

"You can't tell by his looks how far a toad will jump."

FRONTISPIECE.

Page 14.

My Satchel and I,

OR

LITERATURE ON FOOT.

BY IKABOD IZAX.

[Handwritten signature]

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS A. ROBERTS.

One sees when he travels,
That which he must travel to see.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS:
D. E. FISK AND COMPANY.

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NOTE.

To encourage a Young Author, and a Natural Genius for illustrating life scenes in a mirth provoking manner; and to gratify a growing taste for cheerful reading; whether by the Winter Fire, at the Summer Resort, or in the Railroad Car; we place this book before the Public, trusting it will prove a good investment to the Reader and

PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

The student of human nature and the observing traveler, as he journeys over the country, becomes more and more convinced of the truth of the old adage, "that it takes all sorts of people to make a world." Such, at least, was the experience of the Author, and he has sorted out a few specimens among the peculiar people he was called upon to deal with, and shown up some of their most striking characteristics. As the Author was somewhat amused while taking these observations, he hopes that all who chance to read them, will be no less so.

THE AUTHOR.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.
1. "YOU CAN'T TELL BY HIS LOOKS HOW FAR A TOAD WILL JUMP." Frontispiece.....	
2. "HAVE YOU GOT THE MUMPS?".....	15
3. THE SMITH FAMILY.....	22
4. MY FIRST SUBSCRIBER.....	37
5. "DE GLORIOUS SUN OB OUR BETTER DAYS AM RISING.".....	53
6. MY SPECIAL SOLICITOR.....	65
7. "DO YOU SEE THAT NAIL, SIR?".....	71
8. SUNDAY MORNING CARNIVAL.....	113
9. REAR OF THE GREAT PROCESSION.....	150
10. RIGHT HON. TIMOTHY BEETLE, LL. D., ESQ....	161
11. "HALLELOOYAH! GLORY! GOLLY!".....	182
12. "VALUED AT \$1500,—INSURED FOR \$1000....	197
13. MISS SARAH BUCKMINSTER.....	200
14. THE LAST OF MY FIRST SUBSCRIBER.....	218
15. "MIND YOUR BUSINESS; LET YOUR TOES ALONE.".....	231
16. "MEN, TROT OUT THE BABOON!".....	242
17. MY ELEPHANT.....	271
18. THE BALLOON ASCENSION.....	285
19. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT BOX?"...	295
20. THE MILITARY DRILL.....	300
21. "IS THIS YOU, IKABOD?".....	315

CHAPTER I.

LIFE, in the history of almost every individual, is filled up with interesting incidents, decisive starting points, important changes, which terminate either in success or failure, and thus individuals are like so many chips, tossed hither and thither on the restless waves of human life, in its ceaseless strife for success and the ascendancy; unless perchance one follows the guiding star which points unerringly to a chosen, and as it were a predestined goal. Few there may be, who are thus fortunate in divining the one guiding principle at the very outset of their independent existence, "which like a divinity, is to shape their ends, rough hew them though they may," while alas, the great majority of mankind are obliged to battle with the force of

circumstances, and not unfrequently are overborne, and cut short of their desires and aims, by the controlling power thereof.

The interests and aims of humanity are as unlike and diversified as are the hills and valleys, which give variety and picturesqueness to the face of nature, and as a diversity of objects go to make up the beauty of the landscape, so does a diversity of aims and efforts characterize different people, as they bring their special powers to bear, in the accomplishment of their several and individual plans and purposes, one pursuing one path, another a diverse course; one using given means, another those totally unlike, while the results, the final success, are as varied, and marked, as are the means resorted to in their accomplishment.

In illustration thereof, I am not about to record the adventures of a wild scout of the plains, the Alpine explorer, the adventurer amid the deadly jungles of tropical climes; nor of those who are playing with icebergs or scaling lofty glaciers, in their perilous efforts to establish a highway to an open polar sea;

but on the contrary I propose to narrate to my readers the eventful life of a traveling book agent, giving you the incidents as they occurred, thus showing to you the lights and shades of every day life, illustrating character by the light which the freaks and peculiar streaks of human nature cast upon it, and which the itinerant bookseller delights in reading and recording.

Having always possessed a strong desire to follow a given calling, and not having the funds necessary to qualify myself for it, I concocted various schemes by which I hoped to enrich my purse, but which proved airy castles; and so, after drifting about, engaging in this and that enterprise, I finally determined to start on a tour through the country, and engage in the enterprise of selling subscription books; and accordingly on the morning of June 7th, 18—, I presented myself at the office of Fox, Bean & Co., subscription book publishers, to procure terms, secure territory, and make arrangements for my departure for the chosen field.

Having been brought up in the woods, in

the very shadows of a continuous mountain range, where humanity seldom was visible, unless it was in the shape of some hoary, uncouth codger, who chanced to be migrating to some new field of observation or plunder, I very naturally did not present any too attractive or flattering appearance, as I walked into the publishers' office, with my slouched felt hat on, its rear rim turned down, and its front portion turned well up on my head; my pantaloons tucked into my boot-legs; my coat of the swallow-tailed pattern, (what little tail there was;) a standing choker for a collar, and boots of such size that corns needed not to be anticipated.

Dressed in this unpretending regalia, I walked up to a gentleman seated at the desk, busily engaged in writing, who subsequently proved to be the veritable Mr. Fox himself, the senior member of the firm; and as he came to a pause he looked up, over, and through me, and fairly riddled me with those keen, black eyes of his, as I proceeded to make known my errand, in these words:

"Good morning, sir. I understand by

your advertisements that you desire to procure men to act as your agents in the sale of subscription books, and having nothing special to occupy my time at present, I desire to see what arrangements I can make with you to engage in the sale of your works, and if satisfactory, I would like to engage myself at once, and start for my destined territory."

As I made my debut before the old gentleman, something seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams; was he thunder struck, stricken with apoplexy? Was he dumb, or mad? Standing there shivering in anguish and mortal terror, as he eyed me through and through, I felt a well of relief boiling up within me, as the veteran statue finally gave utterance to the inquiry:

"What! you sell books? You would frighten the natives, scare women and children into their houses, and prove the laughing stock of the backwoodsmen. You had far better engage with some inland farmer as herdsman, bog-cutter and ditch-digger."

Being naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, and having seen but little of the

world, this bluff game that the old man played upon me quite nonplussed me for a moment; but soon realizing that I was there for a purpose, and that purpose being uppermost in my mind, I bethought myself of an old adage, so I said to Mr. Fox, (with due deference to his age,) "Sir, 'you cannot tell by his looks how far a toad will jump.'"

As the old man came for me with a good sized shillalah, he shouted, "Yes, you can, too, when you touch it with a stick," and as I jumped for dear life, he wound up by saying that a toad would make a good deal better headway jumping, than I would procuring subscribers, and thinking under the circumstances that "wisdom was the better part of valor," I passed out of his office door with commendable alacrity, a sadder, if not a wiser man.

As I sat that evening before an ancient and spacious fire-place, I elevated my feet upon the top of a neighboring chair, looked at the various objects in the room, such as the hams hung on the ends of two long poles suspended from the ceiling, and long slices of pumpkin

drying thereon; the corn-sheller in the corner, and the cat on the bed, when suddenly my musings were broken in upon by the following query from my mother:

"Izax, what makes you so sober and dumb? Have you got the mumps?"



"What ails you? Have you got the Mumps?"

Stung by the recollections of my interview with the publishers, and meditating upon the cold and stern rebuff that I received from them, I replied, "Mumps? no! I shouldn't mind those, for soon as the swelling is gone,

one is all right again; but I have been attacked by something worse than the mumps, a plaguey sight!" and here I related to my mother the experiences of the day.

Now, as every mother thinks her son has got it in him to succeed, and win fortune, so thought my respected parent of me, and so she gave me words of comfort and good cheer, and being of puritanical stock, she taught me perseverance and self-reliance, and advised me to make another attempt in some other quarter.

On the following morning, my courage being aroused, I arose early, made a fire, opened the door of the large brick oven, took therefrom an old-fashioned skillet, greased my boots, went up stairs, oiled and brushed my hair, put on a clean collar, and thus prepared, I started for the publishing house of Lion, Skinner & Co.

As I approached their office door, over which hung their sign, the very names thereon seemed to portend some evil omen, but hesitating a moment, I walked in, and in the same words used on the former occasion, I

made known my errand to an obese, middle-aged man, who sat by an open window, enjoying the cooling breezes. He looked at me with an extremely inquisitive expression of countenance, and asked me if I had ever had any experience.

"No sir, not any."

"Where do you wish to canvass?"

"I am not very particular."

"Well, young man, there is no knowing what you can do until you make an effort, so supposing that you make your first endeavor in Pelham."

I informed Mr. Skinner, the gentleman with whom I had been making arrangements, that most of his propositions were satisfactory, but the territory allotted me did not at all please me, for having lived near by Pelham all my days, I knew that the town could scarcely go alone, and indeed had been trying to be united to another town so that by coalescing it could make a live of it, by ceasing to exist in name.

"I have no more time to devote to you this afternoon, but if you will take the trouble

to come here at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, possibly we can assign you to a better field of operations."

Promptly on the arrival of the hour, I presented myself at headquarters, and this interview resulted in my being assigned to St. Lawrence County, New York.

The books which I engaged to canvass for were the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' 'History of the Deluge,' and the 'Galley Slaves,' books which it will readily be seen, were of no very modern date, and none too well calculated to interest the class of subscribers which I was likely to procure. Receiving instructions from my employers to proceed with wisdom and caution, and by all means to secure the names of the most influential persons first, such as the judges, (judges used to be considered first-class people, but now they are known as first-class rascals), doctors, ministers, school teachers, and town clerks, for then the common people, who have no mind of their own (?) will follow suit. Thus armed and equipped, and after receiving the blessing of the firm, with a hearty wish for my success, I went

aboard the train which was ready to start for Albany.

My first stopping-place was to be Gouverneur, in Northern New York, which place I reached about noon of the second day's journeying, and deeming noon a very proper time in which to find a boarding-place, I immediately set about establishing myself in some quiet family, for a good boarding place I considered was my real, as well as a very important base of operations. After considerable searching and repeated inquiry, I was finally directed to the house of a Mr. Smith, down near the bridge, and feeling quite sure I had heard of the name of Smith before, or came across it somewhere or somehow in my travels, I felt encouraged and light of heart, and I was happy indeed, after my arrangements had been perfected, whereby I was constituted at once a member of the hospitable family of Smiths.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were the only members of the family whom I met at noon, and they were large, bony, formidable-looking specimens of humanity, of very prominent

and plain features, but were good, honest, jolly people, full of fun, and hence I was soon quite at home.

I thought I would not try to do anything that afternoon, but spend the remainder of the day in getting wonted to the place, and acquainted with the family. Supper time came, and but a few moments had elapsed after the old folks and I had seated ourselves at the table, when imagine my surprise to see two girls, six feet in height, with long faces, good stout-built Roman noses, arms long and skinny, whom the old lady introduced to me as her twin daughters, Cynthia and Rebecca Smith. I made twin bows to the remarkable progeny, and as I took a look skywards up at the top of their heads, studiously observing their wondrous altitude, I remarked to the fond parents what a long and jolly time they must have had growing up together.

"How long do you suppose?" chimed in the father.

"I should guess about thirty-five years." Those twins could not have been more surprised at a thunder clap in a clear sky.

They both blushed; one coughed; the other sneezed, and the father relieved their anguish a little by replying:

"You are mistaken, sir, they are only eighteen years old last April."

"Were they born on the first day of April?"

"No, sir; about the middle of the month, I believe."

"It seems to me, Mr. Smith, that people ripen, (I beg your pardon) mature early, in this section of the country."

"Yes, they have a plenty of work to do, which makes them grow strong, and have a plenty of good substantial food to eat, which makes them grow fast."

At breakfast, two other young ladies about four feet in height, very fleshy and of handsome features, presented themselves at the table, when the old lady introduced them to me as her second pair of twins. What to make of this remarkable phenomenon, of these parents having two pairs of twins, each one of the different pairs looking so exactly like the other, that even their parents could

not tell them apart when separated, and the two pairs being so utterly unlike in form and feature, I could not tell, nor did they attempt to solve the mystery.



"The Smith Family."

When the last pair of twins appeared, and there were twins on my right hand, and twins on my left, I inquired of the father, if that was the way they had in St. Lawrence county of raising families, and everybody ran to twins, or whether this was an exceptional

case? From the fact of having two pairs of twins of such striking dissimilarity, Mr. Smith thought he must have been the founder of the system, and should lay claim to the patent right.

Knowing what I did of the American families in general, and their dislike for a numerous progeny, I assured him that not many would be inclined to dispute his right and title. The tall twins were fond of corn meal, and the short twins of butter-milk, so I soon learned to distinguish them by the names of corn-crackers and butter-milkers.

I have thus minutely described the several family characters, in order that all may know how I was situated, and that they may follow me in my wanderings, know the people with whom I had to deal, and that they may the better realize the joys and tribulations, the inns and outs, of a canvasser's life; and suffice it to say, that my sojourn in the Smith family was much enjoyed, and when the time came for me to change my location, I parted from the hospitable family with many regrets.

On the morning following my arrival at Gouverneur, I sallied forth in search of my first subscriber, and not forgetting the injunction of the publishers, to get the names of the principal inhabitants first, I called upon the Rev. John Q—, and as he came to the door and spied my satchel, he inquired:

"What have you there?"

"Books," I replied; "subscription books," at the same time giving him their names, and enlarging upon their merits, and intrinsic value, as fast as I could, for as I saw that the divine evidently did not intend to invite me into his sanctuary, I knew that I must accomplish what I proposed to quickly, for I knew very well that his patience would not hold out long on the threshold. Taking out the first sample copy that I laid hands on, I began by saying:

"This is a 'History of the Galley Slaves.'"

"'Galley Slaves!' I wish that every book agent was sentenced to the galleys for life! Leave! I want none of your books."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but here is a book

right in your line, which cannot fail to interest you, and may be of service to you in your study; the 'History of the Deluge.'"

"Do you hear me, young man? Begone, or I will show you a deluge that you won't like!"

I did not stop to show him a copy of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' fearing that he would not reverence them, as it evidently was not his reception day, and I considered that as a pilgrim I was having about as rough a time of it as did my Plymouth ancestors.

My next move was for the residence of Judge C—, Judge of the Police Court, and as I rang the bell, I recalled the inquiries of the Rev. John Q—, so I determined not to be bluffed at the outset. The colored servant waited upon the door, and I inquired if Judge C— was in.

"Yes sir, but he is engaged just now. Who shall I say wishes to see him?"

"No matter about names or particulars; I would like to walk in. and see him when he is at liberty."

I was shown into an ante-room which opened into the room occupied by the Judge as a study, and after waiting long enough for him to have summed up the evidence in a murder trial, the venerable dispenser of justice(?) pushed aside the folding doors, when I at once arose, saluted his majesty, and proceeded to business. Taking up my satchel, he hastily inquired:

"What have you there?"

"Something of great interest, that I wish to show you, and if you never have heard of it, or read about it, you cannot fail of being interested in it." Handing him a copy of the "History of the Deluge," I informed him that that was a most remarkable history of a most remarkable event.

"Young man, have you any parents?"

That was a stunner; not because I did not know that I had parents, but what he could possibly mean by such a question, I knew not. Catching breath, I replied that I had a couple.

"Well, then, let me tell you that the safest

and best thing for you to do is to take a bee line out of here, and take the shortest route to your paternal ark."

At the mention of the word ark, I felt satisfied that the judge had, somehow or other, become acquainted with the fact of the Deluge as a matter of history before I saw him, so I thought it useless to attempt to prolong the interview. Hesitating a moment, I was about to show him a copy of the "Galley Slaves," when the idea dashed into my brain that by hook or by crook (the hooks and crooks of law are so numerous) the Judge might possibly be commissioned with enough authority to enable him to add one to the list of the bound and fettered, and thinking, too, of his reference to the "ark of safety," I suddenly changed my mind, and told him that I was sorry if I had disturbed him, and inwardly sorrowing a great deal more because he had disturbed me so decidedly, I bade him good morning with a sigh of relief.

I now began to lose faith in the leading people of the place, and thought that they were rather leading me by the nose, but I

resolved to make one more attempt amongst the higher grades of society, and accordingly I started for the residence of the Postmaster and Town Clerk. Finding him at liberty, I made known my business, but I did not know exactly which one of the three books to take out first, but after scanning his physiognomy, and reading my man as well as I could, I fancied that there must be in his bosom a little respect for his ancient relatives, and that he would prove to be a grateful offspring therefrom, so I opened on him with the "Pilgrim Fathers." Now postmasters are frequently either run down politicians, or such as have commenced to develop considerable political ability and tact, and are made postmasters so as to keep them quiet, and thereby not endanger the official positions of those in possession of fatter offices; and as a rule, a politician is all politics, and nothing else, politics being alike the subject of his life thoughts, his nightly dreams, and his daily devotions. He lives by it; lives in it; swears by it, and dies in, and of it. Such a man and politician was this postmaster, and when I had dis-

coursed, with the best of my ability, until I had exhausted the merits of the book, and a great deal more, he stupidly inquired if the "Pilgrim Fathers" were Whigs, Democrats or Free Soilers. Not knowing the political predilections of the office holder, but knowing full well that our forefathers as they landed on Plymouth's shore, were free soilers in the broadest acceptation of the term, I replied to that effect.

"I cannot subscribe for your book, sir."

"Do you not like the book?"

"The book may be all right, but I do not wish to show any sympathy with that party, as it might endanger my present position and interests."

I ventured then to show him a copy of the "Galley Slaves," but I was doomed to disappointment, and saw that I must search further for my first subscriber, for this shrewd, far-sighted post-master inquired if they were all sent there for political offenses. I had to acknowledge that a sprinkling of them were enjoying that carnival for practicing political chicanery, feeling at the same

time as though a much larger delegation ought to be sent on immediately. This admission was altogether too much for his courage, and put a veto to his subscription for the "Galley Slaves."

Finding him a little more pliable than my two former antagonists, I ventured the third attack, and handed him a copy of the "History of the Deluge." It was profusely illustrated, which seemed to interest him to a good degree, and as he patiently looked at the illustrations all through the book, I watched the varied expressions of his countenance, and as signs of a smile appeared now and then, I mentally had him marked down as my first subscriber. As he closed the book and returned it to me, I saw that I had arrived at positive conclusions prematurely, and I was doubly convinced of it when he propounded the inquiry:

"Was it not a temperance movement?"

He had discovered the fact that water was all the rage on that occasion, and so conceived the idea of its being a grand temperance campaign. I informed him that in general

terms it might be called, as it no doubt was, a temperance measure, and as such, was eminently successful; but that it had no special bearing upon, or reference to the use and sale of intoxicating beverages, I thought to be the generally accepted opinion.

"Whisky," said he, "is one of our most powerful weapons of offense and defense, for when a politician is working for his election, you know that if he gives his friends, and those not stiff on one side or the other, just enough to drink, so that it will make them feel good and neighborly, they will vote for him: and when he wants to get his opponents to vote for him he gives them enough to drink, so that it will confuse them, when they are sure to do his bidding."

Whisky being his sheet-anchor, his hopes of life and office, and the Deluge a gigantic temperance rally, I saw that my game was up with him, so I departed from his presence, meditating upon what singular and fine-spun threads hang the life of a politician in power.

Becoming heartily sick, tired, and disgusted with the cream of society, having found it

exceedingly sour, and the churning process unprolific, I determined to lower my standard, go down a few grades, and see what I could do. I had heard my grandfather, who raised tobacco, talk about the "firsts and seconds," which denoted the different grades of the smoking leaf, and so I wondered what the seconds must be in society, if these people that I had been laboring with were the firsts.

My next adventure was illustrative of the old maxim, that one extreme follows another. Believing that my chances for procuring subscribers would improve the farther I went inland, and into the wooded and sparsely populated country, in which Northern New York abounded, I started for De Kalb, a small township consisting of here and there scattered dwellings in the partially cleared woodland, inhabited mostly by recent settlers of foreign nativity. After walking for several miles over a rough corduroy road, through dense woods, I came out into a cleared tract, where I saw a small log-house, some distance back from the road, and the proprietor engaged near by in burning brush, and preparing

space for a garden. His wife was busy at the wash-tub, which was placed on a bench out of doors, and was enjoying a habit which she had always had, she informed me afterward, viz: of smoking. Two bare-headed children were playing in the dirt near by, and a mule was feeding out of a box placed in the kitchen door. I stepped up to the lord of this landed estate, and bade him good morning, and commented somewhat at length upon the wildness and romantic appearance of his rural retreat, which appeared to please him. He was a Norwegian, who had but recently found his way thither, and though rough and uncouth in appearance, he was honest, true as steel, and knew his business, and not other people's.

After a somewhat protracted conversation, which I carried on as a feeler, as the saying is, I told him that I desired to show him something of great interest, and thinking he might enjoy an exciting narrative, I showed him a copy of the "History of the Deluge." Having never heard of it, he wanted me to

explain; questioned me as to the cause of the deluge; how it began and ended; all about how the people took it; how the ark was made; how it looked inside; if any Norwegians were there, and finally wanted to know if it troubled the town of De Kalb any.

I answered his inquiries as well as I could, considering my knowledge of the affair, and the fact that I was not an eye witness of the scene, and when I answered his last inquiry as to whether it ever troubled the town of De Kalb, he yelled out:

"Wife! come here; I have found out what's the matter with our old pastures over yonder, that's so chock full of stones and big boulders."

"And is that so? indeed, what can the matter be?"

"They have had a great time in this country with what they call a deluge, a big water, and when it came down through my farm here, it just skinned the dirt clean, and left those rocks sticking up there."

"Is that the truth that you are now speak-

ing, dear Dowsky? "Mister, do you think there is any danger of another one of those things?"

"I feel quite sure there will not be another."

"If you think there is, then Mr. Dowsky had better go down to Mr. Langmore's and have him put this in writing: 'I promise in good faith to take back this farm, and return all money paid, provided another deluge comes;' for it is best to be on the safe side, you know."

I assured Mr. Dowsky that there was no need of any such fears, and finally I succeeded in quieting him down, but could not prevail upon him to subscribe for the "History of the Deluge," as he had seen enough of its effects upon his premises. I now handed him a copy of the "Galley Slaves," and began to explain, when he broke in upon me by saying:

"Don't waste your time, you can't tell me anything about those chaps, for I've been there myself."

Sure enough, he had not forgotten the rough times, which he related to me, and I thought it wise not to harrow up his feelings, and bring fresh to his mind past miseries, so I tried to interest him in the "History of the Pilgrim Fathers."

As he looked at the title, he wanted to know whose fathers they were, and explaining as well as I could, he enquired further, if any of them hailed from Norway—his native land.

"Yes, I believe they did, or from that direction."

Dowsky's wife suggested the idea that perhaps it might tell something about some people that left their old native place, a good many years ago.

Now I thought that idea was not so far fetched as it might be, so I at once coincided with her views.

"How much is it?" asked Dowsky.

"Two dollars and seventy-five cents."

"I ain't got so much money as that."

"I shall not want any until I come around again in about four or five weeks."

"I can't pay you, Mister, till I dig new pertaters."

Mrs. Dowsky felt sure that they could save enough to pay for it in six weeks. I drew out my prospectus for him to sign, when he declared that he did not wish to bind himself in writing. I assured him that he would not



"A. DOWSKY." MY FIRST SUBSCRIBER.

sign away his freedom in the matter, after which he took the pen and signed in a bold, rustic style, the name Alex. Dowsky, and so my first subscriber proved to be a genuine, full-blooded Norwegian.

CHAPTER II.

IN undertaking any new enterprise, there are many things to be taken into consideration, much time and thought generally has to be devoted to its establishment, a vast amount of patience exercised, and more or less disappointment experienced before success is obtained ; but when the first evidence of success is seen, then it is that hopes spring up afresh, a feeling of relief succeeds to one of despondency, and the battle seems nearly won. Such were my feelings, as I bade good-day to Alexander Dowsky on that fine morning, and I gazed with admiration upon that Norwegian autograph, the first that graced my prospectus, and which appeared to me to be the forerunner of future prosper-

ity. With a light step, and buoyancy of spirits, I resumed my search for another victim, and following the same road still farther into the interior of that wooded and sparsely populated territory, I suddenly came upon quite a pretentious affair for a dwelling house, and feeling positive that people in this secluded retreat would of necessity want something to read, to help while away the hours, I boldly walked up to the door and rang the bell. No one answering the call, I listened and searched, and finally came to the conclusion that it was uninhabited, and my conclusion was soon proved to be quite correct, by an old negro who appeared upon the premises as I was about to leave, who informed me that "that am a house where de pleasure folks stay in de hot wedder."

"O, it's a summer resort, is it?"

"Ya, ya, yes sar."

"What is your name?"

"Dey calls me Sam Sloan, sar."

"Do you live around here?"

"Yes sar, I lives over yonder, near dere

whar you sees dem yellor pine trees, and I takes care of dese premises while de white folks am gwine away."

"How many people are there here in summer time?"

"I dunno zactly, I 'spose fifty, sartain; lor yes, I reckon dere is, and more too. I dinks suah dar was more than hundred and fifty dis summer, just gwine away."

"How much do they pay you for your services?"

"Dey gives me my close what I wear, and the wittles I eat."

"Is that all?"

"Yes sar, only once in a while I picks up a bit by toting de ladies' cabins down to der cars, and by bringing der band-boxes for dem dandy fellers dat come Saturday night, and tarry over Sabba' day."

"Do they all return to the city to do business through the week?"

"Lor sar, no; but I ask massa landlord, who dem fellers was, and why dey all went home so fast."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Ya, ya, I laffed when der boss told me how dey was dem young fellers dat sell kaliker, ribbins and der silk."

"O, dry goods clerks, you mean, don't you?"

"Dem's um, and der boss says how, ya, ya, ya, dey could not earn nuff to stay over Sunday, and pay for dere hash Monday morning."

"They don't go home without their breakfast?"

"Yes sar, and dey takes de sunrise train too, and some of dem chaps have been strutting round dis summer hotel for three years, and have not paid my ole woman for washing der collars and stockings."

"That's too bad, Sam, you must demand your pay in advance."

"Ya, I tried dat game on dem fellers once, and found out dat dey nebber had a dollar in de advance, nor I dinks dey ain't anywhar else. Mister, my ole woman nebber washes any bosom shirts for dem showy chaps."

"Don't! Why so?"

"Ya, ya, it's wicked, I knows, but I must

tell you, sar. Ya, ya, old boss told me todder mornin' dat most of um hadn't got but one, and dey had to get dat one done up at home, Saturday afternoon, afore dey come here."

"Well, Sam, you are about as well off as they are, ain't you?"

"I wouldn't swop places with dem chaps nohow."

"Have you got any money laid up, Sam—any at home?"

"Mebbe I has a wee bit, but 'pears how it's a werry little."

"Can you read?"

"Me read! lor, yes sar; I'se a préacher."

"Of what denomination are you? what style?"

"What dey calls me, you mean, sar?"

"Yes."

"O, I'se a Meth'dist preacher."

"Where is your parish located?"

"The meetin'-house, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I reckon it's about fo' miles up dat way, sar."

"Well, Sam, as you are a preacher, I have

something that will help you, and from which you can obtain material for several sermons."

"Yes, sar."

"It's a 'History of the Deluge,' Sam, full of pictures, and you will be very much interested in reading it."

"Dat is good, sar, werry nice, sar, but de fact is, mister, dat I'se preached about dat show so many times dat my people tells me dey won't nebber pay der rent on der settees unless I tells them some other narrative, so I dunno as I want to invest in dat ting, for 'pears how it is about dun gone, with de people ob my charge, most too much dried up."

Being pretty well convinced that Sam had gone through the deluge pretty effectually, I therefore approached him with the subject of "Galley Slaves," and the mention of the subject seemed to strike a cord of sympathy, and awaken a feeling of interest in the old man's bosom. I went into details somewhat minutely, selecting such portions as I thought most likely to interest him, and having been a slave himself, I had a good lever to work with, and he seemed not to be aware of any

distinction between the galley slaves, and the slaves on the Southern plantations. After repeated inquiries from him concerning the contents of the book, and earnest solicitation on my part, he was at length induced to subscribe, and hence Sam Sloan became chronicled as my second subscriber.

Taking leave of my sable friend and patron, I journeyed onward for a mile or two, and came across a German who was quite intelligent, and had quite a family of sons and daughters, ranging in age from five to twenty-five years. He had quite a fine farm, and a dairy of ten cows, a nice flock of sheep, a good barn, and all appearances in and about the house and about the premises denoted thrift and enterprise. I seated myself in a chair on the piazza, and as he took a seat close by, I made known my business at once. He said he was very much interested in books, and as he looked at all three of my samples for some time, I thought it was about time that he had made up his mind, so I asked him which one he liked best.

"Vell, Mynheer, der picdures are shoost nice as never vas, but der reading vas older as der hills."

"You mean that the circumstances narrated occurred a good while ago, but the account thereof is not very old, I can assure you."

"I knows shoost ven der deluge vas, as vell as yourself does."

"We don't care much about the time it took place, it's the correct history of it that we want to make ourselves familiar with."

"Vas I not mit der deluge shoost der same as you vas—shoost none at all? I shoost don't vant none of your old deluge. Vat I wants most is shoost von big deluge of lager bier."

I thought it not best to argue the point further, but I tried to get him interested in the "Pilgrim Fathers," and the "Galley Slaves," but he thought his first duty was to look out for his wife and children, and as his reasoning was sound on that point, I wished him success, and then departed.

It was now Saturday night, and as I was to report to the publishers at the end of the first

week, I sat down and wrote the following letter:

DE KALB, ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, }
NEW YORK, June 13th, 18— }

Messrs. Lion, Skinner & Co.,

Book Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

DEAR SIRs:

According to agreement, I herewith send you the report of my success for the week that I have been engaged in your service. In strict obedience to your instructions, I called upon the leading people of the place first, and instead of securing their names as subscribers, I received only shameful treatment at their hands. By taking a tour into the country, I have succeeded in securing two subscribers, Alexander Dowsky, a Norwegian, and Sam Sloan, a negro Methodist preacher, who is quite an aged African.

The great trouble seems to be, that everybody almost in this country has heard of the 'Deluge,' 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and the 'Galley Slaves' before! Even the old negro preacher had preached so many times on the deluge that it caused a rebellion in his parish. I want to have you assign me to some new territory, where the "History of the Deluge" is not known, or never has been seen, and then perhaps I can do something. I hope that you will issue books before a great while on some topics of more recent interest, that people of this generation will take a fancy to. It strikes me, as it does most people upon whom I call, that your books treat upon decidedly old

and thread-bare subjects. While I am waiting to hear from you, I shall continue to canvass, and I trust with better success than I have had thus far. Hoping for an immediate reply, I remain your faithful and laborious servant,

IKABOD IZAX.

After taking my departure from Sam Sloan on Saturday afternoon, I proceeded northward for a distance of two or three miles, and put up at a small country inn, over the Sabbath; and, thinking that I would attend divine service on the morrow, I inquired if there was any church in the vicinity, and upon being informed that there was a Methodist chapel near by, I repaired thither at the usual hour of service, and found a small congregation gathered, composed mainly of colored people; and after having been seated for ten or fifteen minutes, imagine my surprise at seeing my venerable and veritable subscriber, Sam Sloan, walk up the aisle and take his seat behind the desk. I whispered to a sable friend in front of me, and asked him if that man in the pulpit was their regular minister, and he replied in the affirmative. When Sam Sloan announced his first hymn, he

sounded the key-note of the whole forenoon's services. This was the first verse:

"Oppression shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway."

