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SAM SIMPLE'S

FIRST TRIP

TO

New Orleans.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOB SNOBS," "MASON FAMILY," &c.

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Wilburn

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MY FIRST TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY SAM SIMPLE.

CHAPTER I.

Now you see I was raised away up in the mountains of Alabama, where they live on deer meat and turkeys, and somehow or other thought it was one of the greatest places in the world. When I was about ten years old, there was a tremendous stirring among the good people. I couldn't for my life think what was to pay. But dad comes home one night and says: "Sam, I'm gwine to send you to school to that man you seed here to-day." Thinks I to myself, thunder and Tom Walker! and what does he mean? I wonder if the old coon has hired me out to that ugly varmint! "But," says dad, "We are going to build a house to-morrow." Old Nick and Tar river, and what are they goin to do with a house! The next morning I was up bright and early to see what all this to-do meant. Way round the Wolf's Bend, down in the hollow, the people all got together, and such another cutting of sapplins you never did see. We soon throwed up a log hut, and covered it over. Next Monday mornin, after we finished the house, I gets mammy's old blue pocket and I just crammed down into it a big piece of deer meat and a hunker of bread, and starts down the branch to the new house. I had some mighty tremendous ideas, goin along. Well, I got there, and sure enough there was the school man. Says he, "Boys, come up here." Oh, you chills and agues, how it gives me the all overs! I liked to have dropped right there. We all marched up, not knowing whether we should live a minute. He first finds out all our names

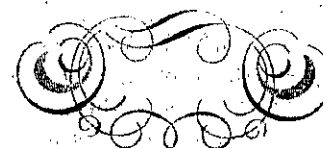
and scratches them down on a piece of paper, and he then gives books to all of us. He give me a kind of picture book, and says he, "Sam, you learn these letters." Off I went, and down I sat, and I tell you it was mighty interestin for a little while. After awhile he says, "The class in geography, come recite." Up they went, and commenced tellin about the big towns in this country. After awhile they come to New Orleans. Now the school man had been down to New Orleans, and he gin the class the great things he seed down there. Now this kind of excited me, and I just made up my mind to go to see New Orleans. I goes home and says to dad, I believes I'll go to New Orleans. "Go whar?" says dad. Why, says I, to New Orleans. "If you dont bundle up and get off to school to-morrow morning, I'll show you how to come here talking your outlandish nonsense." So I went on to school; but now and then the school man had something to say about the queen of cities, and the "Crescent City." I thought I would begin to pick up dimes and save them for a trip. I went on to school a little more than three years, and then I left him. I then hires myself to a man to get money to go to New Orleans. I served him for several years, and laid up my little money. I let him keep it for me, and when I thought I had enough to make a start I calls on him for it. He pays me \$200 down, in the pure stuff. I soon fixes up, and off I puts for New Orleans. I takes along dad's old saddle bags, stuffed like a sassinger, with clean shirts, trowsers, &c. I goes down to Mr. Work's, where the folks take supper when they take the stage on the plank-road. I never had much appetite, and when I went in to supper I takes a bite or two, and up I jumps. As I was about to go out the door the boss ketches me by the sleeve, and says, "Gentlemen always pay their bills before leaving the dining room." Now, being as how I was on a trip to the Crescent City, I was right in for anything that looked like a man of information, so I just hawls out my money purse—one that mammy made me out of checked homespun—and hands the old customer a half dollar, and says I, boss, just give me the change. "This is the amount, exactly," says he, and puts it in his pocket. Splurgeration and wild cats! says I; and I didn't eat as much as a baby, and you charge a half dollar?

"Certainly," says he; "we charge as much for three mouthfuls as for three hundred." Good! says I; and back I went, and at it I went to get my half dollar's worth. I eat until I was as tight as a whiskey keg. I gets up with a kind of independence like a man who knows what he is about; and when I gets to the door the greedy puppy says to me, "Mister, your fare if you please." Earthquakes and alligators, says I, didn't I gin you half a dollar? "Yes," says he, "you paid me for the first supper and went back and took another. Gentlemen who eat two suppers pay for two." I seed it was no use to be arguin with him, for he seemed to be up to his business, so I just forks over the half. Now, says I, Sam, if you don't keep your eyes skinned you'll not see the "Queen of Cities" yet; so I just made up my mind to keep my eyes open. After a little while I heard the stage coming. Flutter-mills and weather-cocks, says I, I believe my gizzard will jump right out of my mouth. But up she come, with a great big whiskered fellow drivin four of the prettiest grays you ever laid your eyes on; they were charmin creatures, and I walked around and was looking first on this side and then on that, and first thing I knowed the driver hollowed out, "All aboard, gentlemen, for Montgomery." Says I, I'm gwine there myself. "Well, why in the nation don't you get in?" I runs around quicker than a minute, with my old saddle-bags a swinging to my arm. Just as I got to the door to get in, one little sickly-face fellow says, like a woman, "All full in here." Well, get out, says I, for I am gwine, certain. "You will have to ride with me," says the driver. Any where, says I, so up I jumps, and sits as strait as if I had a shingle in my back. Away the horses went down a long slant. I waited a minute or two to see the man take them up, but bein as how he didn't, quick as you can say Jack Robinson, I grabbed the reins and hollowed as loud as I could, wo, wo. "What are you about," says the driver. Aint they running away? says I. "No, you fool," says he, "they aint half travlin. Don't you put your hands on these lines." And away he went worse than ever. I could see the blue streaks and the rings around, like when you've been turned around and got drunk, and the first thing I knowed a co-whallup I come right flat of my back in a mud hole. The horses run about fifty yards before the driver could take

um up. I jumped up quicker than you could pop your finger and tuck right after the stage—I knowed they were after leavin me, but I'd see um about it. "You'd better get on the inside," says the driver. I guess I had, says I, that place up there is rather high for me, it kinder makes my head swim. My little man gets out and I gets in. The gals were all mighty tickler, fraid my muddy britches would tuch their fine coats; so I sets as small as possible. The old stage went a swingin and a jumpin worse than mammy's cradle, and the first thing I knowed it kind a struck somethin and I pitched slap dab into a gals's lap, with my arms right around her neck, ketchin at somethin to keep me from fallin. She hollowed worse than a wild cat, and two great whappin fellows grabbed me and set me back in my seat so hard I like to knocked the bottom out. "Keep in your seat," said one and his face looked like a snappin turtle. Blue-blazes and Gen. Jackson, says I, and how do you think a man can keep in his seat when the old thing is bobbin up and down in this kind of way. "Hold on," says he, and his eyes looking like they would ketch fire; so I ketches hold of the sides of the stage and I held tighter than any possum on a simmon lim. After so long a time we begin to enter the great city of Montgomery. Oh! the houses! the houses! I looked first on one side then on tother. Thinks I, this must be New Orleans. Says I, this is New Orleans, aint it? "No," says a great black whiskered fellow, "this is a chicken-coop to New Orleans." Butter nuts, says I, if this aint a tarnasion of a chicken-coop. About this time the driver bawls out—"What Hotel, gentlemen?" Some say, "Exchange;" some "Madison;" some "Montgomery Hall." Roanoke and Tar river, thinks I, what do they mean by this kind of stuff? But an idea pops into my head—they only tellin the shows they want to go to. So I leaned back a little, and kinder puts on a knowin look, and sings out with a full understandin of what I was sayin—says I, driver, just carry me to all on um.

"I gues," says he, "time you pay your bill at one of them you'll not want to go to the others." I knowed what he meant right away, for I had a lastin recollection of payin bills. About this time the driver cries out—"Exchange, gentleman." The door opened,

and out I jumped. White-oak mountains, what a house! Why it's as big as all of dad's yard and house-lot put together. I just opened my mouth and just looked at the tarnal thing. A great black ugly varmint come joltin up agin me and says he, "Your baggage."—Says I, take my wallet, is that what you want? I just pulled back my fist and down I drapped him. Now, says I, leave here, I'll show you how to take folk's clothes when they are travelin a long ways from home. About this time somebody catched me by the elbow, and says he, "What are you about, what did you hit that boy for?" Volcanoes and Cotopaxi, says I, and do you suppose I am gwine to let a black nigger take my clothes right before my face? Says he, "The boy only wanted to show you a room, he don't want your clothes. He only wanted to wait on you, and to carry your baggage for you." Auger and gimblet holes, thinks I, any kind of a close place to get out of this scrape; and so I follows the man around and around and around again, and says he, "Here's your room, No. 90."



CHAPTER II.

I walks into my room, No. 90, and just stands my old saddle-bags up in one corner. The room was about as big as dad's four-cornered hog-pen, with one bed, two chairs and a somethin or nother up in the corner with a bowl and a pitcher on it. I takes a seat by the window to see what was going on the outside. I kinder felt lonesome. Here and there, and everywhere, went somebody—and everybody in such a tarnation hurry. Here comes one on a bebstail gray as hard as he can come it. There goes a man walking like he thought the sheriff would get him next minute. Well, thinks I, these people just come to town and haint got long to stay, and they have to be in a hurry to see everything in one day. I was setting there musin on these things and wishing for dinner, when, before I knowed it, such a noise right at my door you never heard. Shovels, tongs, pine-poker, walkin-stick, shot-gun—aint there nothin in the room for a man to fite with? Blue blazes, thought I, Injuns in the camp, and nothin for a man to git hold on. I just grabbed up my old hat and run out the door, and hollered as loud as I could. Hurrah for General Jackson! for I knowed the Injuns couln't stand Old Hickory. "What's the matter?" says a dandy sort of a fellow. Why, says I, didn't you hear the Injuns beatin up thar forces? "Nonsense," says little tight-britches, "that was the gong for dinner." Thinks I to myself, kong for dinner, what in the duce is that? But I was in for dinner, let it come kong fashion or any other kind of fashion, and so I just paddled right after my customer, for I knowed I'd never find the way to the table in the round world. He went first this way and then went that and twisted and turned and after a while we popped into a great big room full of folks, and glory-to-gravy, how they was eatin. There were three or four great long tables, as long as from dad's house to horse-lot, and every one of

them chock full. Thinks I, this is a big day here, they's got a barbecue certain, and as bein how I was mighty fond of barbecue, I couldn't help smacking my mouth when I tuck my seat and thought about roasted mutton and shoat. By the time I was cleverly settled in my seat, somebody put a little piece of paper right in my plate. I looked round to see who it was, but I couldn't tell, for there was more than a dozen goin up and down the table as fast as legs could carry them. I just brushed the thing out of my plate and looked about for something to eat. I couldn't see one bite of meat on the table. About this time the man next to my right picked up my paper and went to readin like it was mighty interestin. Thinks I, that may be some secret that some friend wanted to tell me, or it may be news from home, or it may be anythin or nothin about me, and this fellow is no business knowin it, and so I just reached my hand afore his face and took the paper. I tell you what, he flew off the handle in a minute. He jumped right up, and runnin his hand into his coat-tail behind he dragged out one of your everlastin shootin pistols and pointed it right in my face—says he, "I demand satisfaction immediately." I looked right down about a handful of barrels and thought I smelt the powder getting hot. I could kinder feel my breath come and go, a sort of shakin all over like a man with a mighty ague. My jaws were fastened worse than if I'd had the lock-jaw, and then I understood for the first time about the tongue cleavin to the roof of my mouth. My eyes were sot like a dyin man's, on the barrels, and they got bigger and bigger. One of the barrels now looked like one end of these everlastin steam-bilers. The cold sweat come out all over me, and I thought the hour of dissolution had come. About this time he takes down the pistol, and says he, "You ever dare to do such a thing agin and I will blow your brains out." I caught one long breath, for I tell you I needed it worse than a man with the plurisy. When the scare sorter passed off of me like water runnin off a goose's back, I felt myself hollow bout the stomach. Just in time a fellow comes to my back and says, "What will you have?" Anythin good to eat, says I, and no sooner said than he took my plate and away he went. In a little shorter than no time he was back again with my plate full to the brim with the best sort of eatins.—

Now I just tell you I eat right along and didn't pester nobody certain. I got through the balance peaceably, and paid my half dollar, and out I went. When I got out of the eatin room into that long alley, or whatever they call it, right before the eatin door, I forgot which way my room was. Some went to the right and some to the left. I looked around for my man who come with me, but I couldn't see him. And there I stood just like a fool, not knowin which way to go. And I didn't want to be askin every body, just like a greenhorn on his first out from home. So I thought I would decide myself, and just keep walkin till I come to No. 90. I walked around where a man was standin in a little pen of a place, with a goose quill stuck behind his ears. That's a schoolmaster says I to myself. I din't more than get the idea through my mind before he says, "Mister, you will please register your name," and pushed me a great big book, and handed me the pen. What do you want me to do? says I. "Write you name, where you are from and where you are goin. I was monstrous willin to let people know I was gwine to New Orleans, so I takes hold of the man's quill and scratches down on the book in as strait a line as possible: *Sam Simple from the Mountains gwine to New Orleans*. There is no teilin how big and good I felt when I got through the line and handed the man his pen. I just felt like New Orleans tacked on to the end of my name made me a man of no small consequence. And so it was, for the man very politely asked me if I would take a cigar. Bein as he was so kind and accommodatin I told him I would take two. He handed me a light, and it would have done you good to see me take the regular gentleman step, with my head flung back and my cigar stickin so strait up that the ashes would nearly fall in my nose. There is no mistake about it, I felt a heap better with a cigar in my mouth than I did with the everlastin pistol in my face. It gives me the all-overs to think about it. Well now, thinks I, it is time to begin to think about gittin off to Mobile. Just as I thought of this I happened to see stickin upon a post—*Magnolia* will leave this evening at 4 o'clock." I knowed it couldn't be long before the boat would start, and so I cut out to find my room to get my saddle-bags. I didn't know which way to start; I knowed I come down the steps, and so I went right up the first steps I found

and commenced to count. The first door was 60, so I went on to count till the rooms give out, and then I looked on tother side to see if I could find No. 90. But the Nos. were all backward. And now I was bothered to know where the next figures commenced. 'Bout this time I heard the boat whistle, jominy and black-snakes how I did git about to find 90. I run first this way and then that, and reading all the Nos. They didn't read regular no way you could go. It would be first 40, and then on tother side 70; or some other fool figure what didn't suit. What shall I do, thinks I, either I'll be left or I must leave my saddle-bags. I could feel the sweat comin on my forehead and I was gitten mighty agitated. I couldn't see a livin soul no where to ask for No. 90. So I thought I would do just like I do when I git lost possum hunting, sit down and hollow till somebody comes. So down I dropped quicker than if I had been shot, and I just opened my month and let out one of them terrible hollows which I am capable of makin—*Hurrah for 90!* I didn't hollow many times before a door flew open, and out popped an old lady's head, and said she, "What the nation makes you hollow so?" Nothin tall, says I, only I want to find room No. 90, what's got my saddle-bags in it. "Go round there," says she, "then turn to the right, and then turn to the left, and you'll find it." I jumped right up, and given the old lady one of my politest kind of bows I struck off in a trot. It wasn't long fore I found No. 90. Hey, hey! says I; I am glad to see you old friend. I took hold on the knob to go in, but botheration, the door was locked. Hello! says I, who's that in my room? Open this door quicker than a minute, or I'll show you which side of your bread's buttered. Nobody never said a word. I stood right still to see if I could hear anybody move. There wasn't the first sound. You needn't be runnin under the bed, says I, come out from there and open this door. Bang, bang, I rapped the door, and I tell you what, the old thing rattled like a pile of boards. A man come runnin out from another room, and says he, "Mister what in the world is to pay?" Nothin tall, says I, only I wants to get in my room, No. 90. Says he, "You'll find your key in the bar-room." Who carried it there? says I, and where is the bar-room? "Down at the entrance," says

he, and into his room he went. Now what shall I do? If I go down there, I'll never git back here again. I feels in my pocket for a string, and finds a spool mammy put in there just before I left home. I ties one end to the knob, and started backward, unwindin as I went, and now and then lookin behind me to see which way I was goin. I went around the corners just like I come up, and I hadn't gone round more than two before I felt somethin strike my line. Now I always was the best hand a fishen you ever seed, and I've thought I could come as near tellin what kind of a fish was at the end of the hook as the next man livin or dead. So quicker than thought I made up my mind that some sap-headed, high-minded sort of a fellow, not lookin where he wus gwine to, had run up against my line. So I just puts down my spool and runs right back on the line, so as to get there before he could git off; for I was determined to open his eyes and make him mind where he was walkin. I was goin in a thunderation of a trot, when I went around the first corner and come slap dab against one of the biggest women, ge-whilikin. She fell one way and I fell tother. No quicker than down I was up agin. She was just kind of getting up her things to get up. After a while, she sorter stood on her feet, with her hand on her stomach. Says I, reckon I must sorter butt you in the stomach, for when I runs I leans a little forward, and squats my head a little. But never mind, says I, it will get well bimeby. She never 'peared to see me, but walked right by me like I was nobody, a swingin this way and a swingin that. I just turns myself around, and putting my hands a kind of kimbo on my hips and took one good look at the creature. Her coat reached from this side of the wall clean over to the other side, and it went sweeping in string, spool and everything else before it. She put me in mind of one of those great bush treelaps turned upside down, with the butt-cut stickin up above and a coat fitted over it. I reckon she heard me comin, for before she turned the next corner, she left it. I picks it up and looks at it, all tangled up and dirty, and I was lookin out for the end to go back and tie it to the broken end of the string, when I heard the boat whistle agin. I dropped the spool like a hot potatoe, for I knowed it was no time for tyin strings, and

runs back to No. 90; with all my might I just run against the door like a whirlwind, and I tell you the pieces flew. I run up into the corner where I put my saddle-bags, and they want there. I run all round the room in a minute; I looked under the bed, and there they were where somebody had put them. I swung them across my arm, and away I went to find the bar-room. I went around this corner, then around that, till first thing I knowed I was right in the eatin room, but nobody want eatin. I knowed the way now, so I just trotted across the room and I was soon in the bar-room. I was just going down the steps when a man squalled out to me, "Look here, Mister, you goin off on the boat?" "Yes, sir," said I. Says he, "You'll please pay your fare." "No time to talk about fare," says I, "and the boat whistlin." "Don't you leave here," says he, "without paying what you owe; if you do, I will have you arrested." "Well," says I, "how much do I owe you? be quick, the boat's a whistlin." Says he, "You took dinner and a room; just a dollar." Says I, "I paid for my dinner at the door." "Such paying will never make a settlement in this house. Your name is here on the books, and you are not credited. And," says he, "if you don't want to be left by the boat, you had better be in a hurry." That was enough for me; I handed him a dollar and left in a trot. I run with all my might to the river, and just as I got in sight I saw the boat a gwine off. "Hallo!" says I, "hallo! I'm gwine to Mobile." There was lots of folks down on the bank; I run right through the crowd, and right down the river; I swung my old hat around, I jumped and hollowed. I wanted somethin white to shake, so the captain might see me. I put down my old saddle-bags, and went to lookin for a shirt. All my clothes turned to coats and jackets. I pulled out, and pulled, and, thinks I, didn't mammy put no shirt in here? After a while I found a pair of drawers; I grabbed hold on one leg of them and swung them round and round. The folks all come out of the boat, and stood around where there was a banister and shook their handkerchiefs at me. I bawled out "stop the boat," but they went right on like nobody had said nothing.

CHAPTER III.

