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“—Still she hilt her grip with both hands!—and the next thing, *some thin’ riz in the air, like a small cloud of calico and dry corn-stalks!*”—Page 95.

THE WIDOW RUGBY'S HUSBAND;  
A NIGHT AT THE UGLY MAN'S, ETC.,

BY CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS.



“And the next minit the Dutchman and his organ was the wost mixed up pile of rags and splinters you ever seen in one mud-hole.”—Page 50.

PHILADELPHIA:  
A. HART, Late CAREY & HART.

THE WIDOW RUBY'S NUMBER  
AT THE TIME OF THE DEATH  
OF THE DECEASED

By Transfer  
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TO  
A. B. MEEK, Esq.,  
THESE SKETCHES  
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.

(3)



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“and the next thing, *somehin' riz in the air, like a small cloud of calico and dry cornstalks!*”

A NIGHT AT THE UGLY MAN'S . . . . . Title page.

“and with that, I fetched the monkey a sling that sent him a whirlin' about sixty yards over a brick wall.”

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## THE WIDOW RUGBY'S HUSBAND ;

A STORY OF "SUGGS."

SOME ten or twelve years ago, one Sumeral Dennis kept the "Union Hotel," at the seat of justice of the county of Tallapoosa. The house took its name from the complexion of the politics of its proprietor; he being a true-hearted Union man, and opposed—as I trust all my readers are—at all points, to the damnable heresy of *nullification*. In consequence of the candid exposition of his political sentiments upon his sign-board, mine host of the Union was liberally patronized by those who coincided with him in his views. In those days, party spirit was, in that particular locality, exceedingly bitter and proscriptive; and had Sumeral's chickens been less tender, his eggs less impeachable, his coffee more sloppy, the "Union Hotel" would still have lost no guest—its keeper no dimes. But, as Dennis was wont to remark, "*the party* relied on his honour; and as an honest man—but more especially as an honest *Union* man—he was bound to give them the value of their money." Glorious fellow, was Sumeral! Capital landlady, was his good wife, in all the plenitude of her *embonpoint*! Well-behaved children, too, were Sumeral's—from the shaggy and red-headed represent-

ative of paternal peculiarities, down to little Solomon of the sable locks, whose "favour" puzzled the neighbours, and set at defiance all known physiological principles. Good people, all, were the Dennises! May a hungry man never fall among worse!

Among the political friends who had for some years bestowed their patronage, semi-annually, during Court week, upon the proprietor of the "Union," was Captain Simon Suggs, whose deeds of valour and of strategy are not unknown to the public. The captain had "put up" with our friend Sumeral, time and again—had puffed the "Union," both "before the face and behind the back" of its owner, until it seemed a miniature of the microcosm that bears the name of Astor—and, in short, was so generally useful, accommodating, and polite, that nothing short of long-continued and oft-repeated failures to *settle his bills*, could have induced Sumeral to consider Suggs in other light than as the best friend the "Union" or any other house ever had. But alas! Captain Suggs had, from one occasion to another, upon excuses the most plausible, and with protestations of regret the most profound, invariably left the fat larder and warm beds of the Union without leaving behind the slightest pecuniary remuneration with Sumeral. For a long time the patient innkeeper bore the imposition with a patience that indicated some hope of eventual payment. But year in and year out, and the money did not come. Mrs. Dennis at length spoke out, and argued the necessity of a tavern-keeper's collecting his dues, if he was disposed to do justice to himself and family.

"Suggs is a nice man in his talk," she said. "No-

body can fault him, as far as that's concerned; but smooth talk never paid for flour and bacon;" and so she recommended to her leaner half that the "*next time*" summary measures should be adopted to secure the amount in which the captain was indebted to the "Union Hotel."

Sumeral determined that his wife's advice should be strictly followed; for he had seen, time and again, that *her* suggestions had been the salvation of the establishment.

"Hadn't she kept him from pitchin' John Seagrooves, neck and heels, out of the window, for sayin' that nullification *warn't* treason, and John C. Calhoun *warn't* as bad as Benedict Arnold! And hadn't John been a good payin' customer ever since? That was what he wanted to know!"

The next session of the Circuit Court, after this prudent conclusion had been arrived at in Dennis's mind—the Circuit Court, with all its attractions of criminal trials, poker-playing lawyers, political caucuses and possible monkey-shows—found Captain Suggs snugly housed at the "Union." Time passed on swiftly for a week. The judge was a hearty, liquor-loving fellow, and lent the captain ten dollars, "on sight." The Wetumpka and Montgomery lawyers bled freely. In short everything went bravely on for the captain, until a man with small-pox pits and a faro-box came along. The captain yielded to the temptation—yielded, with a presentiment on his mind that he should be "slain." The "tiger" *was* triumphant, and Suggs was left without a dollar!

As if to give intensity to his distress, on the morn-

ing after his losses at the faro bank, the friendly Clerk of the Court hinted to Suggs, that the Grand Jury had found an indictment against him for gaming. Here was a dilemma! Not only out of funds, but obliged to decamp, before the adjournment of Court!—obliged to lose all opportunity of redeeming his “fallen fortunes,” by further plucking the greenhorns in attendance.

“This here,” said Simon, “is h—l! h—l! a mile and a quarter square, and fenced in all round! What’s a *reasonable* man to do? Ain’t I been workin’ and strivin’ all for the best? Ain’t I done my duty? Cuss that mahogany box? I wish the man that started it had had his head sawed off with a cross-cut, *just* afore he thought on’t! Now thar’s sense in *short cards*. All’s fair, and cheat and cheat alike is the order; and the longest pole knocks down the persimmon! But whar’s the reason in one of your d—d boxes, full of springs and the like, and the better *no* advantages, except now and then when he kin kick up a squabble, and *the dealer’s afeard of him!*”

“I’m for doin’ things on the squar. What’s a man without his honour? Ef natur give me a gift to beat a feller at ‘old sledge’ and the like, it’s all right! But whar’s the justice in a thing like farrer, that ain’t got but one side! It’s strange what a honin’ I have for the cussed thing! No matter how I make an honest rise, I’m sure to ‘buck it off’ at farrer. As my wife says, *farrer’s my besettin’ sin*. It’s a weakness—a soft spot—it’s—a—a—let me see!—it’s a way I’ve got of a runnin’ agin Providence! But hello! here’s Dennis.”

When the inn-keeper walked up, Captain Suggs remarked to him, that there was a “little paper out,

signed by Tom Garrett, in his *official capacity*, that was calculated to hurt feelins," if he remained in town; and so he desired that his horse might be saddled and brought out.

Sumeral replied to this by presenting to the captain a slip of paper containing entries of many charges against Suggs, and in favour of the Union Hotel.

"All right," said Suggs; "I'll be over in a couple of weeks, and settle."

"Can't wait; want money to buy provisions; account been standing two years; thirty-one dollars and fifty cents is money, these days," said Dennis, with unusual firmness.

"Blast your ugly face," vociferated Suggs, "*I'll give you my note!* that's enough amongst gentlemen, I suppose."

"Hardly," returned the inn-keeper, "hardly: we want the cash; your note ain't worth the trouble of writin' it."

"D—n you!" roared Suggs; "d—n you for a biscuit-headed *nullifier!* I'll give you a mortgage on the best half section of land in the county; south half of 13, 21, 29!"

"Captain Suggs," said Dennis, drawing off his coat, "you've called me a nullifier, and *that's* what I *won't* stand from *no* man! Strip, and I'll whip as much *dog* out of you as 'll make a full pack of hounds! You swindlin' robber!"

This hostile demonstration alarmed the captain, and he set in to soothe his angry landlord.

"Sum, old fel!" he said, in his most honeyed tones: "Sum, old fel! be easy. I'm not a fightin' man"—

and here Suggs drew himself up with dignity; "I'm not a fightin' man, *except* in the cause of my country! *Thar* I'm *allers* found! Come old fellow—do you reckon ef you 'd been a nullifier, *I'd* ever been ketched at your house! No, no! You *ain't* no part of a nullifier, but you *are* reether hard down on your Union friends that allers puts up with you. Say, won't you take that mortgage—the land's richly worth \$1,000—and let me have old Bill?"

The heart of Dennis was melted at the appeal thus made. It was to his good fellowship and his party feelings. So, putting on his coat, he remarked, that he "rather thought he would take the mortgage. However," he added, seeing Mrs. Dennis standing at the door of the tavern watching his proceedings, "he would see his wife about it."

The captain and Dennis approached the landlady of the Union, and made known the state of the case.

"You see, cousin Betsey"—Suggs always *cousined* any lady whom he wished to cozen—"you see, cousin Betsy, the fact is, I'm down, just now, in the way of money, and you and Sumeral bein' afraid I'll run away and never come back——"

"Taint that *I'm* afraid of," said Mrs. Dennis.

"What then?" asked Suggs.

