by saying: Sir, it is the title of Nancy's offspring which

she has produced by her own unaided efforts. But before he could say of her prolific, fertile brain, he said ah, very happy to hear it, son's or daughter's, supposing he wanted his grandson to learn the book trade, Nancy blushing white and blue. Neither, sir, the offspring of her fertile mind, which she has nursed into ripe maturity from rosy morning's fingered dawn till dewy eve, (the Squire showing his learning,) and she has just given the tale or the story, as you like it, the title of the two-horned Mountain Goat, on account of its lively and skipping qualities that gravitate through the wonderful tale from stem to stern, from beginning to end. Oh, ho! excuse me, sir. Have you the wonderful tale with you? Handing him the story and poring over it so long and getting so deeply interested with the music of its round, full swelling periods that he had like to get fast asleep over it, it was so soothing and all aluring, and the spell of its charms had taken hold of him so much. Starting suddenly to his feet, he says, how much do you want, sir, for this bewitching tale? The Squire, well pleased, turning round to Nancy, what do you say, my daughter? Nancy thought two or three minutes, and turning to her pap, says, whispering in his ear loud enough for all to hear, \$1000. Very well, sir; I was going to offer you \$1500 for this charming tale, sir. When the Squire saw how eager the bookman was to take it, he felt sorry he had not asked \$2000. To use his own language, it was just a clean thousand dollars lost at a whip crack; a thousand dollars worth of goat's milk gone to the dogs. But there was no use in making wry faces about it now, and concealed his chagrin as well as possible. The bookworm told him to call to-morrow at ten, as the bank doors would not be open until that time, escorting the Squire and Nancy out with marked politeness, bowing and smiling as they went out the door, bidding them good morning. Quite elated with the success of their morning's visit, in high spirits tripping along gaily with the golden prospect before them, the Squire says, Nancy, I actually believe I am getting younger; he felt so bouyant and elastic, saying as he went along, loud enough for Nancy to hear, I wish I had half a dozen goats to sell, or half a dozen daughters to spin out long yarns, it was more profitable than spinning flax, flax, repeating the words. Well, they got home, not the least tired at night, for the Squire had good welded muscles, as well as a cheering future to brace the clay house he lived in, and went to bed that night about the usual time, for change of fortune made no difference with the Squire on his settled down regular habits of going to bed at nine o'clock, and after taking a look at the landlord's book he took a toot and went to bed. But oh! alas, candid reader, whether you wear flowing curls over snowy white shoulders, or grizzly stiff bristles on a rounded, upsetting chin, sympathize with me, for as Rabbie says,

The best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang oft alee.

While in bed the fortunate or unfortunate man was dreaming of golden veins, rich deposits, silver streams, shining metals, India's choral strands, &c., &c., mixed with a little alloy, when he remembered he

might just as well had \$2000 instead of \$1000, when he woke. But if this had been the worst of it, it would have been well. After sleeping as long as circumstances would allow, (silver streams running through the lanes and alleys of his brain all night,) he got up, and dressing himself with more than usual care, he brushed his silver white hair till it shone like the silver dollars that were rolling in platoons through the broad ways and narrow ways of his capacious head all night. Coming down stairs carefully, in case of Tag being around, he sat down in the gentleman's parlor till breakfast, reading the Daily Morning Sun. Breakfast ready he went in to it, ready for the morning meal, and feeling, as Nelson said, the landlord expects every man to do his duty. Having accomplished this not very irksome task to his own internal satisfaction, he got up, picked up his hat, smoothing it with his elbow, took his blue black umbrella, and stepped firmly out into the clear, fresh, exhilarating air, on his way for the \$1000, leaving the author behind, she being pretty well tired out with the fatigue of the previous day; also remembering the remarks or observations the bookman made that made her blush and brought out the Squire's learning. Arriving at the shop he walked in with more confidence than usual, inquiring for the liberal man that was to give him the cool thousand in legal tenders for the double-horned Mountain Goat. But, oh! sorrowful disappointment, painful to relate, painful to read. The glib clerks, not knowing, or pretending not to know, wanted to know, with solemn faces, what kind of a goat he meant; if it was young venison it was just what they wanted, for they had not seen anything of the kind in their boarding house for a pair of long months; or if it was a live animal one of the chips would take it at a reasonable price, as he had a dear friend who was in delicate health, and thought that some of the luscious drops distilled from the laboratory of the mountain press might be grateful to his failing health, refreshing the streams of life, gladdening, strengthening and reviving the purple current for the benefit of the whole constitution and union of the several parts in the whole animal economy. The Squire looking him in the face, not knowing hardly what to make of this new turn on the wheel of fortune, thought him more learned than respectful, and growing bolder wanted him to understand that he did not want but a small allowance of such impertinent nonsense, having still in his memory the remembrance of part of the conversation the day before with the proprietor; and true to the dignity of his character as a Squire in his native place, asked him if he was aware that he was in the presence of Jefferson Plum, of Chipville. The young chip said he was not aware that he had the honor, &c., &c., and begging his pardon, was sorry if he had committed any impropriety as it was seldom they had such distinguished visitors from that locality. But he was extremely sorry to inform him that Mr. Fox, the sleeping partner of the firm, had started early in the morning a fox hunting and deer hunting, out West, for the benefit of his health, and would not be back till the next full moon, but had left word that if an oldish gentleman called at ten, the bank hour, to inform him that his friend, Mr. Reynard, had

given him a pressing invitation to accompany him on the wild, exhilarating sport of the open fields, woods, &c., and that he could not resist it, and if he would wait till he returned with the tails, (fox tails,) trophies of his valor and skill, he would stand to his verbal agreement, (the time not being stated.) In the meantime, if he had some good country mutton, clover fed, he would take a whole sheep at a reasonable price. The Squire, perfectly astounded and dumbfounded, boiling with color and rage internally, could only mutter out between his clenched teeth, (holding his stout umbrella in his hand firmly and shaking it before the face of the clerk,) mutton, mutton, sheep, sheep, clover fed, rascal, sir, &c., &c.; the clerk pale with fear lest he might crack his crown with the butt end of his big umbrella. He walked out of the shop, surprised at the total depravity of mankind, as the clerks were surprised when they were made aware for the first time that they stood before the Justice of the Peace and Selectman of the town, Jefferson Plum of Chipville. Quite loose about the chops, he walked home to Bill Wing's, where Nancy was, the best he could with the aid and support of Johnny malt to keep up his drooping spirits, and help his weary legs to perform their duty. He finally got home to the Humming Bird House, and complained of being tired and weary. Can philosophy explain why it is that hope and fear, success and disappointment have such opposite effects on the human frame? If he had got the cool thousand, according to expectation and verbal agreement, this weariness probably would not oppressed him with so deep a sense of the frailty of mankind as we travel on from the infant in the nurse's arms to the lean and slippered pantaloon. He sat down heavily in the large, easy rocking chair without speaking a word. Nancy, with a quick-witted woman's instinct, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, knew immediately, knew from this change in his manner, that all is not well that don't end well; inquired if he was unwell, if some rogue had stolen the greenbacks, if he had lost his pocket-book, or what was the matter. He told Nancy, (making it as light as possible,) that he guessed the man, Mr. Fox, the sleeping partner, (as the glib clerk, Mr. Winkie, called him,) was going to fail, as he had gone away deer hunting on the prairies, and would not be home for six weeks to fill the agreement, and they could not wait in this dear place till that time, if he ever came back; and it was lucky for them, as now some generous publisher might give them \$2000 for the goat, clean cash. Somewhat discouraged, but not totally disheartened or cast down, they hardly knew what to do, but knowing well that it would never do to return home barren of results, especially where such high expectations were raised by his fellow-citizens, they concluded, by the advice of the author, like Bruce's spider, to try again, in the meantime resting her dear pap till next day, until if he happily recovered from the back-tide of the present flow in the various changing currents of fickle life. Although far advanced in life, thanks to a good constitution fortified by steady habits, he did recover, after a good night's rest and a good breakfast to try again, Nancy, the patient author, going with him in search of the \$2000. As they were