There was a quartet choir, and the audience joined in on every other line, or in chorus, as the case might be, and the music was tremendous, and fairly made the chapel and the surrounding woods resound. The singing of the hymn was followed by a prayer from the venerable pastor, which I did not attempt to carefully note down, for if any one of my readers has ever attended one of these meetings, conducted by an ex-slave preacher, he can appreciate the difficulty and almost utter impossibility of keeping track of one of their prayers, for so fast do their words flow, and so lofty is the key of the voice, that the words are lost in the immensity of space. After sweating over the exercise for nearly half an hour, he suddenly collapsed, wound up in a whisper, and sat down in a state of complete exhaustion. After wiping

the perspiration from his brow, he requested the congregation to "sing de Doxology in de longest meter. 'Praise de Lord, from whom all de blessings flow,'" which they did with a will. My clerical friend now arose in his pulpit with an air of dignity, and after considerable bluster, announced his subject as follows:

"Bred'ren and fellow sistars: I am about to preach to you on de subject ob vital interest to you all. As most of you have been in de wilderness of oppression yoursels, or have children and friends dere now, I want you to listen wid your eyes open and your ears likewise, while I make de attempt to proclaim to you de truth and de whole truth about Pharo', and how he would not let de people go free. De perticklers ob de campaign you can find in de older section ob de blessed word. Pharo' and Uncle Sam, whom you all know was much de same, for de reason dat not one or tother would let de folks in bondage go free, altho' dey promised, and 'peared as how dey were gwine to ebery day; but when de next

mornin' came round, what was de condition of de people in bondage? You know werry well, my feller prisoners and suffering sistars, how it was. Pharo's slaves had to go toting clay, and cutting the straw for to make brick, and we had to eat our hoe cake or starve, and start afo' sun rise for de rice and de cotton fields, dig all day, and come home by de light ob de glorious moon. Pharo' would let his people go he thought when he was scared out of his five senses, by de lice, de toads, and de tunder and hail, and de rest ob de plagues; but when de coast and sky was clear, he would not keep his promise. So Uncle Sam has been making believe dat freedom was de crowning glory ob his country, but we nebber saw much ob it down on de old plantations, when we was dar, did we, bred'ren and sistars?"

Just then an old woman in the further corner of the room shouted, "Golly, no; 'pears how I didn't, nohow."

"Amen;" was the response from an aged father, who occupied a pew ahead of me.

There were several worshippers in the con-

gregation known as pat-foots, and one stout woman began to pat vigorously, and shout occasionally, as is their wont, when they become moved by the words of the preacher. Sam, seeing one of his flock thus affected, remarked to Deacon Thomas, that he wished he would go and converse "wid sister Harriet, as she 'peared to have a heap o' feeling." As Sam Sloan began to enlarge upon the sins of Pharo' in retaining his people in bondage, and upon the wickedness of Uncle Sam's perpetuating slavery at the South, the whole audience seemed to be convulsed, and such a shouting and patting of hands and feet, one seldom hears or sees. As the voice of the preacher was drowned by the turbulent voices below, the minister stated that they might now sing a hymn appropriate for de occasion, which read as follows :

"There is a happy land,
Far, far, far over yonder,
Where de slaves were gwine to dwell
While de massa's gwine to tunder."

There were several verses, and these last two lines constituted the chorus, which they

all joined in singing with much feeling, and all the power of voice at their command.

When the singing was over, and quiet was restored, the preacher stated that "as his time was about up, he would touch upon de last clause ob his discourse, which was upon de fact that Pharo' had finally to let his peo-



"De Glorious Sun ob our Better Days am Rising."

ple go free, and he believed that Uncle Sam would likewise have to let de slaves ob de South go free. "Yes, bred'ren and sistars,"

de glorious sun of our better days am rising,
and though it be obscured by de storm clouds
ob our doubts and fears, and by big disap-
pointments, we can see de bright bow ob de
promise hung right up on de outside ob 'em.
So, bred'ren and sistars, don't worry yoursels
to death, and in closing dese services, let us
all sing de following hymn in the lively
meter:

“Better times near us boys,
Wait just a little longer,
Then our fears will turn to joys,
When we go up dar yonder.”

“We'll all be free and happy then,
When we go up dar yonder,
And be no slaves to feller men,
When we go up dar yonder.”

After service there was a general hand-
shaking, a friendly recognition, and a word
of good cheer, which one seldom sees in the
more pretentious and fashionable churches of
to-day, particularly amongst the orthodox
congregations; for in them the rule appears
to be, speak to no one, and know no one;
hence it is that people, strangers, attend such

churches for a year without knowing any one
or being known; and such religious societies
can learn something, make themselves ten-
fold more useful, by taking pattern from Sam
Sloan's hearers, and learn to be social, cor-
dial, earnest.

On Monday morning, June 15th, I resumed
my journeyings, satchel in hand, in search
for subscribers. Taking a direct course
along the main road, through the wooded
country, I soon found myself on the borders
of the town of Malone, but not fancying the
route, I changed my course for Messina,
which was quite a famous watering place at
that time, and withal quite a stirring place.

After walking along for half a mile or
more, I came upon a blacksmith's-shop, in
which the smith was busily engaged in the
manufacture of horse-shoe nails, and seating
myself upon an anvil near him, I watched
his handiwork, and commented upon the
rapidity of his working, as well as the excel-
lence of his products.

Now as all men are more or less suscep-
tible to flattery, so was this sturdy blacksmith

to my flattering comments. He declared that there were a great many people who were such fools that they could not tell a good piece of work when they saw it, or else they thought that no one could accomplish anything but themselves.

Thinking that I had now wrought the blacksmith up to about the right heat, and thinking it to be about the right time to strike, I remarked that I supposed he could tell a good piece of work when he saw it, whether it was made of wood, iron or paper, to which he replied that he considered himself a passable judge.

"Well, then, my good friend, I would like to show you a nice thing in the shape of a book, a "History of the Deluge," finely illustrated, five hundred pages, elegant type, heavy tinted paper, and good durable binding, all for two dollars and seventy-five cents."

"My hands are so dirty, sir, I cannot handle it."

"Well, my dear sir, I will show it to you."

Taking it, and carefully calling his atten-

tion to the most interesting points in the book, the finer illustrations, and speaking in glowing terms of the exceeding interest every one had in reading the history, he inquired if the history was really a true one, and I informed him that it doubtless was, in all the essential particulars.

"To tell you the truth, Mister, business is pretty slack now-a-days, and I think I had better not invest just now, in these tight times."

"I shall not want any money for some weeks yet."

"Well, I don't mind if you put my name down."

"Can you not write?"

"Yes, I spose I can, after a fashion," so he took the pen, and just as he was in the act of subscribing, or signing his name, in came a stout, burly-looking woman, who proved in a mighty short space of time to be his wife and master, and she fairly shouted out:

"Jacob, what are you doing there?" at the same time snatching the pen from his hands.

"Only driving a nail, old woman."

"Yes, and you would have had it clinched in a minute, had I not happened in. You had better drive horse-shoe nails, and none other, for the present, until we get our place paid for."

If ever I hated the sight of a woman, it was just then, and the blacksmith's wife was the woman. Having been foiled in one attempt, I resorted to other measures, and having found the old man to be influenced by flattery, I tried it on the old woman, and she mellowed down wonderfully under its influence. This was how I exercised it. She was followed to the shop by three little ragged urchins, with heads, legs, and feet bare, hair matted together in a maze of snarls, with faces dirty as pigs, and taken altogether, they were forbidding looking specimens of humanity. Taking one of them, the youngest, in my arms, I caressed it, showed it the pictures in the "History of the Deluge," and as it appeared so much interested, the other two crowded around me, and as they did so, I took occasion to say that she had very interesting and intelligent children, and that if

well educated they would no doubt make smart men, and be enabled to engage in business more profitable than was their father's.

"Do you think so, now, Mister?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And how would you educate them first, Mister?"

"It is a very good idea to make them acquainted with the history of the most important events that have transpired, and then teach them the natural sciences, perhaps."

"What books have you there?"

"I have a work here of great historical interest, giving an account of the Deluge, and one that most people become familiar with in their earlier education."

Jacob endeavored to remark that he had heard of how much education had done for many people, but his wife cut short his remarks by saying that "he knew well enough how to make nails, and shoe horses and cattle, and education would not help him any in his work, and he might as well keep at it."

I saw clearly that the woman was lord over all present, and that I must look to her for

any favors which I hoped to receive. I informed the woman that I thought a knowledge of this history would be of great service to her children, (for I felt sure that they were none too familiar with water,) and advised her to secure a copy now, while she had so good an opportunity.

"I don't know but I had best to," she replied, and so handing her the pen, she signed her name, "Mrs. Jacob Overhiser."

Bidding good-bye to my new subscriber, and her numerous progeny, I walked on, meditating upon the power of flattery over mankind, and women in particular, and the success attending strategical measures. I found out soon, that no routine method of soliciting subscribers, no set speeches, would avail, but that I must study my men, read human nature, please the women by praising them up, and extolling the personal attractions of their little ones, which sometimes, as in this latter case, was hard to do, as it required a stretch of the imagination to see any attractions, and a strong stomach to allow them near one. But however menial the

occupation may be, one thing is certain, honest toil is praiseworthy, and the labor and poverty of the blacksmith is ten-fold more to be desired, than the riches and luxuries of the wealthy, dishonestly obtained. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," is a text that people in general do not believe in, or at least live up to.

I felt quite elated over my success in securing as a subscriber the first person that I had called upon during the day, and looked upon it as a decidedly favorable omen for the rest of the day. It is generally much more difficult to take the initiative in any undertaking than it is to take the successive steps, and the stimulus that one feels from having made sure of a good beginning, helps greatly to insure future prosperity: but working against fate, with nothing but a blank to look back upon, is an entirely different thing, and not so easy to endure.

The next person that I called upon was a farmer, who owned a fine house, a large farm, kept a splendid dairy, and had a large and pleasant family. He was at work in his gar-

den, back of his house, where I approached him on the subject of books. His first salutation was :

"O, you are a beggar, are you?"

"Yes, sir, in the same sense that you are."

"Don't you insult me by calling me a beggar."

"If it is right for you to call me a beggar, is it not right for me to return the compliment? Now I will prove to you, in just two minutes, that you are a regular beggar."

"You had better be in better business."

"I suppose so, but seeing that you set me up in the business, I choose to do what I have set out to do. Do you not, every year, go to the markets and ask the merchants to buy your corn, oats, potatoes, butter and cheese?"

"Yes."

"Well, you beg people to buy, don't you?"

"I don't call it begging, for they buy if they want them, and let them alone if they don't."

"That's what I want you to do when I ask you if you wish to subscribe for a book; but you began to curse me before you knew

whether my books were what you wanted or not. Now, my dear man, show me a single man, if you can, who is not a beggar in the sense that you call me one. The merchant begs his customers to purchase goods, and he is wholly dependent upon the people for patronage, and his living. The minister is a beggar, when he is seeking a call to preach, for he is dependent upon the patronage of some church organization for his support. The politician is a beggar, when he urges his constituents to vote for him, and secure him place and power. Vanderbilt, Stewart, Astor, and all who are now laden with wealth, have been beggars, in this same sense. No man ever has been, is now, or ever can be, altogether independent of his fellow men."

"Well, I never looked at it in just that light," replied the farmer, but I can't gainsay it, and if I wanted any books I would subscribe, but I hardly think that I do."

"These works that I have here are all historical, and as such I think that you will find them quite interesting."

"What are they?"

I described them to him, and he took them, carefully looked them over, and said that his children might possibly be interested in the "Galley Slaves," and he did not care if I put his name down for that, which I gladly did, and I rejoiced over John Peterson as a subscriber, whose name I considered to be a good card for me, as it might possibly help me to further success. As I left him I thought how strange it often appears that people will yield to the same kind of an argument as they use themselves, and stand corrected thereby (though the argument be abusive), when they will stand out against any other. It is in accordance with the old homœopathic theory, that like cures like, and in this case, it operated quite successfully. I soon learned to read my man at sight, and knew pretty well what course was best to pursue, how to approach him; whether it were better to flatter, to battle with him with his own weapons, or cater to his views and opinions, and trust to his judgment altogether.

When I had taken leave of the farmer, who was my second subscriber for the day, I soon

found myself on a road that led through quite a stretch of wooded country, with occasional cleared patches, and nothing but log cabins for houses. Proceeding along for some distance, I saw confronting me an object which looked



"MY SPECIAL SOLICITOR."

very much as though it fully intended to subscribe to my stock, but not specially in the book line, but doubtless had more direct reference in its own head of subscribing for

my carcass, and taking immediate and forcible possession of the same, and as my special solicitor, in the shape of a huge black bear, stood eying me, I tried to read his intentions, so as to frustrate his movements, and at the same time casting my eyes around to see what movements I had best to make. I was not slow in coming to a conclusion, nor not a bit slower in scaling a four rail fence: and if I ever traveled fast without the aid of steam, it was when I went over that four acre corn-field to a cabin a half a mile or more beyond. Learning that a farmer living along the route that I was traveling had lost several sheep within a week or two, I concluded that Bruin had fared tolerably well, and did not feel very ravenous when he espied me, for had he, I no doubt should have had less time to consider what tracks to make, as he no doubt would have made tracks for me at once.

Finding my way to the farmer's house referred to above, I informed him of meeting the enemy that had been devouring his stock, and he at once organized a squad of men, and

started in pursuit, and as I afterwards learned, secured the object of his search, which proved to be a bear of between three and four hundred pounds weight.

Walking on still further, I saw several Indian tents or wigwams, pitched on a river bank, the river running alongside of the traveled road for some distance, and these tents were on the opposite bank. I began to think, sure enough, that I had got beyond the bounds of civilization, and my prospects looked rather dubious for the book business in these regions. I finally came out through the woods into quite a nice territory, with good houses, respectable farms, and things looked brighter generally, and as it was noontime, I called at the house of a widow lady for dinner, and while I was there, a middle aged Indian with his squaw came into the house, and asked for something to eat. When they left, I called the widow's attention to the fact that the squaw had helped herself to a wash-basin, and had secreted it under her apron. She told me to keep quiet, for she did not dare to say a word, for fear that they

might take offense, and do her more damage in some other way. She said that all of the people about the neighborhood were afraid to offer any resistance, as the Indians would resent it. I inquired if they proposed to let them steal everything they could lay their hands on. She replied that they were obliged to submit to it, and the Indians considered all timber land common property, and they would spoil large tracts of woodland, by cutting down the trees, and taking what they wanted to work up into wooden ware, baskets, and everything of the kind. The owners of these woodlands were afraid to say a word, for fear that their buildings would be fired, out of revenge. There was a settlement of fifteen hundred Indians at St. Regis, in the northeastern part of the county, which was their headquarters in the winter season, while in the summer and fall, they would wander around the country, and live in tents, which they would pitch wherever occasion or convenience required. I saw quite a collection of them one day, fishing, while another squad had just returned from a hunting tour.

A good portion of the men evidently had imbibed too liberally of "fire water," as they were exceedingly jolly, full of their antics, and the squaws were dancing and yelling as though they were having a regular pow-wow. Some of the more sober squaws were trying to sell their fish to people passing by, taking cash, tobacco, or anything of marketable value, for pay.

After reaching Messina, I put up over night at the house of a shoemaker, intending to take a bright and early start next morning.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE taking leave of the shoemaker on the following morning, I thought I would give him an opportunity to subscribe for one or more of my books, and as I stepped into his shop, and approached him on the subject, he arose from his seat, pointed to a large nail driven well into the door casing, and said:

"Young man, do you see that nail?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, sir; when I drove that nail in there, I swore, then and there, that I never would subscribe for another book until I could pull that nail out with my thumb and finger."

I thought really that if my securing his name as a subscriber depended upon his ability to perform that feat, my time was being



"Do you see that nail, sir?"

wasted, and all argument did prove of no avail then, but afterwards I had the satisfaction of taking his name for a book which he fancied, and valued far above the price paid for it. When a man makes a rule in a fit of anger, which he swears he will be governed by at all hazards, he either has to break his resolutions sometimes, or else suffer more or

less inconvenience and privation thereby. The book which I afterwards sold him, despite the twelve-penny nail in the door casing, and the resolution regarding it, was a work on physiognomy, and how he came to purchase it, I will explain. He seemed to be a well informed man, and on a more extended acquaintance, I found out that he had been the general official of the town. He had been selectman, overseer of the poor, highway surveyor, standing jurymen, special committee on all important occasions, chorister, and still played in the same choir in which little 'Eb,' as they used to call him, had played the violin for nearly fifty years. He had also blown a trumpet in a brass band, and he was a leading member of the village fire company. For the last dozen years or more he had acted as auctioneer for the entire vicinity, and being naturally of a comic turn of mind, he seemed to enjoy the position as well as any he ever held. He had his own peculiar way of making people bid, and they would flock to the sales for the sake of the fun and laughter which he would provoke.

He was a homely, red-headed fellow, but he had a keen eye for the ludicrous, and as my sojourn in the place was somewhat lengthy, and becoming quite familiar with his ways, I found out how to touch him in the right place to sell him a book.

I told him that I thought he was a good judge of human nature, and could read faces and character very well, and this, of course, must be of great service to him as an auctioneer. The idea took at once, and talking with him about the work on physiognomy, he seemed to be much interested, and so he subscribed for the book, and never regretted so doing, and he afterwards subscribed for several books.

In this village, I learned much of human nature, and amusing incidents now and then occurred, of which as a traveler, I was an eye witness. I one day saw a Mr. W— buying a cow which had brass balls upon her horns to prevent her from doing injury to her kind. The bargain was completed, the money paid, and Mr. J— was to send the cow on the following day to Mr. W—. The next

day the cow was sent according to contract, but minus the balls on her horns. Mr. W— said nothing at the time, but after a few days had passed he was in the Post-Office which was kept in the country store, and meeting Mr. J— there, he bought a pair of brass balls, ox-balls as they were called, and putting them in a nice little box, he stepped up to Mr. J—, presented it to him, and left. Mr. J— was seen to open the box very carefully, and running out his tongue reflected upon the affair some time. He was ever afterward called “ox-ball J—.” He was a well to do man, had everything to make him happy, except an awfully penurious disposition. I endeavored to sell him a book, but it was of no use, and a book would do such a man no more good than it would to lecture to him upon the joys which one experiences who exercises charity, and gives freely to those in need.

While waiting in the Post-Office to have the mail distributed, I was meditating upon what course to pursue next, whether to remain in Messina and vicinity, or to retrace my steps

and work westward along the borders of the St. Lawrence river, which was a rich farming country. Upon inquiring, I found a letter in reply to the one which I sent to Lion, Skinner & Co., some days before, in which I found fault with the ancient character of my books, to wit: the “Galley Slaves,” “Pilgrim Fathers,” and the “History of the Deluge,” and informed them that nearly all of the people had heard of the “Deluge,” and the “Pilgrim Fathers” before. I will give you their letter verbatim:

HARTFORD, CONN, June 25, 18—.

IKABOD IZAX:

DEAR SIR:

When you have been in the business as long as we have, you will then have got through the teething process perhaps, and have your wits about you. You have only got your stomach teeth yet, and you will find it more tedious getting your eye teeth cut, but when that is accomplished, you will need less soothing syrup. You will also learn, after you have been engaged in your present calling for a few months longer, that success does not depend so much upon the book itself, as it does upon the individual who sells it. Some persons have so little tact for business, and so little force and personal ambition, that if they were sent out to secure subscribers for bars

of gold of a ton weight, at two shillings apiece, they would not earn their salt; while there are others who are so wide awake to business, and so ambitious, so convincing in word, look, and ways generally, that they could get a good living, and lay up money, selling bean-poles and pea-brush. The truth with you is, that you are so afraid of people that they brush you away from their doors, as easily as they would a house-fly from their nose. The books are all right, and no matter if the events therein recorded did transpire a few hundred years ago, the account thereof may be new and interesting for all that. Wake up, and shake your bones; go for people as though your life depended upon it, and if a man attempts to bluff you, stick to him like a gad-fly. Follow these directions, and we shall expect to see in your next report that you have been deluged with subscribers.

Yours,

LION, SKINNER & CO.

P. S. Don't devote all your time to Norwegians, superannuated negro preachers, etc., but call upon the wealthier classes, and people of some literary taste, and treat them just as they treat you, and show them that you are just as good as they are, and don't be afraid of them.

After reading the contents of this letter, and meditating awhile thereon, I came to the conclusion that, taken as a whole, it was rather of a cool affair, and that the publishers showed me none too much mercy, and

seemed not to take into consideration the difficulties under which I seemed to labor; probably caring but little, if only their purposes were accomplished in the disposition and sale of their books, and replenishing of their purses. I was well aware of the fact that thus far, I had not proved a very profitable investment to them, nor was the course that I had pursued at all well calculated to ensure success, as I had been running here and there, spending the greater portion of my time in traveling from place to place, leaving but a little time in which to canvass.

Although the general tone of the publishers' letter was so provoking, I could not dispute the truth and force of their statements, so I resolved to change my tactics, go to Canton, which was quite a large, flourishing place, and go to work with a will, determined to do something, and make up my mind to call upon the better and the wealthier classes and not to be bluffed by them as I had been. Taking an early train, I arrived at Canton in the afternoon, and started bright and early the next morning to canvass.

The first person that I called upon was a widow, and I solicited her to subscribe for the "History of the Deluge."

"A religious book, is it?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam, if you choose to call it so; it treats upon biblical history.

"Has my minister, Mr. R—, subscribed for it. If he has not, I do not want it, and if he has, I will take it.

"What possible difference can it make with you whether he takes it or not, seeing that he cannot judge for you, nor you for him, and besides, he doubtless has in his library several books bearing upon the same subject, to a greater or less extent."

"This is the reason: if my minister has taken it, I know that it is all right, for he would not have taken it unless it was, and if he has subscribed for it, it is all the recommendation that I want for it."

I saw that the poor creature had no mind or judgment of her own, or if she had, she could not trust it. It doubtless is a good thing for ministers to have the entire confidence of their flocks, but it is well in this

day and generation, for people to have a little confidence in themselves, and not be governed altogether by another's opinions. "Put not your trust in princes," is a wise charge, and I think that it would not be a bad idea to include some ministers that I know of in that injunction. I used to reverence a minister as I would my Creator, regarding even the ground whereon they stood as holy, and I used to gaze upon them with awe, and dread their near approach to me, on account of their supposed perfect holiness; but as I increased in years, saw things in a truer and more reasonable light, the clergy became divested, in my judgment, of much of their extreme holiness, especially as I saw an eminent divine investing in dime novels and kindred literature, and saw him pass by the humble, poor day laborer, struggling to secure an honest and honorable living, while he would grasp cordially the hand of a wealthy citizen, whom I knew obtained his wealth by the foulest of means, and I was well aware, too, that the said divine was not ignorant of the latter fact.

I thought that I would not venture to relate this fact to the widow, whose faith in her pastor was so perfect and entire, for I knew a book agent would stand a poor chance with her, with a minister for an opponent, so I decided to waste no more time in arguing the case with her; but I lost no time in seeking out this minister, who had such marvelous influence over his people, particularly this widow.

I will say right here, that I would not have my readers infer that I do not respect the clergy and their calling, for I do, most assuredly, but I do not have any respect for such among them as have too many strings to their bow, and play upon this and that one, as occasion, profit, or policy suggests and dictates. If a minister is true to his calling, sincere and earnest, I will back him every time, and bid him god-speed; but if he be the reverse of this, I shall let him alone, and leave him joined unto his idols, giving the devil his due.

After leaving the house of the widow, I learned the fact that she was a lady of con-

siderable refinement and wealth, and furthermore, that her minister was somewhat her junior in years, single, smart, and was growing in popularity continually. Finding him in his study, I engaged in a commonplace conversation with him, remarking upon the beauties of the place, its appearance of thrift, and inquired after his church and parish, and I told him that as I expected to remain in the place some weeks, I hoped to enjoy his ministrations. After beating about the bush twice as long as I felt like it, I came to real business after this manner:

"Mr. R—, I have just come to the place with two or three books of historical interest, which I would like to have you carefully examine, and endorse, by giving me your name as a subscriber thereto. Doubtless you are well aware, sir, that there are many people in every parish of the size of yours, who do not feel qualified to pass judgment upon literary works, or if they really are, they choose to be governed by the opinions of those whom they are in the habit of look-

ing to for advice upon all of the more important matters of life.

He replied that there was such a thing as people's relying too little upon their own judgment, and too much upon the opinion of others. I saw at once that Mr. R—'s head was level, and that he held to views that were in perfect harmony with modern theorists, and that he and I could meet on the same platform, and agree in our opinions very well, and I answered him that there was no disputing the truth of his statement, but he doubtless was well aware, that when several intelligent people had expressed a favorable opinion upon any subject, or endorsed any article, by giving their names in its support, it made the way clear for other people to do so.

"Doubtless that is so, sir, but I don't know of many people in my parish, who are not abundantly able to judge for themselves, as I certainly much prefer that they should."

"I presume, sir, that they are able, but they prefer a little assistance from those of riper judgment, and I ventured to state that

the widow Bednor (for this was the widow's name, in question) was one of this class. I saw that the mention of the widow's name changed the expression on the clergyman's countenance, and it gave evidence that the name of the widow was not unfamiliar to him, and the alacrity with which he subscribed afterwards, convinced me that the widow had good and substantial reasons for trusting him, and courting his opinions, as, in fact, they were courting each other, as it afterwards appeared.

Wishing the minister good morning, I started for the widow's, meditating upon the way, how much circumstances influence one's opinions, and upon what slender and cunning foundations opinions are often based. I found Widow Bednor at home, showed her the minister's name, in his own hand-writing, and informed her of her promise to subscribe if he did. So she kept her word, signed her name, and now I suppose there are two copies of the "History of the Deluge" in the parson's, one more than is needed, for they both

are in the family, and I hope that the widow and the parson still think alike.

Some of my readers may think it strange that I went for the widow immediately after securing the parson's name, but I acted upon the principle that it is best to take people at their word, before they forget it; for just think of what my chances would have been of securing Widow Bednor as a subscriber, in case she and the parson had had a falling out during any delay of mine.

Having secured the pastor and his expectant bride, I felt sure that I had obtained a firm foot-hold, and success was assured, at least among his parishioners, and I went to work full of hope and ambition. I thought that as I had got started among the church officials, I would bore still further, and go through the ranks, and accordingly I called upon the good deacons of the church, interviewing in the first place Deacon Standish, who was an Englishman by birth and in sentiment. He was a man who stood six feet in his stockings, of huge proportions, very obese,

with long ears, long flowing beard, a large nose with a crook and a twist in it, and had a general expression of countenance which indicated that he was a close, shrewd, self-willed, opinionated fellow, a hard one to deal with, and I think that the results of the interview will show, that I read my man pretty correctly at first sight.

I missed fire at the first shot, for I opened on him with the "Pilgrim Fathers." I ought to have known better, as I should if I had had my wits about me, but seeing that I had commenced the battle, I was determined to fight it out as best I could, and abide by the consequences. No sooner had I commenced to extoll the virtues and praise the heroism of our forefathers, than the deacon fairly came down upon them with a storm of invective, and declared them to have been a pack of cursed fools for leaving the glorious old country that gave them birth, and an honorable heritage, and landing on the God-forsaken shores of old Plymouth, among heathen, barbarous, savage tribes.

"What do you suppose I want of any history of those old renegades?"

"Most people like to know something of their ancestors, and distant relatives, so that down through the several generations they can trace out their pedigree."

"Oh, you would fain make me believe that I am somewhat related to that apostate tribe, that miserable stock, would you?"

"I do not see how it is possible for you to deny a distant, yet direct kinship."

"You might know, young man, if you only had your eyes open, and your wits about you. Why, young man, my very carcass ought to convince you that I am not related to the diminutive, dried-up specimens of humanity which you Yankees represent."

"Do you know, my dear sir, what makes, or what is the real difference between the Americans, or Yankees, as you choose to call them, and you Englishmen?"

"That's as plain as the nose on your face; you American people are made up of the chaff of all nations, while the wheat, the

cream of our European population remains at home."

Now, if he had only said that this question was as plain as the nose on *his* face, I could have seen the force of his statement at once, and his argument must have proved convincing, but as it was, I informed him that the difference was this:

"You Englishmen all run to flesh and blood, (directing my eyes to his ponderous abdomen,) while the Americans all run to brains and nerve force, and the live Yankees live out, and go through more in two hundred years, than you easy-going, plethoric Englishmen would in six hundred years."

I was soon convinced that I had not loaded my last gun with a blank cartridge, for the old fellow would not have fluttered half so badly, had he not been hit in a tender spot; for an Englishman thinks that what his nation and people cannot do, cannot be done, and is not worth doing. His enormous tabernacle of fat quivered to its very foundations, and the blood fairly boiled therein, and his face was red as though there was a high pres-

sure engine within, forcing the blood all into his head, as he fairly roared out:

"Ya-as, you told the truth when you said the Yankees would 'live out and go through' more in two hundred years than we Englishmen would in six hundred years. It's the whole business of the American people, living on, and going through other nations. You are a nation that stole away from home to begin with, and have been stealing away ever since."

I could not deny that as a race the American people were adepts at the trade of stealing, and were altogether too much for any other nation under the sun, but I informed the turbulent Englishman that our ancestors must have known something of the fundamental principles of this style of doing business before they left home, or else this peculiar faculty would not have developed so wonderfully, and to such gigantic proportions, on foreign soil.

He denied it, saying that "this heathenish, devilish style of doing things, was indigenous to this country, a natural product of our own

nation, our mixed and irresponsible population.

"Now, my dear sir, before you abuse the Pilgrim Fathers any more, I would like to ask you if you know who they all were, or what were their names?"

No, sir, I don't know, neither do I want to, for the less one knows about such a set of rascals the better it is for him," and he arose, hat in hand, and started for the door.

"Look here, Deacon Standish, there was one chap among those Pilgrim Fathers in whom you might possibly be interested."

"Me interested?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess not. What was the old fellow's name, if you think I care for him or his history?"

"His name was Miles Standish, and you no doubt descended from that 'wild,' 'heathen,' 'barbarous,' 'savage,' 'apostate,' 'renegade.'"

I wish that you, reader, could have just for one moment, seen that good deacon fairly fry in his own fat, as the perspiration rolled

down his cheeks on that hot afternoon, in this moment of frenzied rage, as he stormed around and said :

"Where's your book? As England was glad enough to get rid of those old fellows at any cost, so shall I be glad to get rid of you by subscribing for your book. There are some people that others are happy to dispose of on any terms, and you are one of them; so now that you have my name, I hope that you are satisfied, and will know enough to leave."

I had reached just that point where I was in perfect readiness to beat a retreat, and I did so in good order, just as they used to in McClellan's time, on the Potomac, and as I took leave of the deacon, I bade him a good afternoon, and for more than an hour afterwards I chuckled over my success in pulling in this old English crab on the line of his own ancestry, with his own hook, baited with Yankee bait. Human nature, like murder, "will out," and the sooner a man finds this fact out, and fights his fellow men with their own weapons, the sooner will his success in dealing with them, be assured.

Deacon Crook was the next person that I interviewed, and I assailed him with a copy of the "Galley Slaves."

"I don't want anything of your 'History of the Galley Slaves;' I am slave enough myself, digging as I have to here, from sunrise to sunset, on this rocky farm, trying to get an honest living; besides, I bought a book once of you traveling agents that was not worth the cost to bind it, and when an old fellow like me gets cheated once, he knows enough to look out in future."