"Of your comin' back, eatin' us out o' house and home, and *never payin' nothin'.*"

"Well," said the Captain, slightly confused at the lady's directness; "well, seein' that's the way the mule kicks, as I was sayin', I proposed to Sum here, as long as him and you distrusts an old *Union* friend that's stuck by your house like a tick, even when the red-mouthed

nullifiers swore you was feedin' us *soap-tails* on *bull-beef* and *blue collards*—I say, as long as that's the case, I propose to give you a mortgage on the south half of 21, 13, 29. It's the best half section in the county, and it's worth forty times the amount of your bill."

"It looks like that ought to do," said Sumeral, who was grateful to the captain for defending his house against the slanders of the nullifiers; "and seein' that Suggs has always patronized the Union and *voted the whole ticket*——"

"Never *split* in my life," dropped in Suggs, with emphasis.

"I," continued Dennis, "am for takin the mortgage and lettin' him take old Bill and go; for I know it would be a satisfaction to the nullifiers to have him put in jail."

"Yes," quoth the captain, sighing, "I'm about to be tuk up and made a martyr of, on account of the Union, but I'll die true to my prinsipples, d—d if I don't."

"They *shan't* take you," said Dennis, his long lank form stiffening with energy as he spoke; "as long as they put it on *that* hook, d—d ef they shall! Give us the mortgage and slope!"

"Thar's a true-hearted Union man," exclaimed Suggs, "that's not got a drop of pizen of treason in his veins!"

"You ain't got no rights to that land . . . I jist know it—or you wouldn't want to mortgage it for a tavern bill," shouted Mrs. Dennis; "and I tell you and Sumeral *both*, that old Bill don't go out of that stable till the money's paid—mind I say *money*—into *my* hand;" and

here the good lady turned off and called Bob, the stable boy, to bring her the stable key.

The Captain and Sumeral looked at each other like two chidden school-boys. It was clear that no terms short of payment in money would satisfy Mrs. Dennis. Suggs saw that Dennis had become interested in his behalf; so, acting upon the idea, he suggested:

“Dennis, suppose *you loan me the money?*”

“Egad, Suggs, I’ve been thinking of that; but as I have only a fifty dollar bill, and my wife’s key bein’ turned on that, there’s no chance. D—n it, I’m sorry for you.”

“Well the Lord’ll purvide,” said Suggs.

As Captain Suggs could not get away *that* day, evidently, he arranged, through his friend Sumeral, with the Clerk not to issue a *capias* until the next afternoon. Having done this, he cast around for some way of raising the wind; but the fates were against him; and at eleven o’clock that night, he went to bed in a fit of the blues that three pints of whiskey had failed to dissipate.

An hour or two after the Captain had got between his sheets, and after every one else was asleep, he heard some one walk unsteadily, but still softly, up stairs. An occasional hiccup told that it was some fellow drunk; and this was confirmed by a heavy fall which the unfortunate took as soon as, leaving the railing, he attempted to travel *suvis pedibus*.

“Oh, good Lord!” groaned the fallen man; “who’d a-thought it! Me, John P. Pullum, drunk and fallin’ down! I never was so before. The world’s a-turnin’ over—*and*—over! Oh, Lord!—Charley Stone got me

into it! What will Sally say ef she hears it—oh, Lord!”

“That thar feller,” said the Captain to himself, “is the victim of vice! I wonder ef he’s got any money?” and the Captain continued his soliloquy *inaudibly*.

Poor Mr. Pullum, after much tumbling about and sundry repetitions of his fall, at length contrived to get into bed, in a room adjoining that occupied by the Captain, and only separated from it by a thin partition. The sickening effects of his debauch increased, and the dreadful nausea was likely to cause him to make both a “clean breast” and a clean stomach.

“I’m very—very—oh, Lord!—drunk! Oh, me, is this John P. Pullum that—good Heavens! I’ll faint—married Sally Rugby!—oh! oh!”

Here the poor fellow got out of bed, and, poking his head through a vacant square, in the window-sash, began his ejaculations of supper and of grief.

“Ah! I’m so weak!—wouldn’t have Sally—aw—owh—wha—oh, Lord!—to hear of it for a hundred dollars. She said—it’s comin’ agin—awh—ogh—who—o—o—gracious Lord, how sick!—she said when she agreed for me to sell the cotton, I’d be certain—oh, Lord, I believe I’ll die!”

The inebriate fell back on his bed, almost fainting, and Captain Suggs thought he’d try an experiment.

Disguising his voice, with his mouth close to the partition, he said:

“You’re a liar! you didn’t marry Widow Rugby; you’re some d—d thief tryin’ to pass off for something!”

“Who am I then, if I ain’t John P. Pullum that married the widow, Sally Rugby, Tom Rugby’s widow, old

Bill Stearns's only daughter? Oh, Lord, if it ain't me, who is it? Where's Charley Stone—can't he tell if it's John P. Pullum?"

"No, it ain't you, you lyin' swindler—you ain't got a dollar in the world—and never married no rich widow," said Suggs, still disguising his voice.

"I did—I'll be d—d ef I didn't—I know it now: Sally Rugby with the red head—all of the boys said I married her for her money, but it's a—oh, Lord, I'm sick again—augh!"

Mr. Pullum continued his maudlin talk, half asleep, half awake, for some time; and all the while Captain Suggs was analyzing the man—conjecturing his precise circumstances—his family relations—the probable state of his purse, and the like.

"It's a plain case," he mused, "that this feller married a red-headed widow for her money—no man ever married sich for anything else. It's plain agin, she's got the property settled upon her, or fixed some way, for he talked about her 'agreein' for him to sell the cotton. I'll bet that he's the new feller that's dropped in down thar by Tallasse, that Charley Stone used to know. And I'll bet he's been down to Wetumpky to sell the cotton—got on a bust thar—and now's on another here.—He's afraid of his wife, too; leastways, his voice trimbled like it, when he called her red-headed, Pullum! Pullum! Pull-um!" Here Suggs studied—"That's surely a Talbot county name—I'll ventur' on it, any how."

Having reached a conclusion, the Captain turned over in bed, and composed himself to sleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the bar-room of

the Union contained only Dennis and our friend the Captain. Breakfast was over, and the most of the temporary occupants of the tavern were on the public square. Captain Suggs was watching for Mr. Pullum, who had not yet come down to breakfast.

At length an uncertain step was heard on the stairway, and a young man, whose face showed indisputable evidence of a frolic on the previous night, descended. His eyes were bloodshot, and his expression was a mingled one of shame and fear.

Captain Suggs walked up to him, as he entered the bar-room, gazed at his face earnestly, and, slowly placing his hand on his shoulder, as slowly, and with a stern expression, said :

“Your—name—is—Pullum !”

“I know it is,” said the young man.

“Come this way, then,” said Suggs, pulling his victim out into the street, and still gazing at him with the look of a stern but affectionate parent. Turning to Dennis, as they went out, he said : “Have a cup of coffee ready for this young man in fifteen minutes, and his horse by the time he’s done drinking it !”

Mr. Pullum looked confounded, but said nothing, and he and the Captain walked over to a vacant blacksmith shop, across the street, where they could be free from observation.

“You’re from Wetumpky last,” remarked Suggs, with severity, and as if his words charged a crime.

“What if I am ?” replied Pullum, with an effort to appear bold.

“What’s cotton worth ?” asked the Captain, with an almost imperceptible wink.

Pullum turned white, and stammered out:

“Seven or eight cents.”

“Which will you tell your wife you sold yours—*hers*—for?”

John P. turned blue in the face.

“What do *you* know about my wife?” he asked.

“Never mind about *that*—was you in the habit of gettin’ drunk before you left Talbot county, Georgy?”

“I never lived in Talbot; I was born and raised in Harris,” said Pullum, with something like triumph.

“Close to the line though,” rejoined Suggs, confidently, relying on the fact that there was a large family of Pullums in Talbot; “most of your connexions lived in Talbot.”

“Well, what of all that?” asked Pullum, with impatience: “what is it to you whar I come from, or whar my connexion lived?”

“Never mind—I’ll show you—no man that married Billy Stearns’s daughter can carry on the way *you’ve been doin’*, without *my* interferin’ for the int’rust of the family!”

Suggs said this with an earnestness, a sternness, that completely vanquished Pullum. He tremulously asked:

“How did you know that I married Stearns’s daughter?”

“That’s a fact ’most anybody could a known that was intimate with the family in old times. You’d better ask how I knowed that you tuk *your wife’s* cotton to Wetumpky—sold it—*got on a spree*—after Sally give you a caution too—and then come by here—*got on another spree*. What do you reckon Sally will say to you when you git home?”

“She won’t know it,” replied Pullum, “unless somebody tells her.”

“Somebody *will* tell her,” said Suggs; “*I’m* going home with you as soon as you’ve had breakfast. My poor Sally Rugby shall not be trampled on in this way. I’ve only got to borrow fifty dollars from some of the boys to make out a couple of thousand I need to make the last payment on my land. So go over and eat your breakfast, quick.”

“For God’s sake, sir, don’t tell Sally about it; you don’t know how unreasonable she is.”