Well, I saw it was no use to run after a steam-boat, and down stream at that, so I turns round to go back, after I had packed my clothes back in my saddle-bags. And here I was, left by the steam-boat on account of that No. 90. One minute I would be mad enough to fight the whole steamboat, and the next minute I would cry. So I went walkin along up the river, studyin what to do. I goes back to where the boat started, and tells a man there, who was pilin up some boxes, that I had been left by the steam-boat.—“Never mind,” says he. “You done mighty well not to spend your money,” and he went on with his business like he hadn’t said nothin. But this kind of talken got all over me like lectricity, for I was in no humor to be joked, and if it hadn’t been that I was fraid he had some of them everlastin pistols, I’d let him know what toes are made to shoes for. Says I, I’m gwine to New Orleans, I am; and you suppose I aint got money’nough to pay my way? He kind a straitened himself up, and says he, “You know who you talkin to?” And says I, do you know who you makin fun of? He picked up a little crooked hook what they rolls cotton bags with, and, says he, “I’ll put you afloat if you fool with me. I knowed he had no pistol, and I want afraid of nobody who didn’t have shootin fixins. I sorter rolled up my sleeves, and says I, old horse, if you are huntin up for a difficulty, I’m the boy after your own heart. Says I, I don’t intend to be imposed upon by you dirty dogs any longer. By this time we’d got tolerable close together, and seeing he had made up his mind to fight, I thought I would take the advantage and knock him blind the first lick, so I just takes him side of the head with one of your joe-cleavers. It sorter staggered him, but fore I could hit

him again he hitched that tarnal hook into the seat of my britches, and bless my old buttons, if he didn’t turn me heels over head right into the river. I done some tall scramblin, for the bank, and when I got out there he was pilin up things like he hadn’t done nothin. Says I, Mister, when is another boat gwine to leave? Says he, “I suppose you are cool enough now to behave yourself? Yes sir, says I, when I was mad enough to bite his ears off, but I saw there was no use for mountain folks to be foolin with these town folks who carry pistols and hooks, so I made out like I want mad. Says I, is another boat comin up to-night? “Yes,” says he, “the ‘Eliza Battle’ will be along forectly from Wetumpka.” How long? said I. “In about half-an-hour,” says he. I was just as wet as a drowned rat, and I knowed they wouldn’t let me go on the boat in that fix, and so I run round that big warehouse that stands up there close by the river to put on dry clothes. I hadn’t more than got off one leg of my britches before I heard the boat comin. There’s the boat a whistlin and a comin in a hurry. I’ll be left again with wet clothes on. I wish I never had seen this everlastin place where all the bad luck hapens at once. No. 90; then wet clothes, and the Miss “Eliza Battle” a comin like all the world was after her, and here I am and cant git my britches nor nothin else off, and every thing must be done in a minute or I’ll be left as certain as there’s snakes. I kicked and pulled; I’d sit down and then I’d stand up, I got into all sorts of shapes, fashions and forms, to git my old wet britches off. I’d pull first with one hand and then with the tother, and then with both hands with all my might, but the britches wouldn’t come.—The more I pulled the more they wouldn’t come off. I never did see britches stick so in my life. I sorter got my old trowsers turned wrong side out over my ankles, and with all the pullin I could do I could not get the wet things off. I was in a powerful hurry, for I could hear the boat a comin, and I was so skeered about its leavin me, every thing looked like it was left-handed. I tell you I done some tall pullin of old clothes. After awhile off come the britches, and I fell flat of my back. And then when I got ready to put on clean dry clothes, I couldn’t find no britches but the blue jenes ones, which mammy told me to save till I got to New Orleans. I do be-

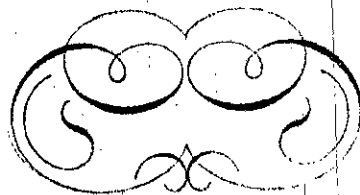
lieve when anybody is in a hurry his eyesight is double, for I couldn't hardly tell a pair of britches for a jacket. I kept pullin and hawlin over the clothes until I found my coperas pants, and no quicker than you could skin a eel I was into them. I put on my shirt and shoes and took my coat and jacket in my hand, and the way I went for the steamboat, putting them on as I run. I was in such a hurry I forgot my saddle-bags, and after I got down to the boat I thought of them. Mercy on me, says I, and I'll bet that them old saddle-bags will make the boat leave me agin. But I knowed there was no time for foolin, and so I run back after my saddle-bags with all my might, hollowin every step, "I'm gwine to Mobile on the boat." I done some tall stepping up the hill to where I left my saddle-bags. I just rammed my clothes, wet ones and all, right into my saddle-bags, swung them on my arm, and went down the hill so fast my heels like to have flew over my head. I run right into the boat like a house was afire. I was out of breath, but I felt mighty glad that I was on the boat. I just knowed it would take a man with a head on to git me off agin. I just fell down in a chair and commenced to look about, and hang my skin if the old boat didn't look the nicest of anything I had ever seen. Dad's house aint nothing compared to a boat. I never did see such fine fixins in my life, but I never did see such little bitter rooms since I've been born. I got up and went right into one of these little rooms, and what do you think? they just had two shelves, sorter like mammy's shelves in the dairy, with short, narrow beds on them. Thinks I to myself, folks don't sleep on shelves here, do they? Every thing looked powerful fine but these little short beds. They kinder pestered me, but I thought I would wait till sleepin time come round, when I would see how they would do. It was now in the night, and I felt like I could eat something if I had a fair chance. I kept waitin for the old boat to start, but it looked like it never would git off. They kept bringing down cotton, boxes and everything, till I began to get scared that the boat might sink. I didn't want to git into the river any more, for I knowed I didn't have many dry clothes. I stood on the outside, lookin at the folks, and the cotton boxes, till I got the all overs. So I just hollows out

as loud as I could, 'nough cotton on here, ain't goin' to take no more. A man steps up to me, and says he, "Who told you to be givin orders." Says I, "I'm fraid the boat's goin to sink. "No danger," says he, "we havn't got half a load." I was afraid to talk to folks much, for I didn't like these hooks and shootin irons which they carried along with them, so I never said no more to the man, but I was gittin out of patience waitin. I had run myself nearly to death to git on the boat in time, and now it looked like it would never start. About this time the boat gave a whistle that like to made me jump into the river. I thought the everlastin thing was blowin up, and I could almost imagine myself a goin up in the air. The chills run over me as big as punkin seed, but I soon got over the skeer. They commenced to pull in the plank and untie the great big rope that holds the boat to the land. The old boat commenced to swing around, and the big wheels made a powerful splurgeration in the water. They just made the white foam rise behind. The way I did feel proud when I knowed I was ridin on the boat. I just wished dad and mam could see me a floatin down the river. I just stood up there and looked at the folks as we went a clippin of it towards Mobile. I never did feel so much like somebody before in all my born days. Sam Simple, from near Wolf's Bend way up in the mountains, on the steamboat Miss "Eliza Battle," on his way to Mobile. Lasses and plum pudding, if I didn't feel as good as if I had just got out of a camp-meeting, and I straitened myself back upon my importance in as stiff and consequential manner as if I had a post-oak board run down the marrow of my back-bone. I was enjoyin my situation finely, forgettin every thing about eatin, till I see them begin to set the table. Whenever the plates begun to rattle my stomach begun to wake up to its duty, and I do believe I could have eaten anything from a possum to a chicken pie. I watched every plate, and though the niggers seemed in the biggest kind of a hurry, they looked like they got along mighty slow. I was hungry for true, and when I gits in that fix I wants to cat somethin. It wasn't much longer before that everlastin fussy kong or gong rung

for supper. Board piles, shingle stacks and a half dozen more things throwed in, all fallin down at once, ain't nothin to one of these things rattlin for supper. It would come as nigh wakin the dead as anything else that Yankees can make. They talk about a trumpet wakin the dead; if you'd just git one of these noisy creatures, and if the dead didn't wake up, it would be no use to be blowin your trumpet there. I went on to supper, but I couldn't hear nothin for half a hour after. But I know'd if I couldn't hear, I could find the way to my mouth, and I'm not jokin when I declare I made the biskits fly—I always did love these clean, white, warm flower biskits. I never took time to count how many I did eat. I'd take about two bites at a biskit, and then take a big swaller of coffee. I felt sorter like the man who loved a dram, I wanted my neck to be as long as a crane's, because it felt so good a goin down. All the folks began to git up before I got half enough, but I know'd how to travel now; experience had taught me a mighty good lesson; for I didn't forget that it didn't cost no more to eat three hundred mouthfuls than it did to eat two, so I know'd I wasn't increasin the expenses. I didn't care if the folks did git up, they hadn't paid for two suppers and smelt the patchin like I had. When they got along as far as I had been, they'd know how to eat a half a dollar's worth. I kept pilin in till a nigger comes up behind me, and says he, 'Master, you'll kill yourself.' 'Not I,' says I, 'I feel like I was gittin fat.' Says he, 'we'll have breakfast in the mornin.' 'I'm glad to hear it,' says I, and do you have good biskits for breakfast?' 'Oh, yes,' says he, 'the cook let the biskits git smoked to-night—we'll have them all right to-morrow mornin.' 'Those are good enough,' says I, and I kept hidin the good things. But after I saw there was nobody eatin but me, I thought I wouldn't be impolite, and so I quit just for manner's sake. When I got up, I just thought to myself, I'll be bound I'll never be too late for the steam-boat another time. If I'd knowed what fine eatin they had on the boats, I'd smashed No. 90 into a koked-hat before I'd been left. After supper was over, I begun to feel sleepy, so I goes to the man what keeps the books, and says I, 'where am I gwine to sleep?' 'In No. 9,' says he. 'In where?' says I; for I thought it was No. 90 again,

and I'd fight a ship load of alligators before I'd go into another No. 90. 'In No 9,' says he. I didn't like No. 9 nuther, and, says I, 'ain't you got no other number besides No 9?' 'No,' says he, 'all occupied.' Says I, 'I've got no use for these 9's, they are all bad luck.' Says he, 'it's 9 or none.' So I puts out for No. 9, a nigger totin my saddle bags. When we got to No. 9, a man was in there on the lower shelf. Says I, 'Mister, this is my room.' Says he: 'Walk in, sir, two of us can stay in here—you can sleep above.' He seemed so polite, I thought I'd let him alone, and crawls up on to the top shelf. Ingun rubber, says I, if it don't feel just like bouncein. It was just about long enough and wide enough. It's the very thing for sleepin. It beats mammy's old shuck mattress out of all hollow. Those folks what travels on the water know how to fix up things. I was lyin there thinkin about home and home folks, and afore I knowed it I was fast asleep. I went right strait to dreamin about the big cities and all such things, and I was enjoyin myself finely in my sleep, when I heard somebody hollowin right in my room—'Thief! thief!'—and I don't know what all. It skeered me like the nation, and I jumped up, not thinkin where I was, and fell clean down from the top shelf. My man what was on the bottom shelf was standin there hollowin with all his might. Says I, what in the nation is the matter? But he kept hollowin more than ever. 'Thief! thief!' In popped the Captain, and says he, 'What's to pay?' My man made out like he was powerfui had off, and says he, 'Somebody's stole my money, and I am here away from home without a cent,' and he began to cry. Says I, whose been in here?' 'Nobody,' says he, 'but you.' Old Nick and Tar river, if I didn't feel like makin daylight through him. Me steal, says I. 'I'd die the death of a dog first. Don't you accuse me of stealing,' says I. 'Stop,' says the Captain, 'I must look into this matter.' Says the Captain, 'how much money did you lose?' 'A hundred dollars,' says my man.' Says I, 'I've got more than a hundred dollars, but I never got it from you. I worked for it to go to New Orleans on. Says the Captain to my man, 'What Banks were your bills on, and how many bills did you have?' Says he, 'I don't know the Banks, but they were all ten dollar bills.' Now I had most all

any money in ten dollar bills, but I just knowed I didn't git them from him. Says the captain, "You two will please to come out here in the entrance, and I will have to search you, and if possible settle this matter." Says he, "I've had such cases before, and I think I know something about such matters. It is very common for men to lose their money going down this river, but when I find the man who steals, I am certain to teach him a lesson he don't soon forget. Walk out gentlemen and take a seat."



CHAPTER IV.

I saw there was no use arguin the question with the Captain, for he looked just like he meant what he said; so my man and I just walked out and took a seat. I never did feel so comical in all my born days. I want no lawyer, I knowed, and if they commenced pushin the law pint, I knowed I was a gone minner. I didn't know nothin but straight along talkin, and it would be a gone case if they commenced to examin bills, and axin a thousand questions about Banks. But I thought I would risk it, and there I sot for all the world just like a fool, not knowin what to say or which way to look. The captain took a chair and set right before us, and looked right into our eyes for more than a minute without a word. Says he, "What's your name, and where are you from?" Says I, mighty glad to tell you, Mr. Captain; my name's Sam Simple from the Mountains, gwine to New Orleans. "What Mountains?" says the Captain. Alabam Mountains. Why captain, didn't you never see the Mountains? "Oh yes," says he. "And what's your name?" says the Captain to my man. Now you see I wanted to know that very thing myself. He seemed mighty bothered. He turned first to one side the chair and crossed his left leg over his right, and then quicker than a minute he turned to tother side and crossed his right leg over the left, a kinder holdin his head down and lookin on the floor all the time. He looked just like somethin was the matter with him. Thinks I to myself you's the biggest fool in the nation, why don't you tell your name? The Captain had to ax him agin for his name. And he put up his mouth just like a two year old child beggin for taters, and says, "I's run away from Daddy because he treated me so mean, and if I tell you my name he'll git hold of me and nearly kill me—I want to go West so I can make a living." I couldn't help feeling sorry for the fellow, he looked so pitiful.

"Never mind about that," says the Captain, "all will be right; give me your name." "Well, Captain, you must make this man, Sam Simple, go away." No, sir, says I, you've got my name, and I must have you. Mr. Captain, it won't be fair to make me go away. "You are right," says the Captain. "Sam Simple has told his name, and you must give yours." "I don't think I can do it," says my man. The Captain got a kind of wrath, and says he, "If you don't give your name, I'll have you put into this river in double quick time." I tell you what, the name came then. "Peter Slasher," says he. I golly, says I, Mr. Captain, I knows him. That's the reason he didn't want to tell his name. He use to live up in the mountains. And you talk about havin a hundred dollars! Pete, you knows that's a lie, you never had half that much in your life. Why Pete I knows you just as well—which way you gwine way down here on the Alabama river? You's lost, ain't you? Pete never said a word, but tried to make out he didn't know me. "Well," says the Captain, "I must now settle this money affair." Says I, Pete, do you say I took your money? You know you never had any money to save your life, and that's the reason his daddy's all the time a beatin him. He's been gone from home more than three months, and nobody didn't know where he was. Where's your pocket book, says I, for I know'd he didn't have a pocket book to his name. "Yes," says the Captain, "pull out your purse." I hawled mine right out, and says I, Mr. Captain I'll tell you what's the fact, I had just \$200 and two quarters, and a dime and a thrip, when I started, and I've spent just seven dollars exactly; now you can see how much is in my money purse. "That would leave you," says the Captain, "193 65." All right, says I, and I was gettin ready to hand him my money purse, when, earthquakes and volcanoes, the whole bottom of the boat went like it had been pulled out. The Captain jumped up, and says he, "Run on a snag!" My heart like to got clear out of my throat. Another ducker, says I. I'll be bound I git all my clothes wet before I git to New Orleans. I run right after my saddle bags, and then I run right out in that front place to see what was goin to come of us. Everybody was jumpin up in their night clothes, and a hollowin what's the matter. The

old boat rocked first one side and then tother, and she looked just like she was gwine to turn over. The water just poured in and she began to sink. The woman was a hollowin, the children a cryin, and nobody knowed what he was doin. They'd first run to this side the boat, then to tother, and ax about a thousand questions. I saw the cotton bags a floatin off, and I knowed if I could get on one of these creatures I'd land safe, for I'd rode many a cotton bag down the Coosa. So I picked my chance and made a jump for a cotton bag what come a floatin along. I jumped a leetle too strong and hit the further edge, and into the river I went. Whew! says I, for the water was a leetle cold when I first dipped under. When I shot up to the top I looked for my bag—it was just ahead with my saddle bags ridin as grand as if they was somebody. You see when I struck too far over on the bag, I was thinkin so much about catchin that I forgot my saddle bags, and they fell on the bag. Another bag came floatin along and I just crawled on to it like a tarapin on a log. I run my hand in my pocket to see if my money was wet, and hang my buttons, there wasn't no money purse in there. Now I was in a fix. Wet clothes on, not a cent of money, and yonder goes my saddle-bags a clippin of it to Mobile. What would mam and daddy say if they could see me a settin down here on a cotton bag, just as wet as I can be, a runnin after my saddle-bags, with all my money gone. I felt mighty low down, but now and then I would try and pick up courage, and keep my eye on my saddle bags. After awhile I seed a great sand bar just ahead and I tell you I done some tall prayin for both cotton bags to hit the sand. But when my saddle bags got towards the sand it just turned towards the left, and when I got there I went to the right. I kicked, and screwed, and shoved, but the old bag would go to the right. Farewell, saddle bags, says I, for I thought the river forked here. I begin to feel the hippo gittin all over me. Saddle bags gone, money gone, and here I am with wet clothes on, and takin the right fork of the river, and no tellin where I'm gwine to. I just bet this fork don't go to Mobile. The water was mighty swift, and I had to hold on like a leach to a rotten log, or my cotton bag would have run from under me, and left me there just settin on the water. But this wasn't the

first time, I had rode on a cotton bag before, and I knowed how to hold on, and I kinder consoled myself that if I was takin the wrong river, my passage was free; I didn't have no money to lose, nor no Pete to drag me before the Captain, for stealin his money, when he knowed he never had a dollar to save his life. But I might as well give the money to Pete as to lose it in the river, though I knowed he didn't have sense enough to take care of it. I didn't have no money, but I was gwine to hold on to my cotton bag, for I knowed I could sell it for something whenever I struck the land.

I was goin along a thinkin in this way when I looked over where the sand bank was, and behold! there want no bank there. I'd done passed the bank, and the two forks was coming together, and there comes my saddle bags lookin like they were going to meet me. Oh! glory! says I, by way of an accident I may get my clothes yet. They kept comin till they got in about six feet from me, and there we were goin down the river even and even. I kinder squatted down on my hunkers to make a jump over to tother cotton bag, and every time I'd get about ready to jump, the bags would git a little further apart. And I knowed I'd have to jump mighty ticular, for if I struck on one edge I'd throw my saddle bags in the river, and then agin I knowed water was mighty deceiven, and what looked like six feet might be nine, and that would be mighty good jumpin on a dead level. But I jes set there ready, waitin for the bag to come a leetle closer. After a while it got about right, and I made one of your strongest kind of jumps, the cotton bag shot right from under me like a cob on a plank, and I come down as flat as your hand right on my face. I didn't jump a foot and a half, and like to get strangled to death. I didn't go deep in the water, but when I come up both cotton bags had left me. Now I was in a pickle, money, saddle bags and cotton bags all lost. But the bag I jumped off of had got behind, and I thought I could catch it. So I put out with all my might. I could get most to it, and when I raised my hand to put it on the bag, it would slip away from me. I was gittin mighty tired and I seed if I didn't git hold pretty soon I couldn't hold out much longer. I was about the middle of the river, and if I missed the bag, I couldn't swim to nether bank. I felt just like

I was bound to drown if I missed the bag next time. So I made one desperate struggle, and got up close behind the bag, but with all I could do, I couldn't git my hand on the bag. I began to think the jig was all up with me, when all at once I thought of a plan, that was to swim by the side of the bag instead of against the end, for I was makin the bag go faster by the wave I made in swimmin, and so I turned a leetle to one side, and it want long before I laid one hand on the glorious old cotton bag. You can't tell me nothing about the worth of a cotton bag; and I thought if I ever did git home, I never would raise nothin but cotton bags. Hurrah for cotton bags! I just set down in the same place where I was settin before; and I'd made up my mind not to jump after another cotton bag. My saddle bags was just ahead, but I was contented, and I want goin to jump after them any more.

It was now gittin late in the evenin, and I knowed I'd feel cold when it was night. If I'd had somethin dry to throw over me, I could git along pretty well, but I didn't have it. And I couldn't move about on the bag to keep me warm, but I had to set right still in the middle. I was goin down close to one bank and my saddle bags was way over on tother side. I'd done quit greavin about my saddle bags, and was watchin for a lim to catch hold of. But after a little while the current carried me a way out in the river agin, and I came co-slap up against the tother cotton bag. I jerked off my gallosses and soon lashed them together. Old Zip Coon and Old Dan Tucker, if I just had somebody to do the pattin, if I couldn't knock the very bottom out of an old Virginny Knock-down—saddle bags and two bags of cotton, gwine to market. Hurrah for Mobile! I felt just like huggin my old saddle bags; but I thought I wouldn't be actin the fool here by myself, and so I didn't hug that time. It was now high time to look up some more dry clothes, and as there was no Miss "Eliza Battle" to make me brake my neck, I just made up my mind to take my time. And so I very coolly run my hand into my saddle bags—hallaluyah! says I, here's my money purse. Yes, sir! I was in such a hurry when the old boat tore up, I never noticed what I was doin, and I put my money purse into my saddle bags instead of my pocket. Yes, here it is; bless your old soul, if I

don't love you better than ever. Money a plenty, dry clothes and two bags of cotton, and aint payin a cent for ridin. Hurrah for the Alabama river! If I didn't feel about as good as if I'd been in Congress. It want long before I had dry clothes on and hung my wet ones out to dry. I reckon some folks would think a cotton bag was a mighty poor dressin room, but you know the old sayin is, that necessity is the mother of invention, and beggars oughtnt to be choosers, and its all as true as preachin.

But there was one thing lackin—I didn't see no supper gittin ready. It was now gittin dark, and I hadn't eat nothin since last night at supper; and if it hadn't been for that nigger I'd eat enough to last me to Mobile. I'll be bound I'll know how to eat next time I git on the boat. They just give you one good meal and then run on a snag, and make you go the balance of the way without eaten anything. But it was no use to be thinkin about eatin, and so I tried to forget it. But then I didn't have nothing else to think about. I knowed it wouldn't do to go to sleep, for I might get to dreamin and jump in the river; and just to set up there on a cotton bag a lookin about, when it was just as dark as my old hat, and nobody couldn't see what he was lookin at, was the poorest kind of fun. But there I sot a floatin along and a sayin nothin to nobody. I felt kinder lonesome, all there by myself, away down on the Alabama river. I wouldn't minded it so much, but I couldn't see where I was goin. I didn't know but I might run over some shoals or run on a snag, or the nation knows what else might happen there in the dark. I begin to feel mighty sleepy, and it looked like my eyes would shut up anyhow;—I felt just like some folks in the meetin house, a kinder holdin their eyes open and then a kinder shuttin them up, a hearen one word and missen two. I'd pull first one eye open and then tother, and rub my face with my hand, and try to wake up, but it was no go, for in less than a minute my head would be bobbin up and down worse than a cork when you're fishin. I saw it was no use to be fightin against nature and so I just sprawled myself out across both cotton bags, and I was asleep in about the quickest you ever seed a feller. I'd worked mighty hard all day and I just slept without rockin. I'd just about got into the subject good, when I heard

one of your keenest squeals. I jumped up and come as near as peas a gittin in the water. Hallo! says I; what's that? It squealed agin, and I knowed right away a steamboat was comin. Rattlesnakes and tigers, he'll run right over me and never know I'm here. What shall I do? He'll never hear me hollow in the world, and I might shake a shirt here in the dark until I shook all the fillin out of it, and he'd never see it. The old boat kept comin, and every wheel and everything else looked like it was makin all the noise it could. I'll catch it now. I've worked hard all day and done pretty well, and now I've got to be run over by the boat at last, away down here, nobody knows where. I thought I'd pray one more time before I went. I kinder got on my knees, but I couldn't think of one single word, but the boat is a comin. Who can pray and the boat right there ready to run over him? The boat run up tolerable close, and the big waves came dashin along, and my cotton bags went a jumpin, and a waddlin about worse than a young colt the first time you git on him. I had to hold mighty tight, and once or twice I thought I was gone. And I knowed if I got out in the river, I'd never know which way the bank was. And I didn't have time to hollow for holden on. But after awhile I got out one big hollow, and just kept a hollowin. It want long before they had a light out in the front part a lookin all over the water. Here I am, says I, what are you lookin for? Somebody axed me if I was in the water. No, says I; a ridin on two cotton bags, with dry clothes on. Says I, what boat is that? "Sallie Spann," hollows somebody. Another gal boat, says I; I don't like these gal boats much; they are a little too delicate for me. They let down a battoe, and I got into it, and they soon had me up in the boat. The very first man I meets is that same Pete. Here he was a standin like he was waitin for his money. Now I'll have another scrape, says I. If I'd knowed this I'd staid on my cotton bags. But I never let on to Pete like I knowed him. I felt mighty like eatin somethin; and I told the folks I was hungry as a wolfe. They soon had me somethin to eat, and I tell you I done the subject justice. After I eat enough, I was mighty careful which way I went for fear I might meet that same old Captain. Here Pete was and no doubt he had the Captain

along, a lookin for me, and there was no tellin how many lies Pete had told him, for he was a monstrous liar. I just felt like they had me fast and Pete would get that hundred dollars yet.