Going it, as the deacon did to start off with, I stood there confronting him in perfect amazement, wondering if his tongue ever would run down, so that I could thrust in a word somehow or other, but as he finally gave out, I asked him if he never would purchase anything again, because he had been cheated once. Supposing I had done the same way, what would have become of me? I bought a pair of boots once, and never got so badly cheated in my life. I bought a pair of pantaloons once, and got wofully taken in. I bought a coat and vest once, and was so bad-

ly sold that they did almost no service at all. I purchased a bosom shirt once, and as it proved to be of rotten texture, and slender fibre, it was ripped from top to stern at the first sudden strain put upon it. Now what would my predicament have been after that, had I sworn that I never again would have anything to do with boots, pants, coats, vests and shirts, because I had been once cheated in buying them? How I should look traveling around here without them. I think, sir, that you would be the very first one to condemn me, if you did not adjudge me insane, and take legal measures to have me sent to an insane asylum. Supposing, too, if a man buys a bushel of potatoes of you, and when he comes to eat them he finds them hollow and worm-eaten inside, and he should swear that he never would buy another potato as long as he lived, would you not set him down as an unreasonable man, if not a fool?"

"That's a different thing altogether, for we have no control over the growth and formation of the potato, and we sell them for what they look to be, a good article."

"Neither do I have any control over other book agents and publishers, and so cannot prevent them from publishing and selling inferior books. I ask you to subscribe for a book which I believe to be a good, true, and interesting one."

"It will do very well to philosophize, young man, if you can gain your point thereby."

"But is not my philosophy quite natural, and correct upon this point?"

"Well, it sounds well enough when you talk it, but I don't think much of its practical application."

"Well, sir, if it sounds all right, I guess it cannot be far from correct, and thus believing, I think that you had better give me your name for the book, and see if you do not buy a thing once in your life without getting so wofully cheated; for if there was any special danger of every one's being cheated who subscribes for this book, I do not believe your minister nor Deacon Standish would have given me their names for it."

"If they have taken it, why, I should not be afraid to if I wanted it."

"You do not wish to be an odd sheep; better go in with the rest of the parish."

"I don't care; write my name for me if you choose, but if it is not just what you say it is, you will have the pleasure of sending it back where it came from, for I am determined not to be cheated again."

"Don't you take it, sir, unless it answers fully and perfectly, the description given. Good morning, Deacon Crooks."

Thinking that the last deacon on the list could not stand out against subscribing, now that the pastor and two other deacons had given me their names, I proceeded to Deacon Goldfinch's place of business, and made known mine. I showed him a copy of the "History of the Deluge," and described the contents of the book somewhat at length, and stated to him that his pastor, his associate deacons, and Widow Bednor, had fully indorsed the works by giving me their names, and I should be delighted if I could have his also.

"The account of the Deluge as given in the Bible, is about as reliable, I dare say, as

is your history of it, and I think it would be more satisfactory to me."

"No doubt, sir, the Bible account is all right, but this history goes into details and modern speculations regarding it."

"I do not fancy too much stuffing in my literature, as it adds nothing to its real value."

"Is it not well, Deacon, to accept the opinions of others sometimes, and not be governed altogether by one's own?"

"Yes, where their opinions are of any value."

"Well, then, how can you know whether they are of any value or not, until you know what they are, as for instance the opinions expressed in this book?"

"I take it for granted, in this case, that they are of but little value."

"It is not a fair proceeding, this taking things for granted, as I can speedily prove to you. Supposing that your neighbor had a certain fowl in his yard, and he should miss it on a certain day, and a week afterward should find it in your henery. You knew nothing about how it came there, but your

neighbor, seeing it on your premises, caged up, has you arrested, tried, and sentenced for the supposed theft. How would you like taking it for granted in this case? A murder is committed in your town, and as you might have been seen near the house soon after the deed was done, and there should happen to be some blood on your clothing, that you had spattered thereon a few days previous while killing hogs, and you should be arrested upon suspicion, and it should be taken for granted upon this slight circumstantial evidence, that you committed the deed, and you should be tried and sentenced for it, do you think it would be such justice as you would like? Very grave mistakes are often made by people who are always taking things for granted, and it's quite possible, sir, that you may be mistaken when you take it for granted that this history, or the opinions expressed therein, are worthless."

Deacon Goldfinch was not so blind to reason as not to see some little common sense in my remarks, and declared that he did not wish to do me nor my books any injustice,

and in order to set matters right he would subscribe for the "Pilgrim Fathers," as he had books already that treated upon the subject of the Deluge, and more works of the kind he thought would be superfluous.

Any one in reading this account of my conversation with the pastor and three deacons, may think it a little strange, if not doubtful, about people yielding to arguments in this way, and finally subscribing for books, but nevertheless such improbable things have taken place, and are transpiring every day. If you attempt to drive a fractious mule, you will find out that so long as you let him have full swing, in his own way, he will go just where you don't want him to, and any mild talk or gentle lashings will avail nothing; but just have a short discussion with that mule, the force of your arguments being dealt with a powerful blow over its head, that will make him pause a moment and consider, then it will understand that you mean business, and that you are the master of the situation and it, and then it will follow the right path. You have got to deal with many men as you

would with this mule, the only difference being in the kind of weapons used. In other words, if a man is civil and gentlemanly, in word and deed, treat him accordingly, but if he be rough, savage, in word and deed, combat him with his own weapons, and he will often be ashamed, and acknowledge his brutality.

The few names that I now had on my books, helped me very materially in securing others, and I found but little difficulty in procuring several others of the prominent people of the place, as subscribers.

I became acquainted in this place with a man by the name of Stevens, who was a traveling fire insurance agent, and learned that his wife was one of the daughters of Mr. Smith, of the celebrated Smith family before referred to, and, strange to say, she was an odd one, and not a twin, as were all the rest. I made Mr. Stevens' house my headquarters, and I would start off in the morning, sometimes not returning for one day, or seven, as the case might be. Mr. Stevens proposed to have me take insurance applications for him

while I was canvassing, whenever an opportunity presented itself, and I accepted it, and when I could not sell a book to a man, I endeavored to insure his house, barn and stock. I made several journeys with him out into the surrounding country towns, and it may not prove uninteresting if I relate some of the scenes and incidents connected with these journeyings over the newly settled region.

We drove, one pleasant Friday morning, to the town of Renssalaer, and receiving instructions from Mr. Stevens, how to proceed in the matter of insurance, he took his departure, pursuing one route with his team, while I followed another on foot. The route that I selected was over a plank and rough corduroy road, through a very dense wooded region. There were, here and there, scattered farms, the land being mostly such as had been but recently cleared, and in the main they were occupied by new settlers, mostly foreigners. There were toll-houses, erected over the roads, I should judge, not more than a mile or two apart, and before one could pass through the gate, he must pay

his toll, this being the method of obtaining funds sufficient to keep the roads in repair. I learned that a murder had been committed a short time previous, at one of these toll-houses, but whether it was done for the purpose of obtaining the funds that was supposed to be in the toll-keeper's possession, or because toll was so frequently demanded for traveling over a road so horribly out of repair, that the murderers became exasperated beyond all bounds, I know not. I felt, after roughing it over these horrid roads for a week, and paying toll every hour or two, as though I could with good grace and perfect complacency, give the tax-gatherers a pretty considerable pounding, to say nothing about the murder question. But then one sees many things, and enjoys many an amusing incident while traveling in these wild romantic regions, among people of every kith and kin, and I trust my readers will enjoy them, as they are about to be related.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now the first of July, and seeing that it was Saturday, and the weather so intensely warm, I thought that I would not devote myself very enthusiastically to business, accordingly I engaged quarters for the day and the following Sabbath at the house of a middle-aged Scotchman. I found him and his wife exceedingly pleasant and hospitable, and, as a race, the Scotch are the most hospitable people under the sun, if I am any judge of what genuine hospitality is. This family lived in a log cabin, but it was a model of neatness, and the supper that I sat down to that evening would have done credit to any house-keeper, and satisfied the cravings of the most fastidious.

As I remarked above, the people inhabiting these newly settled regions, were comprised of various nationalities, of all grades of people, high and low, those in well to do circumstances, and others of extreme poverty. I inquired of the Scotchman with whom I was stopping, about the people in his immediate neighborhood, and learned from him that an Irishman owned the farm next to his, and that he was in comfortable circumstances, and so towards evening, when the weather had cooled down a little, so that the heat of the day was endurable, I thought I would sally out and see him. He, also, lived in a log cabin, and like almost every other Irishman, had a large family; his pig and cow in close proximity to his house, and there were a lot of hens feeding around the kitchen door. The lord of the manor was hoeing potatoes back of his mansion when I appeared before him, and bade him good afternoon, and as I thus addressed him, he removed his pipe from his mouth, and resting upon his hoe handle, he replied:

"Good evening to ye's."

"A fine patch of potatoes you have here, Patrick."

"Yes, sir, they looks right healthy."

"What kind are they?"

"They calls them Jenny Linds, I believe, sir."

"Does your soil here yield well?"

"You may say that, indade; last year I raised pratees enough off from this little patch to keep my old woman and five childer over winter."

"Well, indeed, that was either a big yield or else your family are small eaters."

"A divil a bit they are not, then; they go through wid a bushel of pratees mighty quick, I tell ye's, and it takes about all of my time the year around to keep those mouths agoing, and pretty hard scratching it is at that."

"I suppose, however, that you manage to save up a little something every year, don't you?"

"Av coorse I must put up a wee bit, now in my prime, or what will become of us when we give out and can't work?"

"That's good philosophy, Patrick, so I rather think that you will come out right, and ahead in the end."

"I mean to, sure, now, that's true for ye."

"Do you send your children to school?"

"There is no school near here, or else I would do that same thing."

"You believe, then, in education?"

"Well, I s'pose it does no harm at all, and perhaps it may help them a bit sometimes."

"Can you, or any of your family, read?"

"I can, sir, but my old woman, she can't read first rate, and my childer have not had a chance to learn yet."

"Are you interested in history?"

"What's that you mean?"

"Do you like to read stories about things that happened some time ago; about accidents, criminals, folks that leave their old country, and such like."

"Irish folks, is it, that ye mean?"

"Yes, and all other kinds of people."

"Some people I likes to read about, and more I don't care anything about at all."

"How would you like this book, the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers?'"

"What fellers are them, and where did they come from?"

"They left England more than two hundred and fifty years ago."

"Mister, I would not give one d—n bit, for the history of the whole d—n pack of England."

"Tut, tut, Patrick, you should not swear about them so."

"Would not the likes o' ye's swear at 'em, had ye been cursed, and ground, and crushed to bits by their old land holders for seven hundred years?"

I saw that Patrick was posted, regarding the wrongs which his country had suffered at the hands of their English lords and rulers, for ages gone by, and I saw, too, that I must change my plan of operations, in order to get my subject to subscribe.

"You don't like the English very well, do you, Patrick?"

"That I don't, sure."

"Well, Patrick, I suppose that you would

like to see some of them suffer for the wrongs they have done your mother country, would you not?"

"Be jabbers, an' I bet I would that, and wouldn't I like to be one of 'em what's giving it to them now?"

"Come here, now, Patrick, and let me show you something that will interest and please you."

I took out of my satchel a copy of the "Galley Slaves," and called his attention to a picture representing a long row of galley slaves, with their feet fast in the stocks, while with their hands they were engaged in the manufacture of various articles; and on the opposite page there was a picture of another row of slaves, with hands and feet both fast in the stocks.

"That's rather tough on those fellers, though, ain't it, Mister?"

"There's nothing very agreeable about it, I should say."

Looking at the long row of slaves whose hands and feet were both fast in the stocks, Patrick cried out:

"And sure there is one Englishman, be golly," at the same time pointing to a fat, burly-looking fellow, situated about midway in the gang. "I know he is a bloody Englishman by the make of his infernal carcass. Ann! Ann! come here, now, while I spake to ye's. Do you mind that fellow, now? Bedad, there is one Englishman in a mighty tight place for onct, any how, thanks to the powers that be."

"And sure, Pat, that is good enough for the likes o' them, ain't it?" says Ann to Patrick. "Do ye spy that old Englishman making shoes over in that row, wid his feet tied up in a box?"

The way that Patrick and his wife seemed to enjoy the fancied sufferings and privations of those condemned criminals of English appearance, was amazing to behold. I had reached the hearts of Pat and his wife by making them fancy that their old oppressors were having to undergo a little merited punishment.

"What do ye's ask for this book," inquired Patrick.

"Two dollars and seventy-five cents."

"That's too much, I'm sure, Mister; You'll take two dollars, sure, won't ye?"

"I cannot do it, as the price must be the same to all, and I only want your name now, the book to be delivered to you in about six weeks from now, and you will not have to pay for them until then."

"I believe I would like one of them books, so when I gets to thinking about how those old fellers used our poor folks at home, I can jist sit down and have the fun of seeing them bucking away there in their harness."

Patrick and Ann took a book, looked once more at the supposed English galley slaves and shouted, "Arrah now, you blackguards! bad luck to the likes o' ye's. Mister, I'll take one o' these books."

"Well, then, please to sign your name here."

"And sure, I don't want to put my name to any paper: I will take it when ye's come around wid the books."

"Can't you write your name?"

"A divil of a bit I can't, but the cross."

"Well, then, I will write your name, and you may make your mark, so that I shall know that it is you that wants the book. He made his cross, and I wrote his name, and here is the signature complete:

his

PATRICK X MORIARTY.

mark.

The abuse which England had heaped upon her Irish subjects for centuries past, was the means of securing for me one subscriber, and furnishes one more illustration of the old adage, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good." It now being late, Saturday afternoon, I returned to the house of the Scotchman, where I had engaged quarters for the Sabbath, and thus ended my labors for the week, with the exception of reporting to the publishers my success since last they heard from me, and to reply to the scathing letter I received from them a few days since. The letter that I forwarded that evening, read as follows:

RENSSELAER, NEW YORK, }
 July 2, 18—. }

LION, SKINNER & Co.:

MESSRS:

Your last letter to me, which was received a few days since, was needlessly severe, and rather abusive. You publishers can sit there in your easy chairs, and howl at your agents in the field, if they do not meet your expectations, and do things next to impossible, that you may thereby be the gainers. If publishers, and you in particular, would issue better books, books of some practical value, gotten up in decent looking shape, and bound so that they will hold together a respectable length of time, they doubtless would find them to be more profitable in the end than is the trashy stuff that you and many others are flooding the country with. I am having very good success now, considering the books that I have to sell, and according to your statement, I think that I have made some progress in the "teething process," and know better how to take people. One thing I am sure of, viz: that the "better class" of people don't brush me away from their doors quite as easy as they would a fly from their nose, for I fairly stick to them, until they shake me off, or subscribe. If you are soon to issue new books, I shall hope to canvass for them, in place of these antique affairs that I am now boring people with.

Yours, on the road,

IKABOD IZAX.

After thus completing my labors for the

evening, I sat down in the sitting-room with the family of the Scotchman, which was composed of himself, wife, grand-parents, and six children, the six children having been born in as many years. The young folks were disposed of early, and all in a heap, having been put to bed at sun-down, in one chamber, adjoining the one that I occupied. They slept a greater part of the night, but towards daylight, when I always put in my tallest sleeping, there was deviltry a brewing. No sooner did the roosters begin to crow, than the whole pack of young Scotch began to imitate, and if ever I wanted to make a clean sweep of a roost, it was then, and that Scotch roost was the one.

The Scotch are somewhat noted for their church-going propensities, and as this family had quite a distance to go to church, an early start was necessary. While the parents of this numerous flock were up stairs arranging their toilet, the children were left with their grand-parents, and I assure you that if ever there was a family of young ones that were possessed with the devil, this one was. One

young one made for the stove, at the same time pulling the tea-kettle over on to it, causing a pretty generous scalding, and a louder yell: the other one snatched the cat's tail, while the cat vainly essayed to make way with itself, at the same time contributing greatly to the music of the occasion; another youngster, in its night-shirt, pulled over a table of crockery, while still another, immersed himself, head first, in a tub of water, which had been placed there preparatory to a general Sunday morning scrubbing of the numerous progeny. The grandmother becoming exasperated, took the reins of government into her own hands, and vigorously pounded the gluteal regions of the eldest one, while another one was beginning to stir up the ire of the grandfather by climbing upon the back of his chair, and buzzing continually in his ears, while he was trying to read his religious paper. I did just ache to stand up and usurp the power of government for just five minutes, when I felt sure that quiet would reign in that log cabin for that length of time, or else there might have

The Sunday Morning Carnival.



been *grave dangers* attending the existence of these young ones, to say nothing of the probable need of the services of *grave diggers*. Had I really got to work, I should have endeavored to clean out every one of them but the old grandfather, for I could endure him, seeing that he was quiet and minded his business; but when the old grandmother was aroused she made things blue around the premises, as she did the boy that she collared and laid across her knee. The parents, however, soon appeared upon the scene of action, and the way they scolded, in Scotch brogue, was not slow, which finally succeeded in producing a calm. The mother apologized for the actions of her children, when I remarked that they seemed to enjoy themselves, and evidently thought that it was best to improve the time to the best of their ability, while she was absent.

The father, after he had got fully rigged for church, inquired if I desired to attend, and giving him an affirmative answer, I soon made what little preparation I deemed needful, and we three, myself, the Scotchman, and

his wife, started in the one horse chaise for the sanctuary. The church, which was rather of an old building, was three miles or more away, and we arrived there just as the services began. The services proved to be quite interesting, and I paid good attention to the preacher, until my eyes were attracted by the operations of a family of seven persons, viz., father, mother, one daughter, and four sons, who occupied the pew just ahead of us. It being an exceedingly warm day, there was a good demand for handkerchiefs and fans. It appeared that this family had but one handkerchief, so the old woman would use it, then pass it to her husband, then he in turn would hand it to "Ed," and "Susan" would be anxiously waiting her turn, and so on. That bandanna was in such continual demand, and so constantly used in wiping off the perspiration from the family brows, that it became pretty well used up during the forenoon. The mother was known as an exceedingly penurious woman, and no doubt thought that it would have been very extravagant had they had one apiece.

It being communion Sunday, a ludicrous scene took place in consequence. There was an old man in the audience who had not walked circumspectly before the world and in the eyes of the church, and was accordingly expelled. He was a man of an iron will, and determined to do as he thought best in the matter, so at every communion season, he would bring his bottle of wine, or water, as the case might be, or convenience suited him; and also a slice of bread, and he would station himself beside a stove that was placed at one side, or in one corner of the church, and when the pastor prepared the bread and poured the wine, this old man would take out his slice of bread and bottle of wine, spread his pocket-handkerchief on the top of the stove, and place the bread and wine thereon, and go through the regular ceremony, with all due decorum and formality. To add to the annoyance that such an exhibition of personal independence must have been to pastor and people, this old fellow had a violent and distressing asthmatic cough, which would fairly make the building resound with the noise

thereof; and it really seemed as though the old man put in his most tremendous barks on purpose to attract the attention of the congregation to himself. This affair may appear too absurd for my readers to believe, nevertheless it was an actual occurrence: but why the church should have tolerated such a rebellion against their authority, was a great mystery to many, and could only be explained upon the ground "that what cannot be cured must be endured," and finding discipline to have been of little value, concluded to let him fight it out on his own hook.

While speaking of these church incidents, I will relate one more that took place in another church not many miles away. A farmer in town by the name of P—, seldom attended church, say about once in three months. Another man had been engaged in some mechanical work for a firm in an adjoining town, and the parties had failed, owing this man W— about two hundred dollars. The account had been standing for about a year, when one Sabbath Mr. P—, attending church, met Mr. W—, who was a member,

passing down the broad aisle at the close of the services. Mr. P—, be it said, was an honest, upright man, a good neighbor, but would swear a little now and then, and in a pretty loud tone, too. As Mr. P— met Mr. W—, he asked:

“How do you do, Mr. W—?”

Mr. W—, extending his hand, replied in a quick, low tone of voice.

Mr. P— then inquired if W., W. & Co. had paid him yet.

“No, sir,” was the mild response of W—; when Mr. P—, in more than his usual high tone of voice, replied:

“Well, d—n ’em, they never will.”

The affair created no little surprise, inasmuch as it was heard by all the passers by; some were shocked, some laughed, and the general effect can as well be imagined as described.

Sunday being over, I settled with the Scotchman for my board and lodging, and started at eight o’clock Monday morning on foot, wending my way through the sparsely populated region, expecting to procure sub-

scribers, but determined to insure the property of such as I could not get to subscribe for books.

Proceeding for quite a distance, I saw a very good looking cottage house, and everything around it denoted thrift, enterprise and taste, and, upon gaining admission within, I found it occupied by an elderly Scotchman and his wife; the old gentleman proving to be a veritable genius, and his mechanical skill was cunningly displayed in various specimens of his workmanship, that filled the house. He showed me a parlor organ which he constructed, and he played thereon, much to my delight. He then showed me a dulcimer that he had just completed, the music of which was exceedingly charming. Having shown me various musical instruments of his manufacture, he requested me to step into another room, and examine some breech-loading guns, of his own design and patent. The one that he called my special attention to was a breech-loader, so arranged that he could put into one chamber one hundred little pill caps, as he called them, and in the

other chamber one hundred balls. Having placed them therein, he said that he could fire it off one hundred times in succession with great rapidity, the "powder pills" and balls falling into their proper places as rapidly as one could fire the piece. The mechanism was simple, yet marvelous in its execution. The stock of the rifle was most elaborately and beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, and other ornamental materials. The old Scotchman said that he could hit a very small object a mile distant, every time, by the aid of a telescopic attachment to enable him to see the mark. I asked him why he did not try to sell his valuable patent to some one, to which he replied:

"Different parties have tried to buy it of me, and have offered to manufacture it on certain conditions profitable to myself, but I don't care much about it, for I have enough to keep myself and wife, and I only do this work in order to occupy my mind, and pass away the time."

I tried to interest him in my books, but I could not prevail upon him to look at, and

much less subscribe for them, so I then alluded to the matter of insurance upon his stock of fire-arms, musical instruments, household furniture, &c. He thought possibly that there might be more or less danger of fire disturbing him some time, as fires were frequently set in the surrounding woods by the hunters, especially in the summer and fall, and so he concluded to have me insure his premises for twenty-five hundred dollars. Had this old Scotchman only put his talents and mechanical genius at work, and allowed capitalists to have taken hold of and fully developed his inventions, wealth must have poured into his treasury in various streams and from various sources. I left his home feeling that though he did not subscribe for my books, I had yet done him a favor in securing him against loss by fire, while he, at the same time, had been of more pecuniary advantage to me by insuring than he could have been by subscribing.

I next proceeded to a house located about half a mile distant, the residence of a lawyer who did business in Canton, riding to and fro from his place of business, night and

morning. As good luck would have it, I found the attorney at home, and disengaged, so after a little common conversation, I sought to direct his attention to books, remarking at the same time that he had a fine library, and judging therefrom I should say that he was not only interested in literature, but ought to be, and no doubt was, a good judge of it. He smiled graciously, and with commendable modesty said that he "considered himself a passable judge of what was practical, and worthless in the world of literature."

I eyed my subject very closely, to see if I could divine his probable likes and dislikes, and in just what direction his literary tastes would be apt to run, when I concluded that he had no special predilection for biblical history, or any scriptural teachings, (as lawyers are never known to have in our day,) so I made bold to attack him with a copy of the "Galley Slaves." Drawing the book carefully from my satchel, I opened to the title page, and recited it to 'Squire Damon, and used the most eloquent language at my command, in speaking of the wonderful interest

of the work, and of its hearty endorsement by the best people of the country. He looked at me with a steady gaze, sober as a judge, with an air of assumed dignity, and asked:

"Young man, have you a license to sell in this town?"

"Yes, sir, all the license that I want, or propose to have."

"Do you see that blank book there, on the table?"

"I do."

"Well, therein are the names of several vagrants, who have been prowling around here every few days, with worthless articles to sell, and I have had them arrested and fined, not paying which they were sent to the work-house for a longer or shorter period."

"Well, 'Squire, I did not come here to get licensed, but to show you some books, and if that is a criminal offense in your eyes, or the eyes of the law, then your law is mighty poor, and I shall not be governed by it."

"You had better save yourself needless trouble and expense, by paying me the

license fee, and I will then furnish you with license papers."

"What authority have you, any way, in the matter?"

"Oh, I'm special attorney for the town, and regulate these matters as I deem wisest."

"O, that's the way you obtain your living, is it—by legal robbery? You are what might with propriety be called a legal highwayman, are you?"

"I shall report you, young man, to the town authorities, and order your arrest, or at least recommend it."

"All I ask of you is, not to exceed your authority, for law, at best, you know, is all a swindle now-a-days. There was a time when there was some reason to expect justice, when law was had recourse to, but now it is just the reverse of this."

"If you are not more civil, sir, I will make you feel the *force* of law, if there is no *justice* in it."

"Squire, I came in here on a perfectly honorable and legitimate business, and now,

if you do not want to look at my books, you can say so, and be gentlemanly about it, for I demand civil treatment. Had I no legal right to canvass, I should not, but knowing that I have, I shall stick to it, and if you expect to frighten me into paying you a fee, I think that you will not succeed, as I question your authority in the matter."

He boiled over with wrath, showed me the door, and tried to impress upon my mind the fact that I had better pass out of it in a hurry.

"Hold on a moment," said I to the young limb of the law. "I know what the law is concerning the matter," at the same time taking out of my pocket the printed statute, and it is needless to say that he raised no more law points, and retired from the field in disgust.

I made up my mind, then and there, that where there was the fewest lawyers to be found, there was the more justice, and when justice shall be fully and impartially executed, not only more thorough-bred criminals will be found guilty, and be punished according

to their guilt, but the greatest criminals of all will be found among the lawyers themselves, who by all means ought to be made to take the place of the criminals that they convict.

Of course I did not get this attorney to subscribe, for being defeated in his suit for a license fee, he felt none too gracious towards me; and I did not try to insure his wordly goods, for I had much rather they should burn up than not, having no sympathy whatever with the man. Disgusted with the lawyer, who knew no better than to assail every one that came across his path, with some legal question, I bade him good morning, and left him in his study, where I hope he afterwards posted himself upon the law regarding licenses, so that he has not since dogged every passer-by for a fee.

The next house I came upon was that of an Englishman, a cooper by trade, whom I found making tubs in which the farmers in the surrounding country packed their butter. Seating myself on a barrel near him, I began to discourse upon the subject of books, while

he at the same time kept busily at work, which proceeding generally indicates that the person to whom you are talking is not over and above interested in the subject under consideration. After viewing my man over, canvassing his form and features, I deemed it to be my best plan to introduce to his attention, in the first place, a copy of the "Galley Slaves." Taking out the book, I opened it and called his attention to the illustrations therein; and while he was engaged in looking at them, I rapidly alluded to the subject matter of the works as of remarkable interest, so much so, that no one who ever bought it appeared to regret it. Returning the book to my hands in few moments, he remarked:

"There hain't no use of talking or reading about those fellers, for an 'onest man 'as got to be a slave 'imself, if he gets an 'onest living; hanyhow I works 'ere from sunrise till sunset, scratching mighty 'ard, and gets a poor living at that, sir."

"What you say is true, sir, for it is a notorious fact that the man that is devoid of

principle, a rascal at heart, a villain by nature, a thief by practice; who makes it his business to cheat and rob other people, oftentimes succeeds in acquiring wealth, and through his wealth, a high social position; and the public will cater to such people always, in preference to an honest, upright, capable man, who struggles in his poverty, to acquire an honest living, and people are ever ready to pay a premium for the services, influence, and patronage of such monied, unprincipled men."

"But," said I to my friend, "you, no doubt, find a good deal of satisfaction in laboring to maintain your integrity and honesty unimpaired."

"Sometimes it appears like mighty poor comfort, sir, in trying to do it, while one man 'as to fight against such hodds, and all of these devilish sharpers are growing rich by skinning other people's purses."

"Never mind; you will come out right in the end."

"End of what? end of life, I guess, if hany time."

"You'll doubtless get the best of them then, if you don't before."

"That's the only chance for an 'onest man hany'ow. There are so many crooks and twists to law 'ere in America, that these rich rascals can do what they please, and the law is made to suit their difficulties, and they go clear, while a poor laborer like myself would be shown no mercy. Yes, sir, many will do any and everything for a mean man, but an 'onest man, without money, stands no chance at all in law, or society."

"You are right, sir, poverty stands no chance with riches, honesty with rascality; the poorer the man, however honorable he may be, the less he is thought of by society in general, while a rich man's influence is courted in society, church, and state."

"That's just so, Mister, for there's Mr. Burns, over in the center of the town, who has got rich selling rum, and making people miserable, and he 'as a fine span of 'orses, a fine carriage, and people say he is such a nice man; so they put 'im on the committee to manage church affairs, town business and

everything of the kind. They don't think of 'ow many poor children 'ave starved to death through 'is infernal traffic."

"Stick to your principles, Mr. Lowe, and you will triumph yet."

"I am a going to for a while yet, and so I can't buy any books now, hany'ow."

"Well, sir, you know best what you can do, and so I will not urge you."

"Perhaps you will be coming this way again, sometime, when I may be able to buy something of you, if I wish to."

Being interested in him and his principle, I told him that I should be that way again probably, and took my departure, meditating as I journeyed on upon the proverb, "the destruction of a poor man is his poverty," and I also thought of the deceitfulness of riches, and of how much more money is valued than principle.

CHAPTER V.

THE next individual that I labored with, was, in his own estimation, an exceedingly important one, viz.: the physician of the town, and in those days the town's people thought that what their minister and doctor could not explain and account for, would not admit of an explanation, and was altogether unaccountable.

He was one of those naturally pompous, egotistic young physicians, who esteem themselves wise above their day and generation, and possessed with marvellous, if not miraculous gifts of healing, and by constantly magnifying his works, he succeeded in inflating, as it were, the mind of the public, with a similar sense of his wonderful powers, and

the people would flock to this "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," until they found out to their sorrow the shallowness of his pretended knowledge, and realized the force and truth of an old adage, and one that people in general are mighty slow in believing, to wit, that it is only the "still waters that run deep," and also that it is the smallest kind of fish that are caught in noisy, running, gurgling streams.

I gained admission into his private office, and while we were engaged in the usual preliminary conversation, relative to the weather, prevailing diseases, and the times in general, his office door-bell rang, and he pompously strided toward and opened the door, when he was saluted by about as forlorn and demented a looking individual of the male persuasion as one often sees, with the inquiry if he was Dr. Charre, and being informed that he stood in the presence of that august personage, he walked in. I thought that I would step outside while the consultation was being held, but the Doctor, with a wave of his hand, requested me to seat myself, and I did so. The

Doctor, in turning his attention to the patient, inquired "what he could do for him."

The patient proved to be of Celtic origin, and replied in his own peculiar brogue:

"In respect to ye, sir, I have a very great impression upon me bowels, with great pain sometimes, and more times I don't, but, may it plaze yer honor, there is great sickness in me stomach, and powerful dizziness in me head, 'pearing as how the top of me skull would be poked off o' me."

The Doctor began to pry into the case, by means of various inquiries, as follows:

"Have you not had, Mr. Doherty, particularly at night, optical delusions?"

"And what is that same thing that yer mean?"

"I mean flitting visions, spectacular scenes, dancing, moving objects, passing before the field of your mental or natural vision, as it were of colored lights passing before the eyes, or the flying by of lightning-bugs and other illuminating objects?"

"I have had none of these things in my eyes sure, for I can see right smart, and how

could I, in faith, if my eyes were full of those fellers?"

"You do not seem to fully comprehend the full purport of this kind of symptomatology."

"In faith, Docther, I don't that same."

"Well, then, have you any tinnitis or sonorous reverberations within your cranial cavity, when you feel on the top of your skull the pressure from within?"

"What is this you mean, Docther?"

"Any sounds, noises?"

"O, no, Docther, it's all quiet inside, in respect to ye, exceptin' a powerful rattlin' and rumblin' in me belly, sir, and when that comes on to me, it pulls me all up double in a heap, wid the powerful pain."

"When you have these pains, does there seem to be any transmission of sympathetic influence, through the conducting medium of the sympathetic nerve, and the connecting links of nerve ganglia from the abdomen to the cerebrum or cerebellum?"