Pullum was the incarnation of misery.

“The devil I don’t! She bit this piece out of my face”—here Suggs pointed to a scar on his cheek—“when I had her on my lap, a little girl only five years old. She was always game.”

Pullum grew more nervous at this reference to his wife’s mettle.

“My dear sir, I don’t even know your name—”

“Suggs, sir, Capt. Simon Suggs.”

“Well, my dear Captain, ef you’ll jist let me off this time, I’ll lend you the fifty dollars.”

“*You’ll—lend — me — the — fifty — dollars! Who asked you for your money—or rather Sally’s money?*”

“I only thought,” replied the humble husband of Sally, “that it might be an accommodation. I meant no harm; I know Sally wouldn’t mind my lending it to an old friend of the family.”

“Well,” said Suggs, and here he mused, shutting his eyes, biting his lips, and talking very slowly, “ef I knowed you would do better.”

“I’ll swear I will,” said Pullum.

“No swearin’, sir!” roared Suggs, with a dreadful frown; “no swearin’ in *my* presence!”

“No, sir, I won’t any more.”

“Ef,” continued the Captain, “I *knowed* you’d do better—*go right home*”—(the Captain didn’t wish Pullum to stay where his stock of information might be increased)—and treat Sally like a wife all the rest of your days, I might, *may be*, borrow the fifty, (seein’ it’s Sally’s, any way,) and let you off this time.”

“Ef you will, Captain Suggs, I’ll never forget you—I’ll think of you all the days of my life.”

“I ginnally makes my mark, so that I’m hard to forget,” said the Captain, *truthfully*. “Well, turn me over a fifty for a couple of months, and go home.”

Mr. Pullum handed the money to Suggs, who seemed to receive it reluctantly. He twisted the bill in his fingers, and remarked:

“I reckon I’d better not take this money—you won’t go home, and do as you said.”

“Yes, I will,” said Pullum; “yonder’s my horse at the door—I’ll start this minute.”

The Captain and Pullum returned to the tavern, where the latter swallowed his coffee and paid his bill.

As the young man mounted his horse, Suggs took him affectionately by the hand—

“John,” said he, “go home, give my love to cousin Sally, and kiss her for me. Try and do better, John, for the futur’; and if you have any children, John, bring ’em up in the way of the Lord. Good by!”

Captain Suggs now paid *his* bill, and had a balance on hand. He immediately bestrode his faithful “Bill,” musing thus as he moved homeward:

“Every day I git more insight into scriptur’. It used to be I couldn’t understand the manna in the wilderness, and the ravens feedin’ Elishy; now, it’s clear to my eyes. Trust in Providence—that’s the lick! Here was I in the wilderness, sorely oppressed, and mighty nigh despar. Pullum come to me, like a ‘raven,’ in my distress—and a *fat* one, at that! Well, as I’ve *allers* said, Honesty and Providence will never fail to fetch a man out! Jist give me that for a *hand*, and I’ll ‘stand’ agin all creation!”

## CAPT. STICK AND TONEY.

OLD Capt. Stick was a remarkably precise old gentleman, and a conscientiously just man. He was, too, very methodical in his habits, one of which was to keep an account in writing of the conduct of his servants, from day to day. It was a sort of account-current, and he settled by it every Saturday afternoon. No one dreaded these hebdomadal balancings, more than Toney, the boy of all-work, for the Captain was generally obliged to write a receipt, for a considerable amount, across his shoulders.

One settling afternoon, the Captain, accompanied by Tony, was seen "toddlng" down to the old stable, with his little account book in one hand, and a small rope in the other. After they had reached the "Bar of Justice," and Tony had been properly "strung up," the Captain proceeded to state his accounts as follows:

*"Tony, Dr.*

Sabbath, to not half blacking my boots, &c., five stripes.

Tuesday, to staying four hours at mill longer than necessary, ten stripes.

Wednesday, to not locking the hall door at night, five stripes.

Friday, to letting the horse go without water, five stripes.

Total, twenty-five stripes.

*Tony, Cr.*

Monday, by first-rate day's work in the garden, ten stripes.

Balance due, fifteen stripes."

The balance being thus struck, the Captain drew his cow-hide and remarked—"Now, Tony, you black scamp, what say you, you lazy villain, why I shouldn't give you fifteen lashes across your back, as hard as I can draw?"

"Stop, old Mass," said Tony; "dar's de work in de garden, sir—dat ought to tek off some."

"You black dog," said the Captain, "hav'nt I given you the proper credit of ten stripes, for that? Come, come!"

"Please old massa," said Tony, rolling his eyes about in agony of fright—"dar's—you forgot—dar's de scourin' ob de floor—old missus say e nebber been scour as good before."

"Soho, you saucy rascal," quoth Captain Stick; "you're bringing in more offsets, are you? Well now, there!"—here the Captain made an entry upon his book—"you have a credit of five stripes, and the balance must be paid."

"Gor a mity, massa, don't hit yet—dar's sumpen else—oh, Lord! please don't—yes, sir—got um now—ketchin' de white boy and fetchin' um to ole missus, what trow rock at de young duck."

"That's a fact," said the Captain—"the outrageous young vagabond—that's a fact, and I'll give you credit

of *ten* stripes for it—I wish you had brought him to *me*—now we'll settle the balance.”

“Bress de Lord, ole massa,” said Tony, “*dat's all.*” Tony grinned extravagantly.

The Captain adjusted his tortoise-shell spectacles with great exactness, held the book close to his eyes; and ascertained that the fact was as stated by Tony. He was not a little irritated:

“You swear off the account, you infernal rascal—you swear off the account, do you?”

“All de credit is fair, old massa,” answered Tony.

“Yes, but”—said the disappointed Captain—“but—but”—still the Captain was sorely puzzled how to give Tony a *few licks any how*—“but”—an idea popped into his head—“*where's my costs*—you incorrigible, abominable scoundrel? You want to swindle me, do you, out of my costs, you black, deceitful rascal?” “And,” added Capt. Stick, chuckling as well at his own ingenuity as the perfect justice of the sentence; “I enter judgment against you for costs—ten stripes”—and forthwith administered the stripes and satisfied the judgment.

“Ki nigger!” said Tony; “ki nigger! what dis judgmen for coss, ole massa talk 'bout. Done git off 'bout not blackin' de boot—git off 'bout stayin' long time at de mill—and ebry ting else—but dis judgmen for coss gim me de debbil—Bress God, nigger must keep out ob de ole stable, or I'll tell you what, *dat judgmen' for coss* make e back feel mighty warm, for true!”

## DICK M'COY'S SKETCHES OF HIS NEIGHBOURS.

LAST summer, I determined to visit the battle-ground of the *Horse-Shoe*, to see if any vestiges remained of *Old Hickory's* great fight with the Indians of the *Talapoosa*. Fond of all sorts of aquatic diversion, I concluded to take the river four or five miles above, and descend to the "*Shoe*," and I therefore employed an old crony of mine, Dick M'Coy, to take me down in a canoe. Dick lives on the bank, and has all the qualifications of an otter, for river explorations.

For some miles above the battle-ground, the river is a succession of shallows, broken every mile or two by lovely patches of smooth, still water, generally bedecked with a green islet or two, around which the trout love to play. The banks are generally large, irregular hills, that look as if they were struggling to pitch themselves, with their huge pines, into the stream; but, once in a while, you find a level strip of alluvial in cultivation, or a beautiful and fertile declivity, shaded by magnificent poplars, beech-trees, and walnut. Now and then you may see the cabin of a squatter, stuck to the side of a hill, like a discharged tobacco-quid against a wall; but, generally, the Talla-

poosa retains the wild, pristine features of the days when the Creek hunted on its banks, or disported himself upon its waters. A little way out from the river, on either side, among the "hollows" formed by little creeks and smaller streams, live a people, half-agricultural, half-piscatorial—a sinewy, yellow-headed, whiskey-loving set. Those south of the river, are the inhabitants of "'Possum-Trot," while those on the north are the citizens of "Turpentine." Dick M'Coy is a 'Possum-Trotter, a fishing fellow, fishy in his stories, but always *au fait* in regard to matters of settlement gossip.

Seated on a clap-board, a little aft of the centre of the boat, and facing Dick, I was amused for several hours with his conversation, as we threaded the intricate passages of the shoals, now whizzing by and barely touching an ugly rock, now spinning round in a little whirlpool, like a tee-totum. The skill of my Palinurus, however, seemed equal to any emergency; and we alternately twisted and tumbled along, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour.