CHAPTER V.

As I said I was mighty particular how I walked about the boat, lest I might stumble on the same old Captain. So after I got my supper, I crawled into one of them little rooms, and took one of your soundest kind of naps. I got up just time enough for breakfast; for I'm not gwine to be too late for eatin time. I was a leetle afraid to go to the first table, as the Captain might be there and see me. So I just kinder pokes my head out of my room, and takes a survey up and down the table, to see who was there. I saw Pete doin his best, but I couldn't see the Captain. So out I walks and takes a seat. I looked agin for the Captain, but he want there. Takin care of his own boat, I spects, says I; he's a sensible man, says I; better take care of his own affairs than to be runnin about after Pete's business. I felt good enough now, for I want fraid of Pete. So after I got over the skeer of the Captain, I eat with a coming stomach.

After breakfast was over a good lookin man asked me if I want the man they picked up last night. Yes, sir, says I; I was clippin of it to Mobile, with two cotton bags; and I told him all about it. He took a powerful likin to me—says he, "Old fel, you'll make a sailor—walk up," says he, "I want to give you a treat." So we goes up to where they keep the best of the good stuff, and I fills my tumbler brimmin full. It did look so nice I thought I'd take a good one. I felt it kinder lift me up when it got down into my stomach. It was a mighty curious kind of stuff. It would begin to burn about my stomach, and go to the very end of my toes. Then it would take tother direction, and run up into my head and made me feel like I was turning round in a swing. Everything looked like it was bobbin up and down, and everybody else seemed for all the world like they were drunk. The old boat itself got crazy—the side was higher than tother, and the chairs looked like they

would slide down all on one side. Every way I went was up hill; I kept steppin up like I was trying to git on top of somethin. I felt mighty comical; but nevertheless, I felt mighty good. Rich as a Jew—Pocket full of money—money no more than newspaper—who cares for money?—I'm the best man in Alabama—out run, throw down, out jump, jump higher, jump farther, jump longer, jump stronger, than any man from Gen. Jackson to Billy Bowlegs. Who cares for spenses! Hurrah for hurrah!

But after this good feelin kinder cooled off, there was a nasty, sicknin, rollin, tumblin sort of turnin up about my stomach, worse than ipecac and lobely. All the biskits, and meat, and sassages, and wafers and butter, and fish, which I eat for breakfast looked like they had all gone to turnin summersets, and some of them jumped so high, they almost turned clear out of my mouth. They put me in mind of the horses when they first come out in a circus; they all would go round and round, then kinder cross over, then mix up altogether, so that nobody could tell which horse he was ridin with somethin like an old clown, a bobbin up here and a prankin over there, in everybody's way, and all the time a stirrin up everything else. The big drops of sweat just come out all over without squeezin, and I felt just like I could drink Dad's spring branch dry. Mighty tuff feelin about this time. After awhile I got hold of the railins of the boat, and just made one strong hough, and out come water, liquor, breakfast and no telling how much more, all mixed up together; enough to make a dog sick. It helped me mighty. In a little while I begin to feel smartly better. When I got over it I missed twenty dollars. Says I—"Whose got my money?" "You lost it playin cards," says Pete. Playin cards? says I—I know nothin about playin cards. Says Pete, "After that fellow got you drunk he soon had you playin, and if it hadn't been for me, he'd had the last cent you've got; but I took you away and put you to bed." "Why, Pete, that was mighty clever. I believe Pete's a good fellow after all." "Well," says Pete, "I saved all your money but that twenty dollars, and now how much you gwine to give for it?" "How much do you say, Pete?" says I. "About five dollars, I reckon," says Pete. So I pulls out five dollars and give it to

Pete. We was now come into Mobile, and I made up my mind, when I got off the boat, to give that fellow who got my money a sharp talk. So just as we all got off, and I got a chance at him, I just laid my hand on his shoulders, and looked him right in the eyes, and says I, "My good fellow, what did you mean, to make me drunk and then get twenty dollars out of me?" "What do you mean?" says he, sorter bristlin up. Pistols and cotton hooks, thinks I; first thing I know I'll be in a pond of water, reachin for the cotton bank. "Why," says I, "Pete told me you played cards with me when I was drunk, and got twenty dollars out of me, and if it hadn't been for him, the said Pete, you'd had all my money." "A triffin puppy," says he, "I thought at the time there was some rascal in that fellow you call Pete. He got your money. He came to you and told you that you owed him one hundred dollars, and that if you would give him twenty, he'd let you off. You pulled out two tens and handed them to him. I thought it was all right and said nothin." A rogue—and made me give him five more for stealin twenty. Where is Pete?

I felt just about like I could whip the half of Mobile. Twenty-five dollars gone for nothin: and Pete has got some of my money as last. If I lay my eyes on him I'll make him see blue blazes. Pete, a low-bred, dirty dog, got twenty-five dollars of my money and then make out like he's a friend. Tried to get a hundred and couldn't get it, and now he must have twenty-five. And then to think I give him five dollars for being a clever fellow. I'm mad enough to whip myself; that I was ever such a fool as to believe one word that he said.

Let him put his foot on the boat that goes to New Orleans, and if I don't teach him a lesson he won't forget till he gets back to his mammy's house. I'll show him how to be playin his pranks on a mountain gentleman, gwine to New Orleans. I was so mad I didn't hardly know what to do with myself, and so I just made up my mind, to hunt him up. I put my saddle bags on my left arm, and the way I went somewhere up town. I went first along one street and then I'd go along another. The houses! the houses! the houses! I'll just be confumplecked if this ain't some town itself. I walked

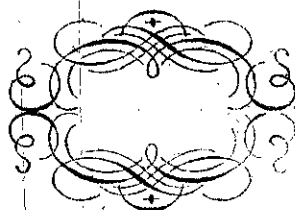
and walked, and I couldn't see tother side. I just clean forgot Pete and the twenty-five dollars. I would read the great big letters over the doors, first on one side of the street, and then I'd turn around and read on tother side. And if you believe me I could read the great big letters clear across the street. Why in the tarnation, says I, don't schoolmasters have big letters like these, what boys could see, instead of these little crooked things in the spellin book. I got more whippins about them everlastin A B C's in old Webster's spellin book than would take all the hair off a dry cowhide. If I'd had some of these big letters what I could see anywhere, I could have studied and played ball, and jumped rope all at the same time. Teachers always do have the hardest way of gittin anything anyhow, of anybody else in the world. They don't know how to do nothin but just sit cross-legged in a school-house, chew tobacco, and tell how smart they were when they went to school. I'se got no use for the creatures.

I was just amusin away in this kind of style when a great strap-pin fellow says to me, "Mr., have you lost anything?" No, says I; but I'm lookin for somebody. "Who are you lookin for?" says he. For Pete, says I; and when I lay my eyes on him I'll give him particular Davy. Have you seen Pete, Mister? says I. "Oh, yes," says he, "Pete went along there not many minutes ago." Which way? says I. "Just around the corner," says he. On his track, says I, I'll catch him yet. I put out in a hurry to find Pete, but I couldn't help thinkin how that man could know Pete. About this time I raised my eyes and I seed Pete walkin with all his might right across the street, a leetle ahead. I hollowed to him to stop, but he never noticed me. I put right after him, a hollowin to him to stop all the time. The folks run out on all sides to see what was the matter. I never paid no attention to nobody, but kept right after him. I come up to him as he was about to round the corner, and down I fetched him. Where's my money? says I; and I kept givin' it to him, first under the ribs, then in the face and all over.—He hollowed like a clever fellow, but that didn't do me; I was gwine to have my money, and so I kept a knockin'. After awhile he agreed to give me all he had. He give me fifteen dollars and said

he'd spent the balance. Where's the things you bought? says I, and I was about to jump on him again, when a man put his hand upon my shoulder, and says he, "Gentlemen go with me to the Guard House, we don't allow fightin in the streets." Go where? says I.—"Come along," says he, "I'll show you the way. You can't miss the place." I knowed from his looks that he want jokin, and he looked like one of these shootin fellows, and it wouldn't do to fool with him. So Pete and I followed right after him. When I was gwine along I couldn't help thinkin, and I didn't feel exactly right. Says I, Mister, you aint gwine to put us in jail, you aint? "Oh! no," said he; and he never said any more. Well, where in the tarnation is he going to carry us? thinks I. To the Guard House! and I wonder what sort of a place that is, and what they will do with us. I know I do have the most bad luck of anybody in the world. Got left by the boat, drawed up before the Captain for stealin Pete's money, missed the cotton bag and got into the river, got drunk and let Pete get my money, and now, I'm gwine along here with Pete, away to the Guard House. I wonder what mammy and daddy would say to see their son in company with Pete, agwine to the Guard House. I could hardly keep from cryin. I thought I would turn my eyes to one side to see what Pete was doin. Bless you! Pete looked like he was proud of his company. He want grievin about gwine to the Guard House. No, not him! He didn't care where he went so he got something to eat, and he knowed he didn't have no money; and this was about as good a chance as any.

I felt like kickin Pete for lookin so happy. About this time we come to the Guard House; and we went in to see what was goin to come on us. I couldn't help feeling a little skeered when I went in to the Guard House. It aint nothin but a jail, says I, called by another name. And I'se got in jail at last and there's no tellin what will come of me. When they git folks in jail they just work them to their notion. The man who brought us to the Guard House said the Marshall was not in and we must wait till he comes; so he just put us up in a room and locked the door. Cold chills and Texas agues, I never did have the all-overs so in my born days. Locked in a little room in a jail house in Mobile. If this aint gwine to New Or-

leans with a vengeance. I'd rather ride cotton bags all night than be shut up here. This is what I git by quittin my cotton bags to git on the 'Sallie Span.' I tell you these gal boats wont do, and I aint gwine to ride on any more of them. Well, I just as well be contented, and so I'll sit down and wait for the Marshall.



CHAPTER VI.

I just sit down in one corner to make myself as easy as possible, for I didn't know what was gwine to become of me. I had mighty curious kind of feelins. I would have gin every cent I had to be at home. If I could just get back once more, you'd never ketch me gwine through all that kind of trouble just to see New Orleans, because a schoolmaster had been down there. It is no pleasure to travel if one has to go through all the difficulties I've been through. And now after I've suffered so much and worked so hard to get this far, here I am stopped and locked up in a Guard House, and that with Pete, a triflin, good-for-nothing fellow; here I am disgraced, and no body to help me to get out of the scrape. And all of this affair will get back home long before I do, and will spread all over the country, and as it will be certain to grow as it spreads, there is no tellin what will be in everybody's mouth before I get home. I'm ruined and there's no way to help it.

When I got about this part of my thinkin, and my heart was sinkin lower and lower, I heard somebody puttin the key in the door.— O cracky! I felt just like a rattlesnake was crawlin down the marrow of my back bone, and these red-headed scorpions were travelin along every nerve. My legs got so weak, my knees began to knock together like old Belshazzar's when he seed nobody writin on the wall. My jaws got a kinder stiff, and my breath was gettin mighty short, my eyes began to get a leetle fixed in my head, and a curious kind of colds and chills run over me, that made my hair feel like it was all standing straight out. The door opened and in popped a great double-jointed whiskered fellow, that looked as savage as a

meat axe. He scared me so, I felt as stiff as a poker from my heels to the top of my head. I was all for the world just like a block of marble, and if anybody had just pushed me, I'd fell down and broke all to pieces. The man stopped and looked at me as if he was astonished. There is no describin how I felt for a second or two. It looked like I wasn't myself, but gettin as fast as I could to be somethin else. I felt like I wasn't flesh nor blood, but I was harduin into some other substance, and the spirit which used to spread all over me and make me feel like myself, was now gettin into a narrower and narrower place, and like a candle burnin on the last bit of the wick way down in the candlestick, I felt like the least motion would put out the vital spark, and I'd be no more. The man turned from me and took a look at Pete. He spoke to Pete, and said the Marshall was ready to hear our case. He spoke so kindly I felt relieved, and I felt for all the world just like I had shed off a hard shell.—We walked into another room, and there set the Marshall, a long-legged, gant, hard-faced lookin old customer. He didn't look like he ever knew what pity was, and as for mercy, he'd never heard of the word. The thing is up, says I, nothin but imprisonment and death is ever to be got out of such a lookin piece of humanity as that. In a few minutes he stated what had been told him by the city guard, and give all the particulars, and wound up by saying he found each one fifty dollars. Cane-break and Florida Indians, says I Mister, do you allow a man to say a word in his own case before you pass sentence? says he. "If you have any defence to make, proceed, sir." Says I, Mr. Marshall of the great city of Mobile, sir, I'm travelin on my way to the crescent city of New Orleans, on my first trip, in company with nobody savin myself. I live up in the Mountains of the State of Alabama, and have as good a mammy and daddy as anybody this side of the Rocky Mountains. I've never been out much from home and don't exactly understand the ways and means of travelin people, and consequently I've made a few mistakes as I come along my route to this place. In the first place I had to pay double for my first supper, then I wasn't in a big enough hurry in gettin in the stage, and had to take a seat with the driver, away up so high it kinder made my head swim, and we hadn't got far before

I fell off. Then, sir, Mr. Marshall of the city of Mobile, when I got to the city of Montgomery, they put me way round in No. 90, where nobody couldn't find the way down, exceptin homefolks who knowed all about the house, and I was so bothered about gittin dnoyn, that the boat went off and left me. I then got into a scrape with an Irishman, and he kinder ketched a cotton hook into the seat of my britchers, and keeled me head over heels into the Alabama river.—The boat Miss "Eliza Battle" was soon comin down from Wetumpka, and it was all I could do to git on dry clothes before she'd leave me. I never was on a boat before, and somehow I didn't understand the sleepin fixins. The captain put me in a little room with this same Pete; but Pete was asleep on the lower shelf and I didn't know it was him. Away in the night when everybody was asleep but Pete, he was a standin there hollowin, like somebody was killin him. "Thief! thief!" I heard somebody hollowin in my sleep, and it scared me so I never thought where I was, and I went to bounce up, and afore I knew it, I fell clean down from the top shelf.—The Captain, hearin a powerful to do, popped into the room and wanted to know what was the matter. This same Pete told the captain that someboby had got all his money, when he knowed at the same time that he never had one dollar to save his life. The Captain took us out to examine us, and I told the Captain how much money I had when I left home, how much I had spent, and he could tell how much I ought to have; and I was just about to hand him my purse, when the boat ran on a snag and commenced to sink.—Of course the Captain didn't have time to attend to me, and everybody begun to lookout for themselves. I made a jump for a cotton bag, and way I went agin into the Alabama river. I got hold on another bag and got on it. I rode for one whole day and most of one night. The Miss "Sallie Span" come along and took me up, and there I found the same Pete agin. Next mornin a man treated me because I had been lucky enough to be saved the night before, and as I wasn't used to drinkin, it made me drunk. And, sir, Mr. Marshall of the city of Mobile, certain as you'r born, when I was drunk this same Pete got twenty dollars out of me, and when I got sober he come to me with a sweet mouth, and told me how he took

care of me when I was drunk, and I gin him five dollars for his kindness. And, Mr. Marshall of the city of Mobile, sir, when I come to find out how he had treated me, it made me so mad, I hunted him all over this big famous city, and I found him and was givin him Davy, when the guard man took me up. And I never got but fifteen dollars out of him, and the balance of ten dollars he gave to the Captain of the boat for his passage. This is the way he travels on other folks' expenses. And, now, Mr. Marshall of the city of Mobile, sir, I think it mighty hard for me to pay fifty dollars for tryin to git my rights. I didn't know you didn't allow folks to whip fellows who took their money away from them, or I'd got Pete outside the city and then I'd give him a sound lambastin. Now, Mr. Marshall of the city of Mobile, sir, I leave it with your honor whether I ought to pay fifty dollars, when Pete aint able to pay one cent.

The Marshall kinder straightened himself up in his chair, and says he, "sir, you are a wonderful fellow, and I can assure you, I have been deeply interested in your singular narrative. If I had time I would be pleased to know more of your history. Your defence, sir, is an able one, and I have no reason to doubt one word of it, and so well am I satisfied that you have been imposed upon, that I release you from the fine, and extend to you my best wishes in your future travels."

I made a very polite bow, and left him and Pete where he couldn't pester me again. I now went as fast as I could for the boat. I heard it whistle, and I was afraid I'd get left again, and I might get into some other scrape before I knowed it. When I got down to the wharf there was two or three boats goin to New Orleans, I wasn't goin in any of your Miss Eliza nor Sallie—no sir, I was out with the Misses. This want no river I was gwine on now; and I didn't want none of your delicate kind of boats, what was always happenin to accidents. I wanted a substaunch old fellow, what could ride the angry waves in a storm, and carry you over safe and sound as a dollar; so I looks round and finds the boat "Georgia." Ah, says I, that's my favorite State—the keystone and pillar of the South. No runnin on snags with this boat—no accidents happen to the noble old State of Georgia. I'll risk it, and feel as safe as if I was in mam-

my's arms. So I just went abroad and set down like I was at home. It want long before we was off for New Orleans. It was late in the evenin, and the boat just skimmed it over the water like dad, dy's geese in the mill pond. About night we got to where the big ships all stop, and bring goods and chattles to Mobile. There were lots of ships out there, and the tall masts looked like an old pine forest trimmed up. It was one of the prettiest sights I ever did look at. It made me feel kinder sublime and good all over. But we soon passed them and night came on, and I couldn't tell which way I was gwine.

We got our supper, and after a little chattin we all begun to gap and get sleepy. I soon found a roostin place in the back room next to the women. There wasn't nobody in my room ceptin me myself so I could lie on the top shelf or the bottom shelf, just as I pleased. I thought I would try the bottom one first, and if that didn't suit me I'd go up higher, I just stretched myself out, and there is no tellin how good I did feel with nothin to pester my mind—no Pete here to get my money—no Miss Eliza Battle to be runnin on snags. I felt as snug as a chinch in a fat man's shirt, or a flea in a yarn sock; and I just slid off to sleep just as easy as tumblin down stairs. I took one good sound common sense sort of naps—one of those naps what are so solid that you can almost feel it when you wake up; and I was lyin there thinkin about things and matters in general and a figurin a little about how I should do when I got to New Orleans, and my thoughts was runnin in this way, and my mind about half way between the land of wake and the land of sleep—was jist gittin ready to launch into the second nap—when all of a sudden, as if Gabriel had planted one foot on land and tother on sea, and sounded that everlastin trumpet that shall wake the nations of the dead, I heard a sound, a crash, a burstin up, like all the cannons of a hundred battle fields had bursted. The old boat riz up out of the water, and I could feel it as it went back to its place and begun to sink lower and lower. I could here somethin like hot iron when thrown into a blacksmith's trough. I sprung to my feet and gathered up my things—I run into my clothes in a twinklin of an eye. I heard the cries, and groans, and shreiks of women, and of men and

of children. The boiler's bursted, says I, and we are all blown sky high. I threw open the door and such lamentations I never heard. All was dark as midnight. I thought I would get where somebody else was. I made one step, and down I went among the bursted boilers—I lodged upon the top of a wood pile close to the boilers, whilst the hot water dashed up against me, like it came from the spout of a tea-kettle. This was too hot a place to stay in, and yet I was afraid to move, lest I might step into one of these boilers and be scalded alive. While I was here thinkin what to do, somebody from above gave a shriek and made a jump and landed in one of the boilers. I heard them make a flounce like a fish in a net, and one groan, and all was over.