With an expression of mortal terror the poor Celt replied that he "had not had any of 'em, at all, at all."

"Stand up here, Mr. Doherty, and let me sound your bowels and your thorax a moment."

After a vigorous pounding, and thorough percussing of the same, the Doctor summed up the evidence as presented by the symptoms, and thus came to the question of the diagnosis of what he thought to be the patient's actual disease, which he finally pronounced to be as follows:

"Your trouble, my dear fellow, is this: Your bowels are so overstrained by the presence and pressure of the superabundant gases therein, that it seriously interferes with and greatly retards the vermicular motions, and the peristaltic action of the villous surfaces lining the intestinal tract, giving rise to violent spasmodic perturbations of the muscular walls, producing in turn, acute congestion and active inflammation of the peritoneal surface, thereby destroying the equilibrium of the circulatory forces; the disturbance of the various currents and counter currents, as they radiate and ramify from the blood center, to wit, the heart, finally reacting upon the brain,

through the medium of the spinal cord and sympathetic nerve ganglion, causes the cerebral disturbance, or the feeling that you complain of, as if the top of your head was going to bulge out, and your only hope, Mr. Doherty, is in harmonizing these discordant elements, and in regulating these fractious functions, and I shall treat you upon the true, as well as wonderful, mysterious homœopathic theory, "*similia, similibus curantur*," and in strict accordance with it I shall give you something that will produce another ache, so that when the secondary ache shall come to equal the first, or natural ache, the two will coalesce, harmonize, and pass away like a gentle, noiseless zephyr."

"Ha, an' sure, Docther, you flather me; but can you cure me, Docther?"

"Why, yes; have I not told you so?"

"En sure you have not."

Mr. Doherty evidently had not comprehended the meaning of the doctor's wordy tirade upon his complex disorders, which he had diagnosed, but which was simply wind colic, nothing more; and as I sat there

through that somewhat protracted consultation, I wondered why the doctor used such hifalutin language in talking with his verdant patient, and I could only account for it from the fact that a great many jackasses have an irresistible desire to bray, and when one jackass brays loud and long, he attracts a great many other jackasses to him. Suffice it to say that the doctor prescribed for the patient a complex remedy, hoping and confidently expecting to hit the mark, with one or more of the medicated shot, of various sizes that he poured down his muzzle, while I am yet to learn which it was that passed away, the pain or the patient.

The doctor remarked to me, as his patient retired from his office, that it was very trying to his patience to have so many people come to him who were too stupid to comprehend anything.

I replied that there were a great many stupid people in the world, but I did not tell him that I thought he was much more stupid than was the poor Irishman who had just departed from his door, (as I certainly did), for

had I done so, it would doubtless have impaired my prospects for selling him a book.

I saw that I should be the most likely to secure this doctor for a subscriber by combatting him with his own weapons, and that the contest must resolve itself into a war of words; so after his process of mental ebullition was calmed down, I informed him that I desired to call his attention to some works of great value, and remarkable literary taste, which had delighted generations past, as they were destined to generations to come. I called his attention to the "History of the Deluge," in the first place, telling him that it gave a graphic account of the whole affair, giving the condition of the air, with all of the atmospheric changes; the barometric rise and fall; the humidity of the air; explaining all the meteorological phenomena; giving measurements of the actual rain fall; showing the motions of the great currents, and counter currents; the ebb-flow, and undertow of the universal tide; the illustrations showing the directions of the flight of the dove from the ark, and its return thither;

giving the reason as well as the illustration of the ark's resting on Mt. Ararat in preference to any other; accounting for the deep cuts in the present mountain ranges, from the fact that the ponderous ark, with its world of freight, rushed along with the rushing, mighty waters with such rapidity and awful momentum that it struck the top of these mountain ranges, and ploughed its pathway through them, as if they were stubble; the whole scene being depicted in language of surpassing eloquence, and magnificent grandiloquence.

"I am sure, doctor, that a man of your intelligence, and remarkable comprehension, can, as it were, see through the whole scene by intuition, and seize upon the world's greatest drama, with your intellectual grasp, and a man of your keen perception cannot fail to see at once the marvelous interest that pervades every sentence, and, as it were, drink into the deep recesses of your gigantic brain, the distilled quintessence of the knowledge of this consummate tragedy.

"Is this supposed to be an authoritative

description of that carnival of the material forces?" asked the doctor.

"No doubt of it, sir."

"Do you suppose that the inhabitants then living had any warning of the approaching torrents?"

"They had sufficient warning, hence the ark was made ready for the faithful."

"I mean, sir, if they probably noticed any special phenomenon, meteorological changes or conditions which led them to suspect it."

Seeing that "Old Probabilities" was not on the spot then, I expressed my doubt in the matter; but added:

"I am sure that you will be enabled to gain an intelligent idea from this work, upon this, as well as upon other questions of great value."

"Well, sir, as the public expect me to know everything, I don't wish to disappoint their expectations, so I will give you my name," and with not less than twenty-four gyrations of his long, feathered quill, he recorded in massive scrawls, and sundry scrolls, the name of Dr. Laboyse Charre.

Having made sure of his name, I summarily took my departure, feeling very much as I should think one might feel after he had been put into a huge winnowing machine, and been blown through an immense amount of chaff. While walking along, thinking of the doctor and his patient, meditating seriously upon the relations existing between them, and upon the imminent danger that the patient must be in from his disease, as the doctor diagnosed it, and the still greater danger that the Irishman was in from the doctor's complex remedy, I bethought myself of a scriptural saying, which I thought might soon apply in this case, viz: "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

I had proceeded but a little way, when I espied a farmer plowing in a field by the road-side, and I thought I would not pass him by without an attempt to get him to subscribe. Thinking that it would do his cattle good to rest, I walked up to him and said good afternoon, while he at the same time

gave his cattle a cut with his long lash, and shouted, "Gee in there, go lang, Daisy."

I judged by his actions, that he did not propose to stop and rest his bovines, so, seeing that my business was traveling, and that I had got pretty well used to it, I followed him one bout around a four acre lot, all the time buzzing in his ears, giving a glowing account of the "Pilgrim Fathers," he all the while uttering not a word but:

"Whoa, haw! Gee there, old Daisy!"

After I had followed him around that long distance, and he had reached the end of the route, I confidently expected that he would have the politeness to stop a minute and tell me to clear out, if nothing more; but to my utter surprise, he gave old "Daisy" a mighty crack with his long lash, followed by his regular charge, "Whoa, haw! Gee in there, old Daisy!"

I now thought that the old agriculturist was taking things most decidedly cool, and not just liking the idea of being altogether ignored by the ploughman, I accosted him as follows:

"Mister, I am sure that it won't hurt you nor old 'Daisy,' if you stop and rest a moment, and while you are resting, I wish to show you something of great value."

He did not so much as look at me, but lashing old 'Daisy' once more, shouted:

"Whoa, haw! Gee up there, Daisy!"

I became somewhat exasperated over the situation, not liking the actions of the sullen, obstinate farmer, so I resolved to attract his attention for one moment, at least. I took the pistol from my pocket, which I always carried loaded for my protection, while traveling in these backwoods, and as I did so I stepped just back of the farmer as he walked along in the furrow, and fired right by his head, at a blackbird that sat on a limb of a tree a little ways off. "Old Daisy" jumped out of the furrow, giving the farmer a lively jerk, that pulled him down on to his knees, but hanging on to the plow-handles. he soon jumped up, and shouted once again:

"Whoa, haw! Gee in there, old Daisy!"

I at last saw through the secret of the old man's sullenness, for he proved to be stone

deaf, not hearing the report of the pistol, and as I started to walk away, I looked back, and seeing the old fellow plodding on, I sat my satchel down, and resting my hands on my knees, I laughed heartily over the affair, and many times afterward, as I related the incident to people whom I met, I could not help laughing, and they seemed to enjoy the joke as well as myself.

Somewhat amusing, also, was a case of mistaken identity. I called upon another farmer, read the contents of my prospectus to him, recited to him several interesting passages from the "History of the Deluge," but all to no purpose. At this interview, I found him at his house. Later in the day, as I was traveling along, I saw a farmer at work haying in the field, so I went out into the hay-field, and secured his attention long enough to read to him the contents of my prospectus, and quoted the same interesting passages from the "History of the Deluge," when to my surprise, he broke out:

"Young man! I should think that you would get your story learned, by and by, for

this is the second time you have recited that yarn to me, to-day."

Sure enough, he was the same farmer whom I saw at his house earlier in the day, but having changed his dress so much, I did not recognize him.

On the following day, I overtook a man driving his cows to pasture, and walking along with him, I read to him, as usual, the contents of my prospectus, and recited the same old passages from the "History of the Deluge," when he burst out laughing, and asked:

"How many more times, young man, are you going to besiege me with your 'History of the Deluge?' This is the third time, already, that you have done it."

"I could hardly believe it, but sure as my name was Ikabod, there stood before me the veritable farmer who I had attacked at his home, in the hay-field, and now on the highway. I always thought that I was pretty good at remembering faces, but this omnipresent farmer was too much for me altogether.

It was slightly embarrassing to me at the time, but ever afterwards, in thinking of the incident, it appeared so ridiculous in itself, that I could not refrain from laughing over it.

It was now late in the afternoon of the third day of July, and as the following day was the fourth, and there was to be a celebration, I put up at the small hotel in the center of the town, prepared to enjoy the festivities of the day, as business was out of the question, while the whole attention of the entire populace was so completely diverted from labor and care, and directed toward the ceremonies and festivities of Independence Day.

The landlord of this country inn, was a fat Dutchman, who was in one of his jolliest moods, in view, no doubt, of the great influx of custom that he hoped to receive on the succeeding day. He depicted, in glowing terms, the various features of the morrow's celebration; spoke of the grand cavalcade of horsemen in full regalia, that was to head the long procession, which was composed of the dignitaries of the town; a trades procession,

representing all of the different trades; several couples riding in the old-fashioned position style, &c.

The prominent feature of the day's celebration was to be the oration, which was to be delivered on the village green, by Timothy Beetle, Esq., the lawyer of the place, who had his office in the Dutchman's hotel, and who imbibed enormous quantities of the Dutchman's lager. In the evening there was also, to be a grand display of fire-works. The great celebration was the universal topic of conversation at the village hotel, all the evening long.

I thought that I would retire early, so as to be refreshed and strengthened for the exercises of the great and glorious day, so near at hand. I did not sleep much, for what with the depredations of the mosquitoes, and the infernal noise of tin horns, tin pans, fire crackers, cannon, and the howling young Dutch around the premises, rest was out of the question, until towards morning, when I suppose the young gamins either retired to rest, or went for refreshments. I was enabled to put

in just about one and one-half hours sleep during all that horrible night.

The sun arose bright, clear and hot, on the morning of the great day; and people of all sorts, sexes, sizes, colors and conditions, came flocking into town soon after sunrise, in drays, droskeys, diligencies, dump carts, cattle teams, with rack wagons, on horse back, mule back, astride jackasses; one man came riding an ox, another a cow; and so on they came in hybrid procession, borne upon the backs of everything sporting legs and a tail. The Dutch landlord, standing on the piazza to his hotel, and gazing upon the motley throng wending its circuitous way toward the village green, turned towards me, and with a broad grin on his face, and with a loud and heavy slap of his hand upon his uplifted thigh, said:

"Mynheer, dis am shoost one big day for Rensselaer."

At half past eight, the Marshal of the day, who was a little bantam of a man, mounted on a buckskin pony, came riding toward the village green, all bedecked with red, white and blue ribbons, and just as he appeared

upon the scene, the band struck up, and the great cavalcade and procession began to form, so as to be ready to start promptly at 9 o'clock, the advertised hour. The procession when fully organized and started on its grand march, consisted of twenty-five horsemen, six men mounted on mules, the man astride his ox, another riding his cow, six horses with men and women both thereon, these followed by the trades, to wit: A shoe maker at work on his bench, in a one-horse dump cart; a baker moulding a lump of dough on a table placed in a rack wagon; a dairyman churning in an ox cart, with a cow tied to the hind end of the cart, followed by her sucking calf; a tanner with a two horse load of hemlock bark, with sides of leather hanging on the wagon stakes; the town crier in a top carriage, ringing his bell; a tinsmith making a clothes boiler in a cart drawn by a jackass; the yeast man with his cart, blowing his tin horn, and the town sexton with the hearse, brought up the rear of the great procession. The appearance of the hearse in the procession seemed to some, to be rather sacrilegious, but in a



"The Rear of the Great Procession."

town of the size of Rensselaer, they had to muster everything and everybody, in order to make a decent show as to numbers.

As I had nothing else to do, I followed the crowd that followed the procession, and just as the horses, which bore the men and women together on their backs, were passing down the main thoroughfare, a boy threw a fire-cracker into the road, which made one of the horses rear up, and the old lady, seeing that she was destined to slide off the rear end of the horse, grabbed hold of the man's coat-tail in front of her, and as she slid down the horse's back-bone, the man held on to the

bits, while his coat-tail kept lengthening out until the old woman hung half way off the horse's rear, clinging to that coat-tail for dear life, and yelling like murder, when some one came to her rescue and caught her before she fell.

This fracas so frightened the horse that was attached to the dump-cart in which was the shoemaker at work on his bench, that he kicked up, knocked out the pin that held the fore part of the cart-body down, so that the cart dumped the shoemaker uncereemoniously into the street; this, of course, frightened the cattle drawing the cart with the dairyman churning therein, and the cow tied behind, so that they started to run, and they made good time, while the cow held back, and much of the time was drawn along by her horns, all the while a bellowing, and the man was holding on to his churn, with the milk or cream, whichever it was, a flying all over him. The jackass, apparently thinking that insubordination was in order, began to bray, gave one mighty kick with both hind feet, and then could not be made to stir out

of his tracks. Matters looked very serious for a time, and very much as though the hearse that was in the rear might not be so much out of place in a Fourth of July procession, after all, as people seemed to think, but finally the great procession returned to its starting point, somewhat disorganized, 'tis true, by the catastrophe that had occurred.

The little marshal, mounted on his buckskin nag, did not prove to be a success in marshaling the procession, for his pony had the spring-halt badly, and when things got so mixed up during the general scare, his horse took fright with the rest and started off on a brisk trot, and the marshal not being able to keep time with the horse, in his goings down and comings up, on it's back, got awfully shook up, and see-sawed, and the pony all the while increasing its gait soon became unmanageable, so that the marshal was obliged to let go his check-rein and devote all his energies to hanging on to the saddle, while the horse took a bee-line across the lot for the village green, and left the grand cavalcade to follow suit. I certainly thought that this

was quite an auspicious opening of the exercises of the "great day for Renssalaer," and if everything passed off so nearly according to programme as the procession had, the celebration must prove a success indeed.

It was now ten o'clock, a. m., just one hour before the great oration was to be delivered on the village green, so I sauntered out on to the fair-ground to witness some of the miscellaneous sports, which were being enjoyed by quite a crowd. I first looked at the men climbing a greased pole, to secure the prize at the top, which was a red silk bandanna. The man had reached nearly the top, when another youth thought he would try his luck, and after he had succeeded in working his passage half way up the pole, the fellow at the top lost his grip, and slid down in such hot haste that he struck the youth below, plumb on his head, knocking him senseless.

Another scene, which greatly amused me and the crowd standing by, was this: Instead of a greased pig they had a full grown hog in a pen, thoroughly oiled, and as it was let

loose from its cage it was to be the prize for any one who could catch it, and hold it for five minutes. Several persons had tried in vain, as they now and then would get a grip only to lose their hold the next moment. A stout, burly looking Irishman, who had stood near by me, had been an interested and anxious spectator, and tapping me on my shoulder, he called my attention to two pieces of coarse sand-paper, that he held in his hands, and said:

"Mister, when I gets a pull at him, be gorra, I'll stick."

It was not long before a good opportunity presented itself, and Patrick made a dive, and landed square on the hog's back, wound his arms around its neck, his legs around its body, when away the hog ran, Pat clinging to his prey, and the crowd following with shouts of laughter. The hog made directly for a pair of bars, where the lower rail had been left down, and as it dashed through, Pat's head came in collision with the rail above, which made a clean sweep of him from off the hog's back, when he gave up the chase, and rising

from the dirt, he looked in the distance at the still rapidly retreating hog, and shouted:

"Be jabbers, go it, you slippery cuss, I ain't after ye; you are too much pork to be after handling without mittens."

Just here the programme was changed, so that instead of having the oration at 11 A. M. they concluded to have the dinner, followed by toasts, and have the oration at 2 P. M. Feeling quite hungry, I thought the change of programme a good one, and I went into the large tent and dined with the dignitaries of the town, paying fifty cents for the privilege. Regarding the dinner, suffice it to say, that it was a pretty commendable affair, for the day and place.

After dinner, toasts and speeches were in order, and the Dutch landlord was master of ceremonies, and toast master in particular. After a short introductory speech, he announced the first toast, as follows:

"The glorious Fourth, may it shoost come every day in der year;" and called upon Seth Harkins, the Town Clerk and Postmaster, to respond, which he did in this wise:

"As the landlord has just remarked, the Fourth of July am an exciting day for young as well as old, and as the landlord suggested, I should like plaguy well to have it come every day in the year, except Sundays, if it wa'n't so outrageous hot, and my haying was done, and I had nothing else to do. I think, however, that people would object, as I should be obliged to keep the Post Office closed all of the time, seeing that the Fourths are legal holidays, according to law and custom."

The toast master arose, and said: "That it was as plain as der daylight, that his toast was not made shoost right, for in dis case, either der Post Office or Independence Day would have to be null and void."

The second toast was: "The dairymen of Rensselaer; may their cows never dry up;" and a great, stout farmer, by the name of Linus Lapland, was called upon to respond to it.

Rising from his seat in the further part of the great tent, he said that "he was very grateful to the toast master for the very kind and generous wishes that he had expressed

for the welfare of the dairymen of Rensselaer, and what is still better, I have already been blessed with the kind of success expressed in the toast, for two of my cows, Spot and Brindle, have not dried up for more than two years, and I'll be blowed, if I don't think that they never will. My only regret now is, that the rest of my cows don't go and follow the illustrious example of their glorious fellow companions. I don't know as I have anything more to say, but, Mr. Toast Master, I should like to hear from my brother dairymen if it is in order."

"Shoost as dey please," replied the toast-master.

An elderly looking man, with a quacking, shrill voice, of unmistakable Irish brogue, arose, and asked Mr. Lapland "what he did to make those two cows hold out so in their yield of milk."

He replied that he served them all alike, and that this especial favor was entirely voluntary on their part.

The toast-master now called upon some one to take the chair while he stepped down in

the audience a moment or two. I saw that he was aiming for me, and as he reached my side, he inquired my name, and having ascertained it, he shouted:

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I desire to announce a toast, with your consent."

"Go it," replied the chairman pro tem.

"Mr. Chairman, the stranger mit us; might he make shoost one in our midst, and feel at home mit us, and be happy on dis great day we all celebrate."

The chairman called for the name of the stranger.

"It am Ikabod Izax," replied the Dutchman.

"Ikabod Izax has the platform," shouted the chairman.

Now, knowing as I did, that the Dutch landlord had an eye to business, when he announced his first toast, viz.: "The glorious Fourth; may it shoost come every day in der year," (for he expected a rush at his hotel,)

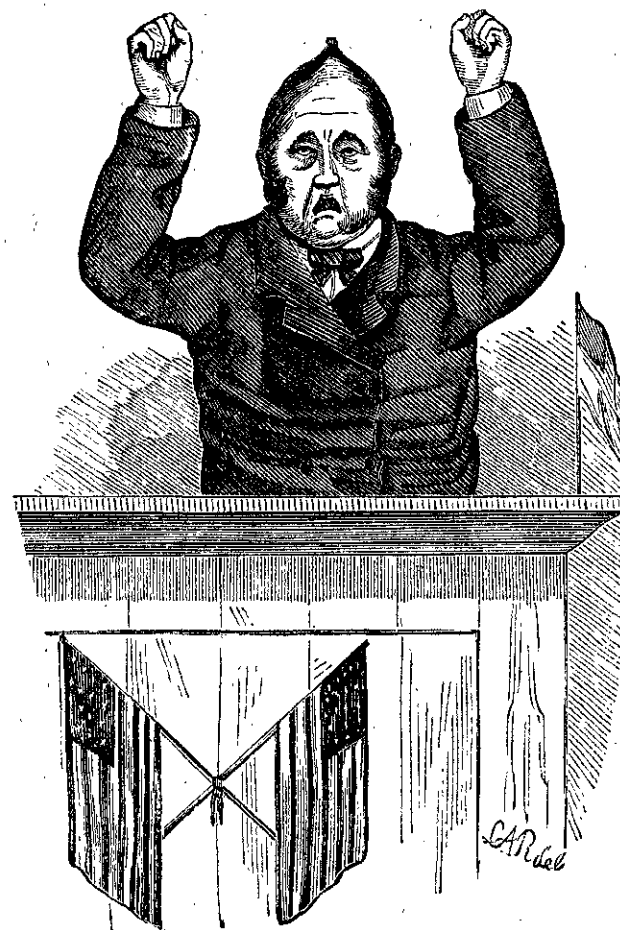
I thought I had better improve this opportunity for my benefit, so I responded as follows:

"I am, as a great many others have been, a stranger and a pilgrim on the face of the earth, and I am especially so here among you to day. It is pleasant, however, to every stranger, as it has been to me to-day, to receive kind attention from people among whom our lot chances to be cast. But what must have been your feelings, or mine, had we been cast upon a bleak, rocky, foreign, hostile shore, in the midst of a bleak winter, everything around us bearing the impress of desolation, and no one present to care for, or sympathize with us? If there is any one here who does not revere the memory of our "Pilgrim Fathers," then whoever he or she may be, that individual ought not to have any right, or title, to the joys of Independence Day. I have been very much interested in reading the history of our "Pilgrim Fathers," and I advise all of you, who have not read it, to purchase it immediately, and see what a treat, a rich, intellectual repast awaits you. In a more direct response to the toast, I would say, that I pro-

pose to "make myself one in your midst" for a few days, and I trust that I shall be made supremely happy by you all, in your subscriptions for this marvellous book, which I shall show to you all as I call upon you from house to house."

As it was now nearly time for the oration to be delivered, a motion was made to adjourn until the next Fourth of July, which motion was speedily carried. Promptly at 2 o'clock, the orator arrived, and was conducted to the platform by the marshal who figured so conspicuously in the procession, in the early part of the day. He introduced the orator of the day in the following language:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Rensselaer: Allow me to make known to you all, both young and old, rich and poor, high and low, short and tall, weak and strong, and the rest of you, whatever be the condition of your body, mind, or estate; allow me, I say again, to introduce to you Right Honorable Timothy Beetle, LL. D., Esq., who will now proceed, according to programme and prior appointment, to harrow up your emotions, and set them, as



"Right Hon. Timothy Beetle, LL. D., Esq."

it were, to rising, with the yeast of his unfathomable and incomprehensible eloquence, and let me charge you now, and once for all, to give him your undeviating attention, as the rich morsels which he extracts from the mysterious caverns of his microscopic brain, roll out of his mouth and drop into your ears, which will tickle and reverberate in them like the music of the spheres."

The marshal sat down, wiped the perspiration from his brow, when the orator arose, and bowing to the marshal, proceeded to deliver his oration, of which the following is an extract:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It is with mixed feelings of awe and anguish, that I stand here, on this platform, on this momentous occasion, to give you the healthy results of my daily meditations and nightly dreams, for the past six months, upon the deeply interesting, all-absorbing, soul-stirring, world-sweeping subject of our National Independence. (Cries of "good, good.") Let us, in order that we may take it all in at one view, swallow it at one mouthful, and digest it in

one brief hour, just review the incidents which attended the birth, weaning, and inconceivable development of this infant nation; the marvelous monstrosity of human machinations and achievement. (Cheers, and cries of "down in front.") The glorious orb of day, as it rides around the world, making a clean sweep and everything red hot in its remorseless and shadeless track across the heavens, bedecked with planetary, starry, and satellite jewels, never shone into the nursery windows of such an hitherto unimaginable, unknown, impossible, non-creatable progeny of nations, nor never will. (Cries of "he's a Millerite.")

The marshal arose, and cried out, "Order, Order I say; let order reign in these domains for the rest of the day."

An old, rheumatic woman, who stood beside me, whispered to her bosom companion, and asked him "if that feller was going to lecter all day?"

Order being restored, the orator proceeded: "When this infant was torn from its trans-Atlantic breast, and, like Moses, was put to

sea, not exactly in a bulrush boat, but in a May Flower, (cries of "why, how dare they?") tossed on the waves and tides, which it was as incompatible to resist, while bearing this gold dust in earthly tabernacles, as it would be for a mole without eyes to tunnel a mountain; a woman with a parasol to shelter the whole population of the globe during a violent thunder storm; or for an infant two days old to eat sailors' biscuit, or army hard tack. (Laughter and cheers). After this wonderful infant nation landed on its foreign shore, looking and crying for adoption, its mother country still swung the lash, and continued to box its ears. But when it grew up in the lap of time, and made its own tea, using Boston Harbor for a teapot, and filled it with the Atlantic Ocean, then it was that its mother country began to think that it might possibly have to be weaned, and feared that it might soon go alone, (cries of "good, good,") and when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the maternal ties were soon severed. The sound of that old brass bell in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, which sounded our independence in 1776,

still reverberates throughout the land, and re-echos in the hearts of the American people, on every succeeding Fourth of July. This infant nation, then and there, sold its English pottage for a mess of Yankee birth-right. (Here the Dutch toast master nudged me, and said, "Ain't he shoost one mighty big gun?") This wonderful infant they christened Uncle Sam, and they chose for his colleague the great American eagle. They chose the eagle because in its lofty soarings, majestic flights beyond the clouds, it was emblematical of the way this infant was to develop and spread. Again, as the eagle gathers the insects on mountain crags, and dives into the deep waters gathering fish in its talons for its young, so will Uncle Sam pick up the outlying provinces, and the islands of the seas, as territory for the growth and enlargement of his dominions; and thus may things hum, until Uncle Sam shall become the grand dictatorial sachem of the whole family of kingdoms, and until he can play with kings and queens, as a man would with dice, shaking them up together, and see what he can

make out of the game. (Cries of 'good, good.') As the Aurora Borealis streaks up the northern horizon, flashing in its parti-colored lights, it simply reflects, as it were, the rising glory of Uncle Sam's power; as the vivid lightnings dart across the heavens, in their quick, zigzag, delirium tremens movement, they portray the rapidity of the master strokes of policy, which Uncle Sam executes now and then, to the utter astonishment of the awe struck universe. As the deep, long, loud rumbling thunder reverberates through the heavens above, and shakes the earth beneath, it is, as it were, but the voice of Uncle Sam, speaking in commanding tones to the nations of the earth. Then let the American Eagle expand its wings, spread its tail, and soar, and dive, and dive and soar, until with its gigantic beak it picks out the life and heart of all other nations, and returns triumphantly to rule and reign o'er earth's domains, bringing in its world-grasping talons, the gory and ghastly remains of the slain kingdoms." (Cries of "hurrah! hurrah!")

Space will not allow of a more extended

quotation from the oration, but I have given enough to convince any one of the real merit thereof, and suffice it to say that it created quite a sensation, and the lawyer's reputation, as a public speaker, it is needless to say, was now fully assured.

The display of fire-works in the evening, was a pretty grand affair, and I suppose that not a single person in the whole town remained at home that evening, unless it was such as were bed-ridden for some good cause, or genuine illness. People flocked to the show that evening, whose ages ranged from three weeks to ninety-nine years, and in my best judgment I should think that the babies present, who were under three weeks of age, must have numbered as high as one hundred and fifty, so of course, the display of fire-works was well interspersed with music.

Thus passed away the greatest of celebrations that had ever been noted in all this region, one long to be remembered, and on the following morning I resumed my journey on the highways, in search of subscribers.

People recognized me for miles around as

the person that was introduced to the Fourth of July audience as Ikabod Izax, and remembered my alluding to the "Pilgrim Fathers" in my reply to a toast, hence they were quite ready and curious to look at and examine it. I met with very good success during the remainder of the time I tarried in this vicinity, not only in securing subscribers, but in placing insurance upon their property. Doubtless a few more incidents that transpired during my travels thereabouts may not prove uninteresting, but before relating them let us see what the publishers have written.

CHAPTER VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., July 3d, 18—

IKABOD IZAX, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

In your latest report, we received the welcome intelligence that you are making a grand success of your undertaking, especially for a beginner, and if you continue in your good work, we believe that you will surprise yourself, as you have us already. We confess now that we allowed you to go to work for us, with many misgivings as to your fitness for the work, and you have proved to be true, that which you told Fox, Bean & Co., the publishers upon whom you called before engaging with us, viz: that "they could not tell by its looks how far a toad could jump." You have jumped into success much sooner than we anticipated. Should we issue any new books, we shall calculate upon you to help sell them. Now that you know so well how to read human nature, and just what tactics to resort to in getting people to sub-

scribe, we advise you to stick to the business, and we will ever glory in your success. Report often, and we don't care how favorably, only the more so the better, of course.

Yours, &c.,

LION, SKINNER & CO.

It appears quite evident that the publishers are beginning to appreciate my services and successes, and have ceased to doubt my qualifications for a canvasser.

I had walked about a half of a mile or more after leaving the Dutchman's hotel, when I came upon a small log cabin, with a little barn or out-shed, both of which were situated some distance back from the road, on some newly cleared land. I saw smoke issuing from the chimney, so I thought it best to inspect the premises. Following the path that led to the house, I soon presented myself at the door, and after knocking a full blooded negro came to the door, and upon wishing him good morning, he replied :

"Good mornin, sar, good mornin."

"Do you live here all alone, my friend?"

"Not quite, sar, my wife Sarah has gone to town just now, sar."

"You have no children, then?"

"Not any here now, sar; we've lost two, sar."

"Can you read?"

"I reckon so, sar."

"I would like then to show you some books, and possibly you may like them well enough to want to subscribe for them."

"Have a seat, sar."

Seeing that the weather was very warm, I told him I would sit on the bench just outside in the shade, so he seated himself beside me, while I showed him a copy of the "Galley Slaves," calling his attention to certain points of interest, showing him the most interesting illustrations, and I read to him several extracts from the book, so that he might thereby obtain a general idea of the work. After listening very attentively to me for some time, and eyeing me very closely, he asked me where I hailed from, and upon informing him that I came from the State of Massachusetts, his countenance brightened up, and he asked me

"if I was an abolitionist and a friend of the poor slaves."

I replied that I was.

"Can you keep a secret, sar?"

"I think I can."

"Well, sar, you know that a little while ago you asked me if I had any children, and I told you that I had lost two."

"Yes."

"Well, Massa, those two children are slaves at de Souf, and I am a runaway slave, what am escaped from his massa, and nobody around here knows who I am."

"Is that so?"

"Dat am the truth."

"What is your name?"

"I go by de name ob Harry Hines now, but my slave name was Tom Saunders."

"How and when did you make your escape?"