As we came into a small, deep sheet of water, Dick pointed with his paddle to a smoke issuing from among the trees, on the "Turpentine" side of the river, and remarked, "Thar's whar our *lazy* man lives—Seaborn Brown." "Ah, is he lazy much?" "Powerful!" "As how?" "Onct he went out huntin', and he was so lazy he 'cluded he wouldn't. So he laid down in the sand, close to the aidge of the water. It come on to rain like the devil, and 'I seen him from t'other side, tho't he was asleep, and hollered to him—ses I, it's rainin' like wrath, Seab, and why don't you git up? Ses

he, hollerin' back—'I'm wet any how, and thar's no use.' After a little the river begun to rise about five foot an hour; and I hollers to him agin—ses I, 'Seaborn, the river's a-risin' on to your gun; the but's half way in the water, now!' Ses he, hollerin' back, 'The water ain't gwine to hurt the wood part.' I waited a few minutes, and sung out—'Seaborn, you're half under water yourself, and your gun-lock is in the river!' Ses he—'I never ketches cold, and thar's no load in the gun, and besides, she needs a washin' out.' And, 'Squire,' continued Dick, "the last I seen of him that day, he tuck a flask out of his pocket, *as he lay*, drinkt, kecht some water in the flask, and drinkt again, *as he lay*; and then throw'd his face back, this way, like, to keep the river out of his mouth and nose!"

Amused at Dick's anecdote of his lazy neighbour, I solicited some information about the occupant of a cabin nearly in the water, on the 'Possum Trot side. At the very door of the dwelling commenced a fish-trap dam; and on the trap stood a stalwart fellow in a red flannel shirt, and pantaloons that were merely breeches—the legs being torn off entirely. "Who's that?" I asked. "Wait till we pass him, and I'll tell you." We tumbled onward a few yards. "That's Jim Ed-ards; *he loves cat fish, some!* Well, he does! Don't do nothin' but ketch 'em. Some of the boys says he's got slimy all over, *like* unto a cat—don't know about that; all I know is, we ketcht one in the seine, that weighed over forty pounds. Thar was a *moccasin* tuk out of it longer than my arm. And nobody wouldn't have it, then, but Jim. As we was goin' home, Jim a totin' the fish, ses I—Jim, you ain't a gwine to eat *that*

cat surely! Ses he—'Pshaw! that moccasin warn't nothin'; I noticed it good, *and it warn't rotten a bit!*' Ses I—'Jim, enny man that'll eat that cat, would eat a bullfrog.' And with that, he knocked me down and liked to a killed me; and that was the reason I didn't want to tell you about him twell we'd passed him."

As we neared a pretty little island, on which were a house and two or three acres in cultivation, "Thar," said Dick, "is Dock Norris's *settlement*. I guess he won't 'play horse' agin in a hurry. He claims 'Possum Trot for his beat, but we'd all rather he'd take Turpingtonine." "What game was that he played?" I asked. "Oh! playin' horse. See, thar was a crowd of boys come down and kamped on Turpingtonine side, to seine. They was but a little ways from the river—leastways thar camp-fire was—and between the river and it, is a pretty knoll, whar the river's left a pretty bed of white sand as big as a garden spot, and right at it the water's ten foot deep, and it's about the same from the top of the bluff to the water. A big, one-eyed feller named Ben Baker, was at the head of the town crowd, and as soon as they'd struck a camp, Ben and his fellers, except one (a lad like), tuck the seine and went away down the river, fishin', and was gone a'most all day. Well, Dock bein' of a sharp, splinter-legged, mink-face feller, gits some of his boys, and goes over in the time, and they drinks all Ben's whiskey and most all his coffee, and eats up all his bacon-meat—'sides bein' sassy to the boy. Arter a while here comes Ben and his kump'ny, back, wet *and* tired, *and* hungry. The boy told 'em Dock Norris and his crowd had eat and drunk up everything, and Ben's one eye shined like the ev'ning star.

“Whar’s he?” axed Ben; and then he turned round and seed Dock and his boys, on thar all-fours, squealin’ and rearin’, *playin’ horse*, they called it, in that pretty sandy place. Ben went right in amongst ’em, and ses he, “I’ll play horse, too,” and then he came down to his all-fours, and here they had it, round and round, rearin’, pitchin’, and cavortin’! Dock was might’ly pleased that Ben didn’t seem mad; but bime-by, Ben got him close to the bank, and then, in a minute, gathered him by the seat of his breeches and the har of the head, and slung him twenty foot out in the current. About the time Dock ris, Ben had another of the crowd harnessed, and he throw’d *him* at *Dock!* Then he pitched another, and so on, twell he’d thrown ’em all in. You oughter ’a seen ’em swim to the shoals and take that bee-line for home!” “Why didn’t they turn on him and thrash him?” I asked. “Oh, you see he was a great big fellow, weighed two hundred, and was as strong as a yoke of oxen; and you know, ’squire, most of the people is mighty *puny-like*, in the *Trot*. Well, *playin’ horse* got broke up after that.”

When the next clearing came into view, I inquired of M’Coy, whose it was. “*Don’t* you know, ’squire? Aint you never *seen* him? Why, it’s old Bill Wallis’s place, and he’s *our ugly man!* The whole livin’, breathin’ yeth ain’t got the match to his picter! His mouth is split every way, and turned wrong-side out, and when he opens it, it’s like spreadin’ an otter trap to set it. The skin’s constant a-pealin’ from his nose, and his eyes looks like they was just stuck on to his face with pins! He’s got hardly any skin to shet his eyes with, and not a sign of *har* to that little! His

years is like a wolf's, and his tongue's a'most allers hangin' out of his mouth! His whole face looks like it was half-roasted! Why, he's obleeged to stay 'bout home; the nabor women is all afraid their babies 'ill be like him!"

Just after this last story, we reached a fall of two feet, over which Dick's plan was to descend bow-foremost, with a "ca-souse," as he expressed it. But we ran upon a rock, the current swayed us round, and over we went, broad-side. "This is an ugly scrape, Dick," said I, as soon as we got ashore. "Yes, 'squire, but not as ugly as old Wallis; thar's nuthin but deth can eekal him. Howsever, less leave bailin' the boat twell mornin', and go and stay with old Billy to-night, and then you'll see for yourself." So, instead of sleeping at the Horse-shoe, we spent the night with old Billy and his folks; and we had a rare time there, I assure you.

## A NIGHT AT THE UGLY MAN'S.

IN a previous sketch, I mentioned that my friend, Dick M'Coy, and myself, were brought to a sudden halt, on our "voyage" to the Horse Shoe, by the capsizing of our boat; and I further mentioned, that we determined, as it was late, to attempt no further progress that day, but to stop until next morning at the house of Old Bill Wallis, the Ugly Man. In accordance with this plan, we bailed the boat and made her fast to a tree on the "Turpington" side of the river, and commenced our walk.

Adown the rugged, pine-bearing slope of the hill, on the top of which the Ugly Man's residence was situated, trickled a slender streamlet, pure and sparkling, like a single tear coursing down the rough cheek of manhood. Merrily it leaped along between its tiny moss margins—mere strips of green velvet—tumbling over miniature ledges, and humming forth a tender, complaining sound—the faint, delicate echo, of a fairy chime! Stout poplars and white oaks, at intervals just sufficient to give good sport to the far-jumping gray-squirrels, attested the fertilizing power of the little rill, which the dark intertwining roots seemed striving to grasp—but the streamlet glided through like a silver eel, and kept its downward way, chanting, scarce audibly, its jocund

melody. A snowy sheen of dogwood blooms marked its course; and winding beneath these, ran a path leading to the humble cabin we were about to visit.

“This here’s Old Bill’s spring branch; he lives up there a leetle to the left;” said my companion. A few more strides brought us to the premises of *The Ill-Favoured!*

The cabin was perched on the hill, within twenty yards of a beautiful spring—welling up through the whitest sand and bursting through rock and moss—that supplies the little stream I have described. It was a rough log building. Around it was a low rail fence, enclosing a white and well-swept yard. A dozen clumps of purple altheas and common roses are growing and blooming in front of the house; while a luxuriant cypress vine, with its mimosa-like foliage and brilliant red flowers, clambered around the door, and emulously strove to overspread the roof. On the fence, a huge gobbler, with his meek-looking mate, had gone to their early roost. A dozen fowls clustered on the top of the *ash-gum*, and the projecting corners of the *smoke-house*. These, at the first glance, were all the signs that indicated inhabited premises. Huge, melancholy pines reared themselves gloomily on all sides, except in front—there, the little spring was in view, with the *oasis* its waters had made—the green line of oak and poplar, with its under-fringe of creamy flowers, winding down the hill—and still further down, the river whirling and frothing along to the south-west.

As we stepped over the low fence, I heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and in another moment one of the sweetest, rosiest faces I ever beheld, looked out at the

door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in—and to be seated—and resumed her work. There be few more lovely girls than Lucy. In her moist blue eye, was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went into your heart without ever asking leave. Clad in a homespun frock, coarse, but tasteful in its colours and adjustment—and oh! how brilliantly spotless—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—her little feet in buckskin moccasins—she plied her task industriously; now, with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich auburn hair, and now, with a bound forward, gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet-voiced, too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning *two* threads, one of cotton on her spindle, and the other of gossip, with my excellent and loquacious friend Dick M'Coy.

Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his “old woman” were from home when we got there—having been on a visit to a sick neighbour—but in half an hour they returned.