I could hear cries on every side of me; some near me, some further off; some seemed like they were just breathing their last, and others like they were sufferin all that flesh could bear; some were in the water cryin for help; some groaned like they were buried beneath the broken pieces of the boat, and drew their breath like as if heavy timbers were lyin across them. I could hear the shrill, sharp cries of the little babies in different places, like their mothers had left them to shift for themselves. The whole air was filled with cries and groans. I reached up over my head to feel for anything to which I could hold, so as to lift myself above the boilers—I felt something like the end of a room with all one side torn off; I felt for a handhold, and caught hold of a piece of scantlin and made a pull to lift myself up. I got upon the sleeper of this room, when all at once somethin give way, and down I went with the whole side of the room on top of me. As it happened, one piece struck the wood pile, and I fell in the water to the outer edge from the boilers. The planks fell over next to the boilers, and, by some means caught on fire. I was there under this pile of lumber and it afire. I could now see by the light what I was doin, and which way to work. I was down in the water up to my waist, and my head in a few feet of the fire. I moved some of the pieces of wood, which dropped, some pieces of scantlin were lower than others, and I just crawled between the pieces and got on top of the pile. The fire was increasin fast, and gettin mighty hot. I got hold of a piece of scantlin and put one end on

the pile, and the other end right into the door of my room; I crawled right up this pole-like a chicken goin to roost. I got up safe, and there sot my saddle-bags like nothin was the matter. The fire was comin right towards my room, and I knowed I couldn't stay there long; I knowed I had to take the water, so I just takes my money and puts it into my neck handkerchief, and ties it around my neck; I thought maybe I could keep my head out of the water, and I knowed if I couldn't keep my head out of the water, I wouldn't have no use for money. After I got everythin ready, I pulled up my piece of scantlin and reached it across to the women's side of the boat, for the hind end of the boat never blowed up. I took my saddle bags and got down on my pole and cooned it over. It was ticklish business, and I come mighty nigh losin my balance two or three times. If I had fell from the pole, that would have been the last of poor Sam. I got over safe, and was soon among the ladies. There was one other man here, who was clerk of the boat. The fire was comin fast towards us. My room was now on fire, and it was next to the ladies' room. We all commenced gettin ready to take the water; the women was all cryin and takin on mightly. Poor things; they knowed if they got over their heads they couldn't swim, and they'd be certain to get drowned. But there was no time for talkin—the fire was comin. Better try the water than to burn up. I tore down the doors and give them to the women, and told them to jump. Some of them was mighty scared, but they made the leap. We got them all into the water, and down I went with a plank.—The fire was new runnin all over the boat. The boat had run up into a kind of a lagoon, among old stumps and little dead saplins.—The water want quite waist deep. I got down in the water on my plank, and such a sight I never looked on. Here were men with one arm, some with one leg, some with one side of the face torn off, and some with no legs at all. Some were holdin on to the little dead saplins, some had crawled on to a stump under the water, and were sittin up there like a tarapin on a chunk. The women were all in the water, and some of them with their babies in their arms. One of these cold winds they call Northerners, commenced to blow, and the air soon felt like ice. We all begun to get as near the boat as

possible, to keep a little warm, for it looked like we would freeze to death. The women were all shiverin, and the little babies looked like they would die, certain. I had my saddle bags, and I took out britches, shirts, coats, and everything, and give them to the women. I pulled off my coat and jacket and handed them to the women.— Just throwed my old saddle bags over my shoulders for a shawl, and there I stood, cold as ice, takin the wind. The women want thinkin about fashion now, and it didn't take them no time to get into my old clothes. The boat burnt down to the water before day, and the wind got seven fold colder. Icebergs and Northern seas! thinks I, we've run upon top of the North pole. I felt so cold till I couldn't feel. You could hear the teeth clatter all around you like the springs of a buggy knockin together. Every minute looked like an hour, and night looked like it had turned around and gone back after tother day. The light of the boat was growin dim, and darkness was gittin all around us. Death in the dark, thinks I, and here we'll all die, not seein one another, and when day comes there won't be anybody to see who's alive. There we all stood, like posts drove down in the ground and nobody sayin nothin.



CHAPTER VII.

I stood there in the water with that cold Northerner blowin upon me until I begin to think I was turnin to one great big icicle. I never did want to see day come so bad in all my life. I've been sick and couldn't sleep, and lie on a bed and turn first on one side and then on tother, throw my arms outside of the cover, and push my feet about to find a cool place, and look at the cracks and windows to see if I could see some sign of day comin, and listen to hear the chickens crow, or hear somebody make a noise like they were gettin up. But all this aint nothin to standin in the water, and cold Northerners blowin on you. I looked all around the heavens for a sign, even as big as a man's hand, that day was comin. I thought surely one of the old plagues of Egypt had come down on us, and gross darkness was covering the people. Will the night never end, thinks I; I kept watching and wishin until I got perfectly reckless. I knowed I was gettin up pretty close to the door of death, and if day didn't soon come, so we could see what to do with ourselves, all our cake would be dough with us. After awhile, low down close to the water, I seed a few red streaks. Day's comin, says I; glory in the highest! I felt just like shoutin. You could hear them all movin about in the water when I hollowed out; as all of them was just like me, nearly dead to see day come. I tell you it was tight papers. The red streaks got larger, and after a little a light streak got under them, and the clouds commenced to part, and day begun to peep out. J

watched it close, for I was studyin the phylosophy of day break.— Day kept comin and the Northerner kept blowin. When it got light enough to see, there we all were standin all around in every direction. There were nearly one hundred scattered all over the water. Such another sight, never eye looked on. Here stood the beautiful lady in man's trowsers and coat, all shiverin with cold; there the young mother with her first babe, hugging it to her bosom, to keep the little thing from freezing to death; here the aged matron, with white snowy locks sporting in the chilly blast; there the lame, the mangled, with shivered limbs exposed to the cold and to death. What a sight, thinks I, and no help at hand. A boat! a boat! thinks I. I wasn't particular about the Misses now. I had now learned by sad experience, that there want much in the name. I trusted to the Eliza Battle and she run on a snag. I then put full confidence in the Georgia, thinkin there was no danger of a difficulty, and here we are all blowed up. After day we all got up close to the old boat, which was still burnin. I got up on one corner, and was sittin there thinkin about no tellin what, when I heard a steamboat whistle. I was so glad I jumped right off into the water, and, clappin my hands together, I just done some of the right kind of shoutin. We had a real camp meetin for a little while. It was the right kind of feelin, too, and no mistake. The old boat soon come puffin up, and the people all run out to see a sight they had never seed before. It was the Magnolia boat, on its way to New Orleans. They took us all on board, and was mighty kind to us. They just unlocked their trunks and handed out clothes, and the captain gave us all free passage to New Orleans. The britches I got hold of were a leetle too big, but into them I went. There was right smart room to spare around the waist, but I kinder hitched them up with my gallasses, to keep them from droppin off. The coat was one of these long tail blues with a mighty short waist. The tail was one of these sharp, hawk-tail sort, and reached down to about my knees. When I walked along I could feel it touch right in the hollow behind the knee, just above the calves of my legs. The collar was a great stiff thing and run up the back of my neck to half way the top of my head. The jacket was one of these long revolutionary sort, with

great big flaps on the pockets, and reached down nearly to my hips. I lost my hat in the dark, or in the fire somewhere, and they gave me one of these bee-gum fellows, what's broad at the top and tapers down to your head. It was a leetle too big, and kinder fell over my ears and sorter sot down on my coat collar. But the coat and britches were broad cloth, and the vest was some kind of yarn cloth, though they didn't fit, and I was determined to wear them. The ladies told the passengers how I give all my clothes out of my saddlebags, and how I pulled of my coat and jacket, and stood there in the cold just to accommodate them. They said they intended to give me a bran new suit out and out, when we got to New Orleans. I had no objections to such a move myself, and so I just let the bill pass unanimously.

We got to the landin some six miles from New Orleans, about ten o'clock, when we took the Railroad to the city. We went long in gittin there. They just took me up to the tailor's shop, and told him to dress me from top to toe, in the very best he had. The tailor jerked out his little tape string and measured me, first up one side and down tother, and all around the middle, and it want many minutes before you wouldn't have known me. When I went up to that big glass, and looked at myself, I couldn't hardly believe it was me. But it was. They then carried me around and give me a silver pitcher, with a whole plaster of writin on it, tellin what I'd done, and all this sort. I didn't exactly know what to do with the cup—this was gittin higher up in the pictures than I had been. They carried me around to the St. Charles', and after the finest kind of dinner, they all shook hands with me and told me good-bye. I felt mighty solemn, and two or three times I was a great mind to cry, but I was afraid I would spoil it if I did, and so I didn't exactly cry, but I just let two or three big tears run down my face of themselves on their own hook.

Now I was here by myself, and I had just thought I was in New Orleans. They had hauled me about in their fine carriages, and dressed me and turned me around and made so much to do over me, till I'd almost lost what little sense I did have and I didn't know where I was, or what I was doin. I didn't know where my saddle-

bags was, nor none of my clothes. So I went up to the one they call the Clerk, and asked him if he'd seen any saddle-bags for Sam Simple. "Yes sir," said he, "they are in your room." In my room, says I, I havent got no room. "Yes sir," says he, "the ladies put your clothes in your room and paid your board for a week. They was all now gone, but I felt so much obliged to them that I do believe if I'd had a good chance I could have kissed every one of them—ceptin that old lady, I would sorter dodge there. They soon showed me my room and there was my clothes hanging round the fire dryin. I went in and took a seat. In New Orleans, thinks I, dryin clothes. Well it aint cost me much to get here. I aint paid no boat fee, ceptin a little on the Sallie Span. I think I've been lucky after all, and now I can stay here a week and eat and sleep as much as I please, and it wont cost me a cent. And better than all, I'm dressed up as fine as a fiddler. I felt like looking at myself, and so I got up before the glass to see how nice I did look. I turned first one side then I'd turn tother. I'd walk off a little ways so I could see my legs and then I'd walk up closer. I'd set my new slick fine hat on one side of my head and kinder hold my neck stiff, and then set it on tother side. I'd brush my hair as slick as a peeled onion, and then I'd put my hat on and wouldn't jostle a hair. Thinks I to myself, there is no use to be talkin, for Sam aint none of your common folks. I've a right down good lookin fellow, and I'm gittin mighty popular, especially among the ladies. I just put my hands into my pockets and I walked backwards and forwards across the room; and every time I come along by the glass, I'd take a side glance to see how dignified I looked. You needn't tell me about bein proud, for I just know its one of the best feelins in the world,—I begin to feel like I wanted somebody else to see me, and so I thought I'd walk out to the city. I takes my gold-headed stick with "Sam Simple" written on the head of it, and right under it was "Presented by the Ladies of the 'Georgia'". These are sensible folks here, for they didn't put me way round in No. 90, but down on the floor next to the entrance room, so I could come right out easy enough. I went out doors and commenced to look about. Why, says I, these are the funniest folks I ever did see, they dont know

how to hitch a horse to a wagon. Instead of hitchen two horses side by side, they hitch one horse right ahead of tother. That's mighty curious doins to me. And here they were goin up and down and cross ways and every way, and such noise of rocks and wheels; you never did hear.

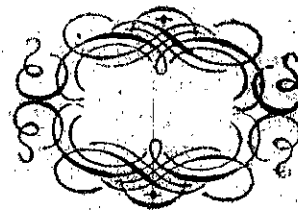
I wanted to look about some, but I was fraid these Omnibusses would run over me. I, however, thought I'd make the venture, and so out I went. I walked any way and looked every where. This is some town, certain, and the tallest houses—git out. I saw so many pretty things, I just wished I had a million, so I could buy them all; but my little hundred dollars aint no where for buying fine things. I kept sauntering about town in this way, lookin at the nice things, till first thing I knowed the sun was most down. Thinks I, where in the world is the St. Charles? I'll bet I dont get back there till mid-night. I thought I'd inquire, so I asked a man standin in a store door, which way the St. Charles was. Creation and Blunderbusses! he talked Dutch, Indian, Hebrew and somethin else. Wild bears and wolfe's den! I've got down among the foreigners, and I'll never understand a word they say. I turned around and went back towards the way I come, and I kept askin, but it was the same lingo all the time. Women, men, children, niggers, all of them talk the same kind of Dutch. Now, thinks I, I've done gone down among these outlandish folks, and my board paid a whole week at the St. Charles, and I cant get back there to get somethin to eat, and to sleep on them nice beds. It will be dark directly, and I wont know where in the nation I'm gwine to. Botheration, I never do think what I'm doin till it's too late. Why didn't I notice the houses when I come along, then I could've found the way back. Worst of all, I didn't take a good look at the St. Charles, and wouldn't know it if a should see it. I seed a great big house a little ways from me, and I made for it. I got there and went in. Such talkin, such talkin. Here were two or three men; there was two or three more; a bunch here and another there, and all of them talkin this kind of talk I couldn't understand a word of. Into the very den of wild boasts, thinks I; I'll git out of here. Thinks I, this must be that St. Louis Hotel what I heard so much about. This is the place where

they eat rat pies and bull-frogs. I felt just like throwin up, thinkin about it. I got out from the place in a hurry to save my stomach. It was now gettin dark and no St. Charles yet. Gone case, says I; lost in the city of New Orleans; but I had one consolation—if I was lost, it was like a cow in a big field, there want much danger of gettin out, so I just kept walkin. They soon lighted up the gas candles, and I could see to walk first rate. First thing I knowed, I come right up on a great big house—it was the St. Charles. I just smacked my mouth, and walked in, for I knowed my supper was paid for, and I felt just like eatin it. I want long puttin supper away.—While I was eatin I heard somebody say there was an auction to-night, just over the street. Thinks I, I can go over there and get back, and not get lost; and maybe I may buy somethin mighty cheap. So, after I had packed away as much as I thought I ought to carry at night, I got up from the table, a thinkin that the tavern man never made much off them ladies, chargin them fifty cents apiece for my meals. I walked about awhile till I could see the rest of them leavin, then I made for the auction. It want far, and I soon got there.—They had a heap of things to sell; and the man who was sellin looked like his tongue was loose at both ends. He could say dollar, faster than a whip-poor-will can hollow—it fit his mouth exactly. I didn't understand the game of these auctions, and I was afraid to pitch into it. Thinks I, you might get Sam in a suck some way, and I'se dressed too fine to be gittin in difficulties. So I kinder held off till he put up one of your ring-striped sort of coats. Says he, "what will you give me for this coat, with the privilege of the lot?" Thinks I, I aint here on no expenses, and blast my old buttons, if I dont make one lick at you. Half a dollar! says I; and everybody turned round to look at me. "Call around in the mornin," says he, "we havent time to deliver goods to-night. I felt as proud as I could be, and I couldn't help smilin every time I thought how cheap I got the coat. I never bought another thing. I went back and went to sleep, and in my dreams I could feel my striped coat on me, and it made me feel good all over, I do think they are the prettiest coats that was ever made. I knowed that when I went back home, and showed mammy my striped coat what I bought at auction for half a dollar

she'd nearly take fits, for she's all tarnation for stripes. Next mornin, as soon as I got my breakfast, I put out for the Auction House. There was but two or three in before me. Says I, Mister, I want that striped coat I bought last night for half a dollar; and says I, I kinder out your eye-teeth that time, I guess, when you knocked that coat off. "Yes," says he, "you played the deuce with my ducks; two or three such licks would break me." I couldn't help from laughin, to think that I'd got into a New Orleans chap. I'd larnt somethin by travelin, and I'd begun to find out I was gettin mighty sharp, especially on a coat trade. I walked around to the man who had the books, and was about to fork over a silver half, when he said, "Mr., your bill is just even thirty dollars." Great Jerrieho and G-morrab! says I, how do you make that out? Why, says he, you bought one coat with the privilege of the lot, and there are just sixty coats in the lot, which at fifty cents a coat, will come to thirty dollars. Says I, Mr., I want biddin for the privilege of the lot—I was biddin just for one coat. Says he, "The auction is over, and it now is no time to correct mistakes, and if you don't pay up, I'll send for the Marshall." Blue blazes thinks I, that will never do. Says I, Mister, I don't believe I care about seein the Marshall, but I thinks it mighty hard for me, away here from home, to have sixty coats to take care of. But I saw it was no use to talk to him, and I didn't want no more to do with these Marshalls; so I paid him the thirty dollars, and he counted out the coats. And there I was, with more than two wheel-barrow full of all kinds of coats. I didn't know what in the world to do with them. I was there thinkin what to do, when a man touched me on the elbow, and says, "Mister, step this way a minute," says he, "They imposed on you, in puttin these coats on you. It is a shameful piece of business; but this house always would do just such dirty tricks. It makes me mad to see men of our city impose upon strangers in this way. Now, I will try and get you out of this scrape. I have an Auction House a few doors below, and if you will have these carried down there, I will sell them off for you. You must be certain to be there and bid for the coats, so as to make them bring at least fifty cents, and, probably, you may make them bring nearly a dollar, and make somethin on them." I

loved the fellow like a brother, right away, and felt almost like hugging him. I flew around like a shot in a shovel, to find somebody to carry the coats to the auction house. I soon found an Irishman, and paid him a dollar to carry the coats. He couldn't quite carry, and so I took a load. And here we went, the Irishman and me, with a great bundle of coats, a followin' the man down the street to the auction house. When we got there, a man was up sellin' like all blazes. My coats were piled up ready for the sale. It want long before up goes a coat, thinks I, and I'll run them up to somethin' yet. Says he, "One coat with the privilege of the lot. That's the game thinks I; keep your eyes skinned, or you'll get the wool pulled off of you before you can say Jack Robinson. I bids half a dollar first clip; somebody bid sixty, and I bid seventy-five. Now, just bid again, thinks I, and I'll put sand in your eyes. I felt mighty relieved, for I was about to make some money on the coat trade. The auctioneer cried it first on this side, then on that, but nobody never bid another time, and he knocked them off on me. Well, thinks I, I can put them up at another time after a while. About this time my friend come runnin' to me, and says he, "My dear sir, what did you mean in biddin' for those coats? That's not your lot." Thunderation! says I, and—have I got to take another lot of coats? There's no way to get out of it," says he; "a man has brought them here to sell, and he'll never let you off in the world." How many coats are there? says I. Says he, "I dont know, but the pile is larger than yours. Creation and fiddle-sticks! says I; let us count them. We counted and counted, till I almost fainted, the number was gittin' so large. There were eighty-five coats. Says I, Mister, I cant take them coats. Says he, "I'll see the man," and out he went, and I never seed him anymore. After a minute or so, in come a great savage lookin' hoosier, and says he, "Did you buy these coats?" Yes, says I; but it is a mistake: I didn't aim to buy them. Says he, "You've got to take them, sir," and he looked like he'd jump through me. Aligators, thinks I, this fellow will pounder me in a minute if I don't pay him; so I pulled out the money and paid him *sixty-three dollars and seventy-five cents*. Now I had no money, and coats enough for a cross roads store. I didn't

have more than ten dollars, and one hundred and forty-five coats. What in the world shall I do? My friend was gone; and so I asked the auctioneer what I should do with my coats. Says he, "The auction has closed for to-day, and you had better hire somebody to peddle your coats in the country." Good lick, says I, where will I find a man. "I'll get one," says he; in a minute or so he beckoned to somebody across the street. He had a short talk with him and then brought him to me. "Here," says he, "is a man who will peddle for you and be back in a few days. You must give him some money to hire a wagon." How much? says I. "About ten dollars." That was all I had, except a few dimes; but I was in a tight place, and I wanted my coats sold, so I gave him ten dollars.



CHAPTER VIII.

After I had paid my pedlar the ten dollars, he put right out to get his wagon, and I went to the St. Charles. There is no tellin my feelins as I went along. I'd gone through all my difficulties, and hardly made a grunt, thinkin when I got to New Orleans, I'd see fun enough to pay for it all. My money is now gone but about thirty-five cents; and here I am a long ways from home, without a friend in the world; and all them who make out they are friends are the worst enemies I've got. I'm a great mind to knock the next fellow down that tries to make friendship with me. If it want for findin a fellow fifty dollars for fightin, I'd make some bones ache. If I was to get into one of these fifty dollar scrapes now, without money, they would soon make hash of me, so I will try to bear it the best I can.

I could not help thinkin of the pedlar and that great load of coats. Now, thinks I, he may be a right sharp fellow, and who knows but he may bring me back a right sharp little pile of money. I did want to believe he would so bad I did not know what to do; but I was mighty fraid there'd be some slip somewhere, where I

couldn't see. It is the hardest thing in the world for a man to calculate everything that's gwine to happen when he's makin a trade. He may think he's got everythin safe, and the very first thing he knows, there's a great leak where he didn't expect it. Folks here got so tricky and uncertain these days, that a man has to live till he's old before he knows the ways and turns, and short cuts of the best of folks, if there's a dollar at stake. You needn't tell me about friendship, it aint worth a pinch of snuff, when a man is right after money. More than two thirds of the friendship is put on to do some other purpose. I've heard talk of the devil puttin on the iv'ry of heaven, in order to deceive men, and now I'm satisfied that, if the old gentleman is in the habit of lendin out his suit, it has been many a day since he's had the pleasure of wearin it.