"Well, sar, I'll just tell you all about it. It was on one warm afternoon, in de month ob June, fo' years ago, dat Massa sent me out into de pine woods, near Kingston, North Carolina, for to cut de pine trees, so as to

make the pitch run, to make turpentine wid. Dere was three more fellers wid me, but we did not work together, being instead, scattered about in de woods wherever we found de pines dat we wanted to fix. De boss ob de gang was an old man, who could not travel werry fast, and de hounds were all left at home dat day, so I thought I would work as far away from de rest as I could, and if I could get a good start, I would try my luck at running away. It was about an hour afo' sunset, when I had worked my way well into de woods, yet not so far but dat de sound ob my axe as well as theirs was heard, when I started on a dead run. I knew de country round dar berry well, and knowing dat I had got a long road to travel before I should dare to ask for anything to eat, I stuffed most ob my dinner into my pocket. I ran as hard as I could for more than two hours, and reached the river late in the evening. Here hiding mysel' I waited until about midnight before I dared to start out ob de woods, and go down to de river bank. Finally, after reaching de bank ob de river, I looked along shore for

quite a distance, when I saw an old dug-out, which is nothing but a log hollowed out, and sticking two or three old dried limbs into it, one on each end, and another in de middle ob de log, so as to make it look like an old tree floating down de river, I pushed off from shore, laid down in de boat, and floated off down stream bound for Morehead City, where I knew dat de steamers from de North used to load up with cotton and turpentine. I was more than three nights making my passage down there, for I did not dare to float along in de daytime, as on the second evening I started along pretty early, before it was werry dark, and was floating down in de middle ob de stream, some hunters on shore spied de log in de river, and I heard one ob 'em say 'Dat log looks like a dug-out, don't it, boys?' Anodder one said, 'No, its nuffin but an old dead tree, for don't you see de limbs stretching out all around it, you fools.' Just then one ob 'em said, 'Let's all fire into it, and if it is a dug-out, and any darkey is in it he will be pretty apt to squeal, or show his colors.' I thought my time had come shuah,

and my heart bumped agin the bottom ob dat ere log right smart, as I lay face downwards in one end ob it, but I was glad ob one thing, Mister, and dat was, dat my 'colors' would not show worth a cent in the dark. Well, sar, dey all fired at once, and I should think by the sound ob de bullets dat struck de dug-out, dat dere must have been more than a dozen ob dem, but being so far from shore, de bullets did not trouble me, but lodged in de side ob de dug-out. Not hearing any squeal, or seeing any colors come out, one feller said, 'You were right, Dick, dat's an old dry tree, and we are all fooled dis time, shuah, and no game.' Shuah 'nuff, dey was fooled, for dey did not suppose dere was a big black possum in that old dry tree."

"But look here, Harry, how did you keep the dug-out from working in towards shore?"

"Just this way, sar. You see dat as I laid down in de dugout, I could not see whether I was gwine toward the shore or no, so I took a long bladed knife dat I carried in my pocket and bored a hole on each side ob de dug-out, just above the place where de water come, so

dat I could peek through, and when I saw dat I was gwine toward shore, I would drop and drag de limb on de opposite side in de water, which would set me right again."

"Did you not get hungry?"

"Yes, sar, but in de dead ob night I would work in on shore, pick up roots and bark, and now and then I would catch a fish, using a string for a line, and a bent pin for de hook, and a piece of de cold meat I saved in my pocket, for de bait, but I found it werry tough, sar, eating de fish raw. I had not been floating along more than two hours, on de fourth night, when I found dat I was coming to Morehead City, my place ob destination, whar I hoped to find some steamer, and some way by which I could fool de hands at work, and steal aboard, and hide myself until she put to sea and during the passage. Putting in shore I now left my old dug-out and put into de woods, all de blessed while working my way to de steamer landing. It was about one or two o'clock in de morning when I reached de edge ob de woods near de steamer landing, and I spied de steamer dare wid de blessed ole flag

a floating on de mast, and dare was several negroes at work loading cotton, turpentine, rice and sich. I thought it was queer enough dat dey should be loading up at dat time ob night, but I found out afterward dat de steamer was late, and ought to habe gone de day before, and could not stay away longer, and so dey must work at night. How to get aboard and not be found out, was de tug ob war wid dis chile, shuah. I crawled along by de shore in de dark, and when I had got within two or three rods ob de steamer, I watched my chances, so when de slaves war busily at work tugging away a rolling in de barrels ob turpentine and bales ob cotton, I rushed up in de darkness, grabbed hold ob a bale of cotton with two other negros, and shouted wid de rest, 'heigh ho, push Sam, dar she am rising,' and amid de noise and confusion ob loading coal, cotton and eberything, and by rushing around lively wid de men I was not strictly obsarved, nor suspected. I had an eye out for my own storage, and ebery time I went down into de hold with a load, I looked out for a place to put my carcass. It so hap-

pened dat dar was some salt fish in small tubs to be stowed away in back ob de coal bin, so when I went in with a tub, I did not throw mine in until de other fellers had gwine out, when I threw it over into de coal bin, way back in one corner, and when a good time came, I threw myself in too, and covered the fish and myself up in de coal as well as I could. It was one jolly moment for dis chile, sar, when I heard de captain say, 'haul in dat plank from de gangway,' and order de blessed tug boat to drag her out into de channel. De first puffs ob de steam tug was like heavenly music in my ears, and when we were fairly out to sea, I was a happy chile, tho' I had many small holes to crawl through yet before I was shuah ob my freedom. After living upon salt fish for twenty-four hours you may believe, sar, dat I began to believe dat dis chile was berry thirsty, and I knew as well as I knew nothing dat I could not live so until I got to de North, and just what to do I did not know; but looking carefully around, I spied a lead pipe, which carried the water from,— what is dis dey calls it?"

"The condenser?"

"Ya, ya, dats de macheen; so I took out my knife, and carefully bored a hole into de pipe, but before doing dis ting I had fixed a plug to stop up de hole with, when not in actual service, and I made dis strategy work berry well. I was obliged to keep berry quiet and shady, sar, and once I came berry near being caught while taking my drink from de pipe, for de coal bearer came walking right opposite me before I spied him, and de way I sunk out ob sight ob dat mortal on dat occasion was right smart, peart, I reckon. I felt quite anxious as I saw the pile of coal gwine away so fast, and I was berry much afraid de coal bearer would work his passage into de corner ob my retreat, but blessed am de way dat pile ob coal held out, he did not shuah. After about four days we arrived in New York Harbor, and berry soon de 'spector came a board, and peeked all around just as though eberyting was his, and I heard him ask: 'Is dare any disease or darkies in dis crew?' and de boss ob de ship said, dare was not a darkey nor dare was no disease. Ya, ya, it was lucky

for dis poor sinner dat dat 'spector did not appear to me in de bin of coal, longside ob his bit ob salt mackerel, ain't it, sar? Ya, ya, he was right smart disappointed dat time, for dare was one darkey aboard dat I knows ob, and ya, ya, dare was one disease on him too, shuah.

"Was there, Harry? What was it?"

"Yes, sar, right cher," putting his hands on his knees, hips, and shoulders; "dere was werry much roomatics in dis chile, shuah, or I don't know when de sun am rising, or nuffing else. When we got landed, I did not know for sartin how dis chile was gwine to unload hissself, and fearing dat dey would be gwine to load up wid coal again soon, I began to be uneasy and berry restless in the coal-bin. I waited until dark, and when I heard dem busily at work unloading, I watched my chances, and when de workmen had all gwine out, I wrapped myself all up, and walked off with two or three other passengers, and my color being so similar to the color ob de blessed darkness ob dat glorious night, dat no one was kind enough to distinguish me,

sar. I just kept walking, and walking, I did not know where, nor did I care, for I knew dat dis runaway chile was making progress at every step away from de old plantation, into de bowels ob de blessed freedom ob de North. As I was gwine along one country place, I spied de old flag ob freedom a flapping in de breezes, and as dere was no one round dere, I walked up to de pole, and said, 'Am dat you, shuah? Am you de stars ob de spangled banner?' Ya, ya, dat am de flag, shuah, Halleloolyah! glory, golly! I did not dare to dance around de blessed pole much for fear dat some one would distinguish me, so I kissed de pole, paid my best respects to de banner up dere, and walked along. I stopped to buy some food several times on de road, and no one frightned me, and finally I reached dis place, where I engaged to work for a farmer, who now lets me have dis cabin for to live in, and where I am a free citizen ob de North."

"You must have hated to leave your children down there in slavery."

"I reckon I did, but dey were sold away



(182)

"Hallelooyah! Glory! Golly!"

from us, so we might just as well be cher, as dare, for all ob seeing them.

"Well, Harry, I am glad indeed that you are free, give us your hand. Now, Harry, I think that instead of the 'Galley Slaves,' you had better subscribe for the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' who had about as hard a time of it in escaping from the old country, and finding their way over to this, as you had in gaining your freedom."

"I am too poor, sar, and it takes all that I can get to keep me in clothes and wittles."

"Well, Harry, I do not wish to distress you."

Seeing that it would really be burdensome to him, I thanked him for the interesting account of his escape from bondage, and reassuring him that I would tell no one, I took my departure.

In an inland country town like this, away from public communication, as it was then, its inhabitants new settlers many of them, it was not at all strange that a person traveling should chance to meet people who were more or less peculiar, and hardly up with the times, and the village schoolmistress,

a woman who had had summers enough pass over her head to take the life out of a naturally prolific head of hair, and make it tolerably grey, was a woman of just this class. I had the pleasure of dining with her, as the house where I applied for dinner happened to be her boarding place. I judged from her conversation, that she never had enjoyed the educational advantages of a seminary like Mt. Holyoke. I tackled her, after dinner, with the "Pilgrim Fathers," and though she disclaimed any personal knowledge regarding their history, she believed that she had heard her father speak of them once, when telling a story. I told her that it was eminently proper that she should possess the work, as everybody expected that persons who filled the important office of public instructor, and were thus training and guiding the minds of the young, were familiar with everything of historical interest, and of practical value in education.

"Yes, I suppose so, Mister, but I am not able to buy it now."

"Madam, you need not pay for it until I

deliver the book, two or three weeks hence, and really I should like your name, as it may help me to obtain others, seeing that you are so well known throughout the town."

Feeling highly complimented by my remarks, she subscribed, and after a little conversation in winding up the interview, she politely invited me to visit her school, and seeing that the day was intensely warm, I thought that I might as well spend a portion of the afternoon in visiting her charge. I started for the school-house a little while after she did, and at half past one, I knocked on the school-house door.

"Come in," was the loud and unladylike response.

I obeyed the summons, and upon getting inside, I found that it was an old fashioned school-house, with the long rows of benches, one on each side, extending the entire length of the room, and a third running across the rear end of the room. The teacher's desk was just one side of the door, and as I walked in, she gave me the only chair there was in the room, and seated me just about in the

center of the hollow square formed by the seats. As in many country schools in those days, there was in this, pupils of considerable age, and very old in iniquity, over whom the teacher had no control. I had not been present but a little while before I saw trouble brewing, and that her discipline was most decidedly faulty. Seated, as I have before stated, in the center of this hollow square, the pupils had a good chance to fire at me from all sides, and they could not or did not resist the temptation to improve it. Tearing up pieces of paper and stowing them into their mouths, they chewed them up into soft pulp, and made balls of them by rolling them in the palms of their hands, and every little while I could hear a heavy thud as the balls struck the ceiling overhead. Now and then one would be seemingly carelessly thrown at me, but I soon saw that it was wholly intentional on the part of the pupils.

The teacher sought to correct them two or three times, when these paper balls would be sent after her pretty lively. I looked towards the boys that were engaged in this sport, and

sought thus to deter them from any further demonstrations of the kind, but it did not avail much, and I saw that deeds, not looks, were demanded, in order to subdue the enemy. Calling to mind my interview with the deaf farmer in the field, I resolved to resort to strategy in seeking to protect myself from the insults of these pupils. Putting my hand into my pocket, I slowly and carefully withdrew therefrom my pistol, proceeded quietly and lazily to load it, at the same time directing my searching gaze toward here and there a pupil. After loading it, I looked daggers at several of the oldest pupils, and seeing their faces turning pale all around, I folded my arms, and sat there pistol in hand, without being again disturbed, and discipline was enforced for once, the pupils being pretty effectually muzzled for the rest of the afternoon.

After the geography class had recited, the teacher invited me to ask any questions that I chose, so I asked the class what made the ocean salt. One little urchin raised his hand and replied:

"It's the codfish that's in it."

"Where is the Isle of Man?"

One bright-eyed boy answered, "In the ocean."

"Whereabouts?"

"In the whale's belly."

I saw that their geographical knowledge was confined to narrow limits, and thought it useless to question them any more. The whole school were now told to repeat the fives in the multiplication table, and standing up, they repeated the table very much in keeping with the tune of Yankee Doodle, some going up to a high pitch, others low, and in all manner of keys. This performance being over, they were requested to repeat selected passages of scripture, which closed the afternoon's exercises. One fellow undertook to repeat the verse, "Ye blind guides, that strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel," and this was his version of it: "Ye blind giddies, that strain at a gnat, and swallow a corn-mill." Another started to say something about "Herod, the Tetrach," and said, "He rode the tater-cart."

At the close of school I was invited to make some remarks, and in so doing I took occasion to condemn the discipline of the school, and also gave the pupils a little wholesome advice regarding it, and advised them further what studies they should pursue. I told the pupils that as I had found them so wofully ignorant concerning matters of history, I should advise by all means a more general study of that subject in all the schools, and I knew of no books treating upon historical subjects that I should take greater pleasure in recommending than the "History of the Pilgrim Fathers," the "Galley Slaves," and the "Deluge." By studying the history of the "Pilgrim Fathers," they would possibly learn to reverence their ancestors, their grand-parents, their own parents, their teacher, those visiting their school, in short, all those who were older in years and wisdom, than they; and this lack of respect and reverence on their part, I considered to be the crowning evil with which the pupils present seemed to be badly afflicted.

In studying the history of the "Galley

Slaves," they would see what they as pupils stood in imminent danger of, if they persisted in their evil ways, and I further stated, that if I ever visited that school again, as I was liable to in a few weeks, and saw such evidences of insubordination as I had seen that afternoon, I should feel it incumbent upon me to recommend that several of the older pupils present be sent to the galleys, during the remaining years of their minority, especially those boys present who fired paper balls at me, in the earlier part of the afternoon.

Lastly, as they engaged in the study of the "History of the Deluge," they would see that people by their intolerable conduct sometimes become intolerable nuisances, and hence have to be abated, and the world washed clean of them and their guilt. "It would be a sad spectacle, indeed, young pupils, for your parents to see you engulfed in a boundless ocean of water, and doomed therein, as you are now engulfed in an unfathomable sea of iniquity, and doomed in deviltry, and pickled through and through in

the muddy waters of sin, in which you have been drifting recklessly about, hither and thither, like so many worthless sticks. Every one of you are in great jeopardy, for tough as you may think you are, in view of your flinty hearts, and reckless habits, you will find that as you are tossed on the billows of life, in the midst of all manner of craft, you who think you are so mighty now, and so consequential, you will be regarded as not worth the room you occupy in the world, nor the water that the weight of your miserable carcasses displaces in the grand old ocean of human existence, and you will all be trod upon by the throng who love and cherish law and order: will be run over and ground down by the wheels of the mighty Juggernaut cars of human decency, propriety, reverence, knowlege, power and progress. Now then, in my parting remarks, I charge you to mend your ways, you who are as wild, reckless, uncouth, as the Bedouin Arabs of the desert, and study as it were for your lives, the character of the "Pilgrim Fathers." Mend your ways now, immediately, for fear

that you will all have to follow in the paths, tread in the tracks, and dig in the vile trenches of the galleys, where many miserable wretches like you are groaning under the soreness of their punishment. You all stand in need of stern discipline, in order that you may be checked in your mad career, and were I your pedagogue, I would without further delay, serve you as the "Galley Slaves" are served; and clap a ball and chain on the leg of every one of you here this afternoon, who have shown yourselves to be such intractable vagabonds.

As I saw that several of the toughest boys in school were growing pale, and looked quite sick, I thought best not to prolong my remarks, and informed the teacher and pupils that I had but just two more words to utter, and I wanted that they all should hear and heed them, for these two words were as potent with meaning, as the great, black thunder storm-cloud then rolling up in the western sky, was mighty in its on-rushing wind, and now in the momentary stillness which preceeds the on-coming storm without, let me

sound the words in your ears, and may they ever reverberate, and re-echo in your ears, now so dull of hearing, like the distant muttering thunder, and as it portends a fearful storm, may these words be ominous to you, of the great deluge that will sweep you beyond the grasp of any straw of escape, should you not heed their timely warning, and hark! hark! hark! as I now give utterance to them in the thunder tones of my voice: **BEHAVE! BEWARE!**

After school was dismissed, the teacher thanked me for my remarks, and expressed the hope that they might not be soon forgotten by her pupils.

CHAPTER VII.

After leaving the school house, I travelled for a couple of hours, and then put up at a farm house for the night. During the evening I addressed the following letter to the publishers :

RENSSELAER, N. Y., July 6th, 18—
LION, SKINNER & Co.,
MESSRS :

I propose to go to Ogdensburg to canvass for a few days, and in the meantime I wish you to ship to me immediately, twenty-five "Galley Slaves," fifty "Pilgrim Fathers," and thirty "Deluges," as I shall want to deliver now as soon as possible, as considerable time has already elapsed since I commenced to canvass, and I fear that I shall fail to find them all, unless called upon without much longer delay. Please ship the books direct to Canton, N. Y.

Yours &c.,

IKABOD IZAX.

Returning to Canton, I took from thence the route through Lisbon to Ogdensburg, which was quite a long road, leading through farming and manufacturing districts. The first few houses that I came across were log-cabins, with little apologies for a barn, situated a short distance in the rear. I called at one of these log-cabins, and showed its owner my books, and although I exhausted all my resources in trying to get him to subscribe, it was without avail, and being desirous of accomplishing something, I asked the owner if his buildings were insured.

"No, sir, not a cent on them."

"You are very much exposed to fire, I should think, and should your buildings burn up, with your crops just gathered in, it would prove a great and disastrous loss to you, would it not?"

"It would just ruin me, sir."

"Then, had you not better have them insured?"

"How much will you charge me?"

"Suppose we examine your premises care-

fully, so as to see what the risk is, and then I will determine what rate to fix upon it."

"All right."

"How many feet is your barn from the house?"

"I don't know, sir, we can measure."

The company being very particular what risks they accepted, required buildings to be just so far apart, and all chimney flues to be perfect, or else they were classed as extra hazardous, and hence charged a higher rate. We measured the distance, and found it to be thirty-three and one-third feet. I asked what the size of the barn was, which he declared to be ten by seventeen feet, and it was about half full of hay and grain.

"What stock have you?"

"One hog, one cow, six hens, two turkeys, and a mule."

"How about the chimneys in your house?"

"Only one, sir, and that is outside the house."

"Is the wood-work inside, about the stoves, well protected?"

"Yes, sir, the pipe runs through an earthen tube."

"Well, sir, I shall have to charge you two per cent. for one year."

"How much are you going to insure me for?"

"What do you call your buildings worth?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Well, as the company will insure the



"Valued at \$1,500—Insured for \$1,000."

property for two-thirds its value, I will place one thousand insurance upon it, if you say so."

Giving his consent, I made out his appli-

cation, and I have wondered ever since, whether that man has improved his opportunity to make money, and in consequence thereof, whether the company has ever been called upon to pay the loss. Had there been any insurance board around in that vicinity in those days, I fancy that it would have criticised that risk severely, and especially would it have condemned the man who took it for them.

I noticed another house a little ways beyond, and I inquired who lived there, and was informed that an old maid lived there all alone, and that she generally purchased books whenever any one called there with them, as she was called, and was really, a woman of remarkable literary taste.

"What is her name?"

"Miss Sarah Buckminster."

Being rather timid, I did not know whether it was hardly best for me to board her domicile and go in single handed, or not; but finally mustering courage, in I went, and just as soon as I had a fair glimpse of her, I readily saw why she had remained an old maid so

long, for she was the homeliest specimen of humanity that I ever saw in my life without any exception, and I had travelled some. As I walked in, I saluted her with a good morning. She looked at me, at the same time making singular changes of her facial expression, now looking at me, the next moment casting her eyes downward, and finally said:

"Good mornin'."

Taking my satchel in hand, I unlocked it, when she inquired:

"What have you there, Mister?"

"Literature, Madam, books of great interest."

"Are they religious books, or sensational?"

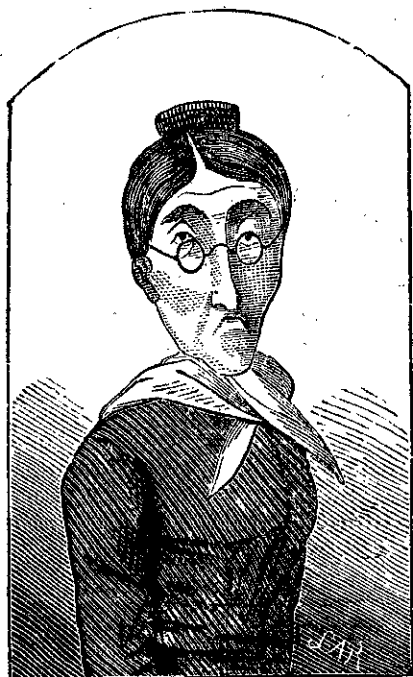
"Both. This one," (handing her a copy of the "History of the Deluge"), "is both a religious and sensational work, and I am sure that nothing could have created a more profound sensation than the Deluge did when it occurred, and the account here given of that is interesting beyond measure."

"I devote a great deal of time to books, for they are about all the company I have,

but I am very particular about the kind of books I buy or subscribe for."

"That is right, Madam, but I am sure that you need have no compunctions of conscience in subscribing for this book. You can place the utmost confidence in what I tell you, and if the book is not what it is represented to be you need not take it when I come to deliver it."

She said she would subscribe for it on those



"MISS SARAH BUCKMINSTER."

terms, and so Sarah Buckminster became a subscriber for the "History of the Deluge."

After leaving Miss Buckminster, I should judge that I had walked about a mile, when I came upon a foundry, where they cast stoves of various patterns, and obtaining permission, I showed the men at work therein my books. The first one that I showed them to did not seem much inclined to take them, nor was he altogether opposed to them. The second workman who looked at them said that he would subscribe for one or more of them, provided two of his friends would, so I labored hard with them, when to my great gratification they all signed their names, and this I considered quite a good strike, and I went on my way rejoicing.

I now plunged on, and did not secure another subscriber until I reached Ogdensburg. Here I engaged quarters for the night at one of the hotels, and early on the following morning I sallied forth after victims. I thought I would first call upon the editor of the religious paper, thinking that if I could get him to subscribe, it would be a great

help to me, through the influence that his name might exert upon other people's minds. Entering his sanctum, I found him using his scissors, cutting out articles from various exchange papers. Waiting till he had a moment of leisure, I informed him that I desired to call his attention for a moment to some historical works, which were having now a great sale, and were creating a profound sensation in the literary world.

"Indeed! What works are they?"

"They are the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' the 'History of the Deluge,' and the 'Galley Slaves.'"

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"I don't know, sir, whether you are or not. I never heard anybody call you one."

"Well, you will find out mighty quick, if you don't take yourself out of here."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Boone, but I would like to ask you one question, if you please."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you at all related to the celebrated Daniel Boone, who figured so conspicuously

in the early history of a portion of this country?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because you so much resemble an old picture of the hero and first settler, which I have seen somewhere, that I thought you must inevitably be a lineal descendant from him."

"Supposing I was, what then?"

"Why, I thought it more than likely that you would be able to trace out the whole genealogy of the Boone family, in the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' provided the race was not too near cleaned out by the Deluge. I never saw a list of the passengers, so I could not swear that there was a Boone aboard."

"What do you suppose I care about tracing out my genealogy? All the Boones I care about, or can take care of, is Boone number one, and three or four young Boones at home."

"The reason why I asked you about your remote ancestors was, that I thought you might establish your right and title to the

immense Boone estate in England, now undergoing settlement, preparatory to a general distribution among the Boone heirs."

"Strange I have not seen any account of the proceedings, if such is the case. Where did you learn of the fact?"

"I am not positive concerning the facts, nor where I saw the account of it, but possibly you may find it in a copy of the 'Buenos Ayres Ventilator,' and to be sure of getting it, you had better send for several back copies."

"Well, well, young man, I guess I will subscribe for a copy of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' in view of the valuable information which you have furnished me, although as a rule, editors expect that every publisher will present them with a copy of their publications for the sake of having them noticed in the papers."

"I will make a liberal discount on the book, provided you give me a good notice in to-morrow's paper."

"Never mind the discount, I will see that you have a good puff for your books."

After signing his name, he invited me to call at his house, and wished me good morning as I went out of his office.

After I left Editor Boone, I felt sure that I was better able to answer the second question that he asked me, than I was before, to wit: "Do you suppose that I am a fool?" Whether he was a "fool" or not, one thing I felt sure of, and that was that he was pretty well fooled, and I was doubly convinced of it, when I read the following article from his pen, in the next issue of the "Ogdensburg Daily Truth." The article was headed "The Boone Heirs," and "Great Boone Estate," and read thus:

"Information has just been communicated to the editor of this Journal, that an immense estate has been left by one Boone, an Englishman, who has left no direct heirs to the property, and hence it is to be distributed among all the Boones, who can establish any near, or remote relationship to the deceased millionaire. Having a personal interest in the matter, I call upon all those who bear the name of Boone to unite with me in prosecuting our claim to a share of the immense fortune. Come one, come all, and let us gather together with one accord, and pursue this glorious undertaking, continue our investigations until the whole Boone family can glory in fortune attained."

Reliable information is expected from our correspondent in Buenos Ayres, and soon as received it will be introduced into the columns of this Journal."

As I read that editorial I laughed, and have since imagined the editor looking over the columns of various exchanges in search of items relating to the "Great Boone Estate."

Looking upon the inside of the paper I found the "puff" which the editor promised me for my books. Here it is:

"Ikabod Izax has come to town to engage in the undertaking of securing subscribers for three historical works, and we bespeak for him great success. The books are 'The History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' 'History of the Deluge,' and the 'Galley Slaves.' The 'Pilgrim Fathers' is destined to have a great sale, especially if people once find out that it is such a treasure as it bids fair to prove to us. We would not part with the value it is likely to be to us for its weight in fine gold. Our readers are assured that these three valuable historical publications would be a great addition to their libraries, and we advise all who can consistently, to patronize our friend, the enterprising agent, Mr. Ikabod Izax."

That is a good, fair and square notice, I said to myself after reading it, and I began to think that that editor was not so much of a fool after all, as he might be; in fact I felt

quite kindly disposed towards him, and I read his paper every day carefully so as to see if he had heard anything further from "Buenos Ayres," (Boone-as Ayres,) or the "Boone Heirs," or the great "Boone Estate."

Breakfast over, I started out on my day's pilgrimage with a full stomach, a happy frame of mind, and great expectations. The first bell that I rang was at the residence of the Episcopal minister, and after waiting at the door long enough for him to make a good many shifts, and write a generous slice of a sermon, he came to the door, and I immediately asked him if I could see him for a few moments in his study.

"What is your business?"

"I have business of great importance, which I will communicate to you during the interview."

"Well, walk in, sir."

"As I entered his study I glanced over his library shelves, and seeing that he had a decent collection, I remarked that he had quite a valuable library.

"Fair, to be sure, but I desire many more books."

I took the hint, and taking up my satchel I withdrew a copy of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and told Rev. Mr. Devine that I should take great pleasure in supplying him with one or more valuable works pertaining to matters of historical interest, and handing the "Pilgrim Fathers" to him, I said:

"There is one of the most noted works of modern times, and doubtless you have seen the notice of it in to-day's "Ogdensburg Daily Truth."

"I saw something of the kind noticed I believe, but I seldom pay much attention to such notices. What are your other books?"

"History of the Deluge," and "The Galley Slaves," and I make bold to say, that this is the best history of the deluge extant."

He looked at them, and appeared to be considerably interested in their contents, so I asked him if he would not allow me to put his name down as a subscriber.

"No, sir, I think not. If you are willing

to give it to me for the use of my name you can do so, and write my name down on those conditions."

Not knowing just what his standing might be in the community, nor whether his influence would be for good or evil, I informed him that that was contrary to my custom, and I did not wish to do so. I finally told him that I would give him a copy of the "Pilgrim Fathers," provided he would give me one of his sermons, and he very unexpectedly took me at my word, and brought on an old sermon and gave it to me, and subscribed for the promised book. The text which formed the subject of this discourse was, "Thou art the man." I did not know how high sermons were valued on an average, but I felt sure that some that I had heard in my day would not have brought any great sum, either at auction, or at private sale. This discourse cost me two dollars and seventy-five cents, and I calculated to get my money's worth out of it sometime, if it was a possible thing. I placed the sermon in my satchel, and started

for the residence of the Baptist clergyman, Rev. Amos Dumbell.

Upon being admitted into his house I found upon inquiring that he was out in his barn, as he had just returned from a drive. Thinking that I could handle him quite as well out in the barn as in his study, I walked out back of the house, and espied him in the barn. He looked up and saw me coming, and looked at me with a curious stare, when I said, "good morning, Mr. Dumbell."

"Good morning, sir."

"A fine day to ride out for one's health."

"Yes, Sir, it does a body good to take the air and sunlight on such a day as this."

I waited a few moments for him to feed his horse, before I proceeded to business, after which I said to him:

"Mr. Dumbell, I have something here which is just now attracting the attention of the clergy to a remarkable degree, and the devotees of science and literature are outspoken in favor of these works, and are giving me their patronage.

"Ha, ha! What works can they be?"

"They are the 'History of the Deluge,' 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' and the 'Galley Slaves.'"

Mr. Dumbell smiled a generous smile, even laughed a hearty laugh, and remarked that the clergy who were carried away with these books, must be rather behind time. Why, young man, do you expect to sell many books upon such old, worn out subjects, as these are?"

"I have already sold quite a good number, and calculate to several more. You call these old subjects, but are you not aware that new ideas are continually being developed concerning old subjects?"

"That is very true, but people in subscribing for books, generally desire something relating to current events, incidents of our own day and generation."

"Do you always give your people sermons upon modern subjects and incidents? Don't you ever preach upon a subject as old as the 'Creation,' as dried up as the 'Deluge,' as worn out as 'Moses' boat of bulrushes?"

"Subjects like these never become old and unseasonable."

"True for you, and that is just the case with the subjects treated of in these books, and I might say that that is the secret of their great sale, and the remarkable interest they create. You have not carefully examined the books yet, but when you have done so, you may be as anxious to obtain them as your neighbor clergyman was."

"Who do you have reference to?"

"Rev. Mr. Devine. He looked at the books, and after a careful examination he was so desirous of obtaining a copy of the history of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' that he gave me one of his sermons for it, seeing that he had not the money to spare."

"Gave you a sermon for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want of, or what can you do with a sermon?"

"I have no special use for it, as I know of, hence I shall dispose of it the first opportunity that presents itself."

While the conversation continued Mr. Dumbell was engaged in examining the books, and finally he made me a proposition, to subscribe for the "History of the Pilgrim Fathers" and the "Deluge," provided I would throw in the old sermon. I could not do that, for sermons cost too much.

"How much did that one cost you?"

"It cost the price of one book certain, and how much more I shall not tell."

"I don't know as I care particularly for the books, but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll allow you the price of a book for the sermon."

"Would you write a sermon like that for two dollars and seventy-five cents?"

"I should not want to make a business of it, but perhaps that is as much as people would regard it worth, after hearing it delivered."

"Well, if you have a mind to take it at two dollars and seventy-five cents, the price of one book, you may have it."

He handed me the money, and I departed, and made myself whole by the sermon trade.

Not being particularly desirous of investing in any more sermons, I did not call upon

any more of the clergy that day, but called next upon the librarian of the public library. I asked him numerous questions about the library, how many volumes there were in it, what they treated of mostly, whether upon historical, theological, medical or legal subjects, or whether they were mostly works of fiction, dealing largely in romance.

"There are works here treating upon all of these subjects."

"In a public library, I suppose you are obliged to keep all kinds of literature, in order to suit the tastes of the masses."

"Yes, sir, that is true."

"Have you the celebrated works entitled, the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' 'History of the Deluge,' and the 'Galley Slaves'?"