“Thar they come,” said Dick, as he heard voices outside the cabin; “seat yourself, and don't be scared!” Then Dick looked at Lucy.

“You've never seen daddy, 'squire—have you?” she asked, slightly colouring and pouting.

“Never have—always had a curiosity”—but the wounded expression of the girl stopped me, and in another moment, the Ugly Man was before me.

Truly had M'Coy said, “nothing on the breathin' yearth can match him!” His face, generally, had the

appearance of a recently healed blister spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to drop from off his face, and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, red, was the all-prevailing colour of his countenance—even his eyes partook of it. His mouth—*ruby-red*—looked as if it had been very lately kicked by a roughly-shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail-grab! The *tout ensemble* was horribly, unspeakably *ugly*! And yet, in the expression of the whole was legible proof of the paternity of his lovely daughter!

“So you’ve come to see old Ugly Mug—have you, ’squire? I’ve hearn of you before. You’re the man as took the *sensers* of this country, last time. I was in Georgy then. Well, you’re mighty welcome! Old ’oman, fly around, git somethin’ for the ’squire and Dick to eat! Lucy, ain’t you got no fresh *aiggs*?”

Lucy went out at this suggestion, and her father went on:

“They call me ugly, ’squire; *and I am*; my father was before me the ugliest man that ever lived in Hancock county. But I’ll give you my ixperance after supper. Belikes you’ve hearn that I’ve been through the ruffs. No? Well, when we git something down our bellies, I’ll tell you all about it. Old ’oman, for God’s sake, *do* fly around thar!”

The old lady *did* “fly around,” and Lucy got the “aiggs,” and between them, they got a most excellent supper. The purity of the table-cloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy’s good looks, were more than a set-off against the ugliness of old Billy; so that Dick and I continued

to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable, though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, old Bill drew out his large soap-stone pipe, and filling and lighting it, placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two, he began:

“It’s no use argyfyin’ the matter—I *am* the ugliest man, now on top of dirt. Thar’s narry nuther like me! I’m a crowd by myself. *I allers was*. The fust I know’d of it, tho’, was when I was ’bout ten years old. I went down to the spring branch one mornin’, to wash my face, and I looked in the water, I seen the shadder of my face. Great God! how I run back, hollerin’ for mammy, every jump! That’s the last time I seen my face—I darsen’t but shet my eyes when I go ’bout water!”

“Don’t you use a glass, when you shave?” I inquired.

“Glass! Zounds! What glass could stand it?—’twould bust it, if it was an inch thick. Glass!—pish!”

Lucy told her father he was “too bad,” and that “he knew it was no sich a thing;” and the old man told her she was a “sassy wench,” and to “hold her tongue.”

“Yes,” he continued; “it’s so; I haven’t seen my face in forty years, but I know how it looks. Well, when I growed up, I thort it would be the devil to find a woman that’d be willing to take me, ugly as I was”—

“Oh, you was not so *oncommon* hard-favoured when you was a young man,” said old Mrs. Wallis.

“ONCOMMON! I tell you when I was ten years old, *a fly wouldn’t light on my face*—and it can’t be much

wuss now! Shet up, and let me tell the 'squire my ixperance."

"It's no use," put in Lucy, "to be runnin' one's own self down, that way, daddy! It ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightnin', Luce! you'll have me as good-lookin' directly as John Boze-man, your sweetheart."

As he said this, old Bill looked at me, and succeeded in half covering the ball of his left eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued:

"Well, hard as I thort it 'ud be to get a wife, fust thing I knowed, I had Sally here; and she is, or was, as pretty as any of them."

Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively, and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore we was married, and it was a long time arter afore she did. The way of it was this: we had an old one-horned cow, mighty onnery (ordinary) lookin', old as the North Star, and poor as a black snake. One day I went out to the lot"—

"Daddy, I *wouldn't* tell *that*," exclaimed Lucy, in the most persuasive tones.

"Drot ef I don't, tho—it's the truth, and ef you don't keep still, I'll send for Bozeman to hold you quiet in the corner."

Lucy pouted a little, and was silent.

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar, sure as life, was my old 'oman, swung to the cow, and the old thing flyin' round, and cuttin' up all sorts o' shines! Ses I, 'what the h-ll are you up to, old' oman?' And

with that she let go, and told me she was tryin' to practize kissin' on old 'Cherry,' and she thort arter that she could make up her mind to *kiss me!*"

"Old man, you *made* that! I've hearn you tell it afore—but you *made* it," said the old lady.

"Well, well! I told her, 'squire, ses I, 'come down to it now!—hang the cow—shet your eyes!—hold your breath!'—and upon that she bussed so's you might a heard it a quarter, *and since*, nobody's had better kissin' than me! Now, that was my first ixperance about bein' ugly, arter I was grown, and 'twan't so bad neither!

"The next time my ugly feeturs came into play, was in Mobile; was you ever thar! Worst place on the green yearth; steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furrinners, brick houses—hell! *that's* the place! I went down on a flat-boat from Wetumpky, with old John Todd. We had a fust-rate time of it, 'twell we got most to Mobile, and then the d—d steamboats would run so close to us, that the *sloshin'* would pretty nigh capsize us. They done it for devilment. My! how old John cussed! but it done no good. At last, ses I, 'I'll try 'em; ef thar's enny strength in cussin', I'll make 'em ashamed!' So the next one come along cavortin' and snortin' like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty foot! I riz right up on a cotton bag, and ses I to the crowd—which there was a most almighty one on the guards of the boat—ses I, 'you great infernal, racket-makin', smokin', snortin', hell totin' sons of thunder—'

"Afore I could git any funder in my cussin', the crowd gin the most tremenjus, yearth-shakin' howl that

ever was hearn—and one fellar, as they was broad-side with us, hollered out, ‘It’s the old HE UGLY HIMSELF! Great G—d, WHAT A MOUTH!’ With that, thar was somethin’ rained and rattled in our boat like hail, only hevier, and directly me and old John picked up *a level peck of buck-horn-handled knives!* I’ll be darn’d this minit if we didn’t!”

Old Mrs. Wallis looked to Heaven, as if appealing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed; but she said nothing.

“So I lost nothin’ by bein’ ugly *that* time! Arter I got into Mobile, howsever, I was bothered and pestered by the people stoppin’ in the street to look at me—all dirty and lightwood-smoked as I was, from bein’ on the boat.”—

“I think I’d a cleaned up a little,” interposed tidy Lucy.

“Old ’oman! *ain’t* you got nary cold ’tater to choke that gal with! Well they’d look at me the hardest you ever seen. But I got ahead o’ my story: A few days afore, thar had been a boat busted, and a heap o’ people scalded and killed, one way and another. So at last, as I went into a grocery, a squad of people followed me in, and one ’lowed, ses he, ‘it’s one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin’ of the Franklin,’ and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden—

“ ‘Beg your pardon, stranger—but’—ses he.

“ ‘But—what?’ ses I.

“ ‘Jist *fix your mouth that way again!*’ ses he.

“I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I’ll be cussed if I didn’t think the whole on ’em would go

into fits!—they yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of 'em ses, 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Less make up a puss for him.' Then they all throwed in, and made up five dollars; as the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, 'Whar did you find yourself after the 'splosion?'

“ ‘In a flat-boat,’ ses I.

“ ‘How far from the Franklin?’ ses he.

“ ‘Why,’ ses I, ‘I never seen *her*, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, nigh on to *three hundred and seventy-five miles!*’ You oughter 'a seen that gang scatter. As they left, ses one, ‘It's HIM. *It's the Ugly Man of all!*’

“ Knockin' round the place, I came upon one o' these fellers grinds music out'n a mahogany box. He had a little monkey along—the d—dest peartest, least bit of a critter; you ever seed! Well, bein' fond of music and varmint, I gits pretty close to the masheen, and d—d ef 'twan't hard to tell which got the most praise, me or the monkey. Howsever, at last, I got close up, and the darn thing ketcht a sight of me and *squalled!* It jumped off'n the box in a fright, and hang'd itself by its chain. The grinder histed it up agin, but it squalled more'n ever, and jerked and twisted and run over the keeper, and jumped off'n his back, and heng'd itself agin. *The sight o' me had run it distracted!* At last the grinder hilt it to his bosom, and ses he,

“ ‘Go ways, oagley man—maungkee fraid much oagly!’ Ses I, ‘Go to h—ll, you old heathen—(you see he was some sort of a Dutch chap or another)—if you compar me to your dirty monkey agin, I'll throw it

hell'ards, and split your old box over your head! And ses he right off agin,

“ ‘ Maungkee ish petter ash dat oagley mans!’

“ ‘ Ses I, *Gentlemen*, you heer this crittur compar me, a free Amerakin, to his d—d heathen dumb brute of Afriky;’ and with that, I fetched the monkey sailing that sent him a whirlin’ about sixty-five yards, over a brick wall, and the next minit the Dutchman and his box was the wost mixed up pile of *rags and splinters* you ever seen in *one* mud-hole! About that time, too, thar was a pretty *up-country* runnin’ on top o’ them cussed bricks as you’ll commonly see. I lay up two or three days, and at last made my passage up to Wetumpky, *in the cabin!*”

“ How was that?” I asked.