walking leisurely along a very well-dressed, genteel man came up to them and accosting them said: Sir, if I may be so rude, am I this day in the presence of Squire Plum, whose exalted virtues have winged their way to this great city from Chipville? Yes, sir, I stand before you, if I may have the honor, &c., &c., bowing gracefully. I understand that you have the honorable and gifted tale of the wonderful Mountain Goat to sell at a reasonable price. Yes, sir; it is not my production, it is my daughter Nancy's, (introducing the author. I heard sir, the other day, that you were in town, and that you wanted to dispose of this wonderful tale, and wish to secure it if possible, friend Plum, at any reasonable price. None will secure you more, in this market, and sir, as I am a stranger to you and you to me, except by report, to assure you that my offer is sincere and my intentions honorable, if you will go with me to my residence up town and stay with us a few days, until the contract is settled and until my partner comes home from the salt water, we would be pleased very much with your company. When he came home, (his partner,) they would take the Mountain Goat on liberal terms. Well, on consultation with Nancy, it was agreed they would stop a few days with Mr. Senior Dodge until arrangements could be made on liberal terms for this new production that was just beginning to dart its rays of light among the inhabitants of this great emporium. So they all, together with the willing assistance of their new friend, went to the Humming Bird House, packed up their things, got their trunks in readiness and settled their bill with their landlord, Bill Wing, the hackman carrying their baggage to the cab, after which, bidding the boniface good day they jumped in, all three, to the residence of Mr. Senior Augustus Dodge, who was highly honored while introducing them to the ladies and gentlemen of his house as Squire Plum, and Nancy, his daughter, the author of the wonderful tale of the two-horned Mountain Goat. The ladies were all so delighted—one of them, clapping her lily white hand, repeating how fortunate, we will have such a nice time now; how delightful. Miss Plum, (sit down,) handing her the rocking chair, and feel at home. Take off your Marie Antoinette bonnets and how happy we will be to see the tale of the two-horned Mountain Goat, and hear it read from beginning to end. We call goat kid in the city, we are so much accustomed to wearing kid gloves made from Paris rat skins, so some say. But everything that somebody said is not always true. The story of the kid has gone before you; and now that the fortunate possessor stands or sits before us we will all be so delighted to hear it read by herself. Although rather reluctantly, Nancy consented to be the center of attraction to the quiet listening audience, and before she had read it half through it gave to all round unqualified satisfaction, clapping their little hands with glee. One of the ladies was so delighted with the fun, wit, &c., &c., of the tale, and standing on her feet and clapping her lily white hands in extacies, proposed that three cheers be given for the wonderful tale of the kid all round, which was given with a hearty good will all round by the attentive listeners. Enough having now been read to satisfy the craving of their moral and intellectual na-

ture, the rest of the time before the sumptuous entertainment could be got ready suitable for the distinguished guests was whiled away in singing lively airs, conversation, chit-chat, new style of bonnets, kid gloves, dear lockets, goat skin slippers, opera glasses, &c., &c. One of them proposed to have the Mountain Quadrille, but as the feast was nearly fried and boiled, it was decided to postpone the dance till after dinner. While seated in a circle you may readily suppose many questions were asked, by one or another, as to the accident or incident that suggested the story of the frisky goat that was beginning to attract the attention of everybody that had the smallest pretensions to literary taste, culture or refinement; all of which questions were answered by Nancy with frankness, simplicity and country modesty, which increased their admiration of her exalted virtues and charming natural artlessness of manner that were not in the least affected by her new found honors. Indeed, the sun of prosperity seemed to sweeten all the rich qualities of her richly endowed nature throughout the whole Plum. Unlike some persons the more they bask in the favors of the pleasant sun of prosperity the more gruff, sour, haughty and intoxicated they become; like good sweet cider, the more basking it gets in the rays of the sun the more vinegary it becomes.

Dinner now being announced it was made known to the sense of the listeners by the bounding noise of a tremendous gong, whose sound went forth at a rapid rate through all the halls of the house, from the first floor up to the shaking rafters, alarming Nancy and the Squire very much; they were not sure but it was an alarm to the people, men and women, to rise up to a man and defend themselves against the Chinese Tartars, or roving guerillas. They both got somewhat nervous until they were relieved by the lady of the house saying, this is the way we city people in the moving circle announce feeding time. The Squire's nerves were quieted, but he never could understand before what was the meaning of that modern invention called nerves; he was not aware, as Dick says, that the higher a man is cultivated the more sensitive he becomes to exalted enjoyment or depressing misery. Dinner announced they were escorted into the dining hall, the Squire with the lady of the house, the Senior doing the agreeable to Nancy, the nephew, young ladies, &c., &c., in the rear. As the distinguished guests went through the long hall the servants in waiting stood on each side with white aprons tied round their lank stomachs, (by order of the master of the feast,) also white handkerchiefs in their hands with a blue border. They all stood stiff as stakes, or some kind of beefstakes, as straight as lamp-posts. Indeed, they had practised the art so long and had become so well schooled in it that, like some Polemical arguers, they could not bend except at the nod of some distinguished person. As the Squire and the Senioress were tripping through the long hall into the dining room next to Nancy and the Squire, he kept bowing very graciously to all the white-aproned chaps, waging his head on each side as he moved along. But as they were instructed to a stiff, respectful attitude, they all kept as stiff as soldiers on parade, with their chins turned up, until

the last man and woman had got into the dining-room. Now seated, the glib, flexible chaps, no longer stiff with their clean, white aprons, surrounded the distinguished guests like as many bees round a pot of New Orleans molasses, buzzing about wanting to know what he would have, lamb, sheep or mutton. But pretending not to be very particular about what went into the inner man, especially when all were so anxious to serve him, he said as he used to say at his own table at home when the children said they liked this best or that best, or they had no appetite for this or that, he could take a harl of anything. The waiting chap, not knowing or pretending not to know what harls meant, said he had no harls. So he ordered a piece of sheep about as big as a horse's nose, with greens. The chap stared at him, no doubt thinking he was a funny fellow, and off he jumps like a lamp-lighter to fill the order, and back in a wink, with the sheep and greens. Our Squire, you see, had learned some outlandish gibberish about harls, &c., from one named Sandy Selirk, who had in his life-time lived three years in the Cannibal Islands, near the Bay of Biscuit. Nancy was helped to a piece of kid which had been caught by his horns on the branches of a large pine tree on the Alps on his way to Italy, and shot in the neck just as he was extricating himself from his perilous position, and brought on to York by the steamer White Fib, whose frontispiece was a Highland kid. They got along very well notwithstanding the scare the nerves had by the big gong. But a good dinner and good digestion is a good cure for many of these little annoyances that trouble us as travelers traveling on through the wilderness of the world. It is a good halting place to rest for an hour to refresh ourselves, fortifying ourselves for the long journey before us. It is better than a shepherd's staff as we lean on it from day to day for support, for a well-filled belly is the best prop for a supple back, accompanied with a good clean conscience, so Peter says, and they say Peter could see with one eye half shut as far as some could see if they had three eyes wide open, for observe that as his brother Dick says it is not the material eyes that see without the aid of the inner eyes of the understanding. Well, our company got along very well at the festive board, and as the first-rate cooked articles found their way into the inner man, their souls began to grow mellow, and as good Farmer Plum's lower story began to grow warm with the good cheer, his upper story began to grow mellow with a sprouting inclination for fun, sport and merriment of any kind that was innocent and harmless, which, on being noticed by those who sat near him, was encouraged and indulged. Even the servants partook of the amiable infection, and one of them so far forgot his proper place, (a frisky Frenchman,) with the rapid progress of the infection that ran through all the veins of good fellowship, and with a better fellow feeling than discretion dictated, actually patted the Squire on his round, full, ripe corporation, with the palm of his hand, and looking into his face smiling, saying, in half French and half English, dat good sheep, ha; dat good mutton, eh; one fine greens; you know a ting or two; you be one good fellow; de cook get credit from dat one fine corporation; you gib de cook one