"I think not, but you can ascertain by looking over the catalogue."

Not being able to find anything of the kind in the catalogue, I told the librarian that I should be pleased to give him an opportunity to purchase them, as I was acting as agent for them in the vicinity, and taking the three books from my satchel, I requested him to

examine them carefully, when I thought he would be inclined to subscribe for them.

"Are these the books that I saw noticed in the 'Ogdensburg Daily Truth' this morning?"

"Yes, sir. The editor of that journal was very much carried away with the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' and the clergymen of this place seem to appreciate the books, enough to give me their patronage."

"I suppose you make a liberal discount to librarians, when they purchase the three, do you not?"

"It has not been the custom of the publishers to allow it, but I will assume the responsibility of so doing in this case, and discount twenty per cent."

"Then you may bring me a copy of each," and he duly subscribed for the same, so that henceforth all who desire to consult these renowned books can do so at the public expense.

I did not tell people that these works could be found in the public library, of course not, for I did not desire to injure my prospects for

securing subscribers, by so doing. I called upon several people in the village during the day, and secured several subscribers. It being Saturday, and nearly night, I ceased my labors for the day, and repaired to the hotel, to remain over the Sabbath.

When church time came, I resolved to attend church, and hesitated for some time where to go, when I finally decided to go and hear Mr. Dumbell, the Baptist clergyman. His congregation was not very large, and evidently the society was not in a very thriving condition. After singing, and reading of the Scriptures, he announced his text, and I was not a little surprised to hear him give utterance to the following words: "*Thou art the man.*" I was convinced at once that Rev. Mr. Dumbell was bound to get *his* money's worth out of that old sermon, as I had my money's worth out of it, when he bought it of me the day before.

It being now about time for the books that I had ordered from the publishers to arrive at Canton, I started for that place, and reached it the same evening. On the following day

the books arrived, and I immediately set about delivering them to my subscribers. When I went to deliver a book to my first subscriber, "Alexander Dowsky," I found his domicile deserted, and what had become of him I could not imagine. I started along en route for the residence of my second subscriber, Rev. Sam Sloan, and picture in your mind's eye, if you can, the look of astonishment, as I beheld a newly made grave by the road side with a head stone, with the following inscription upon it:

ALEX. DOWSKY.

Died July 25th, 18—

AGED 38.

I set my satchel down by the road side, and leaning against the fence, I stood there for quite a while, meditating upon the mutability of all things human. Feeling sorely grieved at the untimely death of Alex., and sadder still over the loss of a subscriber, I returned his copy of the "Pilgrim Fathers" to my satchel, and gave utterance to my feelings in the following pathetic apostrophe: "Poor



The LAST of my FIRST Subscriber.

Dowsky! thou art gone; yes, thou art gone to join the company of all the Pilgrim Fathers who have gone before. Peace be to thy ashes. Thou hadst a rough time on earth, and filled a lowly sphere, but now thou hast left thy miserable incumbrance in that narrow hole, thy beautiful spirit being no longer held by its mortgage to a tabernacle of clay, has taken its majestic flight, and now,

Poor Dowsky shines
In realms divine.

Yes, poor Alex; thou art relieved from thy subscription. Adieu.

Calling next upon my second subscriber, Rev. Sam Sloan, I found him at the summer resort where he was a regular attendant every season, and I had no trouble in delivering his book. When I came to deliver the books to Widow Bednor and the young parson, I found that they twain had been made one flesh, and they wished to compromise the matter by taking only one book, thinking that two was too many. I informed them that I could not relieve either of them from their subscription, for in taking subscribers an agent takes them as he finds them, and of course must hold them to their individual bargains, as he cannot well be responsible for people who chance to get married after the contract, or subscription, is made. I told them that they could exercise a benevolent disposition, and give the extra copy to some one who could not afford it in any other way.

Some of my subscribers took the books for which they gave their names without saying a word, while others tried all manner of means

to avoid taking them, and there was no end of excuses, and apologies, but, notwithstanding all, I finally succeeded in delivering the greater portion of the books which were subscribed for.

After I had delivered books to all of my subscribers, I returned to Hartford, settled up with the publishers, and after quite a long interview with Lion, Skinner & Co., which resulted in a second engagement with them, I departed. It was my intention to take different books, provided I went out on another trip, but seeing I had had such good success with the "Pilgrim Fathers," "History of the Deluge," and the "Galley Slaves," the publishers were very anxious that I should continue to solicit for them. It was decided that I should go to South Carolina, and start September first.

As I had some little time to remain in the city, I came to the conclusion that I would call upon Fox, Bean & Co., the publishers who treated me so shamefully when I called upon them a year before, prior to my engagement with Lion, Skinner & Co. My appear-

ance having changed somewhat, they were quite gracious and gentlemanly in their demeanor towards me, and after finding that I had been in the employ of a neighboring publishing house, and had met with commendable success, they urged me very hard to engage with them. They evidently did not recognize me as the young man whom they drove out of their office a year since, and when I told them of it, they said that I must be mistaken. Although they made me a liberal offer, I informed them, that I was one of those individuals who did not forget an insult, or an injury very soon, and where men had abused me once, I generally calculated, that they would not have an opportunity to do it again right away.

After a brief period of rest, I set about making arrangements for my Southern tour, and on the first of September I took passage in the steamer Savannah for Charleston, South Carolina. As we left New York Harbor about 4 P. M. the officers of the ship prophesied a storm, and ere midnight their prophesy was fulfilled, for there arose a violent wind from

the northeast, and the rain poured down in torrents, the night was dark, and full of gloomy forebodings and physical evils to the storm tossed passengers. As for myself, having never been used to the ways and swells of the sea, I was considerably discomfited. When supper time came I went for my rations, and found that the passengers had got to put up with a picked up lunch, for we all had to hold the dishes in our hands, as keeping them on the table was out of the question. I made out to swallow a cup of tea and a cold biscuit, but no sooner had I retired to the cabin, than the rolling sea, and the plunging ship conquered me, and I was obliged to surrender all that I had so innocently swallowed. I made one or two more attempts to take nourishment with the same disastrous results, and giving up the contest in despair, I lay as one dead, or as one who cared not if he was. As I rallied a little from my sickness, I went below among some of the ship's crew, and one of them handing me a pickle I devoured it with good relish, and it staid where it was put. Strolling around a while afterwards I

found the jar of pickles from whence this one came, and seeing that pickles were my only hope, the only thing that I could eat and keep, I thought it was lawful to do good on board ship, as well as elsewhere, so I confiscated the pickles, and left the jar behind for conscience sake. Well, pickles put me on my feet again, and as I ventured up on deck, I beheld men and women blowing and staggering about like scarecrows in the gale, and as I attempted to walk I looked down to see if my feet were really my own, and were where I put them, and, behold, they were not there.

Having got so that I could eat once more, and was able to navigate on foot a little about the ship, my fears and anxiety had pretty well subsided, which was not the case with many others, particularly an old lady aboard, who was returning to her home in Charleston, S. C., after several months absence at the North. When the ship was doing its best, in the plunging line, this old woman tried to go on deck, and as she did so, she was jostled around promiscuously, all the

time well nigh frightened out of her senses. She inquired of the Captain if there was any hope of her reaching Charleston alive, and if he thought the storm would continue long. The Captain said that the old ship had out-riden worse storms than that, and he guessed she would this. Just then the following orders were given to the sailors:

"Jack!"

"Aye, aye!"

"Hurry up the mizzen mast, and adjust the ropes, and spread the main sails."

"Tom!"

"Aye, aye!"

"Let fly the spanker sails."

"Pilot!"

"Aye, aye!"

"Bear to the south by southwest; keep sharp watch, and keep out of the trough of the sea."

The old woman shouted, "O, my soul! are we going into the trough? O, what will become of us? Captain, do you think we shall ever reach land again?"

Losing his patience with the aged damsel, he replied, "Yes, but it may be at the bottom of the ocean."

"O, dear! I am afraid so."

My equilibrium having been pretty well restored, and my worst fears calmed down, I sympathized with the poor woman, and sought to comfort her. I informed her that this did not begin to be as violent a storm as the whole world had experienced years before, and then in that great storm, all those on land perished, while those at sea were saved. I said to her that I was selling a history of that wonderful storm, entitled the "History of the Deluge," and if she would just buy a copy, and go down into her state-room and read it, no doubt she would have her anxiety about this little tempest greatly relieved.

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do, for, believe me, I have your own good at heart, as well as my own."

"You are very kind, sir, and I hope you will be rewarded for your noble deeds of

kindness. If you have one of those books, I will take it now."

Having one spare copy, I made a sale, and that old lady took it in hand, and made for her state-room, as best she could, there to derive comfort and consolation from perusing its pages. The storm ceased its fury on the following day, and the remainder of the journey was accomplished in peace and with pleasure.

After landing at Charleston I immediately sought out a boarding place, and soon found myself prepared for business. I started out early on Monday morning, September 6th, after my first subscriber in my new field. I found society so different here from that in Northern New York, that I hardly knew how to proceed, and what tactics to resort to in canvassing. I soon became convinced of the fact, that Yankees and Yankee tricks were not any too well tolerated in this portion of the South, and hence the necessity of my proceeding with caution.

I called first upon Mr. Lovelace, who was

quite a large land and slave owner, and who withal, was very wealthy. He had an office in a large block on the principal street, and walking into his headquarters, I bade him good morning, and sat my satchel down on the floor, just as though I meant business, and proposed to remain a while to transact it. I had hardly got my traps disposed of and fairly seated, before my antagonist asked:

"What do you want here?"

"Nothing special, sir, except to ascertain whether or not, you wanted something which I have here, and which I desire to show you."

"What is it?"

"Some most magnificent books, which are now exciting the admiration of the literati of the world."

"Where do you hail from?"

By his cold, bluff manner, I felt assured that his five senses had convinced him that I was of Yankee origin, and that I hailed from the North, so it behooved me to answer cautiously. In answer to his inquiry as to where I hailed from, I replied from Savannah, not specifying, however, whether I came from the

City of Savannah, or from a steamer of that name.

"How long have you lived there?"

"Only a little while."

"What are your books?"

"The 'History of the Deluge,' 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and the 'Galley Slaves.'"

"Young man, do you expect to sell an incendiary work like the 'Galley Slaves' in the city of Charleston, or the State of South Carolina either?"

"That's what I came here for, and I propose to try it, and such as do not want that work can take one of the others."

"I reckon you don't peddle 'Galley Slaves' nor 'Pilgrim Fathers,' in these regions a great while, for I reckon you will find it a right smart hot climate for you."

"You certainly can have no objections to the sale of the 'History of the Deluge'?"

"What do you suppose we here in South Carolina care about the Deluge any way? All we want is enough of a deluge to flood our rice fields, and that we can manage ourselves."

"Well, you don't call the 'History of the Deluge' an incendiary book, do you?"

"It is, no doubt, as most of the books brought here, for sale, or for subscription, are of this class."

No amount of persuasion could induce Mr. L. to subscribe, and it being the time when the subject of slavery was greatly agitated, and the Southern people were peculiarly sensitive regarding their pet institution, a man travelling in the South had to guard well his words and deeds, or else he was apt to be called to a strict and speedy account for the same. It being only a few years prior to the rebellion, preparations were making for it, even then, although it was known only to the Southern people, and if it was known that any individual from the North was stopping there, he was suspected of some mischief, and closely watched, and not unlikely was often adjudged guilty of offenses which he never committed, and was interviewed by several persons, who summarily treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, or gave him a rawhide entertainment, after which he would

be told to take his final departure in a short space of time, if he regarded his life of any value.

Failing to secure Mr. L. as a subscriber, I started on, satchel in hand, and every one who saw me with the satchel knew at once that I was a stranger and a pilgrim, and treated me accordingly. I saw that I had got to be careful what I said about my books, as well as about everything else, so as to avoid exciting suspicion, and arousing the ire of the Southern heart. Taking a road which led out into the cotton and rice districts, among the planters and plantations, I soon came upon a gang of slaves working in a cotton field, under the supervision of their overseer, who was, as it subsequently proved, a northern man with southern principles, and who was some years before a Westfield whip peddler, at another time a traveling showman, and for a while an attache of a wandering circus. He was a huge, fat fellow, full of fun and jokes, forever laughing himself, and making others laugh. Going out into the field and walking up to him, I said :

"How do you do, sir? You must have some fine hands here, or else you could not show such a field of cotton as this."

"Yes, I reckon they knows how to work, and I just make them scratch, too, you'd better believe."

Just then an old negro, hurting his foot in some way, raised it up and held it in his hands, with evidences of considerable pain, when the overseer drew his rawhide, dealt him a smart blow, and said :



"Let your toes alone. and tend to your business."

"Is that the way you treat your slaves?"

"Yes, sir, we have to treat them just as we would any other lazy, baulky animal."

"How would you like to be served that way?"

"O, I'm a horse of another color, and what will serve those black beasts there, would not serve me very well."

"It would serve you just right, old fellow."

"Look here, young man, you had better keep cool, follow my advice, and be careful how you carry yourself, and what you say, for this is a hotter climate than strangers can put up with, sometimes. If you should talk to some overseers as you have to me here, before sundown of the same day you would be waited upon by a posse, who would make shoe-strings of your hide, and then apply a dressing of tar and feathers, and set you up as a scare-crow for others of your kind and craft."

"I did not come here to discuss the rights and wrongs of your institutions, but to show you some books."

"Books, eh! What are they?"

I first handed him the "Galley Slaves." Taking it in his hand, and looking at the illustrations he said:

"Well, well, those fellers had it given to them hot and tight, didn't they though? Golly! they fared worse than my crew, a heap sight, and that's bad enough, you know. What else have you got?"

"The 'History of the Deluge.'"

"History of the Deluge! Haw, haw, haw. Egad! can't you git up one now on a small scale? It's so awful hot and dry, that I would just like to lay my carcass down and let the old thing float around promiscuously for a few hours."

Looking at an illustration where the water was running swift around the end of a high mountain, and men pictured out as being borne along with the current, he said:

"Them fellers look kinder skeery, don't they? Don't they just skim along lively? Golly, they do just go a kiting." Next, turning to the illustration of the ark resting on Mt. Ararat, he remarked: "She was a thundering great tub, wan't she? If I had her

down here do you know what I would do with her?"

"What would you?"

"I'd fill her jam full of ice, and she would make a refrigerator that would cool off all South Carolina. Glad I wan't around and into mischief when the deluge came, for being too mighty big and heavy to float, I should have sunk at the first pop, for I never could swim, more than a chunk of cold bees-wax. What else have you got?"

"The Pilgrim Fathers."

"Wonder if you have any account of my old dad. I never saw him, but they all tell me that I had one once, and if I did he he has been a pilgrim father, and is now a pilgrim somewhere."

"Perhaps you may be enabled to obtain a remote trace of him, by reading the book."

"I don't care so much about him, but I want to find out if he did not leave a crumb somewhere for this child of his, and if he did I don't want a remote trace of it, but I want to git a close grip on to it."

"Better subscribe for the 'Pilgrim Fathers'

then, for it will be a help to you, I dare say."

"No, I don't want anything of those old, stray 'Pilgrim Fathers,' who were running around loose ages before I was born. Give me the 'Deluge;' that will do me very well."

After subscribing for the "History of the Deluge," he invited me to attend an entertainment in the evening, in a large tent on the park, on which occasion he was to deliver an opening address, which invitation I cordially accepted. After ascertaining the fact that we both came from the same county in Massachusetts, we had several jolly interviews, and revealed some secrets to each other.

Bidding adieu to my quondam friend, I traveled on until I came to a tannery with this notice posted above the door:

"CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND PELTS."

On entering the establishment I found it to be an wholesale establishment for the purchase and sale of these articles, and the men at work consisted of one white man, who proved to be the owner, and several blacks. Walking up to the red-headed Southerner, I

made known my business, and showed him the "Pilgrim Fathers."

"Do you see that notice there on the door?"

"I see it now, but I did not see it before I came in."

"It says 'no admission,' don't it?"

"I should say it did."

"I want you to understand that I mean just what that notice says."

"All right, next time I come this way I will notice it before I walk in, so I beg you to excuse any disobedience of orders this time."

Calling me to the outside of the door he pointed to the notice "Cash paid for hides and pelts," and asked: "do you see that?"

"Yes, but I've none to sell."

"You just leave now, or you will find your own missing mighty soon."

Things really looked a little serious, so I thought best to vacate the premises as soon as I could conveniently, which I did. I did not fancy receptions of this class at all well, and hesitated a while about proceeding on the war path, but finally concluded to try again.

Having gone a little way I saw a nice mansion, located some distance back from the road, and in the rear of it were several log cabins, which were occupied by the slaves. I went up to the door of the mansion, and ringing the bell I was soon waited upon by a colored damsel, who showed me into the slaveholder's drawing room. I waited there a few moments, when he made his appearance. Talking about everything that I could think of for several moments, I began to grow uneasy, and thinking that I might as well "let the cat out of the bag" first as last, I pulled up the old satchel into my lap, unlocked it, and dragged out the "Pilgrim Fathers."

"Mr. Sinclair, I suppose you are a lover of literature, are you not?"

"That depends, sir, very much upon what kind it is."

"This book, the 'History of the Pilgrim Fathers,' is chiefly interesting from the fact that we can gain from this work an intelligent idea of our ancestors, and can thus trace out our genealogy, which is of great advan-

tage to some people, under given circumstances."

"These are supposed to be the old Puritan Fathers, are they?"

"Just so."

"Well, I don't think I should have any special pride in tracing out and establishing my connection with them."

"I think, Mr. S., that you would be very much interested in reading the book."

"Perhaps so; what others have you?"

"The 'History of the Deluge,' and the 'Galley Slaves,' the latter treating upon slave life in the galleys, and how to make them behave, and how to get the most work out of them."

"That sounds like it. What do you want for such a book?"

"The subscription price is two dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Write my name down for that if you please," and please I did, and was happy on account of getting one old slave-owner for a subscriber, expecting that the rest would follow his example.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evening having now arrived when the exhibition was to take place, in response to the invitation of my friend, who was to inaugurate it with an address, I repaired to the Park at an early hour. The exhibition was a mixed affair, comprising as it did various curiosities, such as works of art, animals, statuary, automaton, &c. My friend, Roger Drake, was not only to give the opening address, but having been engaged as a clown in circuses before, he was chosen as chief director of the entire performance, which was gotten up for the benefit of the village Methodist Church.

The large tent soon was packed to overflowing, and promptly at eight o'clock Director Drake appeared upon the platform, erected

for his especial benefit. He was introduced to the audience by the tax-collector of the village, Timothy Tarbox, in this wise:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have the extreme honor, and inexpressible pleasure of making you acquainted with the Director of this exhibition, the immortal Roger Drake, who is himself a marvel, irrepressible, invincible, unparalleled; who turns darkness into moonshine by his presence, crying into laughter, and gives you the oil of mirth for the bitter seeds of sorrow and soberness; and however great may be your expectations concerning him, greater things will he do for you, and let me caution you to see that the buckles and straps little more than meet about your clothing, for it is expected that the distinguished speaker will cause great strain upon them this evening. The Hon. Roger Drake will now address you."

Being honored with a seat upon the platform with the tax-collector and two or three others, I was amused to hear Mr. Drake, as he arose, turned around, put his hand one side of his mouth, and said to the man who intro-

duced him, speaking in a low voice: "What sort of an animal do you think I am? Pretty windy, aint you? Pretty good, pretty good." Suddenly turning toward his audience he began:

"Fellow Citizens,—Ladies and Gentlemen: I am neither a beauty, a beast, nor any such a creature as the honorable gentleman here in my rear has tried to make me out, but such as I am, all I am, I am here body and soul, and as you all see, I am considerable in body, and hope to show you some soul before I get through with the programme. We are here to show up these curiosities of earth, air and sea, in order that Methodism may be advanced in this community, and being, as it is, a noble undertaking, let us all do our best, that Methodism may rise in its glory, and assert its power among us. In the absence of any well arranged ring, or arena, I shall be obliged to have my assistants bring the animals and other curiosities upon the stage, one by one, and I will describe them in detail. The exhibition will now open. Men, trot out the Baboon."

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Here you have

before you one of your distant relatives, who, as you see, bears a striking resemblance to many of you, in form, feature, and general expression of intelligence. This species, the



"Men, trot out the Baboon."

dog-headed baboon, is particularly noted for its sparkling intelligence, dashing wit, noble appearance, becoming manners, docile, quiet disposition, beauty of features, and its splen-

did physique. I sincerely hope that this audience, wise and intelligent as it is, will have due regard for this, one of its venerable ancestors. As you sit here and gaze upon its benign and lovely face, let your hearts go out in thanksgiving toward this poor, yet noble, self-sacrificing creature, which has left its native heath, the country it loved, the home of its adoption, in order to answer your call, and by its timely aid and influence, help on the great and glorious cause for which we all have consecrated ourselves this evening. I now call upon the audience to pass a vote of thanks for the valuable aid rendered by their distinguished parent, and let us also give him three rousing cheers." ("Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!")

The Baboon bowed, and the Director shouted to his assistants, "Come and assist the Baboon to retire."

The audience becoming enthusiastic, the Baboon was encored and recalled three times, and the last time it stood upon its hind legs, raised its tail as high as possible, brought it down upon the floor of the stage with a tre-

mendous whack, and at the same time putting its hands upon its head, bowed, and with a most approved wave of its hands, retired with dignity and grace.

"Waiters, now let the Orang-Outan appear. This individual, ladies and gentlemen, is another member of our great human family. In these days of keen imagination, intelligent theory, and liberal ideas, we are more than ever before, one great, universal brotherhood. As an illustration of the grand march of human progress, the oneness of the races, the universal harmony running through all creation, I take the greatest possible pleasure in making you acquainted with the grand connecting link between the beginning and the end of mankind, one more of your ancient patriarchs, the adorable Orang-Outan. His 'sands of life have nearly run out,' yet he devotes to you and to our glorious cause, a few fleeting moments of his declining years. Before he passes, perhaps forever, from his earthly pilgrimage, and beyond the river, I should be pleased to have you tender him some expression of thanks for his distinguished

services." As a good portion of the audience were in tears, the Director said: "I rejoice to see you manifest so much fellow feeling, and please continue, and out of respect to your aged father, let your tears flow, while I myself, as a mark of becoming respect, personally conduct the Orang-Outan to the outer court."

Returning to the stage, the Director called upon his attendants to usher in the Brazilian Jackass. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is one of the most remarkable of all quadrupeds. This beast of burden is famous the world over for its meek, quiet, submissive disposition, and for always being a willing and obedient servant of its master, unless, perchance, it happens to be wiser in its own estimation than its master, when it feels sure that it is in the right and will go withersoever it will, and there is no law that can stop it. It is like many men I know, who, when abused and kicked, will return the compliment. The jackass being tender skinned, and tender hearted, will not stand and bear too much abuse, but I have seen one jackass persist in

its own way, and stand on its forelegs, simply because it thought it was in the right, until it tired out the patience of more than six men. I know of no animal that has so great regard for fixed, 'standfast' principles as the jackass. The jackass is also, noted for its short ears, long bushy tail, and its charming voice, which now and then rises and swells and falls upon the ears of listening admirers like sweet, melodious cadences. An unbroken Brazilian jackass that is opinionated, ambitious, frisky and head-strong, as a rule, makes a good family carriage creature, and saves much time and trouble, as one ride after it will last the women and children a great while."

As this finished the part which the jackass was elected to take in this exhibition, it was loudly cheered, and the assistants were now directed to escort it to its nocturnal retreat. As they attempted to do so, and had succeeded in simply reversing its position, so that its tail end was toward the audience, there it stood, and every time that they urged it on by the bits it would kick high in the air. The audience appreciated the after piece, the light

comedy, that the jackass was playing, and the Director remarked that it was now acting out the worst side of its *human nature*. There are many men baulky, obstinate, self-willed, who will be civil, pliable, and manageable, when they see anything to be gained by it, and I will show you now, how much like these men this jackass is. Waiters, step outside and get a sheaf of oats, and just shake it inside the door through which the jackass is to retire." As they did so, it reared up on its hind feet, and with a loud bray dove for the door in hot haste, bound for those oats. "This jackass has, as you see, illustrated another peculiarity common to many people, viz: of not knowing enough to leave when they are not wanted. But having acted its part well, we will now introduce to you the Hyena. Its habits are sedentary, its disposition is meek and mild, its appetite is not capricious, nor its taste fastidious. It does not like to remain a great while in one place, and hence leads a roving life. By a little training it might make a charming, perfectly delightful household pet, and one that the

ladies of the first families would be proud to take with them when shopping or making calls; and besides it has been noted for taking kindly to infants and young children. As you can all see, it is not wonderfully prepossessing in appearance, yet it has a noble look about it, and could it give utterance to its feelings in intelligible language, it would, no doubt, speak words of comfort and encouragement to you, who are laboring in a righteous cause."

After the Hyena had received the plaudits of the audience, Director Drake called upon the waiters to take it from the platform, and ordered the Royal Bengal Tiger to be brought in. Presently in came six men holding the Tiger. There were two ropes around its neck and three men were pulling one way and three another, so as to keep the animal from casting side glances, and making side demonstrations, and its mouth was also muzzled. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a perfect cosset, and it has such a fondness for mankind, and delights to play with them so well, that should we let it come down among you it would show

its love for you by a fond kiss, and a strong and warm embrace. It would demonstrate to you how fond it was of Methodists, and you would be sure of a warm reception should you seek to mingle your congratulations. It is as you see a beautiful creature, yet most people have a strong aversion for them, and hence they are not regarded as favorite pets. Tigers are noted for the dull, listless expression of their eyes, poor teeth, delicate appetite, and clumsy movements. Waiters, exit the Tiger."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hoped to be able to show you an Elephant, Rhinoceros and an Hippopotamus, but as the platform is not well arranged for their exhibition, I have concluded to pass by these minor, insignificant specimens of natural history, and instead, call your attention to the feathered tribes, mentioning some of the most beautiful and charming species. Assistant, bring in cage No. One. This is what I call a rare bird, of extraordinary plumage, charming appearance, and an exquisite singer. So neat and refined in all its habits and in manners, that it may seem strange that so few are found in the homes of the wealthy.

Were it not for its homely name they might be greatly sought after. Should any of you here, who can afford so great a luxury and such a desirable novelty, desire to purchase this kind of a bird, please not forget its name, to wit: the Turkey Buzzard. Assistant, return the Buzzard and bring cage No. 2."

"This bird is more rarely found domesticated than any other, which seems strange, considering its remarkable beauty. Its neck as you see, is long and graceful, its body of symmetrical proportions, its musical notes enrapturing, its plumage of surpassing beauty, its limbs and movements most graceful. It is a troublesome task to domesticate this bird, on account of its dainty, fastidious appetite. Those who can devote time and careful attention to a bird of this variety, will be abundantly rewarded for their pains, and please remember to make no mistake, call for the Vulture. Waiter, bring cage No. 3."

"Here we have a bird whose plumage is heavy, of beautiful tints, is soft and velvety; its eyes are bright and sparkling, its head of good size, its feet small and pretty. Its mu-

sic is said to be of a mournful character, and indeed its voice in the stillness of the night, resounds through the woods like a voice from the tombs. This bird, the owl, 'loves darkness rather than light,' for its deeds are evil, and in this respect it is exceedingly human, and no doubt many of my hearers here to-night can well appreciate this peculiar characteristic of the bird, and would, doubtless, be most happy to co-operate with it while making a raid upon any promising and heavy laden roost. In fact, mankind manifest so many peculiarities that characterize the beasts and birds of prey, that it is not unreasonable to suppose that they are intimately connected by ancestral ties. The great law of progress and development, however, is most powerfully illustrated and demonstrated by mankind, and hence they have become more ferocious, voracious, barbarous, blood thirsty, savage, destructive, than their older and higher brethren of the brute creation, so that now in this our day and generation, the most powerful, wily and terrible of the wild beasts stands a

poor chance, with one of our human beasts for an antagonist.

"We will now have cage No. 4 brought upon the platform. I now have the pleasure of showing you a bird, which is, and has been, the special delight of the female portion of humanity. It is a gigantic fowl, one of the largest known, and, as you see, its plumage is rare and much sought after. Beautiful as this bird now appears in its shining habiliments, mild and peaceful as it looks, yet if I should let it loose among this audience, no doubt it would be shamefully treated, divested even of its clothing, and left to roam in nakedness. Why, I make bold to assert, that if all of the ladies here in this enlightened, civilized and christianized land, this favored land of puritanical blessedness, could be placed where they could all at once surround all the African Deserts where these birds roam, they would contract their forces, coil in upon and around them, pull, twitch, yank, pry, twist, tear and rend, until not one poor ostrich on all the broad, arid deserts of earth, could boast of

one single tail feather left. I have been creditably informed by the owner of this Ostrich, that if he had not taken the utmost possible pains to keep it out of the reach of the women, there would not have been left a single pin-feather from its beak to its claws.

"I will now exhibit to your bewildered gaze a bird of surpassing beauty, a Javanese Peacock. See those matchless tints, more beautiful are they than the colors of the rainbow, more brilliant than the flashing variegated streaks of the Autumnal Aurora; more beautifully mottled and spotted than is the green earth as it is covered with its diamond dew drops, sparkling beneath the resplendent rays of the rising orb of day. These beautiful birds used to be quite common, but now they have, no doubt, left these premises in disgust, seeing that they have been put in the shade by the numerous female peacocks that strut about the streets dragging their long, shiny trails behind them. Take the feathers off from a peacock and it amounts to but little, and take the dress, the outside show from these human peacocks that parade the streets,

and they would be quite as worthless. The proudest people as a rule, have the least to be proud of.

"Having hastily described specimens of natural history from earth and air, I shall now call your attention to the occupants of the sea, and in doing so it is my wish to show you the leviathan of the deep, but all attempts to transport the whale on land have failed of success, the monster invariably becoming so sea-sick that death followed."

Director Drake had a large tank made in which he exhibited a Sea Lion, Walrus, Seal, Porpoise and several other inhabitants of the deep, but time and space will not permit me to give in detail his description of them. Time will also fail me in describing the various automatons, wax figures, &c., &c.

Having detailed the history and description of birds, beasts, and manifold curiosities of various kinds, Director Drake, said that last and not least, there remained one more creature for him to delineate, viz: himself. Said he, "a brief sketch of my career may not be uninteresting to the audience, and if there are

no objections raised I will proceed." (Cries of 'go on! go on!') "My eventful career commenced when I was born, and it was a matter of grave doubt whether I should survive long even that catastrophe, as I lay some time on the window seat boldly and manfully struggling for life, until finally I kicked the beam the right way, and commenced the grand march of human existence. My nursing period was short, my teething process rapid, as you may yourselves judge when I tell you that I got my two wisdom teeth at the early age of two years, and thus accomplished in two brief years what most people do in twenty or more. After six months had passed I was no longer fed on sugar, milk and water, but my nutriment consisted of tripe, bacon, Bologna sausage, pork and beans, and other articles of light diet. This diet naturally forced my physical development, made me headstrong and blood-thirsty, but yet I was my father's hope, my mother's joy, until I fractured my father's skull, and broke my mother's hip, since which time I have been a wander-

ing Jew, roaming over the face of the whole earth.