I was philosophizin in this way, upon the ways of the world, when I reached the St. Charles. I went along to my room, and sat down with a heavy heart. Here I am, thinks I, dressed up in the top of the fashion, with a gold-headed stick and only thirty-five cents in my pocket. This is just the condition of a dandy, and all based on by-biddin fifty cents for a striped coat. I'm in for business at all auctions; and as for these striped coats, you'll never catch one of them on my back again. I'm out with stripes! It was always a mighty common sayin of that teacher who got me in this trouble, "that's the right stripe;" but I've learned enough about the stripes. I want no more stripes! Daddy and mammy can love the stripes as much as they please, but this part of their bone and blood, Sam, can't follow any longer in the footsteps of his parents. When they got down here to New Orleans, and got tuck in and lose all their money and have to send a pedlar out to sell striped coats, they'll feel a little inclined to change their opinion on stripes. Mentioning the pedlar just now brings to my mind that I didn't get his name, and how do I know who to be inquiren for, when I want to ask about him. I jumped right up, and I sorter half way walked and half way run, to get back to the auction house. When I got there, I rushed right in, a puffin and a blowin. Mister, says I, to the first man I met, what was the pedlar's name? "What pedlar?" says he, sorter grumny. The one I got to sell my coats. Says he, "I know

nothin' about your pedlar. I went to every one in the house, but nobody didn't know anythin' about him. Where's the man that cried the goods? "Good gracious!" says the little fellow behind the counter, "there's no tellin'; he auctioneers in any part of the city where the services are needed. You won't come up with him in a week." Says I, when will he be here again? Says he, "he may not be in for a couple months." Bless me! says I, the dog's dead! and out I went. I went back to my room and sot down, and felt like somebody on the eve of fain'tin'. I'll never hear from the pedlar nor the coats.— That auctioneer and the pedlar fixed it all up before they got to me, and they just agreed to cheat me out of the coats. I sorter drewed a long breath, like a man's obliged to do when he knows all his hopes are crushed. I was now at the end of my row. My week's board would soon run out, and I'd be compelled to leave the hotel, and where I'd go, there was no tellin'. I couldn't get home, nor no where else, without money. I just thought every way I could, how I'd get money enough to get home on. I sot there, with my legs crossed, and my elbows on a little table, and now and then runnin' my hand through my hair, and my eyes fixed on the floor, a sorter gittin' my lips, and a thinkin' with all my might what I should do.— What shall I do? I couldn't see one ray of light no way I could study. What in the world will become of me? I'd just die before I'd steal, and if I was to try to beg, nobody would give me a dime; and I didn't know how to do any kind of city work. The idea come in my head that maybe mammy might have put some money in my saddle-bags, or in some of my pockets, thinkin' maybe that I might get out, for mammaies are mighty thoughtful about such things. I got up and took my clothes out of my saddle-bags, and felt all over the inside. No money there! I searched every pocket, but there wasn't nary dime—no where. I want satisfied with searchin' one time, so I examined again, but no money was to be found. The thing's up, says I, my destiny is fixed, and there's no tellin' what it is. I then thought I'd write home, but I knowed I'd be turned out doors before I'd ever get an answer. My week would be up before she could get my letter, and there was no tellin' what would be done with me before I got her letter. I was in a peck of trouble and no

way I could get out. I didn't eat supper that night, if it was paid for. I threwed myself on the bed, and I rolled and tumbled all night. I thought of ten thousand ways, but none of them would purchase money. I got up next mornin' heap more tired than I was when I laid down. I took a little breakfast, and went back to my room. I'd be willin' to be a nigger, if I could just get money enough to get home once more. I thought of home and home folks until the tears started, and I liked to cried out loud. If my mammy just knowed what a fix I am in here, oh! how her heart would bleed for me. But, poor old woman, no doubt she is consolin' herself that I am enjoyin' myself. The idea now popped into my head that she may have written me a letter, and there might be some money in it. I got right up and put out to hunt for the post office. I inquired and soon found it. In I went, and says I, Mister, is there any letter here for Sam Simple? He looked about a while and handed me one of the prettiest little letters you ever did see. I gosh, says I, this never come from home; for mammy never seed no such fine fix-ins as this. I opened it, and there was money in it. Halleluyah! says I, I don't care who you come from. Let me read it—

"MR. SAM SIMPLE—

"Dear Sir:—

"Your kindness to me on the night of the fatal accident of the Georgia, will ever be held by me in most grateful remembrance. On account of the loss of my purse, in the hurry of leaving the wreck, I could not join with the other ladies, in their testimonials of gratitude, in the city of New Orleans; but, Sir, I should ever feel dissatisfied, were I to neglect the first opportunity of bestowing upon you some token of the deep sense of obligation I feel under to you for the preservation of my life; and, though I know nothing of your circumstances in life, you will please accept two hundred dollars which I enclose; and should you, at any time, pass through Baton Rouge, it is the earnest request of my aged parents, that you should call on them, as they are anxious to see the gentleman who saved the life of their only daughter.

"ANGELINE GILMORE."

Bless her little soul! she's that little black-eyed gal I give my coat to, off my back, and now she's sent me two hundred dollars, in a time of need, and tells me to come to see her. Bless the Angelines! Go it pedlars, auctioneers and striped coats! Sam Simple aint beholdin to none of you, as long as pretty gals are plentiful. Women folks will stick to a fellow in cloud and sunshine. There aint no milk and cider about woman's friendship. She remembers a favor as long as life lasts, and when once she fixes her heart upon the object of her choice, the storm may come and the rains descend, but her love is eternal. I do wish all the men in the world had women's hearts inside their bosoms.

If I'd saved a hundred men from the Georgia, they'd never give me the wrappin of my finger for it, and as to sending me money after they got home safe, there'd be no such good luck. They'd cheated me out of the last shirt I have, the next day, if they'd got a fair chance. Men are mighty uncertain, and I'm gettin out with them as well as striped coats. But, hurrah for the women! If I cant love anythin in the world that wears bonnets and hoops.

I was goin along in this kind of shoutin feelin, when I saw a steam engine come runnin right up into the city. Hallo! says I, I'll see what this means. So I goes around to where the engine was, and found out it was the cars from Carrolton, where the people go on a pleasure ride. As I was full of funds, I thought I would take a pleasure ride; for, goodness knows, it was high time for me to see some pleasure. The folks were pullin into the car like sheep goin into a pen. I was a little slow, and there want no seat left, but one by the side of a gal. Well, I want afraid of gals; for they were the only true friends I'd found; so I walks boldly up and pops myself down by the side of her. Says I, Miss, you have no objection to my takin a seat alongside of you? "Certainly not," says she, as sweet as lasses. More breath in a minute, if she didn't put my heart to goin worse than a flutter mill. She looked as sweet as red roses dipped in the honey-dew of the mornin, and fanned by the gentle breeze from an angel's wing. I couldn't hardly keep my hands off her, the pretty, sweet little thing, I loved her so. She looked a little like that black-eyed gal who sent me the money; and this made

me love her more than ever. My heart was about the right softness to make a good impression on it. I could just love anythin you call woman; and I wanted to tell the dear little creature so, but I didn't know exactly how to say it. Somehow or nother women have a powerful effect on a man's ideas. I can talk to a man all day about anythin, and never get out of talkin materials; but when I get down side of a pretty gal, and my heart begins to feel warm and my face begins to flush up, I gits a leetle nervous, and the ideas just slip out of my head like gas out of a bottle; and there I sit tryin to think and cant think. More little foolish thoughts and children's notions will come into a fellow's head at such times, than at all other times put together. When I am by myself, I can fix up a first rate speech to make to a sweetheart; but that moment I gits where she is, it all slips out in spite of me. It is just so now. When I first got my money I thought I could talk to any gal, and not be scared a bit, but when I sot down by the blessed little thing, my mind was as blank as your hand in less than a minute.

I sot there a tryin to think all over creation to get an idea, but it want no go. Says she, "How do you like pleasure rides?" Capital, says I. What is the reason, thinks I, I couldn't scratch up that idea. But it t'was as bad as ever, for I couldn't make another start; and, besides, I didn't see exactly how to get to the point I wanted. Thinks I, I'll just screw my courage up, and pop it right out; so, says I, Miss, how do you like a single life? My question sorter stumped her, and it took her a little while to get composed enough to give me an answer. But she soon got calm; and says she, "A single life is all I can speak of from experience, and, of course, I can say I have liked it well enough to continue single up to the present time." Thinks I to myself, that's what I call a dare, and I'm a great mind to take it if I knowed how. I didn't exactly know how to keep up the subject, so as not to lose the point. But she seemed like she was willin, and I knowed I was, and I knowed two willin minds never minds about form, and so I was determined to push the subject without formality. Says I, Miss, dont you want sometimes to change your situation in life? Says she, "I do not know that I do, I am very well satisfied with my present occupation." Thinks I,

your present occupation—what is your occupation. I didn't know whether to ask her or not. But it kinder set me back, and it sorter stopped the warmin about by heart me just stoppin the bilin in a tea-kettle by pourin in cold water. Says I, Miss, if it be no offense, I would be pleased to know your occupation. "Certainly, sir, I am chambermaid to Miss Julia Dean, the great actress." Saw me right hand in too with a broken-tooth-cross-cut-saw, and give my bones to the alligators! here I am, before a car full of folks, courtin a chambermaid. Augur-hole and gimtet-borins! give me some small place to creep into—I never was tuck down so in all my born days. I never had enough love left to stick on the point of a fine sewin-needle. I just eased myself up from along side of her, and got out of the car door as soon as possible. I felt just like I wanted fresh air. The car arrived at the station and I slid out. I took the first train to get back to New Orleans. The scrape sorter cooled down my love for chambermaids at least. I slept pretty soundly that night, for my mind want much disturbed about the gals.

Next mornin I thought I would go to the post office again, as there might be another gal who had lost her money and couldn't join in, in givin me a new suit of clothes and a cup. So away I went, and sure enough there was a nice little letter. There was so many folks there, I thought I'd better not open it, as some pickpocket might get my money. So I just crammed it into my britches pocket, and went on my way rejoicin, for I was almost certain there was money in it. I got to my room and shut the door, and sot down in the rockin chair, and opened my letter. Tarnation! nary cent!—Well, what in the world can the letter be about? I'll see—

“NEW ORLEANS, Washington St.

MR. SAM SIMPLE:—

*Dear Old Friend:—*I have just learned, by to-day's paper, of your arrival in New Orleans, and embrace the first assistance. I was decoyed from my father's house by a man of wealth and of influence in this city, with the assurance that I should here live in the most magnificent style and enjoy all the pleasures of an eastern princess. I am sorry to say, that, dazzled with the gorgeous plunders of a city life, and deceived by the mild blandishments of an

accomplished villian, I yielded to his suggestions, and left my aged and beloved parents, without their knowledge or consent. Since my arrival here I have been treated in the most brutal manner, without the hope of amending my condition. I have been confined all the time to my room, without permission of walking the streets, or of holding correspondence with any one. I never have been permitted to send one line to my bereaved parents, to inform them of my place of my residence, and to implore their pardon for my undutifulness. I have this morning hired a street boy, from my window, to carry this letter to the office; and I tremble for fear of its falling into the hands of him who watches all my movements with the most sleepless vigilance. I implore heaven to favor me, and bare safely this message to its destination.

"I was in school with you, and am well known to you, but I dare not give my name; for should this letter miscarry, with my name attacked, my punishment would be increased, and my life be rendered more miserable. I implore you, by all that is humane, and by the obligations of early friendship and association, by the respect due my aged parents, by the love you bare for women wronged and abused, in the name of heaven, I implore you to aid me in this, my day of trouble. Call at No. 79, Washington street, and call for the name I sign. Be certain to inquire softly of the Clerk with spectacles, as I have given him my card. Call this morning at 9 o'clock; do not fail.

Yours, in tears,

ZENOMIA.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as I read the letter I felt just like fightin'. It warmed me all over, and I was a great mind to go right down to 79, and give him a good sound drubbin'. I am a woman's man, chambermaids excepted, and I aint gwine to suffer the charmin' creatures to be imposed upon by a good for nothin', low-life villian. I couldn't help rollin' up my sleeves and poppin' my fist two or three times, to cool down my passion for fightin'. I knowed there want nobody in the room to fight, but yet I couldn't help goin' through the motion. I walked around the room two or three times, gittin' madder and madder every step I maid. An old schoolmate imposed upon by a man—if I just knowed who she was, that would soon fix the matter with me. I cant think who it can be, unless it can be Peggy Miller.— And if I knowed it was her, I'd swim through a whole mill pond full of rusty headed moccasins, and fight on tother side, a troop of tomahawk Injuns and alligators, what I'd rescue her from her misery and distress. Peggy! if I didn't die the death of a soldeir, and spill the last drop of blood that warms this system of mine, what I'd give her relief. I use to love her with all my heart, mind and

strength! I always was certain, every day, when I went to school, to carry Peggy some apples, or peaches, or chestnuts, or potatoes; and I never shall forget them lovin' eyes, when she'd take what I give her. The good feelin' it sent all over me is passin' all description, and it never entered into the mind of any man to conceive, savin' such as have given pretty gals a token of friendship and love. I'd rather give Peggy an apple, than carry a load of cotton to market, and get the shiny gold and silver to put in my own pocket. And if I now but knowed it was Peggy writin' this letter, there wouldn't be no time for delay. Why didn't she sign Peggy instead of this outlandish sort of a name? I never did know anybody named Zenomia; but I expect this is a name for anybody livin' a miserable life, and so she signed her name in this way. I've got into so many scrapes, I've made up my mind to think before I act, for there is no tellin' how many traps these New Orleans folks can set to catch a fellow. This may be that chambermaid tryin' to get another chat with me, and I just know if it is, I aint in trumpet hearin' of her.— No, sir, not I. She'll never get another chance to pull the wool over my eyes and get me head over heels in love before I know it. And here's 79—I've no use for these nines. Every time I've had anythin' to do with these nines, I've got tuck in; and I've had to screw like all the nation to get out. I aint got much confidence in anythin' that comes from these nines. I aint goin' to run headlong into 79 till I sorter look around and see the signs of the times.

So I thought I'd just walk around by No. 79 and see if I could spy the gal who wrote me a note. May be she would be lookin' out of the window, and I could see whether it was Peggy, or the chambermaid to Miss Julia Dean. So I cuts out to take a sort of a ramblin' walk—keepin' one eye low down to read the numbers, and tother up in the window to spy a gal. I got on Washington street and commenced to read the signs and numbers. Presently, I spied 79 in big figures. Crackey! how it made me jump when my eye lit on the figures. I just stopped a minute and looked right at the windows. I couldn't see nobody in the windows. I didn't know whether to go in or not. I went to the store door and looked in, and the first thing I saw was the little spectacle man, a flyin' around the coun-

ter, like shat in a shovel. I felt sorter scared, and to save my life I couldn't go in—I thought I'd better wait; and I knowed it was more than nine o'clock, and I didn't know whether it would be right to go in after nine o'clock, or no. I thought may be she appointed nine o'clock because that brute of her's would then be out on business; and for all I know, he's done come back, and if I go in there, and he's present, the very wild fire will be to pay. So I just turned around and left. I walked about without carin much where I went. About twelve o'clock I got around to the post office, and in I stepped; and sung out Sam Simple. The postmaster handed me another letter, for all the world just like the one I got in the mornin. Somethin's turned up, now, says I; the old villian has come home, I expect, and she's sent me a hasty notice to not come. It's well I didn't go in when I was around there. If I had, I'd cotech it, certain as snakes. Sam aint to be tuck in every day. I'm goin to keep my eyes open while I'm in this city. I'll see through what the gal says, though I almost know without openin the letter—

“No. 79, WASHINGTON, ST.

“MR. SAM SIMPLE :

“Sir :

“I am deeply mortified to know that you have treated my note of this morning with such perfect indifference. There was a day when you professed to love me, and you swore to me more than once, and called heaven to witness the solemnity and sincerity of your oath; that there was no other being to whom you had given your heart; and that to your latest hour you would cherish for me an undying affection. But, alas! for the plight-ed love of youthful years, as it is the morning cloud and early dews, which soon pass away. Your vows were all written in sand, which the slightest breath of time has completely effaced. I have appealed to you to assist me in my distress, and you have entirely disregarded all the claims I have upon your sympathies and aid. You manifest no concern for a helpless woman, when she is in sorrow and misery, and implores you to relieve her from degradation and tyranny.

I appeal to you again, if you have a spark of love for woman, to aid me in this my deepest trouble. The wretch who treats me so in-

humanely, has left home, to be gone several days, and now is the time to make my escape. If you intend to assist me call this evening by 3 o'clock, as I directed in my first letter, which I presume you received.

“With a trembling hand, I remain,

Truly Yours,

“ZENOMIA.”

That's Peggy, as certain as gun's iron, and I'll take her away from that wretch or die in the attempt. There aint no use for takin time to consider the matter. If it is Peggy, that will be enough for action, without considerin the consequences one minute. And I just know that I never told any other gal that I loved her, but Peggy. I'm goin right down there immediately. So down I went to 79, and in I went. I didn't see the spectacle man, and so I stood about, lookin around, thinkin probably I might pick up a dot or two. I saw two men behind the counter mighty busy talkin, and one of them would cast sheep eyes at me. I couldn't help thinkin they were talkin about me, and for my life I couldn't prevent a sort of a scary feelin from creepin over me. I want half as brave as I was in my room, and I didn't feel half as willin to die as I did when I was readin the letter all to myself. I'd found out that there was a sight of difference between bein spunky in my room and bein brave before the face of man. I felt almost like backin out of the scrape, and just let the gal write on, for she didn't know whether I got the letters from her or not. There might be some taken-in about this matter that I couldn't see, and the first thing I knowed, I might be in all sorts of a fix. I had some money in my pocket, and I didn't know but it might be some trick to get it; and so I thought I would go back to my room and put it away, and if I did get into a scrape they could not get it. So I went back to the hotel and give the clerk all my money but about one dollar and a half. I now went back to No. 79. I stood around the door a little while to see if I could spy the spectacle man—there he was behind the counter, as busy as ever. I stepped in and picked a chance to whisper a word to him. Says I, in a low whisper, “Mr. do you know Zenomia?”—He pulled two or three cards out of his pocket and looked at them.

like he was near sighted. "Yes, sir," says he; "you will go up these steps, and along the passage until you come to No. 19. You will find her in No. 19." Wake snakes come to taw! I dont like so many nines. The house is 79 and the room 19. No good thing will ever come out of so many nines. But as I've got this far I wont turn back now, let the result be as it may.

I went along up the steps and down the passage to No. 19. I didn't know whether to knock or not. Somehow or other my bravery begun to get out of me faster than electricity out of the clouds. In a little while I knowed I wouldn't have a spark left. I raised up my hand and sorter knocked the door. Oh! you everlastin swamp chills! how they did run over me when I heard somebody movin their chair and makin for the door. I felt just like runnin, and if somebody had just said boo, I wouldn't made more than two or three leaps for the steps. The door swung open and a pretty gal, with the sweetest sort of a smile, said, "Walk in Mr. Simple;" and she gathered my hand, and give it such a squeeze as made my very heart flutter. I walked in and shut the door. I took a seat; but somehow I felt mighty comical. I'll just go my buttons! if I ever went to school with that gal. I didn't see no favor of anybody that ever did live in the mountains. That gal never come from Alabama. I was lookin right at her when she says, "Why, Sam, you dont know me, do you?" Says I, I cant exactly call you to mind—what's your name? Says she, "I wonder if I'll have to tell you my name. Look good and see if you can make me out." I took a good look at her face. Stand up says I, and let me see how tall you are—she stood up—but, says I, you aint high enough for Peggy Miller, and you are too tall for Judy Sims, and not fat enough for Polly Ross, and your nose aint crooked enough for Molly Holt, and your foot aint big enough for Betty Stiles, and who in the deuce are you?—Let me see your hand—it wont do for Kizzy King, for she had a great big wart on her hand, and there aint no wart here; and you aint Dolly Cross, for she sorter talked through her nose, and had a kind of a squint about her eyes, and I just know you aint Nancy Culpepper, for her head was as red as a live coal, and she was as freckled as a turkey egg. just I be hange if I believe you ever saw me before,

and I just know I aint never been acquainted with you, for I dont forget gals so easy as not to recollect one bit of their faces in two or three years.

"Just like you, Sam," says she, "you always would play off your nonsense with the girls, and that's the very reason you used to be so popular among all of them. We all had you for a sweet-heart, and sometimes almost fought about you. I thought there never was such a boy as funny Sam Simple; and now, just to tease me, you pretend you cannot recognize me; you make me believe you dont recollect this small mole on my cheek. You never would kiss me on that side of the face! and you dont know my name? Be ashamed, to say so!"

I took a good look at the mole on her face, but I couldnt call it to mind. I know I used to be the very plague to kiss the girls—this was about half my livin—but this not kissin on the mole side was somethin I couldnt recollect, for I knowed I want particular about moles when I was right after a kiss. I kissed mole faces, freckled faces, sun burnt faces, ugly faces and pretty faces, and any kind of a face, so it was a gal face. But then she could call me Sam so flat, just like she knowed me all her life; but somehow there seemed to be somethin about her I couldnt understand: she was mighty particular in her conversation. So I thought I'd tree her at once:—Says I, who lives nearest neighbor to dad? Says she, in a minute, "Why, old Bob Allen." By zounds! says I, that's a fact, and you couldnt have known that without knowin somethin about that country. You must have been about there, but I cant make you out, no way that I can fix it.

Says she, "Enough of your foolishness, Sam; I want to talk to you on different matters. I am in the most miserable situation here, and I have been tryin for a long while to get away. A few of my old friends and acquaintances have occasionally visited the city, but they remain so short a time that I could never have time and opportunity to hold with them any communication relative to my whereabouts or miserable condition. I have been here now nearly two years under the most wretched treatment ever endured by any helpless female.—I dare not relate to you the one half of what has befallen me since

my arrival in this city. He who swore that he would protect me, has been my most unmerciful and most unrelenting tyrant. He subjects me to the most rigid rules, and denies me all the privileges common to the female sex. I am not permitted to see any one unless by his express permission, and never can I pen one line, to any one, but it must undergo the strictest scrutiny; no one is permitted to hand me a note or letter until he has carefully perused it—he is equally vigilant in watching my every movement. He frequently eve-drops my room to listen to my conversation with the servants, and to discover, if possible, some indications in me of disaffection towards him, so that, with some show of justice, he may have cause to treat me most inhumanly and cruelly. He frequently charges me with the most revolting crimes, and in the most terrible language, threatens me with the severest punishment. I have labored to the utmost of my ingenuity to please him, and I find all my efforts to be in vain. I have tried to be prudent in word and act, and to obey to the last jot and tittle, every order he gave me, however unreasonable and unjust. But my guarded walk and conversation are but additional causes for arousing his fiercest wrath: and my unprotected head has fallen under not only his foulest abuses but his most unmerciful blows. Often have I been tied all night to appease his unbridled wrath, whilst he flirted at the theatre, or spent his time and money at the gambling table. More than once has he decked me with chains, and fastened my limbs and body in the most uneasy position, and there left me in the greatest agony for hours.

"I dare not proceed further in recounting the miseries through which I have passed. A decent respect to your finer feelings would induce me to desist from the relation of scenes that would chill the blood and make the heart stand still.