quarter dollar. The Squire, who was puffing and blowing, and sweltering, and wiping the big beads of sweat that stood on his forehead, was quite surprised with the fellow's familiarity, looking in his face; thought he was more familiar and impudent than the occasion required, and reprimanded him for his gratuitous compliments. But not to appear narrow before so large a company he gave him a 24 cent postage stamp to put on his letter that he sent to his sweetheart in La Belle France. He thanked him for his generosity, and bowing and smiling as only a Frenchman can, went off, but not till he had whispered in his ear that he would, if possible, find him some of them fine harls for dessert. A young Miss was the next one to bother him; she was detailed to wait on the Squire and no one else. She asked him if he would take something else. Dear me, my bonnie lassie, says Mr. Plum, what more could I have or take, wiping his capacious head with his red and yellow pocket handkerchief. Says she would you like a friccassee? he understanding her to mean a free kiss. Now being in first-rate humor, he was for putting his long arms around the bonnie lassie's neck, and treating her to a free kiss, eh! But she, no doubt to his surprise, thinking that he was forgetting his place as Deacon Plum, and growing familiar as a Frenchman, ran off like a deer, as fast as her legs could carry her, quite surprised, with her lily white hand over her pretty, pouting mouth, as if somebody was going to steal something she could not spare to the king of the highlands. The company laughed, the servants snickered, all disposed, however, to forgive the amusing errors and eccentricities of their worthy friend, knowing, as all wise men and women know, that innocent mirth is harmless, and him or her who causes the wheels of life to move on smoothly from that source, is a public benefactor, and recreation mixed in proper quantities with physical and mental labor is as necessary for the welfare of man and woman kind, material, moral and intellectual, as peas are in the right time in the month of June. So they were all in good humor, shaking their sides, and like a measure when it is well shaken down, can hold a little more. So their sides and ribs were well shaken down, laughing, making more room for the Plum pudding, the next course that was to follow previous to the promised harls for Mr. Plum. So all went on as merry as a marriage bell. The lassie that ran away from the free kissy, when she saw them all so happy, thought she might just as well enjoy the fun as the rest, especially when she was the source of it, and as it was half at her expense she had the best right to use what she has paid for, and coming up close to Mr. Plum, with her Grecian nose almost touching the Squire's chin, as he looked into the blue sky of her bashful eye, began to explain to him what a friccassee was. She said it was the tenderest part of a fresh, pulpy chicken, cooked with great care, usually given to the guest as a mark of regard, and as he himself is the particular guest of all the guests, so this signifies to all present, without announcing it, (which would be in bad taste,) that he is the particular man, highest honored of all the company present. So this explanation was entirely satisfactory to the favored guest above all the rest. As soon as she had

done explaining what a free fricasse was, the pawky thief stole a free kiss'a, sending her away as well pleased as she came, thinking no doubt that she was the particular girl honored above all the rest of the girls. She boasted afterwards that she got a free kiss'a from the two-horned Mountain Goat, the rest of the girls envying her on this account of her good luck. But it kept up the fun, and good humor prevailed all round the generous table, for fun and good humor is considered by good judges of the West and wise men of the East as necessary in time and place as other things in season, as strawberries in summer or a good tender stake in a cold winter's morning. Peter says it is just as necessary to keep up good humor to a right standard as it is to keep up good blood in blue veins to a right standard, otherwise the whole man in the whole animal economy (even in the moral and intellectual,) will suffer, he stoutly affirmed. Just look, says he, at these sunless, dirty, ill-ventilated houses in these dark, narrow alleys in the large cities. Does not poor, under-feeding, accompanied with a bad atmosphere, produce physical, moral and intellectual under-breeding? But all was good cheer and good will. The Squire was pronounced a jolly plum, a trump, a card, a king of good hearts, a good fellow all round. Sport and fun was now the order of the day, or rather coming night, and as little fishing crafts follow in the wake of the big ships, so they all followed in the bent or wake of the big man; if he laughed they laughed, if he approved they approved, if he denounced they done the same, and whatever his opinion was was their candid opinion also. But plenty is better than a great feast; so the cloth was removed to make room for the lager beer brought from the Rhine on the banks of the Wishmetotom, where it grows in the Elysian fields of the Passaic, on the wavering branches, free from impure adulteration. The ladies left the room that the gentlemen might have more freedom in their sport and glee that was now the ruling passion of the night. The first toast drunk was to the health of the Mountain Goat: Long may he nip the sweet leaves of popularity growing among the rugged rocks on the high hills and humble valleys. The next was: Long may he brouse in the fat pastures, distilling the milky dew of the green, smiling fields from her capacious udder. The next: Long may the flowers emit their fragrance around the pathway of the skipping kids. Song, the Flying Huntsman, the Deer Stalker, &c., &c. The ladies suppose were enjoying themselves tip-top, if the amount of noise, clatter, &c., &c., could be taken as evidence of enjoyment. The last toast drank in the sparkling fluid was: May his lofty horns never grow less, drinking their horns of Rhine beer to the bottom, getting less and less until their well-filled horns were drank entirely out of sight. The Squire, appreciating the generous qualities of the inspiriting liquid, rose up to make a speech, expressing his high sense of his obligations of the warm-hearted, generous hospitality of his honorable friend, and he had only one regret, and that was that they should ever part. But he could say no more; his heart was full, (one of the wags said his belly was full to,) and brushing away a glistening drop that was stealing its way down the furrows of the house he lived

in with his white pocket handkerchief, he sat down heavily, with a pressing sense of his high obligations, &c., &c. The Senior responded, saying that he could hardly find language to convey to the ears of those present the load of feeling that was laboring in his pent up breast, (putting his left hand to the place where his heart should be.) But if they would excuse the feeble effort of his stammering tongue that was struggling to find utterance to his conflicting emotions, this was an auspicious day in his life. The star of his destiny had never shone so bright as it does this blessed night, and if you believe me my cup of joy is fairly running over. My twice-honored friend has alluded in terms of a glowing description that we should ever part again. These feelings are my feelings, running over to the brim. But if it was our unhappy lot ever to be separated by land, adverse winds or running water, may this happy day ever remain fresh as evergreens in a secure corner of our memories, never to be forgotten to the latest ages of our posterity. But as I cannot speak with the tongue of our learned friend my heart is throbbing in its every pulsation what my poor tongue fails to express. One word more—and it is my sincere desire that the fair, angelic author may meet the success in the public mind that her merits as a writer deserve; and to conclude may the noble horns of the wonderful Mountain Goat never trail in the dust, shot down by the venomous arrow of any envious, malignant sharpshooter skulking behind the green curtain on the busy stage of busy life, (Nancy bowing.) He sat down in his chair, fairly overcome with the heavy load of his obligations, &c., &c., and pressing his head forward a little on one side wiped the corner of his eyes with his silk handkerchief that was moist with the mountain dew, infecting all the rest with the streams that ran down all their cheeks, all drinking of the same sorrow that these two should ever part again, which sorrowful words fell like a heavy stone into the deep well of all their hearts, splashing the water into all their eyes, and forgetting, in the affliction of the moment, their handkerchiefs. Some wiped the windows of their souls with their aprons, their coat-cuffs, or any thing their hand could reach. One of them, sitting next to the Squire, was so absorbed at the time he used the Squire's handkerchief with the blue border, and blowing his trumpet, stuck it in his pocket, forgetting all about it until he recollected himself, and returned it to his honored friend. But everything has an end, as the shoemaker said when he was using the wax. So this burst of affection and sorrow came to an end also, as this was not the proper time to indulge in too much grief in the rising and falling tide of human affairs. So they drank once more of the life-inspiring fluid, until they gradually forgot the impressive words that lay so heavy on all their hearts, and growing more and more cheerful until the fun grew fast and furious, in the same proportion as they emptied their glasses, until they were all the most jolly set of fellows you ever saw in your life. Some of them hardly knew whether they were standing on their head or their heels, dancing, capering, making speeches, turning somersaults, jumping over chairs, playing hunt the squirrel, hunt the fox, &c., the Squire taking the character of the grey

fox from the color of his coat and breeches, for what will unadulterated lager beer from the Rhine, from the banks of the Wishmetotom, not do when it gets away up into the upper story of the thirsty traveler on a windy day. The ladies in the other room were drinking Nancy's health in a beverage called approved cordial until they were all as lively as chirping crickets, dancing and singing, and skipping like as many young kids, the approved cordial was so invigorating and exhilarating. The gentlemen hearing the sport in the other room opened the folding doors, and all joined in to a general set-to, to the song of the village horn, singing as they danced along:

The mountains browse among the hills,
The sheep among the plains,
The freeman stacks his barley corn,
The birds pick up the grains.
Oh, row deedle dow, oh, row de dowdy.

Oh, happy is the parish priest that marries village dames,
Oh, happy is the village priest that christens plenty wanes.
Oh, row de dowdy, deedle dow, &c.