“ An old lady, that was along, ’lowed that it was dangersome for me to stay on the deck, *as I might scare the masheenery* out o’ JINT. So they tuck me in the cabin afore we started, and I reckon I was treated nigh on to a hundred times, afore we got to Wetumpky.”

“ That’s not the way you told it the last time,” remarked Mrs. Wallis.

“ Thunder! ’squire, did you ever hear sich wimmen folks—I’ve hardly had a chance to edge in a word, to-night. Well, my last ixperance was about a year ago. I got ketcht in a hurricane; it was blowin’ like the devil, and the thunder and lightnin’ was tremenjus—so I gits under a big red-oak, and thar I sot ’twell the lightnin’ struck it! I was leanin’ agin the tree when the bolt come down, shiverin’ and splinterin’ all before it. It hit me right here”—“ and then”—

“Good Heavens! did *lightning* disfigure your face so?”

“Disfigure h—ll! No! The lightnin’ struck right here, as I was sayin’, and then—IT GLANCED!”

“Good Lord look down!” ejaculated Mrs. Wallis.

“You’d better go to bed now, ’squire,” said old Bill; “and in the mornin’ I’ll go with you and Dick to the Horse Shoe. *That* was the main feetur’ of old Hickory. He was ugly some, hisself. God bless him, I’ve seed him—but he didn’t have the gift like me. Good night.”

## THE MUSCADINE STORY.

A CHAPTER IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF "CAPTAIN SUGGS."

IT was in the account which we once gave the public, we believe, of the scrape which "Daddy Biggs" got into at Cockerell's Bend, that we alluded to a certain affair, known as the "Muscadine Story;" the which, in the opinion of our hero, was not a matter to be related in print, while "wimmen" remained so "*monstus jellus a thing.*" The story was therefore suppressed, and our readers left to worry their brains with impotent surmises, conjectures, and speculations.

Time, the great modifier, often softens the harshest aspect, while he corrugates and disfigures the most beautiful. Alike are his operations in the physical and moral world. Mrs. Suggs acknowledges a change in her view of things, produced by the lapse of years. The Captain's former vagaries—his little peccadilloes—his occasional gallantries—she now considers as the venial errors of a somewhat extended juvenility. In fact, the good old lady feels some little pride now, at the recital of any incident tending to show the irresistibility of her liege lord, considered with reference to the softer sex. "Bygones are bygones with her—if Captain Suggs was good lookin' and sassy, it was not her

fault." The reader will observe that she speaks in the *past* tense—Suggs *fruit*, alas! as far as female conquest is concerned—he stands now simply a tottering, whitened, leaky-eyed, garrulous old man. Mrs. Suggs, therefore, is no longer annoyed by allusion to his prowess in other days, and the tale of the Muscadine may, with propriety, be made public.

It was a bland September morning, in a year that need not be specified, that the Captain, standing in view of the west door of the court-house at Dadeville, perceived the sheriff emerging therefrom, a bundle of papers in hand, and looking as if he desired to execute some sort of a *capias*.

The Captain instantly bethought him, that there was an indictment pending against himself for gaming, and began to collect his energies for an emergency. The sheriff hailed him at the same moment, and requested him to "hold on."

"Stop, Ellis—*right thar* in your tracks, as the bullet said to the buck," Suggs responded; "them dockyments look *venermous*!"

"No use," said the officer—"sooner or later you must be taken; dog-face Billy Towns is here, and he'll go your security."

"Keep off, I tell you, Ellis; I ain't safe to-day—the old woman's coffee was cold this mornin', and it fretted me. If you've got anything agin me, keep it 'till Court—I'll be thar—'waive all formalities,' you know!"

"I will waive nothing," replied the sheriff, advancing: "I'll put you whar I can find you when wanted."

Suggs drew an old revolving pistol, whereupon the sheriff paused.

“The blood,” shouted the Captain, “of the High Sheriff of Tallapoosy County be upon his own head. If he crowds on to me, I give fair warnin’ I’ll discharge this *revolten*’ pistol seven several and distinct times, as nigh into the curl of his forehead, as the natur’ of the case will admit.”

For a moment the sheriff was intimidated; but recollecting that Capt. Suggs had a religious dread of carrying *loaded* fire-arms about his person, although he often sported them uncharged for effect, he briskly resumed his stride, and the Captain, hurling the “revolter” at his head, at once fell into a “killing pace” towards the rack where stood his pony, “Button.”

The sheriff’s horse, by chance, was tied at the same rack, but a wag of a fellow, catching Suggs’s idea, unhitched the pony, and threw the bridle over its neck, and held it ready to be mounted; so that the Captain was in his saddle, and his nag at half speed, ere the sheriff put his foot in the stirrup.

Here they go! clattering down the street “like an armed troop!” Now the blanket-coat of the invincible Captain disappears round Luke Davenport’s corner! The sheriff is hard after him! “Go it, Ellis!” Go it, Suggs! “Whoop! whoop! hurrah!” Again the skirts of the blanket-coat become visible, on the rise by M’Cleudon’s, whisking about the pony’s rump! “Lay whip, Sheriff; your bay’s lazy!” The old bay gains on Button, however. But now they turn down the long hill towards Johnson’s Mill creek. Right sturdily the pony bears his master on, but the bay is overhauling him fast! They near the creek! He has him! no! —the horse runs against the pony—falls himself—pro-

jects his rider into the thicket on the right—and knocks the pony and its rider into the stream!

It happened, that, by the concussion or some other cause, the girth of Captain Suggs's saddle was broken; so that neither himself nor his saddle was precisely on Button's back when they reached the water. It was no time to stop for trifles, however; so leaving the saddle in the creek, the Captain bestrode the bare back of his panting animal, and made the best of his way onward. He knew that the Sheriff would still follow, and he therefore turned from the road at right angles, skirted the creek swamp for a mile, and then took a direction by which he would reach the road again, four or five miles from the scene of his recent submersion.

The dripping Captain and his reeking steed cut a dolorous figure, as they traversed the woods. It was rather late in the season to make the hydropathic treatment they had so lately undergone agreeable; and the departure of the Captain from Dadeville had been too unexpected and hurried to allow the slightest opportunity for filling his quart tickler. "Wonder," said he to himself, "if I won't take a fit afore I git any more—or else have a whole carryvan of blue-nose monkeys and forky-tail snakes after me—and so get a sight of the menagerie 'thout payin' the fust red cent! Git up, you d—d Injun!" With the last words, Simon vigorously drove his heels against Button's sides, and in a half hour had regained the road.

Scarcely had Captain Suggs trotted an hundred yards, when the sound of horses' feet behind him caused him to look back. It was the Sheriff.

"Hello! Sheriff! stop!" said Suggs.

The Sheriff drew up his horse.

“I’ve got a proposition to make to you; you can go home with me, and *thar* I can give bond.”

“Very well,” said the Sheriff.

“But hands off till we git *thar*, and you ride fifty steps ahead of me, for fear of accidents—that’s the proposition.”

“Agreed!”

“Not so fast,” said Suggs, “*thar*’s a condition.”

“What’s that?”

“Have you got any liquor along?”

The Sheriff pulled out a black bottle by way of reply.

“Now,” said Captain Suggs, “do you put the bottle on that stump *thar*, and ride out from the road fifty yards, and when I git it, take your position in front.”

These manœuvres were performed with much accuracy, and the parties being ready, and the Captain one drink ahead,

“For—rard, march!” said Suggs.

In this order, the Sheriff and Captain wended their way, until they arrived at the crossing of Eagle Creek, a stream having a miry swamp on each side. As his pony was drinking, an idea popped into the Captain’s head which was immediately acted upon. He suddenly turned his pony’s head down stream, and in half a minute was out of sight.

“Come, Button,” said he, “let’s hunt wild-cats a spell!”

The Sheriff, almost as soon as he missed our hero, heard him splashing down the creek. He plunged into the swamp, with the intention of heading him, but the mud was so soft that after floundering about a little

while, he gave it up, and returned to the road, cursing as much for the loss of his black bottle, as of the Captain.

“Hello, Ellis!” shouted Suggs.

“Hello, yourself!”

“Don’t you try that swamp no more; it’ll mire butterflies, in spots!”

“No danger!” was the response.

“And don’t you try to follow me, on that tall horse, down the run of this creek; if you do, you’ll have both eyes hangin’ on bamboo briars in goin’ a hundred yards—besides, *moccasin time ain’t over yet*, and thar’s lots of ’em about these old logs!”

“Take care of yourself, you d—d old thief!” said the irritated officer.

“Once again, Ellis, old fellow!” said Suggs, coaxingly.

“What do you want?”