"I wish to make my escape, though I should not disguise the fact to you, that it cannot be accomplished without some danger to us both. This brute of a man, who passes for my husband, though such he is not, is now absent from the city; but he has left the most unprincipled scoundrel as his sentinel. How to escape, without his knowledge, is a problem of no easy solution. But life to me is, here, a burden, and I am willing to stake present existence for a change.

"I wish to know whether you are willing to assist me; and, in undertaking, whether you have nerve to face danger and defy all things for my sure delivery? One faltering step will miscarry the matter, and, in all probability, subject us both to disgrace and the most severe punishment. I am prepared for the worst that can befall us, because I am driven by the most forcible circumstances, but you must be actuated by different motives. Can you make the venture? Be calm and consider well what you are about to undertake."

"I did not know what to say. I felt then just like I want afraid of nothing, but I knowed how so in this kind of feelin would get off of me, and then I wouldnt be as brave as I might be. She showed the right kind of spirit herself, and I just believed she was as brave as Julius Caesar. There would be no settin her back in any undertakin, and if I should happen to get a little scared when dangers began to thicken, it would make hash of the whole plot. But I couldnt bare the idea of leavin a woman in her situation, if there was some danger in stealin her away. So I thought I would make the venture, though I was sorter afraid to say so positively, for fear I mightnt hold out.—I knowed, too, it was no use to give her a half and half answer, for she was too positive a woman for that. It was a hard question to answer, down here in New Orleans, a long ways from home and among strangers. It was a ticklish sort of business.



CHAPTER X.

There is no tellin what a man will do till he's tried. If I'd been at home and seen one of my home gals in trouble, I'd jest waded knee-deep in blood what I'd got her out of the scrape; but I was way down here among strangers and outlandish folks, and it was right tryin to jump into a difficulty. The worst of all was I didnt exactly know the gal. I couldnt make her out no way I could study, but, nevertheless, she talked so knowin that I couldnt help thinkin she must know somethin about me, and I had forgotten her. But even if I didnt know her, that want no reason why I shouldnt help her. I'd help the gals when the Georgia blew up, and they paid me like clever fellows, and if I'd help this gal, maybe she would help me sometime when I might be in trouble. Blessings conferred on others are like pigeons, they will always come home to roost. So I just made up my mind at once; and says I to—well I'll just call her Zenomia, for I dont know any other name—Miss, I dont know how things may turn out, but I've made up my mind, that, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I'm gwine in for the whole hog, and

BY SAM SIMPLE.

I'm gwine to get you out of this scrape or break a trace. That's just what Sam made up his mind to do. I hadnt more than got out the last word when she just stretched her arms straight over her head, and said she, "Thank heavens! I'll be safe at last!" She jumped right up and run right up and gathered me around the neck. Oh, Jericho! a gal with her arms around my neck! A streak of lightning, sweetened with lasses, run all through me. It want none of your shoutin kind of feelins. It was a long sight better than that. I didnt feel like hollowin nor makin a bit of noise. I was calmly resignin myself in the arms of my love, and I just sot still and took the huggin just like one who love's it. I felt just like slippin my arms around her sweet little waist, and givin her one good squeezin, but I thought it was good enough as it was and I wouldnt interrupt her. I begun to feel like I was gettin into that country what the ancients used to talk about. I thought I could feel the balmy air blowin softly from Elysian fields; when, about this time, I heard somebody come walkin down the passage. Thunderclaps! how it scared us both! She let me go like a hot piece of iron. Every hair had on me stood straight out. The hour of trouble had come, and bravery was gettin out of me in a minute. What shall I do? says she. "Run under the bed," says she. There was no time for waitin, and under I went. I didnt have time to fix before I heard the door open. My Zenomia met him and called him—HUSBAND! Earthquakes and powder mills! They've scotched the snake now. That fellow will find me under this bed and blow me through before I can explain the matter. Poor Sam is gone this time! I've got out of some right tight places, but there aint no gettin out of this scrape.—About this time he got up out of his chair and asked for his boots. Crackey! there were the boots right before me, and he'd be certain to look under the bed. Oh! how it gives me the shivers! If he'd just peeped his eyes under the foot curtains I'd been transmogrified to a rock in a minute. I could hear him comin towards the bed, and then I saw his feet. Oh! death and evil spirits get hold on me! I was a great mind to run right out as hard as I could go, but was afraid I couldnt get out of the door before he'd shoot me in the back.—About this time a head popped under the bed—I felt the lock-jaw

comin in a minute—my back got stiff as stilliards—I was about to give up the ghost when I seed Zenomia—she sorter smiled, but I couldnt return it—it was no laughin matter with me—she got the boots just in time, for I think he was just about to look under the bed. “You are very kind,” says he. “Not at all,” says she.—Thinks I to myself, I can return my thanks from the bottom of my heart for your kindness that time. I didnt get more than half fixed when I run under the bed, for I didnt have time. I got down sorter on my knees and elbows, and was gettin mighty tired—I was afraid I might make some noise if I moved, and then he’d be certain to get me—I thought I’d hold on a little longer, and maybe he’d go out after a while. Says he, “Who’s been here since I’ve been gone?” “Oh! yes,” says she, “the doctor’s been in.” “And what did he want?” “He brought your account and said he must have the money.” “Where is the account? let me see it.” Mercy on me, thinks I, have I got to stay in this fix until he discusses that bill of the doctor’s? She got the bill and give it to him. “What?” says he, “one hundred dollars? He’d better take all that I’ve got, and be done with it. What’s all this charged here? mileage, visit and prescription—and here’s medicines besides. Who does he suppose will pay him for his visits? That’s perfect imposition, and I’ll quit him at once. Don’t you never send for Dr. Jackson again.” “Who must I send for?” says she. “Well send for Dr. Jones.” Says she. “I think Dr. Jones will be likely to charge some higher, for he’s a Professor.” “Well, this fellow shant have it;—I’ve made him what he is, and now he charges me such a bill as this! He came here as poor as Job’s turkey, and I got him a boarding house, and recommended him to the citizens, and now, when he gets a little money in his pocket, he charges me a hundred dollars. This is his gratitude for all my kindness to him. He ought to have done my practice for nothing, and been glad to get the chance. Well, I’ll show him the strength of my influence. I’ll stop his business operations, and teach him his dependence.”

Thinks I to myself, this man’s friendship aint worth havin, and the poor doctor will do well to get rid of him. I dont want no man to be my friend if I’ve got to buy his friendship by laborin for him

for a whole year for nothin. I’ve got no use for anybody who, just because he’s rich, wants poor folks to work without pay; because they are big folks everybody must work for them for nothin—it makes me fiery to think of it. I was speculatin in this way when I heard somebody knock at the door. “Walk in,” says the man. Who is that? thinks I; and whats to pay now? Some bran new-fuss, I’ll bet, and ten to one if I dont get the benefit of it. “Take a seat,” says Zenomia, as sweet as ever. The new visitor soon made his business known: He was a teacher, and had come to present his account for the tuition of this man’s niece. The old coon wasnt in the right plight to receive another duh. He was mad with the doctor, and he must take his spite out of the teacher. He undone the account, and ripped out a unaccountable oath as he looked at the amount. It almost give me the shivers! Mercy on me! thinks I, he’ll kill the teacher. “What’s this?” says he to the teacher in a tone of the fiercest wrath. “What use had she with that? a useless extravagance; and I have a great mind not to pay for it. The teacher tried to explain the matter—“Yes, you teachers always have a sweet mouth to get money after you have charged for everything you can possibly cram into your line of business. I’ll pay you, sir, and then I’ll quit you—and dont you never say school to me again.” The teacher again tried to show him that his bill was all right, and nothin charged but what had been gotten by the niece; but it made him worse than ever—he flew clear off the handle and cursed the whole school, and told the teacher that he wished him hereafter to regard himself as a stranger. The poor abused teacher got his little sum of money and left. The old villian now got up and walked the room, and cursed teachers, and schools, and education in every shape and form. It made my blood feel cold to sit there on my hunkers and listen to his double and twisted oaths. Zenomia never opened her mouth. She knowed the cloud was heavily charged, and if she presented a point, she’d be certain to catch the electricity. He foamed, and biled over, and stamped, and ripped and swore all to himself. It was a one sided game. Nobody want takin a hand in it but himself. I was there under the bed, so tired lyin in one position, that it looked like to me my bones would come through my skin. I

wanted to move but I knowed if I did, and he should hear me, and find me, that would be the end of Sam.

About this time I felt a sneeze a comin—what in the world shall I do? It will never do to sneeze here. What! sneeze under the bed and he find me? He'll kill me without hesitating. The sneeze is comin—what shall I do? And there's no way to keep off a sneeze—I'm afraid to put my hand on my nose.—I'm afraid to move.—I can't breathe good—if I do it will sneeze in spite of all creation. Hold on breath, the sneeze is comin.—Oh! bless me! what will become of me. Sam's gone if the sneez comes! Here it comes—hold, breath its comin—s-k-e-e-t-c-h—ho! All's over—I'm gone now. "Who was that sneezed?" "It was me," said Zenomia. "You sneezed? It didnt sound like you." "Why, husband, certainly it was me."—I dont believe it; you have somebody in here." "My dear, dont think of such a thing. You can search the room and satisfy yourself; you will see that I am perfectly innocent." Blue blazes and loco loco matches! dont go to searchin the room. What is the woman thinkin about when she told him to search the room. Has she forgotten me, or is she goin to betray me? or is she tryin to brave and bluff him off from suspicion by makin out like she is so confident of innocence that she'll show independence?

He commenced comin towards the bed—I could feel the hairs on my head a risin—I just quit breathe, and the cold sweat poured out like old death had his grapples on me, I felt just like my time was come, and I knowed I want ready to go. He stopped at the foot of the bed, and I was expecting every moment to see his eyes; but Zenomia kept talkin and boastin of her innocence, and tellin him to look, until he went to the fire and took a seat. There is no tellin how glad I did feel when I heard him take a seat, but I never would have thought of that way to keep him from lookin. But she understood her business and knowed exactly how to pull the wool over his eyes. It learnt me a lesson I wont forget in many days—that purity of heart and motives dont consist in works and boasting sayings.—Everybody aint innocent that professes a willingness to be tested.—This is what I call dressin a wolf up in lamb's clothin, and sometimes it pays for the present like all the nation. The old fellow had let off

his steam, and had somewhat cooled down; but, nevertheless, I was mighty tired of his company; I had been in one position so long till I had got the trembles, and I couldnt hold myself still, though I knowed my life was at stake. And, what was worse than all, I didnt know how soon I might want to sneeze again, and if I did sneeze, he'd know then it want her. There would be no use to try to bluff him off then. He was there settin up right alongside of her, and there wouldnt be no way to fool him. He'd just know I was under the bed, and he'd come right after me. I almost imagined I could feel a sneeze comin, while I was thinkin about it!

"Oh!" says Zenomia, "I forgot to tell you that William got a letter from your agent in New York." What did he say? Says Zenomia, "his clerk, and he will be certain to see you if you go down. You must stay where you are." What, says I, stay here to sneeze? "You must not sneeze. I'll fix that. I'll put a bed quilt under there for you to lie on, and then the dust will not cause you to sneeze." But, says I, he may look under the bed for somethin, then he'll see me.—I must come out from here. "Never mind," says she, "I'll fix that. You must stay under the bed. Do as I tell you and all will be right. I'll put a large trunk under the bed, and you can get behind it."—But, says I, he'll be certain to want somethin in that very trunk.—"No matter if he does; I'll be quick enough for him, and get it myself—he likes to be waited upon. I know exactly how to manage him, "I didnt read the letter; you had better go down stairs and see him before he goes to supper." Ah! thinks I, that's the plan. Yes, sir, I'm right in for you goin anywhere; and then I'd feel like I'd better be a goin a little myself. Come, old hoss, go down and see the letter, and give a fellow a chance to get out of a tight place. He was powerful slow makin up his mind, and I begin to get afraid he wouldnt go at all. But after a while he got his hat and out he went. I listened to every step he made, closer than a hunter does to the movin of a squirrel in hickory nut time. I heard every time his foot hit the floor, till he struck the steps. Now, thinks I, is the time to leave. I just raised up the foot-curtains a little and poked my head out, like a rat slippin from his hole. Says I to Zenomia, look here, I'm gwine to leave here. "No," says she, "you cant leave. There-

is no way for you to get out. He has only gone down stairs to see him." She gathered her trunk and bed quilt, and fixed them to her notion, and told me to get a position behind the trunk to suit myself. Says she, "you must remain where you are. You have promised to deliver me from this man, and there must be no backing out. It will soon be night, and perhaps he will go to the theatre, or somewhere else on a spree, and then we can leave, and take a steamboat to-night for some place, it dont matter much where. It is very rare he stays at home any night, especially if there is anything to do in the city. To-night Miss Julia Dean plays one of her most celebrated pieces, and I know he wouldnt miss seeing her act for fifty dollars. You need not be alarmed about his finding you, I'll pledge you my word to take care of that matter, so that he will not find you out. It is a poor woman that cant deceive her husband. All that is needed is a smoothe tongue and calm countenance, and everything will always work well. Be brave and firm, and we'll get out of these difficulties without discovery. You want nerve for any great undertaking. If you are a man, play the part of a man; and dont be so timid. You must not be discouraged by small hindrances."

Small hinderances? says I; bless me, if you call sneezin under a man's bed small hinderances, then I dont much care about gettin acquainted with big ones. I was scared so bad, I like to get out of my skin. I tell you what, gal, this here is a ticklish place, as sure as you are born. You mayn't think so, settin up there by the fire, but if you'll just take my location for a while, you'll soon get tired of roostin under the bed.—"Sam, dont talk that way. I thought you were more of a man. I have depended upon you to rescue me from my miserable situation, and you are unworthy the name you bare if you fail to do it. Pluck up courage and be a man. A woman would be ashamed of such cowardice. Trust to me and I will carry everything aright. Do as I tell you, without filterin, and everything will be successful. Remain under the bed until he goes out to-night—or, if he does not go out, until he goes to sleep, and then we will leave. He always sleeps soundly—a clap of thunder would scarcely arouse him when he is once asleep, and then we will leave. He never wakes up during the night—he always drinks brandy

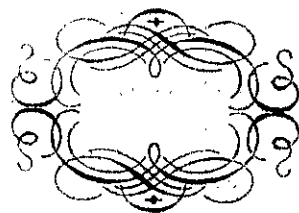
enough to make him sleep, I could leave the room and carry everything with me and he'd never know it. There he is coming—fix yourself and lie still.

I heard him comin, and to save my life I couldnt help feelin scared. Her long curtain lectures didnt get the right sort of feelin in me after all, and if it did, it soon slipped out, when I heard his boots strike the floor. In he comes.—I feels sorter chilly.—A man neednt talk about bein brave when he knows he's where he oughtent to be—he cant be brave to save his life—it is all stuff to think of such a thing. But I'm here and cant get away, and must be governed by circumstances; but I just know one thing, if ever I do get out of this scrape, New Orleans' gals may write as much as they please, but Sam will never be fool enough again to be helpin them out of their troubles, and get in ten times worse himself. If gals will run away from their daddies and mummies, then let them take what comes. If they make a bed of thorns let them lie on them. They ought to obey their parents, as the Bible tells them, and if they wont, then let them put up with the fare, without grumblin. You'll not get this chicken into another suck, tryin to get a runaway gal from a mean husband. She would have him, and now let her keep him.

About this time I heard the dishes rattle. Yes, here comes somebody with supper. These folks belong to the big class—they eat their meals in their room—sich fine doins—so many good eatables, and poor Sam cant get a bit. There you sit and stuff, and never think of me, who is riskin my life to get you out of trouble. If that's the kind of trouble you are talkin about, I'm willin to take a small bit of it myself about this time. I aint had no dinner to-day, and judgin from present prospects, I aint gwine to get any supper.

Says Zenobia, "my dear, are you going to the theatre to-night?" "I believe not," says she. Oh! the Dickens! thinks I. Says she, "Did you know Miss Julia Dean was to appear to-night?" Oh, yes, but I feel unwell, and shall not go out to-night. She will remain in the city for some time, and I can hear her some other time." The very plague is to pay—you stay at home the very night I want you

to go. And here I am to stay until you go to sleep—and sick—you will wake up if a cricket jumps across the fire-place—stay under the bed and wait for a sick man to go to sleep! what a horrid watch for any man to undertake.



CHAPTER XI.

I always was the poorest hand in the world to wait on the sick, but now I am pnt under the bed to wait on a crabby-old-musty-sick-fellow to go to sleep. This does beat all Hayti, a gentleman from the free air of Alabama, to take room under a bed, in as big a city as New Orleans. I wonder what my old mammy would say if she was to see me lodgin under the bed, waitin for a sick man to go to sleep. "Why, Sammy, what are you doin under there?" be ashained of yourself and come out, you sorry puppy!" And I'd feel just like I'd took a sheep—but mummies dont see all their children do, and I'm tarnation glad of it, for if they did they'd have a mighty poor opinion of some of them. I felt about this time like turnin over on t'other side. I'd been lyin on one side so long I'd got mighty tired, and as there was a quilt under me, I thought I could turn over without makin any noise. I just eased myself upon my elbows and then as easy as possible on my hands. I then sorter drew one foot up at a time, so I could get on my knees. I kinder spraddled out my knees to give me a broader foundation, and begun to turn over just as slow-

as a snail crawls. I was turnin my back towards the trunk and there want exactly room enough between me and the trunk, and I struck the lid, which want quite shut down, and slap it went. Bombshells and death in a minute! "What was that, Kitty? was that you? who's under the bed?" "Why, my dear, your fever must excite you. I thought you lived in this room long enough to get accustomed to the rats. To hear them, sometimes, you would think they were about to move our things out of the room." "Dont tell me about rats—that was no rat. There's somebody under that bed, and I'll see." "Tomahawk Lajans! what are you about?" "My dear, sit still, and I will show you that there is no one under there. I'll raise the curtains for you." You do what? Woman! what are you about? hold up the curtains for him to see me. If I couldnt kick you clean down stairs. Here she comes. Oh! Murrell and Stewart! robbers and midnight assassins! What will become of me? Going to raise the curtains—a foul traitor—and show me to her husband; and then swear until she's as black as my hat that she didn't know I was under there. And her tongue is just slick enough to make him believe every word of it. Her hands are on the curtains—What are you about? Don't you know I'm under here? you old crazy thing, what are you doin? Up went the curtains! blue blazes! "Now look and see who you can see," says she, "and if I've told the truth." She took care to raise the curtains at the foot, so the trunk just exactly hid me. She then came around on the side. What—what—go in to raise it on this side? fiddlesticks—you old goose, dont you know he can see me on this side? Hold there, till I draw up in a knot and get up in the corner—mind what you are about. She just sorter run herself under the bed and give one tremendous push against the trunk, pretendin to push it out of the way, and rammin me right back against the wall like a pan cake, then she flirited up the curtain. "Now look," says she, "and see your man. You see anybody under there? Look good and dont be accusing me again of having somebody under the bed. Are you satisfied?" "Yes, I believe I am, but I tell you it didn't sound much like a rat. I reckon my head being feverish made it sound louder to me." Thinks I to myself, it didnt sound louder to you than it

did to me. I dont know whether I've got any fever or not, and there aint room enough here between this trunk and the house for a man to feel of his pulse. I wonder if I've got to stay jammed up here until that old soaker goes to sleep. I aint hardly got room to get a good breath. If I swell out my chest too much, I might move the old trunk and somethin else might fall, and then there might be a closer search. But I see this gal's up to the tricks. She's been in many a tight place, I know, or she never would think of so many ways to get out. She's a great old rascal, and I just know it.

About this time Zenomia asked him if he hadnt better lie down and sleep some, as he might then feel better. Yes, thinks I, lie down old hoss and take a nap, a sound nap, a long nap, anyhow, a nap long enough for me to get away from here. Just go to sleep if you dare, and I'm gone, certain as shootin. Well, he said, he would lie down. That's right, ole fel—the quicker the better, for I tell you this is a mighty tight place. They commenced to get ready for goin to bed. Zenomia came to the bed, patted and made a heap of fuss, and I moved the old trunk a little so I could breathe good. I begin to sorter catch her dots. But she want satisfied at this, she pulled the old trunk out, pretendin to be lookin for her gown, when she knowed she never put her gown in there in her life. She soon shut it down and pushed it under the bed a little. She understands the game. She made enough fuss with the old trunk for me to fix myself first rate. Go to bed, thinks I, I'm ready to take a short nap myself, if I was just somewhere else. I'm mighty fraid I will go to sleep under here, and get to snorin, and then he'll know I aint a rat. But it dont make much difference, that gal would make him believe he heard himself snore. She can make him believe anything she sets her head to. When I gets a wife I aint goin to be takin her word for what she's sayin, I'm gwine to look for myself. If all the balance of the women are like this gal, husbands dont know nothing about their wives. They can just fool them all day long, and call them my dear, and look as sweet and as innocent as angels. They know exactly how to blind a man and make him believe all's right, when they are underminin him, and playin the very wild with his

ducks. There aint no tellin how tricky the folks of this world are gettin to be.