Some of them hardly knew how the words were placed. But they all got through somehow to the end until they were all completely overcome with small beer, approved cordial, fun, dancing, heat, &c., &c. Some of them fagged out, dumped right down on the carpet, blowing and puffing like as many steam engines, some in rocking chairs, sofas, rugs, anywhere; the Squire sprawled out his full length on an Axminster rug, grunting like a live porpoise. The ladies fanning themselves got over the heat sooner. Nancy in the meantime forgot all about the character of the author, and was lively as the rest of them. The servants in the other parts of the house, catching the infection of the hour, were as merry as the rest, dancing and singing, knowing well that on this rare occasion it would not be ill taken; so there was a general rejoicing all over the house. When they all had got pretty well tired out some went to their beds, some went out to cool themselves in the evening air, for

The night was clear and light,
The twinkling stars were shining bright.

Upon my word it is a charming night, says the Senioress to her Senior. How would you like, my dear, to go to the Columbian to see and hear the beautiful play of the innocent Happy Family? Capital idea, my dear. What do you say, Neph; do you think the Squire Plum would go? I don't know; he is a trump, a jolly brick, a regular king of spades, as Farmer Grimes says. Will Nancy Plum go? Don't know; let us go in and see. In they went, the three, to see. It was proposed to Nancy to go to the Columbian to see the play of the innocent Happy Family. (Madeline was agreed.) Nancy thought she could not go as her pap was fast asleep on the rug, but she thought he would be willing to go if he was awake. The Senior's wife said it would be a pity to waken the good man, it will do him so much good to have a sweet cat-nap. She thought it would be wicked to break

in on sleep, as Shakspeare says the feast of life is rounded with a sleep. Just as she got through quoting the immortal poet, Bouncer came in, and bouncing up to the sleeping man, snuffing, yelping and making so much noise barking it woke him up, hardly enough, however, to discern things rightly, and seeing Bouncer took him for a highland goat, as his heart in his dreams was away among the highlands, and the sale of the goat had been in his head so much for the last week or two he could hardly think of anything else; it excluded everything else from his mind. Rubbing his eyes he halloed out, Mountain Goat, Mountain Goat, the star of hope. You see he was hardly awake yet. How true is it the uppermost passion in the mind will be out. As he kept repeating these words Bouncer kept barking until he was finally brought to a realizing sense of his locality. For a few minutes he hardly knew whether he was in Blanket Bay, beside Mrs. Plum in Chipville, or where, the confounded goat and the lager beer had dumfuzzled his senses so much. But as all liquids find their level so he found his wits. The excursion of the evening was proposed after a good laugh all round at Bouncer snuffing the Squire. The young chips had let Bouncer in for the very purpose of waking him up. The waking man said he had no objections; if Nancy wanted to go he would go. But as she had formerly consented she said she would go for his especial entertainment; so it was agreed all round that the Innocent Family should be attended to for the entertainment of the honored guests. Neph had the carriage brought up to the door, and all jumped in and drove off to the Columbian to enjoy the Innocent Family. The Squire was on the right of the Senioress, the Senior on the right of Mr. Plum, Nancy on the left, Madeline on the left of Nancy, the nephew occupying the tip of the left wing, a friend occupying the root of the right. All appeared impatient for the rise of the curtain. The curtain did rise, the Happy Family did appear, the virtues did show themselves in the Innocent Family, the music was charming, but the dancing was alarming. Nancy thought before it was half through she had got her money's worth, and if she staid to the end she would be in their debt twenty-five cents. Between the acts a charming young lass, 'pretty as a pink, sweet as a daisy, in short dress, long white stockings, bells on her heels and clappers in her hands, come tripping in on the boards on the light fantastic toe, whirling and twirling, spinning on the big toe, clapping the clappers, ringing the little bells on her heels, capering, and flouncing and bouncing, and springing and swinging, and singing and dumping, and thumping and jumping, and I don't know what all, cutting up so many Will-o'-the-Wisps, and whirlagigams, like a wild gipsy, that the Squire and Nancy, who had never seen such capers in all their lives, were fairly bewitched. But Nancy could not see what that had to do with the virtues of the Innocent Family. The Squire's eyes were fairly enriched with the sight, and filled with enthusiasm, rising in his seat, cried out at the top of his voice, well done, cutty sark, and in an instant the curtain fell, and all was dark. She had got to the end of her role just as he had repeated these oft-repeated words. This act, (not in the bill,)

brought down the whole house, from the top to the bottom, rapping with their boots, clapping their hands, &c., the boys whistling in the upper tiers, in the lower tiers singing out, bring her out, bring him out, bully for cutty sark, hip-hip, bully for you, old boy, you're one on 'em. All eyes were looking at the seat where our party were sitting in the box, looking through their opera glasses at them, bringing our distinguished party to be the observed of all observers. Nancy not being accustomed to so much concentrated attention from the opera glasses, felt like retiring out of sight, as she allowed she had got more than her money's worth, but on the persuasions of the rest of the party was prevailed on to stay through one act more. The Squire rather liked the concentrated attention from the boxes, &c., and was not in the least abashed; he rather liked it, as some noted men do, and being accustomed to be looked up to in Chipville this larger field of observation suited him first-rate, and he never in all his valuable life entertained the idea that a man of parts should hide them under a bushel basket. Nancy cautioned him to keep cool, but it is hard for a man with an ardent temperament to keep cool and restrain the impetuosity of his feelings, especially when cutty sarks are singing and swinging on the light fantastic toe, and persons of cooler blood than Mr. Plum have been known (even justices of the peace, selectmen of the town, and deacons of the Quaker persuasions,) in the course of five hundred years from the Christian era, to have been misled and completely dumbfuzzled by cutty larks of seventeen hundred linen.

The next act was a young never-do-well, who had introduced his slippery tongue into the domicile of a happy family, a gay Lothario, deceiving them with polite attentions that were brought into play merely as a cloak of meaning formalities to cover up the vileness of his rotten heart. One of the members on the board was going to rush on the scoundrel with his gleaming dagger to put an end to a life that had been entirely worthless. While he held the naked dagger in his hand about to plunge it into the contents of his vile stomach that had spoiled so much good meat for no good purpose, he was gesticulating wildly with the other hand. You scoundrel, he said, black as murky night that brooded over the banks of flowing Nile, how can your clotted blood (gnashing his teeth,) flow through your poisoned veins back to that crooked heart so full of treason, stratagems and virgin spoils, its dark chambers hid from the light are full to the brim of vile, reeking deeds of black villainy and foul blots nauseous to the eye of pearly virtue, and by the sacred bull of Egypt, (stamping his foot with rage,) no more vile deeds will enter the doors of that vile heart forever, forever, and rushing on him with force buried the dagger in his breast up to the hilt, the blood flowing in jets from the hole as he lay dead on the spot. He put his left foot on him and as he stood he uttered these memorable words: I have clove that coward heart from stem to stern, as I would this paper rend, (holding up the paper to the audience.) The evidence of his guilt, the dead body, the dagger in it up to the hilt, the crimson blood still flowing, the revenger standing as the victor, his foot on the

body of the slain, altogether tended to form a picture in tragedy that powerfully excited the feelings of Squire Plum; in fact he could stand it no longer, and just as the actor threw down the paper on the floor, the Squire jumped up in his seat and bawled out: Churches were built to please the priests, and courts for those who break the peace. None should die until it's proven. You see he had sat in the county courts now and then with Mr. Cockle, and of course knew something of law. He thought the revenger ought not to take the prerogative of justice into his own hands, as Alexander the Great did when he slew Parmenio for cutting the tail of his horse Bucephalus, but let the majesty of law take its course. The excited Squire got through just as the green curtain began to fall, the actor looking on him with open eyes from the stage where he stood straight up, with his foot on the dead rascal, as if wondering what kind of a brick that was away up in the gallery that had come to see the Innocent Family. But if the last burst of the Squire's impatience brought the house down, this brought it double down, from the rafters to the cellar, with a perfect hurricane of applause, stamping, and yelling and whistling, and clapping and rapping, and thumping and bumping, all over the house, from the center of the Plum family to the circumference, hip-hiping, three cheers for Justice, bring him out, bring Justice out. Nancy got quite nervous and bewildered when hundreds of voices were roaring, bring him out, bring him out, and had a suspicion they wanted to have him stand up on the spot and make a speech in defence of the dead man or the sacredness of law, and advised him to go home with her and the rest of the party, as she was a little afraid lest they might want to carry him off as the hackman wanted to do at the steamboat wharf, or as the policeman talked about taking him to the Tombs when Fag saluted him, if they staid through another act. So as they were all getting pretty well tired out they all agreed to retire, acceding to her wishes. So they wheeled about from the right and left wing, the Senior to the Nephew, from the base to the tip, from the root to the branches, the boys yelling as they went out, making their exit: Come again, old trump; come again, old boy; go it while you're young; bring your boots with you; show you're grinders once more; keep your winkers peeled, old ckap; and I don't know what all was said in the noise and hubbub. But enough is as good as a feast, as P. says, and as Willie of the Wisp says, everything has an end except a square globe. So this visit to the Columbian to see the Innocent Family had its end, and as the Squire was waxing warmer, which was a great relief to Nancy as she breathed the fresh air once more below the star spangled heavens, glad to think they had escaped from the house so well, free from the motley crowd at their heels. The Plum family were bound to be noticed, go where they would. Nancy had no other intention now but to go home to Mr. Dodge's, once free from the too close attention of the boys in the tiers and the pit. But the Senior thought it would be advisable, after the commotion of the night, to adjourn to a lager beer saloon and get a few gallons of that non-intoxicating beverage to cool the excitement of the night, comic and tragic, in order that