“Nothin’, only I’m much obleeged to you for this black bottle—*here’s luck!*—you can charge the price in the next bill of costs you git agin me!”

The discomfited Sheriff could stand this jeering from the Captain no longer, so he put spurs to his horse and left.

“Now,” murmured Suggs, “let me depart in peace, for thar’s no chance to ketch up with me now!—Cuss the hole—and yonder’s a blasted horsin’ log!”

“Well, the wicked flee when no man pursueth; wonder what they’d do if they had that black rascal, Martin Ellis, after ’em, on that infernal long-legged bay? Durn the luck! thar’s that new saddle that I borrowed from the Mississippi feller—which he’ll never come

back for it—*that's* lost in the mill creek!—jist as good as ten dollars out of my pocket. Well, it's no use 'sputin' with providence—hit *will* purvide!"

"The Grand Jurors of the State of Alabama," he continued, soliloquizing in the verbiage of an indictment; "elected, sworn, and charged—*d——d rascals all, with Jim Bulger at the head!*—to inquire for the body of Tallapoosa County—*durn their hearts! its MY body they're after!*—upon their oaths present—*the h—l they do!*—that Simon Suggs—*hem! that's me, but they might've put the 'Captain' to it, though!*—late of said County—*d—d if I warn't one of the fust settlers, which I was here, afore they had a sign of a Court House!*

"Well, it's no use thinkin' about the lyin' thing; I'll have to go to Hadenskeldt, at Court, to git me out'n the suck. Now, *he's* a quar one, ain't he? Never got him to do any law job for me yet but what I had to pay him—*d—n* the feller. Anybody would think 'twas as hard to git money from me as 'tis for a man to draw a headless tenpenny nail out'n an oak post with his teeth—but that little black-headed lawyer makes a *ten*, or a *twenty*, come every pop!

"Wonder how fur 'tis down to the bend? This creek makes into the river about a mile below it, they say. Never mind, thar's a few drinks of the *ipsydinxy* left, and the menajjerie won't open to-day. I judge if my old woman knowed *whar* I was goin', and *who* I was goin' to see, she'd make the yeath shake. But she don't know; it's a prinsippel that Providence has put into the bosom of a man—leastways all sensible men—to run on and talk a heap afore their wives, to make 'em believe *they're turnin' wrong side out before 'em*, and

yet never tell 'em the fust d—d word of truth. It's a wise thing in providence, too. Wonder if I'll ketch that rascal Jim Sparks jewlarkin' round Betsy, down at old Bob's!"

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## PLURIMA DESUNT.

On the morning after the occurrence of the adventure we have related, Captain Suggs sat in a long trim-built Indian canoe, which was moored to the north bank of the Tallapoosa river. Near him was Miss Betsy Cockrell. She sat facing the Captain, on a board laid across the gunwales of the boat. Miss Betsy was a bouncing girl, plump, firm, and saucy, with a mischievous rolling eye, and a sharp word for ever at her tongue's end. She seemed to be coquetting with the paddle she held in her hand, and occasionally would strike it on the water, so as to besprinkle Captain Suggs, much to his annoyance.

“Oh, Captin, you do persuade me to promise you so hard. And Jim Sparks says you're married; and if you ain't you mought 'a been, twenty years ago; you're old enough.”—(splash!)

“D—n it, mind how you throw your water! Jim Sparks is a triflin' dog—if I have got a wife, Betsy, she is goin' fast.”

“Goin' *whar*?” asked Betsy, striking the water again.

“Confound your paddle! can't you keep it still? Providence is goin' to take her home, Betsy—she's dwindled away to a shadder, with that cough and one thing and another. She ain't long for this world,” he added mournfully; “and if you, Betsy, will only make

up your mind—the devil take that paddle!—you'll turn over the boat and throw me in the river!—make up your mind to step into her shoes, it looks like it would sort o' reconcile me to lose her"—and here a tear leaked out of each corner of the Captain's eyes.

"Oh, Captin," said Betsy, half shutting one eye, and looking quizzical; "thar's so many good-lookin' young fellers about, I hate to give 'em up. I *like* you, Captin, but thar's Bill Edwards, and Jet Wallis, and Jim Sparks, and"—

"'Good lookin'!' and 'Jet Wallis' and 'Jim Sparks!' Why Jet's mouth is no better than a hole made in the fore part of his head with a claw-hammer—and as for Jim Sparks, he's got the face of a terrier dog."

"Do you count *yourself* good-lookin'?" asked Betsy, with great *naivete*.

"Gal!" replied Suggs, with dignity, "did you ever see me in my uniform? with my silver oppolots on my shoulder? and my red sash round my waist? and the sword that Governor Bagby give me, with the gold scabbard a hangin' by my side?"

Just at this moment a step was heard, and before the Captain and Betsy had recovered from the shock of intrusion, Sheriff Ellis stepped into the boat, and asserted that Suggs "was his prisoner!"

"Treed at last!" said the Captain; "but it's no use frettin'; the ways of Providence is mysterious. But whar did you cross, Ellis!"

"Oh, I knew you'd be about the old lick log 'a fishin' with Betsy. I'll turn the kunnoo loose, and Bets, will take us across. I crossed at Hambrick's ferry, left

my horse on t'other side, and come down on you, like a mink on a settin' hen. Come! come! it's time we were off to Dadeville."

"Providence is agin me," sighed the Captain; "I'm pulled up with a short jerk, in the middle of my kurreer. Well, but," he continued, musing, "'spose a feller tries on his own hook—no harm in takin' *all* the chances—I ain't in jail, *yet!*"

A few yards below the boat landing, there grew out of the bank, an immense water-oak, projecting over the river, at an angle of about forty-five. A huge muscadine vine enwrapped the oak in every part, its branches and tendrils covering it like network. The grapes were now ripe, and hung over the river

"in bacchanal profusion,—  
"Purple and gushing."

Betsy allowed the canoe to drop down slowly, just outside of where the tips of the lower branches of the tree dallied with the rippling water. The fruit attracted the Sheriff's eye and appetite, and reaching out an arm he laid hold of a branch, and began to "pluck and eat."

"D—n the grapes!" said Suggs, angrily; "let's go on!"

"Keep cool," said the Sheriff, "I'll fill my pockets first."

"Be in a hurry, then, and if you *will* gather the d—d things, reach up and pull down them big bunches, up thar"—pointing to some fine clusters higher than the Sheriff could reach, as he stood up in the boat—"pull the vines down to you!"

The Sheriff tried, but the vines resisted his utmost strength; so crying "steady!" he pulled himself up clear of the boat, and began to try to establish a footing among the foliage.

At this moment Captain Suggs made no remark orally, but his eye said to Betsy, as plainly as eye could talk, "hit her a lick back, my gal!"

Silently the paddle went into the water, Betsy leaning back, with lips compressed, and in a second the canoe shot ten feet out from the tree, and the Sheriff was left dangling among the vines!

"Stop your blasted jokes!" roared the officer.

"Keep cool, old Tap-my-shoulder! thar's jist the smallest grain of a joke in this here, that ever you seed. It's the coldest sort of airnest."

"What shall I do? How shall I get out of this?" asked Ellis, piteously.

"Let all go and drop in the water, and swim out," was the reply.

"I can't swim a lick—how deep is it?"

Suggs seemed to ruminare, and then replied,

"From—say—fifteen—yes, *at least*, fifteen—to—about twenty-five foot. Ugly place!"

"Great God," said poor Ellis, "you certainly won't leave me here to drown—my strength is failing already."

"If I don't," said the Captain, most emphatically, "I wish I may be landed into a thousand foot h—l," and saying a word to Betsy, they shot rapidly across the river.

Kissing his companion as he stepped out of the boat, Suggs sought Button, who was tied in a thicket near by, and mounting, pursued his homeward way.



“Silently the paddle went into the water, Betsy leaning back, with lips compressed, and in a second the canoe shot ten feet out from the tree, and the Sheriff was left dangling among the vines!”—Page 62.



“*Never despar,*” he said to himself, as he jogged along—“never despar! Honesty, a bright watch-out, a hand o’ cards in your fingers and one in your lap, with a little grain of help from Providence, will always fetch a man through! Never despar! I’ve been hunted and tracked and dogged like a cussed wolf, but the Lord has purvided, and my wust *inimy has tuck a tree!* Git up, Button, you blasted, flop-eared injun!”