Here he comes—he's goin to bed sure enough. Good gracious! how queer it does make me feel for a man to be right over my head, with nothin but cotton and feathers between us. If he'd just slip his hand down behind the bed, he'd put it right on me. Hoo-e-e! it gives me the chills to think about it. I'd better sorter move a little, for the old fox might be goin to bed for this purpose. He turned over and shook the bed like it would fall down. How it did scare me! Just turned over to give his hand a good reach down to feel for me. I'm goin to get away from this wall, but then I must be mighty particular, for he's right here at me. He can almost hear me breathe. I sorter slided myself on the quilt to about the middle of the bed. The old trunk was out of my way, and I didnt make any noise that time. Zenomia was fumbilin all about over the room, makin out she was settin things to rights, but I understood her movements and I felt very much like movin myself. I knowed she want in no hurry to go to bed, but that old fellow dont understand the dats, and I reckon when he gets up he'll feel a little sicker than he does to-night. I guess he'll feel somewhat lonesome when he wakes up and finds no one here but himself. He can then pace the room and curse as much as he pleases. Bless the gracious! there wont be no Sam here then, under the bed, shiverin all over for fear he might spy me. Go to sleep, old customer, and Sam will take with a leavin and take your better half along with him. I dont care so much about her, for she's too keen for me. She can talk all around this city gent, and I just know she can make a perfect fool of me.—She's too smart for folks right fresh from the mountains. I'm sorter fraid of her, myself. There are some of these tricks I dont like at all—I dont. And I believe she told me a story when she signed herself Zenomia, for that man up there on the bed called her Kitty.—That kinder lets the cat out of the wallet, and if I just knowed his name, I'd know more what I was about. But I dont care if I dont never know her name, so I can just get out of here. She may go to old Harry for me, for I aint taken a liken to her much, certain. I dont like anybody that is so tricky.

Here she comes—goin to bed too. You Simpleton, why dont you sit up till he goes to sleep? but I suppose you are goin to play the hypocrite jam up—go to bed and make out you are sleepin. Where are you goin? you numskull, what do you mean? what did you lock that door for? Are you gwine to sleep sure enough and leave me under the bed till day? and no tellin how much longer. Bless me! if I dont believe she took the key out of the door. Look here gal! now I'm gwine to go out of this place to-night. You suppose I'm gwine to spend my money to see New Orleans, and then let you pen me up here under this bed? I aint gwine to put up with no such doins. Yes, there you go to bed, and I'll just bet you my old hat you go to sleep till sun up. Go it, boots, I'll find that key in your pockett, and I'll leave without you. I hear you stretchin yourself out there for a good nap, when I'm under the bed afraid to shut my eyes. I dont like to hear you fixin yourself up there so comfortably, I know you're forgettin me. Mighty little you care for me when you get up there along side of that villian, as you call him, on the top side of a feather bed. You aint thinkin how hard my bed is, down here on just one quilt. Well, I think I have niggled it—come away from Daddy's house, where there are beds, and to spare, and put up with a pallet, and under the bed at that.

Ah! ha! I hear you snorin—you aint asleep, you old hypocrite—you just tryin Kitty to see what she's up to—you aint no more asleep than I am—you're just playin possum. You cant fool me—I can tell the right kind of snore—that sounds mighty like a counterfeit. You aint gwine to stick your fingers in Kitty's eyes in that kind of style, for she knows the genuine article as sure as you're born. This aint the first night she's waited for you to go to sleep, and she knows the right kind of snort, the minute she hears it. You needent be puffin and blowin like you had a hot biskit in your mouth—it aint no use, you aint foolin nobody. I tell you, old fel, we're too keen for such a plain game as that. But snore on, and the first thing you dont know, you'll be gone to the land of Nod, and me and your darlin Kitty will be gone to the steamboat.

What's that? is Kitty gwine to sleep, too? I dont like that

snorin a bit, over on this side. It sounds mighty like the real stuff—just listen at her how she blows. Hoop-e-e! that was one of your real horse snorts! How they go it—a cross-cut-saw business! Go it, Kitty! he aint gettin much the advantage of you. Now for it—a fresh gourd.

But if you are up to serenadin me, I can just tell you I dont take a liken to it, and you can stop the Kitty part for me. I like this male music over on this side the best in the world, but the female part I want stopped. That's it, Kitty, moderate a little and let him have all the fun himself. She knows what she's about. She just wanted to lead the way and get the old fellow's mind easy, and she knowed he'd go to sleep. He was watchin her when she was brushin about the room, and thought he'd stay awake and catch her, but it was all no go. Husbands neednt think they can stay awake to watch the maneuvrin of their wives. They cant keep their eyes shut long before they will be fast asleep. And the dear charmin creatures knows how to throw the magic over a man to make him sleep sound. They just throw themselves down like they were so tired and so glad to get to bed to rest, give a sorter of a sigh, and draw themselves in a rainbow fashion, with their knees away up to their chin, like a dog on a pile of straw, and anybody would think they were right off for a sound nap, and no mistake. But its all fudge; they aint got no idea of goin to sleep. But the husband thinks all's well, and off he goes. His mind's as calm as a tub of water, and he sleeps, and dreams pleasant dreams, when his wife's up bruisen around.

What you're doin there Kitty? what, gwine to get up? you're mighty particular about it. I hear you gettin ready to get up.—There she comes, slidin down the bed as easy as if she was afraid she was about to tread on tacks. Be mighty careful. I wouldnt have you to wake him up for nothin. Dont you make a slip now and make a noise. It gives me the fidgets, for I am sore afraid you'll wake him up. There, I heard one foot on the floor; I felt the planks move—listen at the plank a crackin. Did anybody ever hear the like? Wait a minute Kitty—put your foot on another plank, that one keeps too much fuss for me. Hold on, for mercy sake! how

the old plank does creak. Here comes tother foot—down it comes. Hold! what is the matter with the floor? every one of the planks are creakin, just because we dont want any noise. She's off the bed now. That's right, stand right still, till you know he's got over the effects of the jar of the bed and noise of the planks. Which way you gwine there, Kitty? walk light I tell you. Mind which way you go, for the first thing you know you'll run over a chair, and such another racket we'll have. Gwine to the fire place? what you feelin there for? gwine to light a match? That'll never do in the world—dont you go to makin a light here. You'll wake that old fellow up certain. Where're you gwine—gwine out and leave me here? What do you want there about the door? I'm gwine to come out from under here. I aint asleep, bless your soul; I'll keep up with your movements. You neednt think cause you can fool your husband you can play your tricks on me too. Here I am—out from under the bed—a sittin down here, a watchin you. What are you fumbilin after up there in the corner? Gwine into a trunk, ha! what, gwine to steal the old fellow's money? That'll be too bad, but maybe its some of your own. Never mind, go ahead, we'll need money, for the Clerk's got mine. I always do everything wrong.—When I carry my money, somebody is certain to cheat me out of it; and when I leave it, then I want it. And there's my cup and gold headed stick, and saddle bags, and money, all in the Hotel. They'll just know who run away with this gal, and the telegraph will catch me before day. Why didnt I bring the things along with me?

Hallo, there, gal! what in the nation you let that trunk lid fall for? Dont move a muscle, nor bat your eyes. Listen! he's turnin over in bed. He'll feel for you, and then the jig will be up. Dont you draw a long breath, Kitty. I believe I've got the asthma—I want to breathe so bad! I can feel the spasmodics comin. What, aint he slippin along the bed, too? He'll come right down on my head.—Dont you come down here. What are you thinkin about, gal? where're you comin? Be still, you varmint—you walk as heavy as a horse. That's right—snore on, old coon—sleep sound as a dollar. Puttin on your coat! that's right—make haste and get ready—this

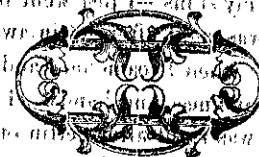
is a mighty ticklish place. "I'm ready for startin' at any time; but a woman has a thousand things to do before she can go anywhere. Why didn't you put everything right where you could lay your hand on it? You knowed you were gwine, and now you have to be feelin' in every trunk and let about half the lids fall yadown!"

Here she comes, and she'll stumble right over me! Here she comes, where she can come, hush, says I, in a low tone, for she like to have hollered. "Is that you?" she whispers. "Yes," says I. "Says she, 'I like to have hollered, you scared me so.' You go right yonder by the door and stay till I come; I'll be ready in a minute." Says I, be in a hurry, for I want to get out from here. "I was afraid to walk, for I didn't know where the chairs were." I just felt before she and then kinder slid along to where I thought the door was, and I sot down as quiet as possible. She went here, and she went there, and she went everywhere over the room. I was mad enough to box her jaws for not gettin' ready before she went to bed. Here she comes—well go now! She's ready now! Where're you gwine there? She's puttin' the key in the door. Well, where am I? I thought I was at the door. Bless me! here's ashes! I've got up here in the chimney corner for the door, and I'll just be bound I'm black as a nigger; but so much the better for a dark night. I'll slip along to the door. She heard me comin'. Says she, "are you ready?" Yes, says I, long ago. Says she, "you take this purse of gold and put it in your pocket—I haven't got anywhere to put it."—

I was willin' enough to take the money for. I didn't have none. She opened the door easy and out we went! She took me by the hand and told me to follow her. It was as dark as my old hat—I couldn't tell nothin' about where I was goin'. After a little she stopped, and says she, "here're a flight of steps, dont fall now. I am goin' out the back way, and we will have to go through the Clerk's room."

Thunderations! says I, he'll be certain to wake up before we can get out. "No he wont," says she, "dont be afraid, I'll carry you safe now. We'll be certain to stumblle over the chairs or table one, and says I, I'll manage that," says she. We had now got down stairs, right at the room door! "Stand here," says she, "till I go to the

door and open it." She went into the room, and, just as I expected, struck a chair. Blazes and Tom Walker! just open the door and I'll run out or die. She never moved a peg. And there I stood in the dark and looked like I could feel somebody just about to put his hand on me. Earthquakes! I hear somebody in the upper room.—He's awake and got up. "Where are you, Kitty?" Dont you hear him; open that door. "Kitty—you Kitty!" He's calling her.—Here he comes towards the stair steps. Open the door in a minute—he's got a light. Over the chair went Kitty. "Who's that?" asked the Clerk; and up he jumped; the door flew open and over chairs and tables I went for the door. The old man hollowed, and the Clerk hollowed, and I done some tall walkin' for the door.



CHAPTER XII.

I never was scared so bad in my born days. There came the man down the stairs with a light in his hand—the Clerk was gettin up between me and the door, Kitty was no tellin where, and I was here not knowin what to do. When I heard the door swing open I want no ways particular about my shins—I just went it over chairs, tables and everything else. I was right after gettin away from that place. I didnt think about steps when I came out and fell down, I dont know how far, right on my knees and hands. I never staid in that kind of posture long. I was right after gettin out of the back yard, for the Clerk and tother man were right after me with a light. I run over barrels, boxes, chicken coops, up against sapplins, posts, and no tellin what all, and the first thing I knowed I run up against some kind of a chicken house, I reckon, and one of your biggest kind of bull dogs jumped almost right in my face. Bigon! bigon! says I. I couldnt help howlin if they were after me, for I felt just like the varmint was eatin me, up alive. What shall I do? dogs and folks after me, and I inside of a high wall, and dont know the way out. Which way shall I go? mercy on me! I'm gone now!

I run right around the house, and at the corner I run over the chain of another great dog. He made a lick at me as I fell over his chain, but didnt exactly get me. Bigon! Oh! me! I'm eat up alive—bigon! you ugly varmint. I crawled out of his way and jumped up for another run. I knowed now the dogs were tied, but I didnt know how many more there might be, and I might run right into one's mouth, or I might blunder right back here on these same ones. It looked like the whole yard was full of dogs, they barked so. I didnt have half sense, I was scared so bad. I couldnt tell which way I was goin, but I was determined to run until they laid hands on me. Here they come with the light. What shall I do? "There he goes—catch him—catch him—turn the dogs loose—turn the dogs loose and catch the scoundrel." Oh! me, two big bull dogs and two men, and I dont know how many niggers, after me. The niggers had all got up and were runnin every which way. Here come the dogs—Boo—boo—boo—Sam's gone—there's no gettin out of here. They'll soon have me, and the dogs will kill me before they can pull them off, if they'd try, but I know they wont try. At last I've got to be ca by bull dogs—oh! me! they are most to me. Look at the sticks and fence rails, and the dogs to kill me. They are goin to kill me right here. Bless me! I liked to knocked my breath out. I was lookin behind and run up against a tree. I'm almost right blind; I dont know what I'm doin. I feel right foolish. I'm staggerin and I believe I'll fall down. That lick has knocked me out of my senses. I shall faint right here, and the dogs will kill me and I'll never know it. It will never do to be killed here. Oh! what shall I do? I cant let the dogs tear me to pieces. I'll go up this tree and they will have to shoot me out. I'll die before I'll come down. I jumped right up and caught hold of a limb, and drawed myself on it in a minute. I just did clear my distance, for I felt one of the dogs scrape the bottom of my boots with his teeth, as I went up. I like to have let go the limb, it scared me so. I thought they had me. In less than a minute they were all around the tree. But just as the man run up with the light, I saw the tree was up close to the wall, and I was right even with the top. I made one spring and lit upon top of the wall. I liked to have fell right backwards all down among

them; but I sorter pushed myself forwards, and made a jump for the ground. It was a long ways down, and when I hit, it come mighty high knockin' my neck out of joint. I got up and staggered a little and felt mighty foolish.

I was now in the street and I knowed it wouldnt do to be runnin' as the city guard might pick me up, and then I'd be a used up man. I just held up my head and walked straight along like there want nothin' the matter. I was gwine to be as calm as possible, though I was mighty fraid they would turn them dogs out. But I dont reckon they're allowed to let bull bogs come in the street, as the guard might kill them. I want afraid of the men much. I didnt believe they could find me in the dark. About this time I heard somebody right in front—bless me, I believe they have headed me. I stopped right still. I want gwine to rush upon him. Who's that? says he. What shall I do? Must I tell him who I am? It will never do to run, for I'll be certain to be caught by some guard. Maybe this is a guard man. It is Sam Simple says I, I have lost my way, and I want to get to the St. Charles. Can you lead me to the Hotel, Sir? I'll pay you for your trouble. Yes, sir, says he, if you are lost come along with me. I was mighty glad of the chance, and willin' to pay him anything. I want more than a hundred yards from the St. Charles, and it want no time before he says, Here is the Hotel, sir, you are lookin' for. What do you charge? says I. Just what you think is right, says he. I didnt want to give him gold, because it want mine; and then again I knowed it might furnish a clue to pick me up, and I didnt have but a dollar and a half, and this want as much as I wanted to give him. But, nevertheless, I'll give him that; so I dragged it out—and, says I, will give a dollar and a half do you? Oh! yes, says he, you are very liberal—and I handed it to him.

Now went up to look for my room. I went to the Clerk and got my key and into it I went. Well, Sam's safe again, and I'll set it down and put my foot on it, that Sam dont obey no more letters, I dont care if other folks are in trouble. If they get into trouble they must get out themselves, for that's the way I always have to do. I never want to go through again what I've been through to-night. It gives

me the shudders to think how close I come bein' cat up by them great bull dogs. I wont get over these cats in a week, and it will give me the horrors, for a year, every time. I see a dog. I will see dogs after me in my dreams for a month. Deliver me from bull dogs of dark nights.

Well, I wonder what become of Kitty? I haven't heard a word of her since she opened the door. I dont know whether she went out of the door or no. She may have gone out of the back yard gate when they were after me, and may be at the boat now waitin' for me. Well, Kitty, if you are, you neednt wait for me, for Sam aint goin' to poke his head out of this room till broad day light, for no woman. You can take the steamboat by yourself, for I feel a little too tired to travel any more to-night. I've got your money but you give it to me, so I come by it honestly, whether you did or not. There is one thing certain, I aint goin' to hunt you up to-night to give you this gold. I dont want nothin' that dont belong to me, and if I can find out to-morrow where you are, I'll send the purse of gold to you. I dont want no amount of gold if there is the least dishonesty in the way in which I got it.

Let me see how much she gave me. The old purse is heavy. It felt like a lump of lead when I was runnin' from them dogs, and I was afraid twould break my gallows on the left shoulder. Well, that is a fine chance of it. The old money purse is jam full. I'll pour it out on the bed. Look at it. I never did see so much before. I believe every piece is \$20. I'll count it. Well, well, I'm lucky sometimes. I run a narrow risk, but it paid this time. Just exactly one thousand dollars. If I dont never hear of Kitty again I've made a good haul this time. I know I aint gwine to hunt up that man to give it to him. He'd thank me with a bullet. I'll keep the money right or wrong. I aint gwine to be puttin' myself among them men and dogs any more, for twice one thousand in diamonds. I'll put you back in this purse, and I'll keep you until I know all hope's lost of findin' Kitty. I aint goin' to spend it unless I'm obliged to do it, and then I'll spend as little as possible.

I am mighty glad to get rid of Kitty, though I wish she had her

money. I'm fraid this gold is gwine to make me see trouble, and I think I've had my share since I left home, without having a fresh quantity on account of one thousand dollars. I would feel mighty proud if I had one thousand of my own money, but I dont like the way I got this. But I cant help it now, and I must be governed by circumstances, on account of my own safety. I will embrace the first opportunity to return the purse and gold to the owner. I must now try and sleep a little for I'm mighty tired.

I laid down and tried to sleep but I was dreamin and jumpin all the time. I could hear dogs and men after me all night. It was the most awful night I ever spent. I'd rather be in a steam boat blowin up, than in a man's yard with dogs after me, and men with sticks and staves. When I got up next mornin I felt mighty sore, like I'd been beat with a stick. I'd run up against so many things that my side, breast and face felt like all the skin was off. I looked in the glass but I couldnt see where the skin was off, though it felt mighty sore. When breakfast time come on I was regularly in if I did feel pretty considerable knocked up. I felt mighty like eatin somethin. They kept me under that bed so long I like to perished. I warnt no ways particular which side of a bisket I bit first. I just made a lick or two at it, and swallowed it right down. I just piled in meat, waffles, biskits, coffee, eheese, and everything I could get hold of. I laid in a good supply and it made me feel a heap better. I felt like a new man when I got up from the table, if I was as tight as a drum. I wanted to look about the city a little, for I'd been cooped under the bed so long I felt just like I was on my second trip to New Orleans. But I didnt know so well about riskin myself out again. I had begun to think about leavin the city, and upon the whole I thought this was better than to be gittin into ten thousand troubles. I had seen the elephant, snout and all, and I didnt like the monster much, certain. I had an everlastin recollection of this grand Crescent city, from the auction house to the back side wall under the bed. I had lost money and made money and nearly wore my heart out with trouble. I had seen more trouble since I'd been here than in all my life put together. I spent some wretched nights studyin how to get

away from here when I didnt have more than thirty-seven cents in my pocket. I've got money a plenty now, and I think I'd better be makin tracks whilst I'm able to pay my way. But I dont feel much like goin home. I havent seen all I want to see, and then I have a sneakin notion so pay that gal a visit who wrote me that nice letter and told me to give her a call. I'll just go out and get me some new pants and a vest, and I believe I'll go to see her. I called for my money and went out and popped into the first clothin store I saw. I soon bought what I wanted and made for the hotel. I felt mighty skittish. I was so fraid there was some other trap to catch me in before I could get off. I was afraid of everybody. I was gettin so anxious to get away from this city that to be stopped now would really kill me.

I begun to look around for a boat and it want long before I come across a great sheet of paper like unto a bed quilt, with a tremendous big boat painted on it and under it was the the most important of all to me, that the boat was gwine to leave that day, precisely at 10 o'clock for St. Louis. This was the boat Imperial, but I didnt care nothin about the name, for I'd already found oat that boats were just like folks, there want no dependance to be put in their names. I was just determined to get on the first boat that left to go up the Mississippi. I was gettin the all overs to get away from this city.— I'd been tuck in so often since I have been here that I am afraid to go out of my room. I thought the women the best friends I had, but I now believe that gal was tryin to get me into a scrape. I just believe that man and the Clerk and Kitty all understood what they were about. And since I've come to study about it, I just believe Kitty give me the purse of gold and then led me down a blind way into the Clerk's room, and fixed the chairs and tables all in my way, and then opened the door to let me fall over them so that the Clerk might catch me, and I would have the purse of gold, and they would have me fast for stealing. Kitty want in that yard for I run all over it. She never came out of that door, and I just believe the plot was all fixed beforehand to get me into a tight place and scare me most to death and make me give up all my money. But they wouldnt done no big business, for they

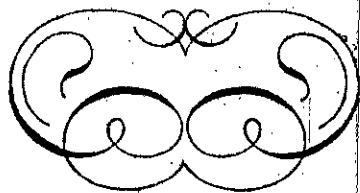
wouldnt have got but a dollar and a half to pay them for all their trouble; They thought just because I had on fine clothes I must have lots of money, but they dont know nothing about the folks of this world if that is the way they form opinions, for it is not every one that wears fine clothes and talks big that's got money in his pocket. The old copers and jeans britches carry more money than the broadcloth. It is an old sayin, and just as true as sun risin, that "dress dont make the man," and I would put on what our teacher used to call a scholium, and say, dress dont begin to make a woman.— Them folks would have been more than a considerable tuck in if they had overhauled me last night. I just be bound they wouldnt fixed so well for another gent who had store clothes on. No, sir, it would have learnt them one lesson they wouldnt forget—but I'm mighty glad they didnt get me, I dont care what their notions were.