I early became a noted huntsman, and roamed the forests in search of wildcats, and at the age of twelve I was found in a forest twisting the tails of a nest of young panthers. I have hunted the tiger in the jungle, have captured many a catamount, and have chased the leopard to its lair; I have followed hundreds of harpooned whales to the final death struggle. I have taken several ærial flights in balloons, soaring high above mountains, yea, above the clouds, and onward and upward, toward the shining sun. I have been several times foundered at sea, and wrecked on the shores of unknown islands. I have played around the mouth of many a volcano, and more than once have been threatened by earthquakes. I have lived through many railroad accidents, and one or two lightning strokes. I have been severely attacked by wild beasts and cannibals, and have been partially devoured by both, having, as you see, lost two fingers by a cannibal, and all the

toes on one foot while defending myself from an attack of a Polar bear. When I look back and see what I have passed through, I am amazed to see myself here. Had it not been that I was destined to fill some very important sphere, I doubtless should ere this have been gathered to my fathers, and this wonderful body, which has passed through so many vicissitudes unbroken, and stood so manfully the wear, tear, and racket of time, would have long ago been a heap of smouldering ruins. But it is my, and your, good fortune, that I am able to stand before you to-night, and render you my distinguished services, and let me assure you of my firm and candid belief, that there yet awaits for me, and for the glorious cause of Methodism, a glorious future. Good night."

Thus ended Director Drake's personal history, which indeed was somewhat remarkable, taken altogether. The show netted two hundred dollars, which was quite a help to the young and rising Methodist society.

The parson of the village church was quite a young man, who had not as yet completed

his studies, and though not a man of any very marked ability, he made lofty pretensions, and sought to set himself up as a great light, a brilliant clergyman. He felt called upon to make some closing remarks, and possibly it might have been part of the original programme. Taking the stage, he remarked as follows :

“Brethren and sisters: You know how it saith in the Scriptures, ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;’ and again, ‘The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof;’ and also, ‘the cattle upon a thousand hills are His.’ It belongs to us this evening to declare that the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air, the fowls of the desert, the fish of the sea, all are ours, having given in their allegiance to our glorious and favorite cause.

“Yes, we have witnessed a glorious spectacle here to-night. The Baboon has left his native haunt, and come here to help on our glad work. The Orang Outan has sacrificed his home and pleasure in the wild woods to show his intimate sympathy with us and our

common cause. The Tiger and the Leopard have left their favorite retreats in the jungle, and their coveted solitude, to engage in this our noble enterprise. The Vulture and Turkey Buzzard have left their prey, sacrificed their delicate, dainty food, in order that they might contribute their mite to help carry on the good work so proudly begun. The Jack-ass has traveled from Brazil, and to-night upon this platform has shown its willingness to labor and to bray for the consummation of our great and grand undertaking. The Ostrich has left its home on the hot and arid plains of Africa, and now risks its health and life in this unsettled and uncertain clime, in the fond hope, no doubt, that whatever dangers attend its sojourn here, its presence may at least do much toward establishing the foundations of this, our noble, righteous mission. The Fish of the sea have, some of them, given up their lives and laid them on the altar of Methodism, and sweet be the memories of them. Lastly, and more than all, above all, let us admire and praise the grand, central, incomparable genius which has been the guid-

ing, shining star of the evening, the celebrated Director Drake. He seems to me to be in himself a walking caravan; a traveling menagerie; a huge aviary; a marvellous fish tank; a mysterious compendium of wonderful and curious exhibitions. Let us now with one accord shout praises, cheers and one rousing hallelujah, in honor and in recognition of his most valuable aid, and in addition I would suggest that we importune the authorities to grant him henceforth the freedom of the town, and that this society tender him a free pew in its prospective new church edifice, so long as he shall live to fill it."

The cheers were given, the suggestions complied with, and the men, women, children and beasts of all kinds, retired in good order. Thus closed the great and grand scheme, having for its object the building of the village church.

Meeting Director Drake after the exhibition, he inquired how I liked it, and I told him that I did not wish to flatter him over much, but taken as a whole, it was the most enjoyable and novel entertainment that I had ever seen.

The morning after the exhibition, I started once more on a canvassing tour among the slaveholders. I saw that any work that opposed the peculiar institution in the least would not be tolerated at all, so when I called upon my next man, I told him that I had a work with me which showed up slavery in its true light, and it was in favor of it, and the title of the work was "History of the Galley Slaves." Any one in purchasing this work, and carefully reading it, will learn how to get the most work out of the blacks, a people you know to be by nature and disposition somewhat lazy.

The slaveholder, Mr. Finland, inquired if I belonged about there, and I kindly informed him that I was a native of the old State of Massachusetts, but had lived in South Carolina for quite a while (a couple of weeks or so,) for had I told him that I was fresh from that region, the climate would suddenly have grown much hotter and less salubrious for me, and my chances for selling books to him, or any one else, thereabouts, most decidedly slim.

"What do you think of slavery?" he inquired.

This question was a pretty direct one, and well calculated as a feeler, and to draw me out, so I replied that I thought it was such an easy way to get a living, this having other people earning it for you, that I should like a good large interest in the institution myself. "I would like to own about a hundred or more slaves, and a plantation to correspond."

"These people who come here traveling around the country with satchels, we are mighty suspicious of, for as a rule, we have found them to have hailed from the Northern States, and in fact, most of them are full blooded Yankees, who hate our institutions, and despise us, and many of these same individuals have come to grief for having given public expression to their sentiments."

"There are a great many people the world over, who do not know where their proper place is, and are never content unless they can interfere with other people's affairs; but you know that they are of no account, not worth mentioning, much less, thinking about."

"It won't do to have that class of people strolling about our plantations, for they would certainly do no good, if they did no harm."

"Well, Mr. Finland, I have been greatly interested in reading this work on the 'Galley Slaves,' and I think that you could not help but be, and shall I not have the pleasure of recording your name as a subscriber?"

Taking the book and looking it over, he replied, that he did not mind if I wrote down his name. Having duly recorded his name in my Prospectus, and feeling as though I would like to see the workings of the 'pet institution,' I asked Mr. Finland if he had any slaves that he would sell to me in case I desired to purchase.

"No, I have not a single one to spare, and I reckon that I shall have to buy one or two men to help gather my cotton crop. If you wish to buy you some slaves you had better attend the auction sale, which is to take place in the village on the public square, to-morrow afternoon."

"I am very glad, sir, that you informed me of this sale, for I shall certainly attend. I

must be going, Mr. Finland, and I wish you good day."

"Good day, sir."

Now, I had no more idea of buying a slave, than I had of building an ark, but I thought that auction sale, attended as it would doubtless be by a goodly number of slaveholders and large planters, would be a grand place to show my pretended sympathy for and interest in slavery, and if I joined with the crowd in bidding they would not henceforth suspect me to be a northern man, and my chances for selling them books would be vastly improved.

After leaving Mr. F. I called upon several more planters during the day, and describing the book as one devoted to the interests of slavery, and showing Director Drake's name, the slave overseer and exhibition manager, together with Mr. Finland's, I had splendid success, nearly every one that I called upon giving me their names.

Night coming on I put up at the hotel, and the principal topic of conversation all the evening, was the forthcoming auction of slaves

on the following day. There being quite a gathering of wealthy planters, I made myself acquainted with them, and announced my intention of attending the sale, and inquired of them how prices were expected to range. One tall, lank looking fellow said, "that he reckoned they would run right smart high at this season of the year." Another one replied, "that if they were of good stock, young, and not worn out, they would sell mighty well." I inquired if it was not, all things considered, a poor season of the year to invest largely in stock of this kind. They all said it made no great difference, provided I bought good ones, as they would pay for their keeping at least all the time, and they might increase in value so that I could make a good profit on them at the spring sale. I informed the crowd of planters that I had in company with Director Drake and Mr. Finland, bought a few copies of a work entitled "The History of the Galley Slaves," and as it was devoted to the interests of slavery, perhaps they would like to secure the benefits of it for themselves. The idea took well with them, and you need not

be surprised when I tell you that every slaveholder present subscribed, some thirty in number, and I felt sure that I had made more out of those fellows than I should at the auction sale the next day.

I arose early in the morning, purchased me a newspaper, in which I saw a flaming advertisement of the forthcoming great auction sale of slaves. Taking a walk about the streets I saw posted up here and there, the following notice :

OCTOBER —, 18—.

GREAT AUCTION SALE!

TWENTY-FIVE FIRST CLASS SLAVES TO BE SOLD
TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.


SALE POSITIVE,

Being an Administrator's Sale, to close an Estate.
Sale to commence promptly at 2 o'clock P. M., on the
Public Square.

FIFTEEN MALES AND TEN FEMALES,

ranging all the way from twenty-five to fifty years of age. About one half are full blooded, the other half are of a mixed breed. They are all of excellent stock, and in good working order.

Now is Your Chance to Invest!

 Remember Time and Place of Sale!

Seeing that I had made a good strike the evening before, I determined to take it easy during the forenoon, and attend the auction in the afternoon. Strolling about the place, I inquired about the average value of slaves, at the ages mentioned in the advertisement, for I wished to know how high it would do for me to bid, and not be in danger of getting a blasted old negro saddled on to me, for he would be a serious incumbrance to me, as I could not carry him very well in my satchel, with my other articles of merchandise. Receiving the required information, I returned to the hotel, and awaited the time when the sale was to commence.

At two o'clock, P. M., I started for the public square, and found there a large crowd around the pen in which the stock for sale was confined. They were talking about the size, form, general appearance, &c., of the slaves, and of their supposed value, but the poor negroes did not seem to enjoy the conversation particularly well. I had not been present but about five minutes when the auctioneer rang his bell, and announced that the

sale would then begin. The slaves as their names were called were directed to mount a large block where they could be readily seen by the bystanders, and as soon as one was disposed of another one took his place. The first one put up at auction was a full blooded negro, aged forty-five years.

"How much am I offered for him, gentlemen?" shouted the auctioneer. "He has been one of the most profitable hands that ever worked in a cotton field; he is right in the prime of life, and is good for twenty years hard service. Come, gentlemen, give us a bid."

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"One hundred and fifty dollars I'm offered, who says three hundred? Why, just look him over gentlemen, and see what stuff he is made of. He is none of your shiftless, lazy trash, and won't need, nor bear the lash much, as you see," at the same time striking him a smart blow with a rawhide, which made the poor fellow dance lively. "He is a wide awake chap, and can just 'git up and git' every day in the year, for he is never sick,

and there will be no lost time on him. One hundred and fifty is bid, gentlemen, and who says three hundred?"

Two hundred and fifty was the next bid.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars is all I'm offered. This slave is worth at least eight hundred, or a thousand dollars, so you need not be afraid to bid, gentlemen. Two hundred and fifty. Who says four hundred?"

I did not like such slow bidding, so I bid four hundred dollars.

"That's right, man, now four hundred it is, who says five?"

"Five," shouted a planter near by me.

"Five hundred dollars I'm offered for this full blooded, first class, vigorous negro, aged only forty-five years. Five hundred will never buy him, gentlemen, who says six?"

"Five, fifty," was now bid by an elderly gentlemen opposite me. After quite a spirited bidding of five, ten, twenty dollar bids, the old fellow was struck off for seven hundred dollars.

The next candidate for the auction block

was a middle aged negress, quite bright looking, and of a stout, robust appearance.

"How much, gentlemen, do you bid for Dinah? Look at her, and see what splendid stock she is made of. Whoever gets her gets a prize. Gentlemen, how much am I offered?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred, five, five, five, five hundred, who says six?"

"Six hundred."

"Six, six, six hundred, who says seven?"

"Seven."

"Seven hundred, who says eight?"

Bids of one hundred dollars were continued until fifteen hundred dollars was bid, and as this was my bid, imagine my surprise, when the auctioneer struck her off to me.

I expected, from what was told me, that she would bring at least two thousand dollars, and so of course I did not consider that I was in any special danger if I bid fifteen hundred. What on earth to do with this great elephant that I had got on my hands, I did not know. Me, a traveling book agent, and the owner of

fifteen hundred dollars worth of negro! Think of it! The owner, did I say? No, I was not, for I had not paid for her, and what was worse,



MY ELEPHANT.

I could not raise a fifth part of it. I was indeed in a sad dilemma, and how to get out of it was a mystery. However, bearing my affliction with calm composure, I listened to the bidding, until all were disposed of. Be-

fore I was called upon for payment, I was offered a bonus of one hundred dollars for my slave, and I never made so few objections to trading in my life, as I did this time, and the delectable negress changed masters very quickly, and I considered myself well out of what I called a bad fix.

After the exciting scenes of the sale were over, I returned to the hotel, where I concluded to remain for the night, and seeing that nearly a month has passed by and I had not written to the publishers, I made that my business in the evening. The following letter is the one which I sent to them.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct 1st, 18—

LION, SKINNER & Co.,

MESSRS:

Doubtless you have been looking for some tidings from your humble servant for some days past, but while one is continually in the midst of exciting scenes, time rapidly flies, hence my delay in writing. The people here are peculiar characters, having peculiar interests, and have to be dealt with in a peculiar manner. I have been compelled to keep the "Pilgrim Fathers" out of sight, in the background, and also, to give the "Deluge" the go by.

The "History of the Galley Slaves" is the only book that I can do anything with in this territory, and I am

having splendid success with that, nearly all of the large planters subscribing for it.

You may ship me, via. steamer from New York, two hundred "Galley Slaves," as I shall no doubt have that number of subscribers by the time the books arrive here. I shall remain in Charleston and vicinity, for some little time yet, so please direct your communication accordingly.

Yours &c.,

IKABOD IZAX.

I returned to the City of Charleston, and had been canvassing there for about ten days without any unusually interesting occurrence transpiring, when I received the following reply to the above letter:

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 8th, 18—

IKABOD IZAX, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

Yours of recent date is at hand, and we hasten to reply. We rejoice to hear of your splendid success in selling the "History of the Galley Slaves," and hope your good luck will continue, but how is it that you cannot sell the "Pilgrim Fathers" and the "Deluge"? Are you afraid to push them on account of public sentiment, or cannot the people of the South swallow anything but slaves just now? You must cure them of their morbid appetite, their literary dyspepsia. Don't be afraid, just "take the bull by the horns," and then you can control the situation, and sell anything you please and to anybody. We will ship

you the "Galley Slaves" as directed by you, and shall hope to receive another order from you very soon. It may interest you to know that we have just issued a new work, entitled, "The Balance of Power," which is a political work, and one we believe that is destined to create a great sensation, and consequently will have a large sale. We propose to send a young man immediately to Charleston to canvass for this book, and though having had but little experience, we think that he will make a decided success, and prove to be a most valuable agent. If you can render him any assistance by way of suggestions, as to the manner of conducting the business, and how to approach and deal with different classes of people, we hope you will favor both him and us. Should you desire to canvass for "The Balance of Power" please notify us.

Yours, &c.,

LION, SKINNER & CO.

I had observed that if any person undertook to play upon a political trumpet, it would not do for that individual to give an uncertain sound, give utterance to any discordant notes, or be unscrupulous in his political wire pulling; for if he was thus inconsiderate, he was liable to be waited upon by a band of professional trainers, who would tune him up thoroughly, and make him chord with them, or else they would make a cord on purpose

for him, on the end of which he would produce anything but musical notes, or pleasant tones. I had but a few days previous heard of an attack upon a Northern peddler, who had unwisely shown up his political preferences, and freely ventilated his sentiments, who was roughly handled, and finally allowed to take his departure from the State, provided he would commence to beat his retreat inside of one-half an hour; and the marvellous haste with which he gathered together his earthly effects, and the rapidity of his flight, showed plainly, what he thought was the wisest course for him to pursue. I concluded to go on selling "Galley Slaves," and let "The Balance of Power" alone.

CHAPTER IX.

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TAKING a street that led into one of the suburbs of Charleston, I came upon quite a settlement of people called the "poor whites," and they certainly were rightly named, for a more miserable, ignorant, dirty, and heathenish set of human beings I never saw yet. Among them were the "clay eaters," "snuff dippers," &c., and all of them were pale, lean, gaunt, sickly looking beings, with long reddish hair and whiskers, dirty faces, and a general filthiness of person. Their whole time seemed to be spent in idleness, having nothing to do, and no qualifications for doing anything. Seeing one man who looked a little more decent and intelligent than the rest, standing leaning against the side of his house,

I ventured to interview him, and see what sort of a character he was, and whether anything was to be made out of him or not. Walking up to him I greeted him with the salutation:

"Good afternoon, sir. How do you do?"

"Hey?"

"Fine day, sir."

"Waal, yes, kinder peart, I reckon."

"Is there anything new or exciting with you?"

"Dunno."

"What may I call your business?"

"Noth'n."

"I have some very interesting and exciting books here in my satchel, which I would like to show you."

"Ya-as."

"Would you like to see them?"

"Don't care."

I thought I would favor him with scenes from the "Deluge," so taking the history of this affair in my hands I showed him the illustrations, and told him all about the most interesting articles in the book, but I could not

seem to awaken any enthusiasm in my subject. I finally asked him if he did not wish to subscribe.

"What?"

"Would you like to buy it?"

"I reckon I don't."

"Why not?"

"Haint got no money."

"You will very likely have some in the course of five or six weeks, shan't you?"

"Dunno."

"Don't you like to read?"

"Dunno how."

"How do you live?"

"I lives by eatin' this hyer stuff," at the same time taking out of one pocket a big lump of clay, and out of another his snuff-box, with the large, dirty swab, which they call their snuff dip.

I became speedily convinced that all time spent among that crowd would be worse than thrown away. The laziness of the "poor whites" is pure and unadulterated; their ignorance is complete; and their usefulness unknown.

I took my immediate departure from the territory inhabited by those miserable beings, and securing several subscribers among the planters that I afterwards called upon, I returned to Charleston to spend the night. Taking an evening stroll about the city, I learned of the fact that there was to be a balloon ascension on the following day, which I resolved to witness. It was announced to take place at ten o'clock A. M. from the public square, and as I reached the place some little time before the ascension was to take place, I amused myself by watching the crowd and taking note of the various side shows, which were being carried on on a small scale. As peddlers of various kinds, venders of all sorts of nostrums, are usually present on all such public occasions, so were they present on this, and among them was the ever present patent medicine man. He was quite a genius in his way, and in common with most patent medicine proprietors, he enlarged upon the merits of his preparations, and enumerated a long list of marvellous cures following their use. Addressing the crowd he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I now hold in my hand a bottle of the wonderful compound known as 'Dr. Hickory's Elixir of Life,' which has probably cured more incurable diseases, and kept more people from their graves, than any other agent, or preparation, known under the sun. There is Mrs. Ashdown of Savannah, Georgia, who had been suffering for years, from an hereditary cancer of the breast, who had been murdered by more than twenty of the best physicians of the country, without the least benefit, who upon hearing of the wonderful cures produced by the use of this Elixir, sent for a bottle, and after the first dose she began to grow strong; after the second dose she had no pain and slept well; after the third dose her appetite returned, and after each succeeding dose she could just see her cancer heal, and in just three weeks she was entirely well, cancer all gone, and ever since she has sung praises to the great Elixir, and spread the glad news of its power to save. Just a few more bottles left. Now is your best, and perhaps your only chance. No matter what be your ill, the remedy is right

here within your reach. Who will have the next bottle."

One hump-backed fellow inquired if it would cure a crooked spine.

"Yes, sir, every time. Just take a bottle of it inside, and rub a little on the opposite side from the crook, applying it thoroughly three times a day for three months, taking care to always lie on the same side that the 'Elixir' is applied, and you will be surprised at the result. How many bottles will you have, sir?"

"Half a dozen."

Rolling up the desired number in a piece of paper he remarked, that "he would be a happy man soon, if he never was before."

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, I have an article which probably has made more mothers happy than anything else known. 'Dr. Wiggle's Wide Awake Soothing Syrup.' It has stopped the crying, and dried up the tears of more babies, than the whole of you could shake a stick at for a thousand years, if you worked night and day. Rub a little on the stomach of a baby, with bilious, wind, or any other

colic, and it will break them up to flinders in five minutes, and restore it to peace and quietness. A few drops given internally a few times every day will make the teething period of children one of calm, unmixed delight. So completely does it relieve infants of all pains and maladies, that in their maturer years they will sigh for the return of bygone days, when they were made blessed by soothing syrup. What mother, what fond parent, will have a bottle?"

One after another called for the delectable fluid, some wanting one, some six, some a dozen, while one or two invested in a gross. Having sold a large number of bottles and taken his pay, the proprietor said that he desired to congratulate his patrons upon one thing, and that was, that there would be more sound and delicious sleep in the City of Charleston to-night than was ever before enjoyed within its limits."

I can find time to allude to only one more of his wonderful drugs, viz. "Dr. Dunderberg's Celebrated Life Drops." Said he:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a miracu-

lous remedy. If you have a dear friend any where on the face of this broad earth who is stone blind, no matter if he or she has been blind from birth, just take small potions of these drops internally, and rub a little upon the eye-lids, and if it be possible sight will be restored. Have any of you here, friends who have become paralyzed from any cause, give them these life drops, and life and vigor is at once restored to the dead members."

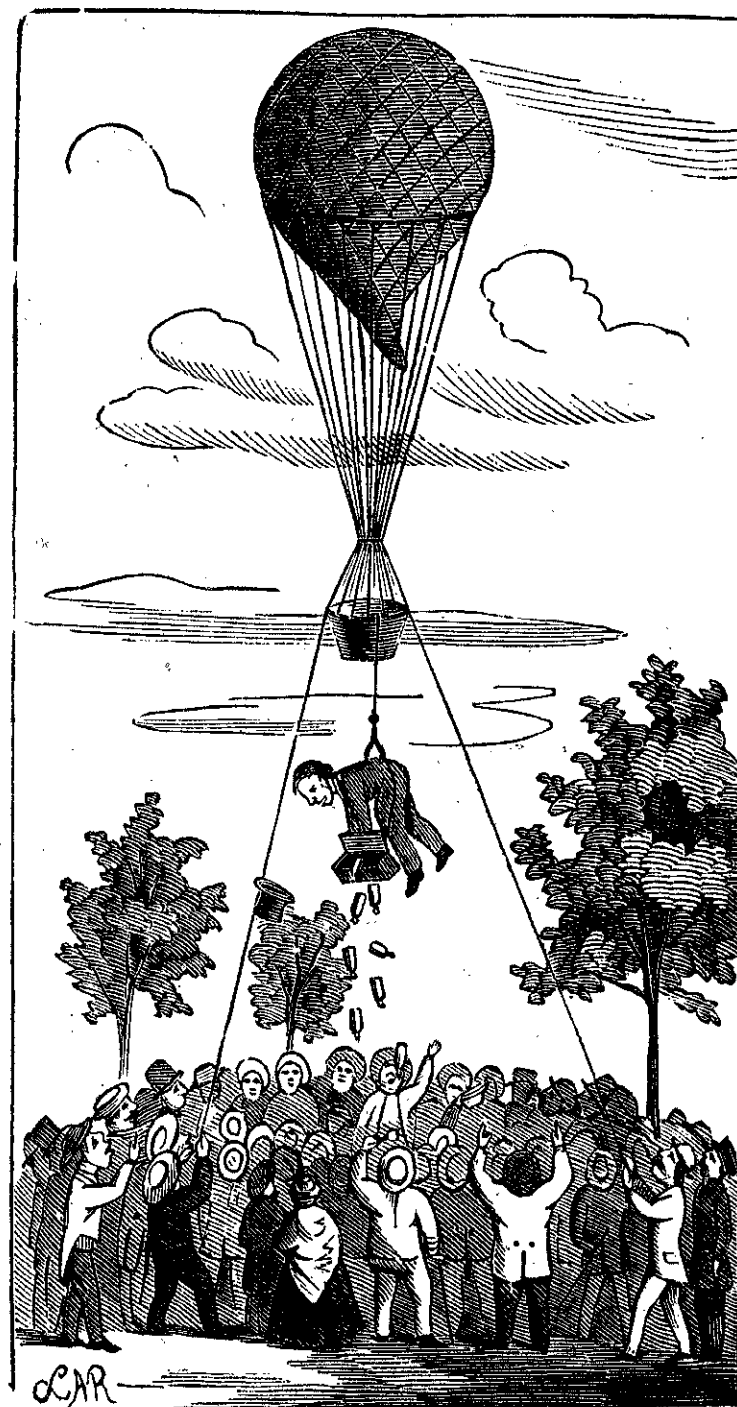
He started off on another tirade about his wonderful drugs, when the aeronaut requested him, together with the crowd, to stand back a little distance from the balloon, as they might be in some danger if they stood under it, and besides they were rather in the way.

"All right, in a minute," shouted the medicine vender, and he went on as before, discoursing upon the wonderful things which he had seen wrought through the agency of his cure-alls. His harangue was, however, suddenly brought to a close, for the balloon became unfastened, and all at once began to rise, and as the grappling iron was left dragging on the ground, it caught the medicine vender

right in the small of his back, and as he began to rise with the balloon, he held on to his trunk of valuables, being determined not to part with his remedies, so up went the balloon, peddler, trunk and all; the latter tipping upside down, out came the bottles, which were dashed to pieces on the ground. As luck would have it there was two long slender ropes attached to the balloon, and as the peddler saw himself going up he shouted with all his might: "Grab the ropes! save me! pull me down!"

Things looked for a few moments as though the patent medicine man would soon stand in need of the curative influences of his own "Life Drops," "Soothing Syrup," "Elixir of Life," &c. It was an exciting time, for great was the consternation of the large crowd gathered to witness the ascension. The peddler stopped his traffic, and soon as things were set to rights, the balloon took its aerial flight, and when it landed, or whether it ever landed at all or not, I do not know.

After the show was over I canvassed about the city during the remainder of the day, and



as usual staid over night at the hotel where I first engaged quarters. As some one called for me during the evening, I was not a little surprised to meet a young man who, as the negroes would say, looked "mighty peart," and who introduced himself as Anthony Brown, from Skowhegan, Maine, saying that he had come there in the employ of Lion, Skinner & Co. of Hartford, Conn., and was to canvass for a book entitled "The Balance of Power." I remembered that the publishers said in their last letter to me that they was going to send a man there, but I did not expect him so soon. I assured him that I was very glad to see him, and hoped he would meet with excellent success. He seemed to be very sanguine, and I had no desire to dash, or destroy, his fond hopes and great expectations, so I helped him to look on the bright side of the situation, as I never believe in forever looking on the dark side of the picture, and I told him that I should be happy to give him any suggestions or render him any assistance in my power.

He thanked me heartily, and said that when he stood in need of advice or assistance, he

should not fail to call upon me. After tea, he invited me to his room, and I took his book, and examined it. The frontispiece represented a large pair of balances, and on the tray at one end the word "South" was printed, and on the other tray, at the other end, the word "North" was printed in like manner, and the "balance of power" was represented as being in favor of the "North."

I assured him that he must be cautious not to let it be known where he came from, as the people in these regions were terribly shy and suspicious of northern men. "If you wish to avoid trouble, be careful about avowing your Northern principles, or political sentiments, and agree with the people whom you meet, upon all subjects, if possible. If you go to standing on your dignity too much, and asserting your independence, you will be apt to have them taken away from you."

The next morning we both started out canvassing, he going one way, while I went another. On account of my previous good luck with the planters, I determined to give them

all an opportunity to purchase all of the "Galley Slaves" that they wanted. I had very good success during the day, taking no less than twenty-five subscribers. Nothing exciting, or especially interesting transpired on my route, but it was not so with my friend and co-laborer, Anthony Brown. There proved to be, as I suspected there might, a disturbing element in his "Balance of Power," which reacted against him. This book was at once stamped as an "incendiary document," and of course the innocent agent had to take the consequences. He happened to fall into the hands of some rather merciless fellows, who took him to a tall tree, tied a rope around his ankles, and after one of the party had climbed up the tree and adjusted the rope nearly to the end of a long limb, the remainder of the party drew him high up in the air, where they kept him dangling for some time, he all the while pleading for dear life, while his tormentors below kept shouting: "How now about the balance of power, where do you think it is?"

After punishing him awhile in this manner,

they let him down, and not being fully satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, they proceeded to adorn him with tar and feathers. Having thoroughly clothed the poor fellow with this horrible dressing, they let him loose, and told him to just "git up and git," as rapidly as he could, and not stop until he had left the State. They stripped the poor fellow before they applied the tar and feathers, and as he took his extra suit in his hands, and ran for the nearest woods, he was a sight to behold. What ever became of the fellow after that catastrophe I cannot tell, and it was evident that the publishers were in doubt regarding him and his whereabouts, for in the next letter that I received from them, they made anxious inquiries of me, thinking I could furnish the desired information. The following is their letter:

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 15th, 18—

IKABOD IZAX, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

We sincerely hope that success still attends your efforts, as it has done in the past, and we have no doubt but that it does, and will continue to do so. As we wrote you some time since, we sent an agent down there with you,

to canvass for the "Balance of Power," and he was to reply without fail, at the end of the first week, and we have received no tidings from him yet. Can you give us any information regarding him, or his whereabouts? If you can, please do so without delay, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

LION, SKINNER & CO.

Not wishing to keep them in suspense any longer than was necessary, I sat down and immediately wrote this reply:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 21st, 18—

LION, SKINNER & Co.,

MESSRS:

Your agent, Anthony Brown, called upon me immediately upon his arrival here, and spent his first night with me, and started out canvassing on the following morning. He evidently followed out the suggestions that you made to me in your last letter, to wit: to "take the bull by the horns," for the people had him strung up by the heels on a limb of a tall tree, and the last time that he was seen, he was running with all his might across lots to the nearest piece of woods, with a heavy coat of tar and feathers upon him. The "balance of power" seemed to be most decidedly against the poor fellow, and I think that he showed a great deal of wisdom in his sudden flight. Had you been aware of the state of public sentiment here at this time, you would no doubt have known better than to have put such a work on sale, and I am sure that you will soon see that it will be wise for you to

withdraw it. The "Galley Slaves" still takes very well among the planters, but as for my following out your injunction to "take the bull by the horns," and try to sell the "Pilgrim Fathers," and the "Deluge," I simply say that I shall not expose myself in any such way. I shall continue my labors here, until you fill my last order for books, when I shall deliver them to my list of subscribers, and then I will determine whether to remain here, take another tour elsewhere, or return home for a period of rest and recreation.

Very truly yours,

IKABOD IZAX.

As it would probably be a week or more, before the books which I had ordered would arrive, I did not think it best to canvass outside the city, so I continued to solicit subscribers within its limits. I met with my usual good success during this time, but no very amusing or alarming incidents occurred to make canvassing either interesting or exciting. Towards the last of the week I was not a little surprised to receive a letter from Anthony Brown, who it appeared survived his hanging and his treatment to a coat of tar and feathers. Here it is, verbatim:

NEW YORK, Nov. 29th, 18—.

IKABOD IZAX, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR :

I am, as you will judge by this letter, still in the land of the living, but instead of dwelling in Charleston, South Carolina, I am on my way to Skowhegan, Maine, where I shall end my days, for all of exposing myself again in that heathenish country. I suppose you have wondered what became of me, and I presume you are not yet aware how very near I came to destruction, after parting with you at the City Hotel in Charleston. I had read before, of the deeds committed by barbarous nations, of the horrors of cannibalism, the terrors of the inquisition. Those abominable savages that attacked me were worse than any brigands of Greece or Turkey, that I ever read about, more barbarous than any cannibal, Hotentot or Bedouin Arab, ever yet heard of. Why, they hung me up on a tall tree until I thought I was dead, and then let me down only to tar and feather me, and after they had thus served me, what did those devils do but send me adrift, telling me to leave the State without delay. I ran for the woods, and there I worked all one day, getting the tar and feathers off, and it was one of the most tedious operations that I was ever called upon to endure, and it did seem as though I never should get through with it. When I had got so I could put on my clothes, which the rascals left me, I took the first steamer for New York, and I thank my stars that I am once more in a civilized country. Will you have the kindness to send to me the things that I left at the hotel? If you

will attend to it at once, I will reward you well for all your trouble.

Your Friend,

ANTHONY BROWN.

I had felt considerable concern for Mr. Brown since having heard of his sad misfortune, and I was happy to learn that the "Balance of Power" was not so strong against him as to completely use him up. I gathered together what few effects he left behind, packed them into his trunk, and shipped them to him by the next steamer bound for New York. Such was the brief experience of Anthony Brown, as agent for "The Balance of Power," and though his career was short, I dare say that it was sufficiently eventful to enable him to remember it for many a day.