the inward state of mind might be composed into a calm, quiet, serene tranquility, before retiring into the arms of fickle Morpheus. None objecting to the proposal all the company agreed, and went into Mr. Snickersnaffer's to quaff the best beer in the city, warranted not to intoxicate, and discuss the merits of the Innocent Family. All seated, a waiting maid waited on the entire party, and ordering the frothy bumpers, the bumpers were brought, the white foam resting on the top, light as a breath of summer air. She laid them on the table, bringing sausage, cheese and mustard in the wake of the foaming mugs, and as the Squire was the observed of all the observers through the entire night, they allowed him, as a particular favor, to pay the bill, as he had been favored so much; so he took out his pocket-book to foot the bill, filled with yellow metal, paper notes, silver streams, &c., &c. But he did not like this new kind of honor that they honored him with, as he had not been much accustomed to it in Chipville, where he was honored scot free. However he submitted to foot it with all the native grace he could muster.

The Senioress and the Nephew's virtues were highly crystalized by witnessing the end of villainy, the temptations of the Innocent Family, &c., &c., and rose up to say a few words that their present refreshment might be blessed for their inward good, as she solemnly asserted that every trifle is of value, and not a pick should be lost; even the cackling hens lift up their heads in thanks for every drop of dew they sip from the yellow butter-cups. But the Squire excused himself by saying that he done as Daft Willie done, said all he meant to say coming up the lane; so he was excused, the Nephew returning him his hat by punching it well down on his crown, for fear, as he said, the wicked cold might catch him, and do him no good. The Senioress said it would be a great pity for the dear good man to catch cold. But she always carried cough drops in her pocket, as benevolent persons ought to, to relieve the distressed, and in extreme cases she gave away one now and then for the mere pleasure of doing good to her fellow-creatures, for good deeds are sweet to the innocent soul as gold is to the miser, as ham and eggs to a banker, or a duck with cranberry sauce to the hungry soldier. Good soul, she was tender-hearted. So they all partook of the non-intoxicating beverage, heartily moistening their dry clay that had grown dry and dusty by the heat and excitement of the evening among the Columbians. To while away the evening and compose the internal man into a state of quiet, calm, tranquil repose, which is conducive to balmy sleep, Nature's sweet restorer, stories were now introduced, the Squire having the privilege of telling the first story, as he had the honor of paying the first lager. He would rather not, but as they would not take no for an answer he said he would tell a short story, as the night was getting far on to the edge of the next day. There was, says he, (blowing his trumpet and sneezing from the effects of the beer,) a man in Trumpville who had been justice of the peace, selectman of the town, but now deacon of the Morning Glories, a new sect that was just rising into notice, who had an interesting daughter

who wrote an interesting story, entitled, the Flying Dolphin, that was considered a very respectable production by all her neighbors in that locality, who advised her to have it published for the benefit of the place and the benefit of her lean purse, and on consultation with the family, caused by public pressure, it was resolved that her pap and herself should go to the great city to find a customer for the Flying Dolphin. On arriving in the city they went to many places to find a publisher. But all the people seemed in such a great hurry none had hardly any time to look at it—everybody was going to dinner, or lunch, or tea, a horse-race, or something, until they began to think they had got into the wrong place, and the folk were not going to stay long in this lower sphere, they seemed to be in such a hurry about everything they did, and Flying Dolphins were entirely out of place where everybody was on the wing, flying about to get their business done up with railroad speed, just as if they had lost two or three years in their life and was hurrying to make up for lost time, or misspent time, like a carpet weaver who had been idle or spreeing the forepart of his piece and was now hurrying to cut the web out by pay day. So he got disgusted with the bustling city, and went home, saying he would rather be a king among the hogs in Trumpville than a hog among the kings in the great city. However, his daughter finally sold the book.

Another began his story. There was a country minister long noted for fits of abstraction. He once went to deliver a lecture in a country village four miles from his own place. The horse got in first, but that night he got so much interested in his subject when he got through speaking he forgot all about the horse and the wagon. He got so much abstracted he could not tell whether the wagon got in first without the horse, or the horse without the wagon, or how he got in. But he knew he got in, and that answered the purpose. Well, he walked all the way back, without the horse or the wagon. When he got home on foot he complained of being very tired. Betty, his wife, says: Why, man, what makes you so tired; did you not ride home? Oh, I suppose so, as usual. Then she went out to the barn to see there was no horse nor wagon there. It was hitched still to the post where he left it, four miles distant, where he lectured. But he finally got the horse to ride another day.

The next story was of a creel-pated lad who was hard-up for a pair of breeches; he had not one pair to rub upon another, nor a pair of shillings that the one might call the other brother. He had conceived a queer notion into his addle-headed pate. It was this: If he went to the minister of the parish and told him he would go to his church he would give him a new pair of breeches, or a second-hand pair, so that he might appear respectable on the Sabbath day like other folk. No sooner had this queer notion seized him than off he goes to the minister's house, raps at the door and inquires if the good man was in. He comes to the door and wants to know his business. Simple Jamie tells his story. The minister smiles, no doubt thinking it rather an unbusiness like proposition, though it may be a good enough moral trade.

But as he had never been introduced to Jamie as a man of moral worth and substance, therefore little benefit to him as the shepherd of the flock, and perhaps as little to Jamie, and asked him his name. Jamie tells him his name. Man, I don't know you, says the minister. You don't know me? says Jamie. Well, man, I could tell you something better than that; I don't know myself. Jamie finally got the breeches, but have not heard if he encouraged the poor pastor by going to his church.

The next was a minister's story. You see they had all been to see the innocent Happy Family, and since they come from them they were all so innocent and lamb-like they could talk of nothing but what had something to do with ministers, harmless stories that could not hurt even a pet lamb. The next was of a minister who got up early on a fine summer's morning to visit his parishioners in the country as was his custom, as he wanted to catch all the farmers' field hands into breakfast, eating their beefsteak, ham and eggs, &c., &c. The boys ate porridge, as it was considered by the prudent people in that section that the young folks thrived better on pulse, and if they were allowed tea and eggs on Sunday morning it was considered as a reward of merit for good behavior through the week; them that had not behaved so well or done less work got short allowance to spur their memory through the ensuing week. When eggs were high their behavior was made more apparent, when low less apparent. This morning the minister took the bots, I mean the horse took the bots, and the minister the belly-ache. Even these are subject to the same infirmities as other sinners. From this two-fold cause the good man got in rather late to the farm-house, when they were nearly all through with their breakfast. The lord of the manor had just got through, and was giving thanks for the morning meal, just as the good shepherd opened the door, taking his hat off, bidding all hands good morning. If he had been five minutes later he would not have caught them at home, for the proprietor of the broad acres had provided an extra breakfast that morning, as he wanted an extra day's work done in harvest time, and had to give extra thanks, and just when he got through the early bird popped right in on them, hat in hand; and as he looked at him he would rather he had been at some other place. The men did not take it so much at heart, except those who were rusty in answering questions. However, as there was no help for it now he put on the best face for the occasion he could, shaking hands and bidding him a fine morning, asking him if he had been to breakfast. He said no. Well, if you are not in all the hurry, the good wife will get something ready for you very soon. Oh, never mind, sir; don't trouble yourself. What is good enough for you is good enough for me—man, you have a grand breakfast, fit for a lord or a poor minister, a weaver, a ploughman, or anybody. Oh, yes, says the laird, stretching himself up like a cock about to crow, them that cannot eat well cannot work well; it's the meat does the work, though some put it in an ill skin. Some of the hands were lean and raw-boned. Just as they were all seated around the good leader of the fold, (some