I dont know what to do with this gold, I'm mighty fraid this stuff is gwine to get me into trouble. I'm great mind when I get in the boat to throw it into the water, the first chance I get—I dont like to be carrying anything that dont belong to me, and especially a thing I got in the manner I did this. It dont make no difference if Kitty did give it to me just to get me into a scrape, that dont make the matter a bit better so far as I am concerned. I didnt work for this money, and I didnt give value received for it, and it want a present, for she only put it in my care because she said she had no where to carry it, and in no sense can it be my property.— My conscience aint easy about the matter and I dont know how to make it easy. If I just had a friend to consult I might hit upon some plan to do just what is right about this money. I dont want the shade of a shadow of dishonesty to be hankering after me, and just wouldnt let myself know that I had done a dishonest act for all the gold in California. It aint no use to be hidin things from the world when there's somethin in side of you which is constantly sayin, you know you done

this and you done that, and there seems to be a finger writin afore your eyes, like that hand what got into old Belshazzar's palace and wrote out his verdict on the wall—"you are weighed by the stillyards and you make no pounds." I just aint gwine to have no such thunderin talkin inside of me as will make my knees go to knocken together. Not I, for I aint got no admiration for no such eloquence. I want to be above board myself, and always able to hold my head up and look a man right in both eyes, and just have the satisfaction to know, that if I aint as big folks as some, there is inside of this skin and bones just as honest a heart as ever beat in upison with the pulse. But I dont feel like I could do this if I keep tain gold, for if I should happen to get to talkin to a man, and he was accidentally to mention gold, I'd feel a flush on my face in a minute. And when a man does anything wrong he always keeps so sharp a look out on that point that he is certain to get a random shot. It is just like havin a sore toe, every thing seems to strafe it. The little grass and weed which one wouldnt have noticed is now tearin the very skin off and makin it bleed. It is just so when a man has done an ugly trick his conscience is so tender and so watchful that the ordinary conversation of an unsuspecting friend hits his case so pointedly and forcibly that he shudders with the idea of his friend reproving him in this slantin kind of way. I dont want to be in no such fix, and I aint gwine to be for a thousand times a thousand twenty dollar gold pieces. I aint never made gold my God, and I aint gwine to be bowin down to anything in the shape, form or color of gold, and to be worshippin it. Give me the feelins of an honest man above everything else. The whole world itself couldnt produce such a feelin as that which gets up in a man when he knows from the bottom of his heart he has always tried to do right, and when his mind goes back over the past it cant rake up no act that it can point to as dishonest. This is the feeling for me, and all the gold of the world may sink to the bottom of the ocean, or go into old misers' chest, to harrass their souls through time, and no tellin how much longer.

Hallo! there's the boat whistlin and I'll be left in this city another night to be cooped up under the bed or in some other tighter place.

I must be in a hurry for it will almost kill me right dead to stay here when I've made up my mind to leave this warisome city.



CHAPTER XII.

When I want to be right off from a place the whistlin of a steam-boat loosen every joint in me. I gathered up them same old saddle bags, which stuck to me through thick and thin, and I made for the boat. My feet felt as light as cork and I got along over the ground without any trouble. I just walked right into the boat, and right up to the Clerk's office I went. I want gwine to be behind this time in gettin a room. Says I, Mr. Clerk, I wants a room, and I wants it all to myself, with nobody in it ceptin me myself. "Where are you goin?" says he. To Baton Rouge, says I. "Well," says he, "You can have No 9." No, says I, I'll have none of your nines. Not a bit of your nine. No, sir you cant come that, "Well," says he, "Stranger, you neednt get excited; you may have No. 10." All right, says I, though I didnt like to be so neighborly to No. 9. But I thought I wouldnt be foolish about the matter, as No. 10 might be the lucky room. Some folks say that *good luck* and *bad luck* are neighbors, and I am about to make a trial of it. Steam is gettin up and we will soon be off. Farewell ye crescent city, and ye tormenting, tricky people. I leave you without a regret, and though you have put me on the rack, and got from me all my money at one time, I've got the best of your jugglin, and I carry away nearly ten times more money than I brought here, evil has been turned into good :

and I seen your city and learned your ways, and made you pay for the whistle. You didn't know you had picked up a tartar when you were plottin against me. You New Orleans folks must keep your eyes skinned when you deal with Alabamians. You may think you are doing good business, but the first thing you know, the Alabamian is off, and well paid for your fun. Go it, New Orleans folks, Sam's stuck his finger into your eyes, and he's now gwine up the Mississippi to see the gal what helped him out in the day of trouble. She aint none of your Kitty kind, what would lead a fellow along blind ways right into the mouths of bull dogs. She's got better blood than that and better raisin too. She's got a mighty tender feelin for a fellow in his distresses, and to tell the truth about it, I's got a powerful distress on account of my feelin for her, and that aint all, I'm gwine to explain the matter to her understandin. Puff away old boat, no body aint scared if you are travelin fast. Just pitch ahead the sooner you get there the better.

We had been runnin about an hour when another steamboat come poffin up along side of us. Some of the passengers were right up for a race and some want by a good deal. It was the boat St. Louis, and its passengers were all out on the boiler deck a waiven their hankerchiefs and a makin fun of our boat. I begun to feel the blood gettin warm in me, and though the "Imperial" want nothin to me, I didnt want the boat I was on made fun off. I felt like I wanted to see a race and I wanted our boat to beat. First one and then another caught the feelin, and before we knowed it we were all out on the deck, hurraan for our boat. The two boats were now runnin even and even, just exactly head and head. One want before and the tother want. Both were puttin on steam and pilin in wood in good earnest. The boilers begun to get hot and the smoke and sparks went up like a volcano out of the chimneys. The big wheels dashed the water up like small rain and left a long path of soap suds way behind. The old boat trembled like a leaf in a storm, as though she had an ague on her. The captain walked backward and forward on the hurrican deck, and the old pilot looked like he would set the rope on fire turnin the pilot wheel. Backward and forward the old went faster than the pendulum of a clock. Like a hawk, the pilot

watched the favorable parts of the channel, and drove his boat like a thing of life up the "king of waters." The engineer could hear the rapid tingling of the pilot's bell tellin him to increase the fire, and like a man bereft of all fear he crowded the furnaces with the fatest pine. The flames roared along the lofty chimneys and in safety mood licked the upper air. The passengers became excited, and each and all made efforts to assist the officers to beat the race. Some pulled off their coats and tosted wood to the fireman and helped him build the fires. The boilers were red hot and the whole boat was gettin too warm to be comfortable. The sweat poured off of us as we toated the black and dirty wood and the red hot boilers sparkled like a fretted fire. But side and side went the two boats, whilst the fiery blaze shot out from the mouths of the chimneys way above like a epalkin breakin out. Each boat was doin its best and even the women and children had come out upon deck and were hurraan each one for her own boat. The boilers looked like they would melt and yet everybody was hollowin, "Put in more wood!" No body want thinkin about danger though the heat had gone long ways above safety. The passengers were excited and they were willin to fire up seven fold hotter than the furnace of Shedrach, Mesbach, and Abednego. The fires roared and the waters boiled, and the furious steam drove with madness the reckless machinery. The iron axles sparkled in their sockets from the rapid friction, and the lesser wheels left but a dim circle in their hasty revolutions. The pilot rope smoked along its descending track, and dashed the heavy rudder like a fish's fin amid the waters. But breast and breast the struggling boats out their way up the mighty river. It was just one hundred miles from where the boats commenced racing to Baton Rouge. We had been runnin like a balloon in a storm and we would soon be at the end of the race. The victoroy must soon be won or lost. I never felt so excited in all my life. The "Imperial" and the "St. Louis," are the two swiftest and best boats on the Mississippi. They never had run against each other, and they were now to decide the matter. Everybody had said one day that the "St. Louis," was the fastest boat on the river, and every body had said, on another day that the "Imperial" was the fastest. Both

had reputation too precious to lose. They were now on trial. It was a fair race and both boats in good plight. There could be no excuse, if either should be beaten, and were determined that one should beat the race or burst the boilers. We had some twenty miles more to run and the question must be decided in that distance. Every man, woman and child, was excited to the topmost of his or her nature. All hands worked with might and main. The kid glove was seen handling the smutty lightwood, and the timid girl had forgotten her delicateness and fear, and was urging the men to "FIRE UP!" Even the old woman with faltering steps would wend her way to the lower deck and with earnest simplicity tell them to put in more wood. The "St. Louis" appeared to be getting a little of the advantage of us. She was pushing a little ahead. The Captain seemed in a paroxysm of excitement. I felt like my own destiny was at stake. I run here and I run there. I wanted every thing done that could be done to give us more speed. The "St. Louis" was about to pass us. More fire, boys, more fire, says I. Blow the old boat skywards or beat the race. I almost took the command myself and I urged them to pile in the wood. Work boys, work, it will never do to be beat. But it was all in vain, the "St. Louis" will never do to be beat. But it was all in vain, the "St. Louis" cleared us and sent back a shout of thunder from her decks. Handkerchiefs and hats and bonnets waved as flags of victory, and the gallant boat rounded to the landing ahead of us. I felt like a little hoy just whipped at school. But there was no use to be grumblin we had been fairly whipped and I wanted to get off of the "Imperial" as soon as possible. Just soon as she struck shore I left her.

I wanted to go right straight to the gal's house, but I was a little dirty and I thought I would do best to go to a hotel and fix up a little. I posted off and got me a room, and fixed myself up to the tip of the fashion. I hired a cab, and away I went to see Angeline. The driver went around and around and finally stopped at a tremendous fine house. Says the driver, "This is Major Gilmore's place." The house looked so fine, I felt sorter curious about goin in. I was a great mind to turn around and go back; but I remembered that Angeline said her daddy wanted to see the man what saved his daughter's life. Well, I'll go in, the consequence be what they may.

I went up into the beautiful porch and knocked like I knowed what I was about. It wait long before a nigger opened the door, and says she "Do you wish to see any one?" Certainly I do, says I, you black wench; do you suppose I'd come here if I didn't want to see some body? "Who will you see?" says she. I will see Miss Angeline. "Your name?" says she. Tell her Sam Simple has come to see her. She opened a door and invited me into the parlor, and she went. It was all sorts of a fine room, and I was gazin' all around when I soon heard the silk rattle as somebody came through the door. It was that blessed little creature hasten to the man who saved her life. She gathered me around the neck, and wept like a child. Bless the day that ever I saved her from a watery grave. These few moments of the expression of her deep gratitude are worth laboring for. Kind acts pay ten fold the actor, and he who helps his fellow being in times of distress experiences within him at some time a feeling of self complaisancy or inward joy that passes all description. How I loved the dear little creature. She did not take a seat, but hastened to tell her parents that I had arrived. Soon the old lady, bowed down with years tottered into the room. "My dear son," says she, I am glad to see you, and the old lady wept for joy. The old man, with staff in hand, with faltering step and trembling limbs, came in, and gave me a warm shake of the hand, whilst the grateful tear stole down his time worn cheek. I never felt so happy in all my life. I felt as though I had met my own father and mother. I was compelled to cry a little.

I was mighty well satisfied with these folks, and it looked like they couldn't be satisfied in expressin their gratitude for savin their daughter. I told Miss Angeline all my ups and downs in New Orleans and how her money got me out of a terrible scrape. She seemed so rejoiced that her money reached me in the hour of my need.

I staid with this interestin family for a week, and then told them I must return home, but they would not hear to one word of it. The old man said I must stay with him; I was willin to do it, provided I could get Angeline to answer a short question, but I was afraid to tell the old man so. However, one day when I was walkin out in the flower yard with Angeline, I told her I'd feel mighty happy if I

just had a good companion and a pleasant little home. She said it was a thing she had long desired. Now is the time thinks I, I have all to gain and nothin to lose, so I popped the question right out. I saw in a minute that I had not missed the mark much. She hung her head a little while, and bit her finger nails and looked mighty shame. I knowed there was no time to lose, and I argued the question with all my might, I told her I had saved her life once and I wanted to take care of her the balance of life. I told her I could never live satisfied without her and with her my happiness would be complete. I told her not to be ashamed, but tell me yes or no.— She held up her head and said though my question was not unexpected yet she would ask of me the favor to let her think on it till morning. I could not refuse though I was afraid of the result.— That was a long night to me. I rolled and tumbled like a man with a fever. I knowed she would ask the old folks and no tellin what they would say. I made up a heap of speeches to make to her, but none of them seemed to cover the case. I was glad to see day, and gladder to see Angeline. I soon got a private talk with her and I asked her what answer she had decided to give me. I trembled when I asked her. But she very sweetly said, "I believe the man who saved my life will take care of me, and I have decided to accept of your offer."

I was rejoiced to overflowin. My joy was above high water mark I asked her if she thought her parents would be opposed to it. "Not at all," says she, "they will rejoice to know that you wish my hand. We soon mentioned the matter to the old folks, and all things were fixed up in short order, and Miss Angeline had her name changed to Mrs. Simple.

CHAPTER XII.

I'd caught the bird but I didn't have no cage to put her in. I want worth a cent except a little pocket change, but I didn't care for everybody to know it. I'd got into a big family and I wanted to keep up appearances as much as possible. Luck had turned on my side one time, and popt me up among the upper tens, and I didn't want them to think now that I was small potatoes. In fact, since I got them fine clothes and looked at myself in the glass I was gettin to believe that I was considerable of a punkin myself. I wanted to keep up these feelins, and continue good impressions on all others. How to do it was the question. I was right smartly bothered about it. I turned the matter over and over in my mind, but every side looked about alike. I wanted to talk with somebody about things in general, but I didn't have no body I could talk to without lettin the cat out of the wallet. It wouldn't do to talk to the old man. I didn't want him to lower his sights about me. It would be mighty bad policy to put up a poor mouth to him, if I wanted him to help me. He'd think I hadn't been used to much, and, therefore, it wouldn't do to trust much with me. That game wouldn't pay.

I couldn't talk to Angeline about affairs, for the dear little thing want studyin about business. She hadn't been raised to it. She was just all love, and honey, and candy, and pie, and such like sweet things. I couldn't turn round for the blessed little creature. She want satisfied unless she was settin in my lap and lookin me right in the face. She would pat my jaws a little, then twitter me under the chin, then throw my arms around my neck and kiss me until I was most out of breath, she'd comb my head until every hair had almost learned its place. She wouldn't let a speck of dirt get on my clothes but was constantly dusting me with her nice cambric hankerchief. She waited on me like it was the greatest pleasure in the world,

She didnt want me to get out of her sight, and if I walked off for a few minutes, she would set at the window or in the porch, and watch me as far as she could see me. And she made me always promise her that I wouldnt stay long, and say the very minute that I would be back. If I staid one minute over the time she was restless and uneasy until I got back, and would always come out to the gate to meet me and kiss me like I had been gone a week. Bless her little heart I wouldnt disturb it with business for nothin. She's like sunshine on a cold cloudy day, and like sugar to bitter things. She can sweeten all the ills of life, and not half try. It takes a mighty load off a man's heart, when he gets home every day to look into two bright loving eyes, and to feel arms creeping around his neck, and warm kisses melting on his cheeks, and a sweet angelic voice saying honey, my dear &c. A man's a fool if he don't get married. He aint fit to be called a man. He aint nothin and dont know nothin. Life without a woman is like coffee without sugar, taint worth havin. The man who dont love some woman and aint engaged to support her, and who wont let some woman love him and make much of him, is fit for nothin but "treason, stratagems and spoils." When a man gets grown he ought to marry, and if he aint got sense enough to know his duty, he ought to be made to marry. The world aint got no use for old bachelors. All bachelors are a nuisance. Women are a great thing, and young gals in particular. I wouldnt take a mint for Angeline, not even if it run by steam. And I dont want a cloud to come over the bright sun shine of her soul, nor to cast a shadow over my future path that promises such glory and happiness.

So I went say business to her. I'll study through the matter myself. I've been in some mighty tight places and I've got through somehow, and I reckon I neednt be much troubled about present difficulties. I'll find an end to the tangled ball after a while and then I'll unwind it.

I was musin and studyin with all my might every day in order to hatch up some plan by which to keep up my respectability. At breakfast one morning the old man asked me if I didnt want to go with him to one of his plantations. I went no time consenting. I

told him I was always at his service. I was mighty anxious to see the plantations and know somethin about the fortune I had picked up. Angeline was a fortune herself, and I was mighty well satisfied with her, but I dont care how valuable a gal may be, money is always mighty convenient. A man does mighty well to get a good nice gal, its a fortune, but he does heap better if he gets a gal and the money too.

I had got my gal, but I didnt know exactly how other things might be. Every body said the old man was rich, but folks dont always know other peoples business. Some folks pass for rich and when they die they aint worth a cent. Every thing that shines aint gold. And every man who lives in a fine house, and has carriages and buggies aint rich. Some folks can make a big show and put on airs and cut a dashing figure in the world, and all the time they are owin thousands and aint worth a cent they can call their own. They are counterfeit folks, passin for more than they are worth.

I was in hopes I hadnt struck up with such folks. The Major my father now, was a mighty plain sort of a man. There want no put on about him. He didnt make any display. And I have always noticed that great men are always plain and simple, and little men and counterfeits are always showy, flashey, and sorter stuck up. When greatness and riches are real, they are always natural and set easy; but when they are aped and fictitious, they are gewgawish and flashy, and the owner puts on a great many airs to attract attention. These are fox-fire sort of people. Just as old wood shines from its rottenness, so some people make a big show in proportion to their debts. I aint in favor of no such folks.

I and the Major, soon got the buggy ready after breakfast. Angeline wanted to go, but some female friends had sent her word that they would call to see her and spend the day with her, and I begged her to remain.

Major and I put out right down the river. The road was level almost as a plank floor and it went no trouble to get along. The Major said it was ten miles to the plantation, but the road was so level and the horse was such a good traveler that it didnt appear to be more than five. I was enjoyin the ride finely, and felt just like I

could drive a half day without tiring, when we came in sight of a beautiful large white house situated on the top of a small elevation that sloped gently on every side. The major said that was his plantation. My heart jumped in me for joy. It was a perfect Paradise. I could see it for more than a mile before I got to it. This was the only hill in the midst of an immense tract of river bottom land. The nearer we got to it the more beautiful it became. I felt poetic, but I couldnt recollect any suitable poetry. I havent had many books of poetry to read though I am mighty fond of this jingling kind.

"From the moist meadows to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye,
The hawthorn whitens; and the ivy groves,
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales."

Now somehow or other I forget the tother verses. I use to speak that poetry and could rattle it off like pease on a cowhide, but its done slipped out of my mind. Poetry wont stay with a man long after he begins to be jostled about in the world, the hardships of life soon take all the poetry out of a man. I can admire many things and my feelins get up mighty high, but its hard to get above dull prose. But if I did have a spark of poetry left in me the scene before me would kindle it to a live coal.

We soon reached the dwelling house. There was a beautiful yard only it need some attention. The flowers and shrubbery had been neglected, but they were beautiful even in disorder, I walked out in the back porch and looked down the long slope and over the broad bottom to the Mississippi river rolling its flood of water to the Gulf. I went up into an observatory on the top of the house that I might have a better view. There was every variety of objects to please the eye, and to delight the senses. I could look all over the farm, and see the wheat, and corn, and rye, and barley, and cotton, and sugar cane, and horses, and cattle, and hogs, and sheep, and the hands at work. And far up and down the valley I could see the great River winding its huge waters like a great anaconda, while on its bosom the steam boats like things of life, went puffin up and down. I was perfectly carried away. I could set up here and look all day

I was gazing here without any idea of the time when some one called me to dinner. I went down and eat according to custom. It was a number one dinner certain, and that's the sort I like. I done the subject justice.

After dinner, the Major had all the darkies called up—big ones, little ones, men and women, and all, I never did see such a sight of niggers. He then talked to the niggers mighty kind. He told them who I was, and where I come from, and how I had saved the life of Angeline, and that I had lately married here, and that I was now his son-in-law. I grew most an inch when he said this.

He told them that he was gettin old and could not live much longer and he wanted to arrange his affairs before he went. He said he had but one daughter and he was anxious to see her fixed off before he died, and he had concluded to give this plantation and all the hands and stock to his daughter Angeline. He told the niggers that I was a mighty kind hearted man and that I would take care of them and treat them well.

I agreed to what he said, and the niggers seemed well pleased. They soon left for their quarters and the major and myself got on horses and took a ride over the plantation. He explained to me all the farm and told me all about the stock and tools and the provisions. I saw I was a rich man and had a plenty for life, but I was determined not to make a fool of myself, but to take care of it and make more. We soon went back home and the major told Angeline that he had given us his plantation. She thanked him so sweetly and then got up and gave her father an affectionate kiss. The old man brushed away a creeping tear. Angeline asked him when we might move. The major said he would have us fitted up next week. So at the appointed time I and Angeline went to our new home. The major had every thing in trim. New furniture, carpets &c. of the finest kind. The yard was trimmed up, nicely swept and every thing looked so beautifully and lovely. A perfect little Eden where two lovers are to dwell. I was happier than a king.

But I couldnt help thinking of my own folks. I didnt want to have so much unless I could help my parents and the rest of the children. I made up my mind to talk to the major about it, at a proper time.

One day the old folks came to see us, and while the major and myself were riding over the farm, I told the major that my parents were yet alive and I wanted to move them out here. He told me he would be very glad for me to do so, and that he had a small place that they could have. I thanked him and told him that I would write at once. I wrote that night, and after a few days I got a letter in which my parents said they would try to move in the fall. I told the major and he went to work to fit up the place for them. It was a nice place about five miles from my house.

In the fall the old folks came out with all the children. There was rejoicing like old Jacob and Joseph in Egypt. I was so glad to see them all and so proud to do something for the comfort of the old folks. After a week, the old folks moved home and there they still live, and are happy. We are now all here together and as happy as folks ever was. Me and Angeline have all our folks near us, and we have nothing on earth to wish for or desire.

And now kind reader after many straits and narrow escapes, my narrative here draws to a close. I have not attempted to draw on the imagination in order to feed a morbid craving for the fictitious or the romantic, but my chief aim and desire has been to give to the public some valuable illustrations of the treachery and meanness so frequently practiced upon the unsuspecting, and to make prominent the power of honesty and preservice in obtaining the successes in life.

The principal features of this entire narrative are all true, but colored and connected to give interest to the reader. I am bitterly opposed to all fictitious and trashy literature, and could not give my approval to that which is purely fictitious, and much less could I become the author of such a work to the judgment of the public.