It being Saturday night I ceased my labors and walked about the city to see what there was to be seen; and on the Sunday following I listened to the preaching of the Methodist minister, which, to say the least, was pretty fair. I was looking forward to Monday morning with some degree of pleasure and anxiety, for I expected the books that I had ordered

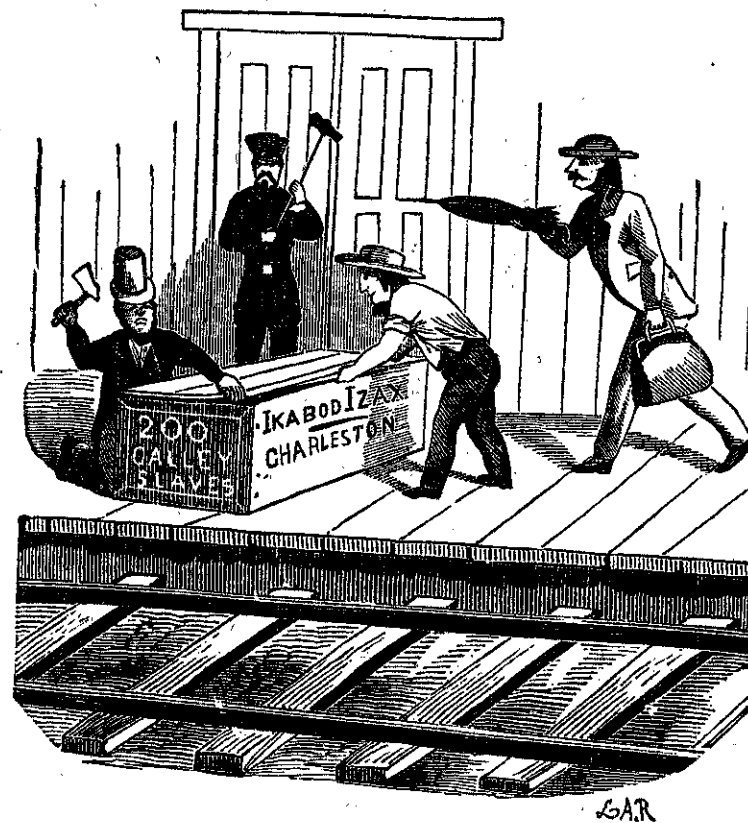
would certainly arrive without fail during the day. On calling at the Post Office I found a bill of the books, and so I went immediately in search of them. After walking quite a distance I came in sight of the railroad depot, and noticing quite a crowd out on the platform hastened my steps and soon joined their ranks, and what do you suppose was the cause of the great excitement? It appeared that my books had arrived, and they came packed in one large box, and there were two or three men working away with a hatchet and crow-bar, doing all they could to open the box, and see what it contained. The box came marked in large plain letters on the top, and read thus:

TWO HUNDRED GALLEY SLAVES,
FOR IKABOD IZAX, ESQ.,
SO. CAROLINA.

There was a policeman there among the rest when I appeared upon the scene, and I should judge from their excited appearance that they thought I had really got boxed up there in that small space two hundred gen-

uine slaves. As I walked up on to the platform I said to the men:

"Look here! what are you doing to that box? What business have you meddling with my property in this way?"



"What are you doing to that box?"

The policeman said, that they suspected that this box either contained a slave that was

trying to escape, or else it, no doubt, contained either stolen or smuggled goods.

"Well, don't be too fast, gentlemen, that box is mine, and it contains books instead of a dead or a live negro, and I can assure you that the goods are neither smuggled or stolen." Not knowing me at all, the policeman demanded proof to substantiate my statements, and so I showed him the freight bill received that morning, upon which the box was specified and described, so I was finally allowed to take my two hundred slaves, depart with them, and scatter them all about that region.

I did not much wonder that the employes about the station looked upon that box with more or less suspicion, for it was such a large, ungainly thing, and had such a peculiar address upon it. I hired a drayman to take said box to the hotel, where I over-hauled it, took all the books out, and taking a few at a time, I went out to deliver them. It sometimes happens that agents lose more or less of their subscribers before they come to deliver their books; some by death, some by removal to other places, and others by not keeping

their word, regarding their subscriptions as not binding, or placing them under any obligations to take the book. But happily for me I did not have many of such subscribers, and hence I delivered all but two or three of the books engaged.

In speaking of the treatment of the agent, Anthony Brown, and alluding as I have to the fact that I could not sell any book but the "Galley Slaves," I simply show you what the state of feeling and public sentiment was in South Carolina, even at this time, which was some five or more years prior to the outbreak of the rebellion. I did not then surmise that the squads of men then drilling about the streets and in the public halls, were doing so in preparation for the mighty struggle so soon to be inaugurated, and to threaten our national existence. Could you, reader, have seen the men, the rank and file of those companies, undergoing military training in the streets of Charleston, you would never have dreamed that they would, or could, have made such capable soldiers as they proved to be when the "tug of war" came. The rich and

poor, the young and old, were all alike engaged in perfecting themselves in the manual of arms; but the drills which I witnessed there were not strictly in accordance with Hardee, Upton, or any other author of military tactics that I ever heard or read of. In forming a military company for the purpose of drill and systematic training, some regard is generally paid to age, size, weight, uniformity of height, &c., but all such regulations were wholly disregarded there, and hence, in a squad of twenty or more men you would see an overgrown, obese man, of fifty or sixty years of age, marching beside a spare, consumptive youth, of eighteen; in the next file might be seen a fellow six feet in height, trying to keep step with his marching partner, who was only five feet tall, and about half as broad across his shoulders. Some would have on straw hats, some tall silk hats, while others would go bare headed; some wore coats, some shoes, and others did not have on either one. One such squad, which I saw out on drill one Saturday afternoon, would cause a good deal of merriment now, could we see them go

through with their military performances, as they did then, though in later year they exhibited their skill in the use of firearms in a manner that was not so mighty funny for us, as it might have been, and caused us to do any, and everything else, but laugh and ridicule.

Having referred to the tactics used by these embryo soldiers, I will give you a specimen: A company, such as I have above described, were drilling on the fair ground, when I chanced to be an eye witness. The Captain of the company gave the order: "Load your guns," and the way those guns were loaded was hard to tell. Some put the cartridge in one end first, some another, and some were two minutes in loading, and some fully ten.

"Shoulder your guns."

At the word of command up went the guns, some on one shoulder, some on the other, when the Captain gave them specific instructions to carry their firearms on their right shoulder, and even this distinct order seemed to puzzle some of the squad, or else they were in doubt which shoulder was the right and which was the left.

"Attention, gentlemen. Eyes in front of you all! All ready! Take a good squint! Now, company, all fire at once. Bang."



At the word "bang" some fired into the air, others over the Captain's head; some of

the pieces were discharged that happened to be loaded right, and some were not, and one fellow at the end of the company line, dropped his piece, and held on to his ears with both hands, evidently not being used to so much noise, and who no doubt was a good subject for the "Home Guards" during the war.

"Shoulder guns! About your faces."

Not seeming to exactly comprehend the last order, the Captain shouted: "Turn your faces around. Shift yourselves," and so they did, some looking to the North, some to the South, some to the East, and others to the West. The Captain looked puzzled, and evidently did not know how to straighten out his command, so he excitedly said:

"You miserable heathen! What are you looking at? Don't you know which side of your head your eyes are in? All turn around and look at your superior officer."

After the commanding officer had succeeded in getting them all to face him in regular order once more, he said: "Now, men, change your fronts, and stand your backs towards me."

This done, he said: "Now, men, take notice—soon as I give the order to about face, I want to have you turn around and look me square in the face. Now, attention! About, face!"

They all stood as they were, only turning their faces around and looking at their superior officer, over their left shoulders.

The Captain swore at his squad, and said: "D——n you miserable suckers; don't you know when your mother is out?"

Before giving out the order again, the Captain took the gun from one of the squad, and telling him to step out of the ranks, he went back, took his old position in front of his company, and said to his men: "Look a here, gentlemen; I want to have you all stand mighty quick with your backs facing me, and when I tell you to turn your faces, I want you should turn your backs the other way, and if I catch any one of you a gazing at me with your face over your shoulder as you did the other time, I will spoil your countenance in less than no time, by filling it jam full of buck shot." Suffice it to say regarding this

last order of the "Superior Officer," that it was speedily and perfectly obeyed.

Among the other orders given were these: "Dodge that ere hole," "jump that ditch," "Double quick," "git," and "raise dust for your lives," &c. &c.

CHAPTER X.

After having succeeded well in securing a good list of subscribers, an agent's trouble and perplexities are not always entirely over. Many times he is met at the outer door of the residences where his subscribers reside, and informed by the servant girl, that the lady or man of the house is not in, which in many cases proves to be a falsehood, and it sometimes seems as though servants were expected to do the lying as a part of the regular duty assigned to them.

When I delivered books for the first time, I generally took people at their word, and when a servant came to the door and said Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So were not at home, but I

soon learned what that statement often meant, and what it was intended for.

Early one afternoon, when I was about to enter the house of one of my lady subscribers, I espied her at her parlor window, and I presume she recognized me, for she suddenly took her departure. Having caught a glimpse of her, I knew that she was at home, so I was forearmed. On ringing the bell, the servant came to the door, and I inquired of her if Madame R. was in.

"She is not at home."

"I would like to walk in, if you please, and wait for her return."

Not knowing hardly what to do, she finally admitted me, showed me into the parlor, and retired, as I suppose, for consultation with her mistress, who I was well aware was quite at home in some part of the house. After a few moments the servant returned with the message that "the lady of the house would not return for an hour or two."

"Very well, I am in no special hurry. I can wait as well as not."

Being a stranger, they did not exactly like

to leave me alone in possession of the best room in the house, for fear, I presume, that they might lose some of their valuables. So, after remaining there for half an hour or more, the lady of the house returned, and concluded to see me. As she came into the room, I arose, politely bowed, and informed her that I had brought the book for which she subscribed. She said she was sorry, for she had no money to pay for it. I said that I was sorry also, but guessed I could arrange matters satisfactorily to both parties concerned, and so I informed her that I would call upon her the next afternoon for my pay, and would leave the book.

Well, but I don't know as I shall be able to pay for it then."

"I guess you can obtain funds enough for that some how, but if you cannot I will call some other time."

She began to think that the best way to do was to keep her word, raise the funds, of which she had an ample amount, and take the book, which she did without further delay. Taking up my satchel I bade her good after-

noon, remarking that I hoped I had not seriously discommoded her, yet I knew that I had been of some little annoyance to her.

When people who had subscribed for a book could offer very good and substantial reasons why they should not, or could not, take it, I of course would not, and did not hold them to their obligations; but I generally intended to impress the fact upon their minds, that a subscription was equivalent to a written contract, which placed the individual under special obligations to take the book, and whenever parties sought to wholly ignore this fact, I considered it my duty to try and impress it upon their minds, and make them see the propriety of keeping their word, and fulfilling their agreement. Before I had got through delivering books, I was surprised at the wonderful revelations made to me; to learn of the great misfortunes, the dire calamities, that had befallen my patrons during the interval between the time that I called upon them to subscribe, and the time when they were called upon to take the works.

Calling upon one man, he could not take

his book because his only mule had died, and he had been obliged to buy another. I told him I was sorry for the mule, but I did not see how he could be helped, and as for him, I thought he had better take the book, inasmuch as he did not make his subscription upon any such contingencies. I told him that if he had stated the fact in his subscription, that he would take the work provided his mule lived, and not if it died, then I should have left the mule to decide the question, but as it was I could not allow the death of the mule to have any special bearing in the case, and, in fact, I thought it had better be left out of the question altogether. Peace to the mule's ashes! He took his book, paid for it, and we were both happy, or at least I felt satisfied. The next subscriber that I called upon was a woman, who offered as a sufficient reason why she should not fulfil her agreement, the fact that she had buried her grandmother. I was possessed with a sympathetic nature, and inwardly sorrowed for her, in her affliction, and it seemed at first rather tough to press her to take a book, but never-

theless I did not see how I could sympathize with all of my patrons, and release a great part of them from their subscription besides, so I thought I would reason with her a little.

"When did your grandmother die?"

"About a month ago."

"What appeared to be the matter with her?"

"I don't exactly know, for she died very suddenly."

"She was not a very great burden or expense to her friends then, and probably did not suffer much herself?"

"No."

"Did you attend her funeral?"

"No, I could not leave very well, as I had a great many things to see to."

"You did not have to bear the funeral expenses then, did you?"

"Of course not, as it did not belong to us to do, neither was it expected of us."

"It is sad, indeed, to lose a grandmother, as I know by experience, but if you will take your book, and read it attentively, it will tend to divert your mind, so that it will not be

wandering all the time after your deceased friend and relative."

I guess she saw that my mining process was likely to take her underpinning out and leave her without much foundation for her statement, or, at least, without any valid reason why she should not do as she agreed, for she soon produced the money, paid for her book, and I departed, meditating upon the frailty and uncertainty surrounding the lives of grandmothers. I have grave doubts about the non-existence of that grandmother, and do not believe that she has breathed her last yet.

Calling upon a farmer to leave him his book, he said that he did not see how he could take it, as there had been a severe drought and his crops were going to be very short, and he did not know but they would fail him altogether. I assured him that dry times affected all classes of people, in every business calling, book agents included, and probably it was no worse for him than for others. I told him that if his crops did partially fail that year, he had the land left, which would be as good as ever,

but if I had all my books left on my hands, they would spoil by age, and they would be a dead loss to me. He at last saw his way clear enough to take it, and so one more bargain was closed.

One widow lady among my subscribers offered as an excuse for her not wishing to take the book, the fact that her daughter was, quite unexpectedly to her, to be married in a few weeks, and it would necessitate quite an outlay on her part, which she did not anticipate when she made the subscription.

"I feel sorry for you, madame, but congratulate your daughter upon her prospects. I presume your daughter had nothing to do with your subscribing in the first place, and now I don't wish to let such a trifling thing as a marriage contract annul your contract with me. You can make your daughter a wedding present of it, and she may be enabled to derive comfort and consolation during her married life in reading it, and finding out that there have been people in the world who were greater slaves than she."

The widow came down with her mite, I

went my way, and I suppose the daughter was married in due time.

Calling at the residence of another of my subscribers, I found the lady of the house at home, but as her husband gave me his autograph for the book, I desired to see him, and so made inquiry as to his whereabouts.

"He is absent."

"How soon will he be at home?"

"About two months."

"O, he has gone on a journey has he?"

"Yes, a short one."

"May I ask where he has gone?"

"What business is it to you, sir, where he's gone?"

"I simply desired to know, thinking perhaps he might be stopping near here, where I could see him and deliver to him his book."

"What book?"

"The one he subscribed for a few weeks ago, the 'History of the Galley Slaves.'"

"I guess the old fellow will find out all he wants to know about Galley Slaves before he works out his two months' sentence to the county work house."

"What! you don't mean to say that he has gone to jail, do you?"

"I do, just that."

"Why was he sent there?"

"On account of drunkenness and cruelty to his family."

"I am sorry."

"Well, I'm not, and I hope he will be kept there until he knows enough to keep sober."

"If you do not want to take the book you need not, but I guess I will call upon your husband at the jail."

"Do as you like, but he won't have any money."

I finally called upon her husband in jail, and speaking of bringing the book for which he subscribed, he said, that the officers had got the best of him, and there he was, with nothing but his clothes, so he could not pay for the book.

"You see," said I, "what a slave you have come to be to your miserable appetite, even in worse bondage than as though you were a Galley Slave."

"Yes, I know it, but I am no worse than

those who sell it, and they are all right, and no one disturbs them."

"Your statement is too true, but they may sometime feel the power of retributive justice as forcibly as you do now."

"I hope so, but they never have, and I don't believe they ever will, for money can always defeat justice and keep the biggest rascals from getting their deserts."

Giving him a few words of advice, I left him to meditate a while longer upon the evils of intemperance.

Notwithstanding the fact that my subscribers had been afflicted by losses of mules, grandmothers, and property of various kinds, and also suffered from the evils of intemperance and the ravages of marriage, I succeeded in delivering most of the books ordered.

Having delivered the books to my subscribers, and settled up my affairs in Charleston, I concluded to return home, pay a visit to my mother, whom I had not seen for many months, and enjoy the holiday season which would soon be at hand. December 1st, I took a steamer for New York, and reached home

on the 6th. As I reached the gate in front of my mother's house, I saw her in the doorway, and out she came to meet me, saying:



"Why, Ikabod Izax, is that you? Don't my eyes really deceive me? Why, how you

have changed. You look ever so much better and smarter than you did, some how, and you have got some whiskers, too. Ikabod, you begin to look like a gentleman, sure as the world. I told you you had it in you to succeed, and you have shown it."

The old cat seemed to be animated by much the same spirit as my mother was, and came purring, and rubbing its head on my legs, and the family welcome, to say the least, was hearty and genuine.

After a few days spent at home, I called upon the publishers, Lion, Skinner & Co., and settled up with them, paying them for the 200 "Galley Slaves," that I had disposed of during my canvassing tour. Some time afterward I took a tour through the Eastern part of the State of Massachusetts, and the time may come when I might like to relate my experience in Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, the Canadas, and some other places of interest. I have spoken of the peculiar people one comes across while canvassing, of the pleasant and unpleasant incidents continually transpiring,—shown up some of the peculiar-

ities of human nature; and now I propose to speak of some of the difficulties an agent has to contend with, and the obstacles he has to overcome, the prejudices he is obliged to battle against, &c.

The opposition of the public to this method of selling books by subscription has become to be very great, and the question arises how it became to be so very bitter and general. There have been various causes for it, prominent among which are, that publishers have often issued poor, worthless books, such as were neither amusing or instructive, and besides had them gotten up in such shape, and made of such miserable material that they would scarcely hold together, and would not do so only for a short time. Again, in securing agents the publishers often make false statements regarding their works, and tell fabulous tales about the merits of them, and the wonderful sale which they claim they are meeting with, and not answering the description, or the expectations of the agents and the people who are induced to buy, dissatisfaction all around is the result.

When it is announced by a given publisher that he is about to issue a new work treating upon a certain subject, it often happens that some unprincipled guerrilla among the publishers will suddenly start up, invade the other's territory, and getting a little the start, will issue a cheap, unauthentic work upon the same subject, and in this way the public is cheated by the cheap plunder, so that they have little disposition to take the genuine article when ready for the market. It is this same kind of literary guerrilla warfare that has been disastrous to agents, and worked the ruin of more than one publisher, and cast discredit upon all concerned in it.

It seems to be the studied effort of many publishers to see how cheaply they can construct a book, and be enabled to dispose of it to the public without being immediately detected in the swindle. Some publishers seem to think that principle, honesty, and fair dealing, are entirely uncalled for in dealing with canvassing agents, so it is not an unfrequent occurrence that the same publisher will sell two or three agents a complete outfit, take

their pay for the same, and assign the agents to the same territory, a fact not known to the agents, until they meet each other face to face in the same town or city. The public are not only imposed upon by publishers of miserable trash, but it also has to suffer from the doings of unprincipled agents, who are forever making false statements, and taking every possible advantage of people, that lies in their power. The public are, however, but little better in their treatment of agents, and so have not much to boast of in that direction. In fact, it sometimes seems as though the public thought it no sin, even if they did not regard it a christian virtue, to lie to, abuse, and maltreat an agent, whoever he or she might be. In entertaining strangers, it is claimed that people may entertain angels unawares sometimes, and it may be well to consider that good, honest, honorable, cultivated people do at times engage in this business for good, valid, and highly creditable reasons.

It often happens that men, by reason of some sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune are obliged to follow some new voca-

tion as a means of obtaining a livelihood, and having no trade or profession, quite as a matter of course engage in selling books. Such instances were numerous after the great fires at Chicago and Boston, when men of fortune lost every farthing, and went to selling books, hoping to obtain an honest living by so doing. If the people do not wish to purchase books, they can say so, and be civil in so doing, and they might do well to consider that the agent who calls at their door, is entitled to civil and gentlemanly treatment, so long as he behaves in a becoming manner himself, and is civil in his treatment to those he calls upon. Don't regard every lady who is engaged in this calling as one of no reputation, dishonorable in character, and without virtues, destitute of the nobler traits of the female mind and heart, for some there are among them, who, instead of being a burden to their parents or friends, choose rather to labor themselves, and work out an honorable and an independent support. Give every man and woman due credit for preferring to work rather than to revel in wealth and luxury, or being dependent upon

the generosity and charity of others; and true it is that every individual who attempts to cast dishonor upon any such person, is only showing how insignificant in the scale of humanity they themselves really are.

Many of the largest and first class publishers throughout the country, who heretofore have opposed and ridiculed the subscription book business, have now organized a distinct department for the special purpose of carrying on this branch of the business. Now some of the best books, by the first authors, are brought before the public in this way, and in no other, and individuals who swear that they will never subscribe for a book, by so doing deprive themselves of many works of great value, and such as they would delight in if they perused them.

There are many country places where there are no booksellers, and people have no opportunity of knowing about many of the best books published except an agent calls upon them. Ladies can make as much in this calling as men, and I know of women who earn more money in selling books than any me-

chanic does in the same time, and many a man has made this business a stepping stone to a good fortune and high positions.

When the publishers throughout the country who issue subscription works, will take pains to issue books of some interest and real value, and get them up in a durable and substantial manner, and will secure agents to represent them who are men and women of honor and principle, and then stand by them, giving them none but fair dealing, and when agents in their statements to the public are consistent and truthful, then the business will cease to be regarded in the light which it has been in years past.

There are now signs of a great reform in the methods and manner of conducting the business, and agents recognize the fact and hail them with pleasure. Publishers and authors of the leading works of literature, science and art, now begin to realize that the best way to bring such works more generally before the public is to have them sold by subscription. So now the gentleman or lady who desires to engage in selling books can do so

with the assurance that the business is not dishonorable, and the best minds are contributing their greatest productions to the support and success of the enterprise, and the most successful publishers are enlarging their efforts in the same direction, and splendid success will attend the honest efforts of the faithful canvassing book agent, who truthfully represents works possessing the merits and character here spoken of. Publishers, Book Agents, and the Public, please take notice.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Scheme to Fill My Pockets.—Wardrobe.—Calling upon the Publishers.—My Reception.—The Attack.—My Retreat.—Parental Sympathy.—Second Interview with Publishers.—My Engagement.—Departure for the Field.—The Smith Family.—Breaking In.—The Town Clerk and Postmaster.—My First Subscriber.

CHAPTER II.

Sam Sloan.—“I’s a Preacher.”—Letter to Publishers.—Sam Sloan’s Sermon.—Contest with the Blacksmith and His Wife.—Beggars.—My Special Solicitor.—His Capture.

CHAPTER III.

“Do You See that Nail, Sir?”—The Village Auctioneer.—Scathing Letter from the Publishers.—Widow Bednor.—The Young Pastor.—Deacon Standish.—Deacon Crook.—Deacon Goldfinch.

CHAPTER IV.

Patrick Moriarty and the Galley Slaves.—Letter to the Publishers.—The Celebrated Scotch Family.—The Sunday Morning Carnival.—The Family Handkerchief.—The Independent Church Communicant.—The Dialogue in Church.—The Ingenious Scotchman.—The Country Attorney.—The English Cooper.

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Charre and His Irish Patient.—My Harangue to the Doctor.—Besieging the Deaf Farmer.—My Pistol Shot.—Whoa, Haw, Gee there Old Daisy.—Mistaken Identity.—The Dutch Landlord.—The Fourth of July Orator, Timothy Beetle, Esq.—The Village Sexton and Hearse.—The Great Procession.—Chapter of Accidents.—Miscellaneous Sports.—Dutch Toast Master.—Ikabod Izax’s Speech.—Introducing the Orator.—The Great Oration.—Fire Works.

CHAPTER VI.

Letter from the Publishers.—The Runaway Slave.—Story of His Escape.—“Halleluoyah! Glory! Golly!”—Country School Marm.—The Rebellious Pupils.—Examining the Class in Geography.—Ikabod’s Address to the Pupils.

CHAPTER VII.

Valued at \$1500, Insured for \$1000.—Miss Sarah Buckminster.—Editor Boone and the Great Boone Estate.—The Editorial.—Newspaper Puff.—Rev. Mr. Devine.—Trading for a Sermon.—Rev. Mr. Dumbell.—Selling My Sermon.—Apostrophe on the Death of My First Subscriber.—Departure for the South.—Storm at Sea.—The Frightened Passenger.—First Interview with a Slaveholder.—The Slave Driver.—“Cash Paid for Hides and Pelts.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Director Drake.—The Zoological Exhibition.—Opening Address.—Showing up the Animals.—Director Drake’s Individual Career.—Pastor of the Village Methodist Church.—His Closing Address.—Among the Planters.—Great Auction Sale of Slaves.—Buying a Slave.—My Elephant.

CHAPTER IX.

The Poor Whites.—The Patent Medicine Man.—The Balloon Ascension.—The Peddler’s Aerial Journey.—“Grab the Ropes! Save Me! Pull Me Down!”—Anthony Brown.—“The Balance of Power.”—Hanging of Anthony Brown.—Coat of Tar and Feathers.—His Sudden Departure.—His Baggage.—Novel Military Drill.

CHAPTER X.

Calamities Afflicting My Subscribers.—Ikabod Returns to His Mother.—Conclusion.

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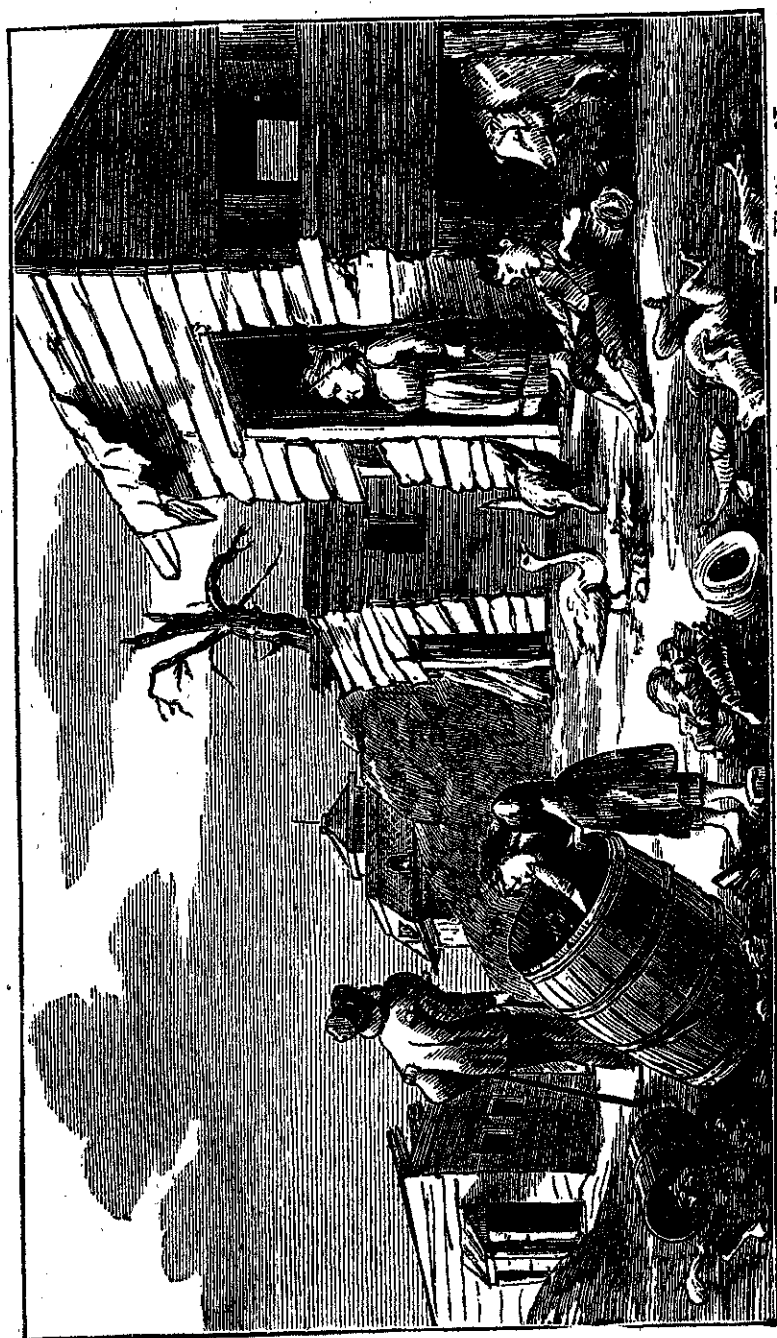
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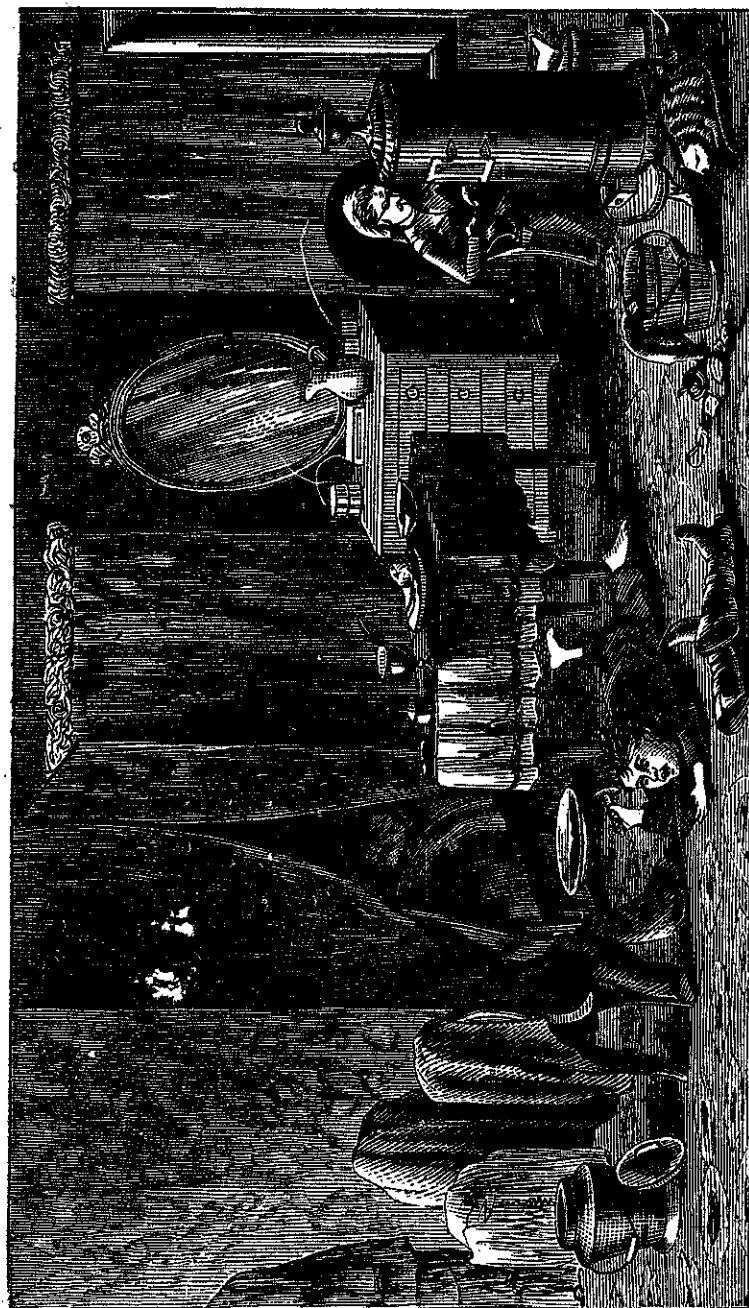
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