of them more frightened about the questions than the work,) a curly-headed boy came running in almost out of breath, darting past the minister and all the rest, and made a dive for the porridge that was beginning to get cold, (he had been out pulling turnips for the sheep and young kids,) and showing no respecter of persons or porridge, for hunger is insolent and will be fed. The minister looking at him with both eyes, says to him: Man, are you not afraid the porridge will choke you diving into it in that way without asking 'a blessing on it? Oh, no, says the young chip, there's no fears of it's choking me, it's not that thick. The boy's reply rather thawed the gravity of the entire circle. But the laird looked rather sour. Finally the boy finished his porridge and the minister finished his questions; the last story was told by Madeline. She said there was a young man complaining to his uncle at the table of a very bad cold he had caught somewhere, holding his handkerchief to his nose as he was accustomed to do sometimes when he had been indulging rather freely: his uncle sympathizing with him, said he ought to take a little pennyroyal to do him a little good: uncle, says the young nephew, if a pennyroyal will do me a little good, wont a sixpennyroyal do me far more good: well, as you please says the uncle; so he went down town to the Crown, and took a sixpennyroyal, feeling much better in the gastric region: finally the cold went off. But it was now growing very late, coming on to the wee small hour beyond the twelve; finally the stories came to an end as the shoemaker comes to his end at the last and awls well that ends well when the last stitch is closed: but the adventures of our worthy Jefferson Plum and Nancy with the Mountain Goat, was not destined to end all so well at the last and their new friends as the shoemaker would say like poor pegs they did not hold together as well as they should have done. But among the roses in life's paths there is always some thorns to prick the little boys and girls who reach over the hedge to pick the sweet-scented flowers of delight, pleasing to the eye and fragrant to the senses: so our hero had his thorn or corn that troubled him very much especially when thoughtless heads and careless heels tramped on our good neighbors corns that made him start as if something was beginning to shoot as corns will shoot freely over a plentiful supply of moisture the doctors say, and they ought to know whether they do or not. The rose will have its thorn, and the light fantastic toe will feel its corn: before a brewing storm, the Squire shouted out, oh my corns! my corns! Your corns says Neph, and wanted to know if it was Barley corn, or Indian corn: you young rascal, if you had it you would not be so merry about it except you were well corn'd yourself. The doctor, who had studied the profession of a corn doctor, advised him to have it taken out, for he could never have much comfort with corns as hard as horns, and asked him if he might take off his boot to look at it; but as he was a professional gentleman it was almost his privilege to pull it off without asking him. But he did not wish to show any manners but what were recognized by good breeding in the schools, so he condescendingly asked him to pull off the boot and stockings; and on examination he pronounced it a two-horned corn; and like a double tooth

it would come hard, as its roots had taken deep root in the rich soil below. But in this age of many-headed inventions there is a cure for almost all the ills of life, except the final one. And our young inventor had invented a cure for this ill that would take them out by the roots in fifteen minutes without the least suffering. Indeed, the patient might go to sleep and wake up and find the hole filled up all right. Then the nephew began to explain the virtues of his wonderful essence, that would extract the two horned gentleman in double quick. But seeing it is a two horned corn it would take thirty minutes exactly by the chronometer. So he went on explaining the virtues of his wonderful essence that was just beginning to attract the attention of the learned of this country, and the constellations of Europe, and said, "there is an essence extracted from corn called John Barley-corn, that is often used for oiling delicate machinery in the human frame when it begins to creak, on the same principle as the renowned Moses says you can extract an essence from yellow corn to extract yellow corns. And as all things come from the earth, so horned corns come from the same prolific source, though different in kind; and by this same essential in the economy of life, corn in the same concentrated concentration acting on the concrete on the lower pedals, drawing corn as Turk meets Turk, then comes the tug of work. But to illustrate more fully: As corn is the base of life, and as the base supports the apex, in the same degree as the base is proportioned to the apex, in the same degree is the apex friendly to the base. Now, you see, the conical conformation of the one, and the flat-footed surface of the other, co-operating with each other, produce qualities that are justly symmetrical and harmonious in all their comprehensive generalities." This most learned explanation of two friendly principles, bringing about good results for the benefit of the animal economy, was listened to with profound attention, and Nancy, the corn man, and all the rest, were much interested in this new invention, invented by the renowned gentleman, the doctor. But it put the patient a thinking very deeply on the connection of corn and essence in the concrete. The concrete puzzled him a great deal until he got into a profound Brown study. But the doctor, ever on the alert to prove his doctrine, told him that in a short half an hour he would have the entire satisfaction to see with his own eyes that he was no foolish babbler, talking about things that he knew nothing about, which put the patient into a state of the utmost confidence in the skill of the corn doctor and his infallible essence. He said it ought to be done by the rule of the semi-circular triangle. Now, as it was well pared while he kept talking, he requested the patient to submit to the subtle operation of the concrete essential (simplified) as he called it, and he glibly observed, as he was pulling the cork where this wonderful essence was kept, continuing his discourse, the essence is to the root what the normal is to the circumference. But such learning was too great for common country folk. He could not understand the half about the normal, the concrete, and such long-lipped words, it was entirely beyond ordinary comprehension. As he lifted the vexed foot, he applied two drops to the corn, as it was a two horned gent, in size

proportioned to the size of the circumference, all looking on eagerly. If the drops, he said was the weight of ten hairs exactly, larger than the concrete mass, it might create a perplexity in the vital element, producing convulsions on the caper nerve on the lower apex. But fear nothing, be of good courage, and all will be well; and, explaining himself, it aught always be proportioned in concise nicety to the breadth of the roots, so that the fangs, by patient filtration, would loose their hold on the soil where they had fed so long. And, moreover, as corn, popcorn, popped out of the frying pan into the fire at the right time, so would this two horned corn pop out by the heat of the simplified globule in thirty minutes exactly by the watch. The doctor, putting his hand to his fob, to pull out his watch; Bless me, I have forgot my watch. The Squire was holding his in his hands, to see if the corn would pop exactly in thirty minutes from the time the liquid globule was applied, relieving him from his wicked tormentor. But all this logic and learning impressed the good hearted man wonderfully with the great capacity of the generous doctor's head and heart; that like kind words it fell like a heavy stone into the deep well of all their hearts, splashing the water into their eyes. The doctor blandly told him it would be best for him to hold the watch, as when the corn popped it might come so sudden, and if he was not fast asleep he might let it fall, and if he pleased he would hold the watch to note the exact time; and as it was a two horned gent the danger would be enhanced. In the meantime, he might go to sleep if he choose, until the half hour was expired. So the Squire handed him his watch to await the exit of the double corn. In fact, the Squire and Nancy were beginning to be so much impressed with the nephew's ability and goodness of heart, he would hardly hesitate to lend him his purse, or Nancy, for fifty years, the mountain goat thrown into the bargain. All were now sitting or standing around Mr. Plum, the essential working to a charm. Indeed, it had such a soothing influence that the patient got fast asleep in his chair; he was so much overcome with the essential kind words, kind deeds, lager beer, the innocent family, dancing, cutting pork, the murdered man and the dagger sticking in his thick vest up to the hilt, &c., &c. But Nature will assert her rights, and sleep will fasten on men whether they will it or not. Sometimes when we wish it it will not come, and when we don't will it it will come creeping gently along. All the party were anxiously looking on; the senioress thought it a great pity the dear man could not have the satisfaction of seeing the plaguey corn pop from its lurking place, it would please the dear man so much. Do let me wake the good man up, she says, applying a sponge to his nose; but it only had the effect to make him sleep all the sounder. Poor man, she says, he is fairly tired out. Balmy Nature's sweet restorer has locked him in her sweet embrace; sweet cure for all the ills of life; then all the thorns and corns are now forgot, sweet time of bliss although we know it not. Sleep on, old man, now take your rest, again applying the sponge to his nose, as the time would soon expire; and withdrawing her hand carelessly, or by accident, she knocked the hair

comb out of Nancy's head, who was stooping over watching the effects of the corn medicine, disarranging all her hair, and as there was no looking glass in the room she was sorry, but if she would come up stairs with her she would show her a splendid mirror, where she could set things all to rights again. So they went up stairs to fix up their hairs, telling Nancy to get through as soon as she could, as the time for the corn to pop was nearly up. In less than fifteen minutes the corn would be done Brown certain. In the meantime she would lock the door, for fear of intruders in a strange house, and call in ten minutes or less, if she wished, and let her out to see if she could see the nasty corn popping, never to trouble her dear pap again—the two-horned gentleman making his exit from the base of the circumference in double quick time. When she got through talking she wheeled about and locked the door, leaving the key at the foot of the door.

But while Nancy was up stairs, and the Squire fast asleep in his chair from the effects of the sponge, and the corn mellowing under the genial influence of the wonderful essential, Moses the nephew appropriated the watch to his fob, and by applying a little of the wonderful extract to his finger ends, behold the Squire's purse popped out also. It was such a wonderful essence some who have got office have tried it on their finger ends, and it has proved so powerful that it has been known to draw thousands of dollars from uncle Samuel's pocket. It drew stronger than a poor man's plaster. The unconscious sleeper slept on, although it was about time for him to awake out of sleep. In their attentions to the Squire, the innocent family appropriated everything to themselves that was worth the attention of gentlemen, except the corn: it would not pop, for by the time the corn in the foot ought to have popped, the essential had such a powerful effect it popped the happy family all out into the street. But before this memorable transaction took place the benevolent Senioress applied the sponge again to his trumpet, saying: sleep on, it will do us so much good. She also forgot to unlock the door for Nancy before they were all popped into the streets. The Senior and the doctor also took the precaution to tie the sleeping man into the chair, as Moses pleasantly remarked, in case the corn should pop quick, if it did pop, might pop him on the nose, where the sponge was, and pop him on to the floor and wake the sleeper up. But they preferred him to sleep, as the Senioress observed, quoting one of the poets, if ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be larned; as the planter said to Sambo, if poverty is bliss its folly for to wish, (Sambo showing his ivory.) So they left him alone in the chair, in happy ignorance of all that had taken place, where Mr. Snickersnuff found him fast to his post awaiting the exit of the corn that would not come at the bidding of the necromancer. The landlord untied him, took what loose change the innocent family had left to pay for his lodgings and the last gallon of lager. The landlord said he was not drunk from the effects of lager, for it had been decided in Congress Hall that lager is as harmless as innocent families. But the sponge had played the mischief with him, for his sleep was deep as the well where the big stone dropped, like kind words, splashing the water into their

eyes, (unused to watering, except when an expressive speech was made about friends parting never to meet again,) for you might have dropped a good large stone on to the floor unnoticed by him—he would have paid no more attention to it than a young colt would to a bucket of London Brown Stout, if you could entice him to drink it. The stout lager beer man unloosed the bands that encircled his burly body to the chair. But he was so steeped in sleep all over head and ears, like one in love with fickle Morpheus, the god of sweet solace, that he was perfectly in the power of any one to do with him as they choose. The landlord took him on his back as a porter would a big trunk up stairs, and dumped him down in a soft place on the bed, still sound asleep where he left him. Nancy happened by good chance to be in the room next to him, and hearing the well known trumpet notes of the Squire in the other room, concluded that the innocent family, including her dear pap, had took lodgings for the night, all so much tired out they were glad to pop in any where and rest the weary bundle of life in the sweet solace of undisturbed repose. But what puzzled Nancy was why her good friend did not come to unlock the door; but as she was charitable disposed she put the best construction on the affair possible, as a generous person is always disposed to do in various variations and ups and downs, accidents and incidents of ever changing life. In one word, she supposed they all got so sleepy they forgot all about the author and left her to her meditations alone. On this supposition she felt more comfortable, and pulling off her stockings, unloosened her hair comb, untied her riggin and jumped into bed, after saying her prayers, which was this:

This night I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I never should awake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Which may be just as good as one ten times longer, if it comes from an earnest soul who is ever watching and praying lest they fall into temptation. They slept sound till morning. As has been said before, tired Nature will assert her rights; wrapping up the weary bundle of life in its folds for a season; covering the weary soul with a veil of bliss until the morning sun dispel the veil that covered weary heads and troubled hearts. Waking up a little later than usual, like the late birds that find their early worms in the evening, he run down stairs without the least fear of Fag before his eyes, or a policeman threatening to take him to the dismal Tombs for disturbing the peace of the city. Forgetting all about the saying that the early chick gets the early pick, or them that has the early will starts first their loom at the cotton mill. Nancy put her dress to rights, and rapping at the door the landlord, Mr. Snickersnapper, let her out, pretending to be quite amazed, when she stepped to the door, that she had been there all night and his good woman knew nothing of it. But if the landlord of the Tinkling Bells was amazed to find Nancy Plum without knowing about it, she was still more amazed and confounded when she found her pap in the morning, and on comparing notes found out conclusively they had been done completely Brown:

they had seen the long Fork of the White Elephant, and on taking a ride on his tusk he had pitched them clean over on their backs, leaving them to get up the best way they could. But for all this misfortune Nancy, with a true woman's curiosity, wanted to know about the corn; what effect the infallible essence had on the horny substance, and wanted him to take off his boot and show her how it looked. But the Squire looked at her, and smiling curiously, said: never mind, Nancy, you will please to excuse me; let the boot stay on the foot where the corn is until the next corn doctor persuades me to pull it off. Perhaps our short-lived friend did not put on a big enough drop of the liquid concrete, as he called it, if my memory serves me right, in proportion to the size of the two horned corn or gent, therefore it would not come; it could not be done so Brown, owing to this unfortunate mistake. But it had a powerful effect when it was applied to the Squire's nose, for it done the owner of it completely Brown, and turned over his purse, watch and chain, in fact everything that was worth circulating. Nancy allowed it was a mercy she had still the Mountain Goat to the fore; if she had lost that it would have been worse than all the rest. Careful soul, she kept it where she kept her love, near her heart, and where she kept her pin money. Nancy would have grieved more at the loss of the tale of the Double Horned Mountain Goat that had cost her many a weary hour, than the loss of her purse; for he that steals my purse, as the poet says, steals trash that won't do much good to anybody, as it is lean and hungry: but he that steals my fame and good name, steals something that cannot help him, but injures me; and which he can't replace, principal or interest. In the morning, when the wits are brightest, Nancy readily understood the reason why the benevolent Senioress did not return to unlock the door as she said she would. It was perfectly apparent, even to a dull understanding, why she did not do as she ought to have done, and on making inquiries of the landlord of the lager, when or what time the innocent family left, he pretended not to know anything about them, and was very indignant and sorry that such rascals in wolves' apparel should come into his honest house, disgracing him and his worthy family; and pretending to sympathize with them very much in their affliction, saying that if he knew where they were he would follow them ten miles, even into the woods, and send ten balls through every one of their worthless bodies. As for the Senioress, he would give her a double portion—he would rush on her with his glittering bayonet, that he had used in the battle of Waterloo, dispatching her in double quick time, making a hole through her corsets big enough for the wind to whistle Yankee Doodle. When Mr. Jefferson Plum and Nancy witnessed the apparent anger and honest indignation of the man, they took him for an honest fellow, and implored him not to commit violence on the person of any one, but let the majesty of law take its course, as it should have done in the case of the murdered man on the boards of the Columbian. Nancy entreated him piteously not to send ten balls through their miserable bodies; and above all he must not hurt a hair on the head of the Senioress or Madeline, for if he should be so far depraved or rash as to

send his Waterloo bayonet through the corsets of the Senior's wife, it would be a source of grief to her all the days of her life; and she would rather suffer ten times the loss cheerfully, than that precious human life should be sacrificed to gratify the hateful passion of revenge; and that the horrible catastrophe of ten human beings should be found killed on the spot all at one time, and ten balls in every one of their bodies. So, taking pity on her distress, and listening to the prayer of her petition, he granted her request, and promised on his word and honor that he would not send lead through every one of their crooked bodies, and above all he would not, as a man of his word and honor, send his piercing bayonet through the tight corsets of the Senioress. But if the miserable rascals ever darkened his door again he would put them all into the doleful Tombs—as if the same thing had not been played in his house fifteen times before. But he pretended to be terrible angry, and asked the m to take a little Rhine Wine to soothe the irritation of their lacerated feelings. The Squire, pleased to see evidence of returning calmness in the landlord, took a snifter in the usual way; and Nancy, glad to see Mr. Snickersnapper coming to himself again, with a sound mind in a sound body, took a small sniff of the approved cordial in a friendly way, just to propitiate the ire of the indignant landlord, after which they adjourned to breakfast, to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. After partaking of as much as necessary to fire up the boilers of the animal economy, and keep the machinery of life moving, they retired to the desk and paid their bill, which was five times more than it should have been, which they paid only on the promise that he would not do any harm to the innocent family, on the strength of which promise he got the money and put it in his pocket book. Nancy had to pay the money, as her father, the Squire, had not one shilling to rub upon another, that one might call the other brother. Nancy, careful soul, had a little of the needful, unknown to him, stowed away in a secure place near her Mountain Goat. It was lucky for them they were so fortunate, else they might not have got home at all, except Capt. Fairbox of the steamer Rolling Wave should give them a free passage to Chipville, which would have put a bad face on the appearance of things, or give them a ticket on credit. They would rather dispense with this, as it might create suspicion in the mind of the captain that they had not been successful in their great undertaking, and this secret they did not want to tell to anybody. As B. Burns says, aye keep something to yourself you tell to nobody. Well, after a little consultation in the best parlor of the Tinkling Bells, they put the best face on the condition of their affairs and finances possible, and come to the bold determination to retreat from the face of the enemy and return to their native village, which certainly was a bold determination requiring a great deal of moral courage, as the business for which they come was not accomplished, but what else could they do under the circumstances? So, after bidding the landlord, Mr. Snickersnapper, of the Tinkling Bells, good day, they started for the boat without their carpet bag or baggage, as they had forgot all about the locality, street, or number of their friends, if they ever knew, which

was doubtful, as they might have returned and got the trunk. On the way down to the wharf they walked very fast, and were in such a hurry to get to Chipville and out of the dirty city not a single person accosted them on the way down to make proposals for the sale of the Mountain Goat. They was in so great a hurry, and it was well they did hurry, for they got down to the wharf just as the captain gave the order to pull up the plank and shove off. But on seeing the well known face of the Squire and Nancy, he ordered them to halt a moment until they got aboard. While they were waiting the Squire was heard to say: I would rather be an elephant at home in Chipville, than one of the lions abroad in the great city. Nancy said, I would rather have the attentions and fidelity of my dear George in Chipville, than the thousand flattering attentions and formalities of the bearded bucks in the city. Well, when they got aboard, the word sung out all aboard, and the steamer Rolling Wave ploughed her way through the watery fields to the wished for home of the Squire Plum and Nancy Plum, the author of the Two Horned Mountain Goat, no doubt glad to believe that they would soon be sitting in the old arm chair inside the old homestead, drinking a cup of green tea beside Mrs. Plum. Thus the friendship of our worthy friends came to an unfortunate end, and may all take warning from the truth of this story what company they get into when they go to the great cities to sell Mountain Goats.

Now, as the reader may have some curiosity to know how they were welcomed on their return home, I can say they were heartily received by their fellow citizens in Chipville, for they had made as great efforts in trying to succeed as if they had been successful, and instead of having the vain and evanescent tickle of glorification according to the style of the thoughtless superficial world, they had the more friendly and enduring sympathy, which is substantial and grateful when clouds cast their shadows over the smiling sun of prosperity. And in due process of time Mr. Plum was sent to the legislature, and as he did not bring forward or suggest any measures in conflict with the interests of his constituents, he was considered abundantly competent to represent the people over all the town, with some few exceptions, and proposed to send him another term; but he declined, as he said that all who were capable, worthy and honest ought to have a like honor conferred, irrespective of wealth or position—the modest man for lack of impudence or modern smartness, ought not to be overlooked for a quality which in its intrinsic worth is truly meritorious and commendable; and wealth, as viewed only in itself, so far from being a recommendation is often truly, and should be the very reason why we should pass them over and select those, poor or rich, who have lived honestly and worthy in the sight of man, and in the fear of offending the source of all good through the many days and years of their lives, and wealth is often secured by those means that is far from commendable, though considered smart by mere men of the world; but is worthy only of condemnation by every right minded, right thinking person, and is often secured by means and qualities which in themselves is degrading to our common nature—by fraud, cunning, deception,

scheming and planning how he can get the better of his fellow man; crawling on the belly to attain an eminence which should never be stained by corruption, but which should be held sacred by every one who wishes to perpetuate the welfare and happiness of his native land. These low creatures should never have the privilege to leave their slimy trails upon the portals of justice; and for the above reasons, and others of a personal nature, he declined a renomination, that others, as he said, worthy of honor may look up from the valley of humiliation, so considered, and be encouraged.

Nancy still lives in Chipville completely happy among the lambs of her little flock, increased from time to time as the years roll on. I am sorry to say Mary has got the measles, but the renowned village doctor says she is getting along finely, and there need be no apprehension about her, for she is in good keeping, assisted by good air, proper food, and an excellent constitution derived from the good Plum stock, which has never failed yet. Nancy, for the benefit and amusement of her few personal friends, sometimes reads the story of the Two Horned Mountain Goat, which never fails to put them all in a good humor, and thinks she has about as much hearts-ease and sound contentment, as if her work was published and circulated from Mt. Tom on the Connecticut to the river Ganges. Yet if, as she has often been heard to say, if the printing of her story, and its wide circulation, made a million persons happy in good humor with themselves and all the rest of man and woman kind, she would not, could not, have any reasonable objections to its circulating, in helping to unfold the wrinkles of dull care, and ease the heart-ache of many a weary plodder up the often rugged path of life, panting at times like the chased deer, pursued by the hounds who seek after the precious soul, to worry it for their own pleasure, profit, or diversion. Nancy's neighbors said she delighted in looking on happy human faces, and more especially if her kind-hearted benevolence had contributed to this result either in word or deed; indeed, it makes her own sweet face to shine, proceeding from the calm under current flowing all through the transparent bottom of her serene soul within, all the more beautiful from her entire unconsciousness of having done anything more than she and everybody else ought to do for the relief of suffering humanity as they may have opportunity, while they are traveling together to the river and the ferry that takes all the world over to the other side. While she traveled this journey with others to the final depot, it made her unhappy to look on dejected or downcast countenances, caused by oppression and depression, and thought it monstrous if any one could be delighted in proportion as their fellows were miserable, rich in contrast with their poverty, strong in proportion to their weakness, or envious at the good all want to enjoy if in their power. Nancy's way was rather to bridge over the depressions oppressions, and smooth down the furrows that all in her power may pass along on the Royal King's highway within her sphere of life, without fear of stumbling on anything to cause their downfall, and if possible to remove the cause by a woman's sweet silver toned word, or the more potent gold and silver ringing deed. So, my

fellow travelers on life's journey, we need be under no apprehension or solicitude about her, for whether in the lowly valley beside the music of the rills, or the murmuring of the flowing brooks away down the shady valley, or climbing the laudable hill of ambition, even if it were to the top, making her weary, she was only happy and that continually, barring the exception that will cling to flesh and blood while the world stands, for the purest gold will have its dross. How can she be otherwise than happy? Why she has found out the true secret of happiness, of being happy in doing good, even if misplaced at times from the imperfection of human discernment in divining the true cause. In ironing away the wrinkles and wiping away the tears of human error and repentance, loving to play on the harp of a thousand strings, beautiful tunes to weary laden souls, by the most beautiful of all beautiful fingers, the white tapering jeweled fingers of benevolence, adorned by the lustrous jewels of good will, heart's content, heart's ease, and a good word and a golden deed, in good season, to weary souls and struggling spirits when they are almost ready to exclaim in bitterness of spirit: Vain is the help of man in loving and being beloved, and like the example of our Heavenly Father in his bountiful munificence, sending rain on the good and the bad, the thankful farmer's acres, and the grumbling or unthankful ones; the devout manufacturer's mill race, or the discontented one who counts his prosperity by the excess of his profits and the smallness of the wages. Unlike these, if there is such, she finds her delight in copying closely the man of many sorrows, and although his own face was marred with many a sorrow not his own, yet loved to irradiate the faces of others (while he lived here, with joy which he could not feel only for their sake. And our Nancy, like him, found joy for their sakes in irradiating the faces of fallen men and women with the joyous sunlight of a serene spirit; since she had found out the true Royal secret, or spring, of the highest style of human happiness, in not being overcome of evil, but rather in overcoming the evil by the good.

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