## THE BAILIFF THAT "STUCK TO HIS OATH."

WHEN I first had the honour of representing the State of Alabama, as Solicitor of the "Bloody Ninth" Circuit, I had a rough road to travel. The people generally were none of the most refined, and the state dockets, in particular, showed a class of individuals who geographically described themselves as "*he fellows, hard to head.*" A novice in the prosecuting line, I soon found that it would require all my vigilance and tact to prevent frequent and disastrous defeats. The experience, fertility of resource, impudence, and general sharpness of the "State's" opponents did, in fact, as often win as lose. In plain cases, it was even betting! The "law and the testimony" might be as apparent as the nose on John Tyler's face, and yet the rascals would often, by some ingenious and devilish device, clear the well-arranged meshes of legislative enactments. I ascertained in short (by the way, it was whispered confidentially in my ear, by that arch enemy of "the State," Burrell Blackman—an old fellow, half-trader, half-lawyer, of inimitable physiognomical characteristics and interminable business ramifications in every county of the circuit—), I ascertained, I say, that to be officient, a solicitor *must get the "hang" of his customers!*

Another disadvantage under which I laboured was this:—the judges and solicitors who, previously to my incumbency, had administered the law, had, in "tender commiseration" of the *freshness* of the country—then but recently occupied by whites—exhibited great leniency towards those who chanced to be arraigned for mere misdemeanors. Murder, arson, burglary, and the like, were punished promptly enough; but offences against the statutes inhibiting gaming, retailing liquor without license, adultery, and so forth, were viewed with much allowance, in the old Ninth. In truth, the Judges themselves liked toddy, and whist, *per se*, and did not perceive that the flavour of the one was regulated by the legal competency of the vender, or the amusement of the other increased or diminished by the absence of those circumstances which go to make up a case of "unlawful gaming." So far did this sentiment and practice obtain, that numerous jokes and stories were concocted, and boldly related, illustrative of the *penchant* for liquor and cards, of the afore-mentioned functionaries. Among these, was a bit of *badinage*, that old Burrell (aforesaid) always jocularly plagued Bill Swallow, my predecessor, with—that in his (the said Burrell's), county, the grand jury never adjourned until all their loose cash had been transferred to the solicitor's pockets, and that *then* the grand inquest stood dissolved, *ipso facto*. Swallow used to laugh "consumedly" at Burrell's wit, and declare "that the solicitorship of the Ninth would starve any man that hadn't luck and skill enough to beat the bench, bar, and juries of the circuit, at poker."

The bar of the circuit were, on the whole, a clever

set. Only a few rode through all the counties—the rest would be met at two or three of the courts only. Among those whose names will occasionally appear in these notes, were “Sam Wheat,” who rode the entire circuit, and had a finger in nearly every case of importance; “Lewis,” who, like Sam, went all round—and like him, in another respect, was a cultivated man, and an able lawyer; “Botts,” who stuck to his own courts, where he let inferior men take precedence of him, out of sheer bashfulness, notwithstanding he had a piquant vein of sharp sarcasm in him, with which he occasionally punished; Boanerges Mix, who was *sui generis*—the most original man I ever saw. Lastly, was Mitchem Maull, Esq., a capital fellow, crazy on the subject of law, whereof he knew less than a Hottentot, but gifted with a fluency of expression, earnestness of manner, and oddity of thought, which, when worked together in one of his speeches, never failed to make judge, lawyers, jury, spectators, and all, roar with uncontrollable laughter. Maull was almost an “innocent.” He had, however, a simplicity of the most amusing sort, and was the pet of the bar, who liked to encourage and bring him forward on all occasions.

Having thus endeavoured to give my readers some idea of the field of my labours, I propose to amuse them (if I can) with such anecdotal recollections as will serve to show how I gradually “got the hang of my customers” in the Ninth Circuit.

The riding commenced in the county of Randolph. This county was most prolific of assaults and batteries, assaults with intent to murder—(sometimes the intent was executed!)—with a sprinkling of “gaming” and

“A. & F.” Well, to Randolph I went, and soon had a very good grand jury packed away in a room, an hundred yards from the Court House. The bailiff in attendance on them, was a shrewd-looking old chap, with a mischievous eye, and a nose that would certainly be considered dangerous in the vicinity of a powder magazine. “Here,” said I to myself, as they passed out of the Court House, “here is a good bailiff, to begin with.” I went down to my room at the tavern, to arrange some papers, at the time the grand jury marched off to their quarters, and then hurried back to communicate with that august body. The fiery-nosed bailiff held the lock-knob of the closed door in his hand, and his look was that of a man determined “to do or die.”

“Tell the grand jury I wish to lay some business before them,” said I to the jailor.

“No you don’t, ’squire,” he replied.

“Don’t what? Tell the foreman I want to come into the jury room.”

“No you don’t—nobody ain’t allowed to go in thar! Agin the law.” As he made this response, the bailiff looked very consequential.

“You infernal jackass,” said I, somewhat irritated. “I’m the solicitor, and want to communicate with the grand jury—let me go in!”

“I reckon I know the solicitor,” dryly responded the bailiff; “but you *can’t get in.*”

“If you know me, why don’t you let me go in, or tell the foreman that I’m waiting here?”

“Because, you see, I’m a sworn officer.”

“What of that—didn’t you hear the judge tell the jury that the state’s attorney would confer with them,

advise them, and so on? However, if you won't let me in, I suppose I can make them hear me. Hel—"

"Stop!—stop!—by —! stop!" exclaimed the bailiff. "All I know is, I'm sworn *not to speak to 'em myself, nor suffer enny body else to speak to 'em*, and by thunder, if you open your mouth to holler to 'em, I'll have to choke you and take you before the court! I'm a sworn officer!"

I never felt more sheepish in my life. It struck me that my bailiff was, considering his looks, the most incomparable ass I had ever seen. But how to remedy the matter? That was *the* question. It was evident he wouldn't announce me to the jury, and it was equally evident from his expression, that he only desired to have a pretence to "hustle" me up before the court. Could it be possible that he *really* believed he was performing his duty? It looked so—and the solicitor of the "Bloody Old Ninth" slunk off to his room. At dinner time, the foreman gave the proper instructions to the bailiff, and that functionary, with a profusion of apologetic and complimentary expressions that did great credit to his breeding, assured me that thereafter I would find him always ready to recognise my rights to the fullest extent. "It was all," he swore, "his *ignunce*"—(ignorance.) However, that night, as I chanced to be passing by a "grocery," I heard a voice which I recognised as my bailiff's. I paused, and looked in, from the shadow of a tree. The bailiff was leaning with his left arm on the counter; in his right hand he held a tumbler of what I took to be "sweetened sperrits." A group of *the boys* almost encircled him.

“Take notice, boys,” he said, “soon as the grand jury went into the room, Peter Bowen—a d—d old rascal!—commenced talkin’ about havin’ the boys up for playin’ cards in the old house at Frog Level. I knowed ’twas Peter, for I put my ear close to the key-hole, and heard him plain. Some of the jury ’lowed it warnt agin the law to play in sich a place as that; old Peter, tho’, said it was ‘an out-house whar people resorted,’ and *that* was pint-blank agin Clay’s Digest. Mind, boys, I knowed ’twas agin the law, all the time, but I said nothin’—only thought to myself how I could git the boys outer that scrape—for I seed *thar was danger of thar sendin’ for witnesses to come before’ em!* I knowed in reason they’d send for Bill Crow and John Adams, which knowed all about the playin’, and I wanted a chance to give the boys the wink, so the off’-ser couldn’t find ’em. Well, arter a little, the jury settled down that they’d wait twell the s’lic’tor should come, and they’d take *his* opinion. Now, thinks I, how shall I keep off the s’lic’tor when he does come?”

“You d—d old villain!” I muttered between my teeth—“so you horned me off to get a chance to get gaming witnesses out of the way!”

“About the time,” he continued, “I was tryin’ to work the thing out in my head, here he come, and boys”—(here the speaker imbibed slightly)—“if a thing was ever done up perfectly brown, like old Katy’s cake, *I done it* when I come it over that s’lic’tor, and kept him from that jury twell the boys had left! You know *how* I done it—well”—(here he finished his tumbler)—“thar’s hopin’ he may find the *same luck* wher-

ever he goes, and that the boys may never lack a grand jury bailiff that *sticks to his oath!*"

Three cheers and a drink all round succeeded—and I left in a hurry, with the virtuous determination, at the very first opportunity, to "crowd" my red-nosed friend, for the very effectual manner in which he had "sold" me to the Philistines.

## JIM BELL'S REVENGE.

ON the morning during which the red-nosed bailiff so ruthlessly kept me from going into the grand jury room, that he might *spirit off* the gaming witnesses, I was somewhat repaid for my exclusion, and the wound inflicted on "the peace and dignity," by witnessing an amusing scene on the public square. The court-house town of Randolph, like other villages, had its dozens of wild youngsters—clerks, overgrown school-boys, and other larks, who were always ready for any deviltry that might turn up. Of course, they acted in concert—I never knew a set of the kind that did not. The thing is a sort of free masonry of mischief, and the members are usually all "bright." Let one make a demonstration against any luckless individual selected as a victim, and upon the instant, the whole clan take the cue, and begin the work of tormenting. Generally some inebriate is chosen, and while Bill Swinney holds him in conversation, Tom Abels slips up behind, and lets fly into his ear a cold stream of water from a squirt—or Tom Owen, pretending to brush an insect from his hair, "embraces the opportunity" to smear the unfortunate's face with a "good article" of boot blacking. Still another variety of the fun-making is to catch two poor devils drunk, and get them together "by the ears," by

carrying fabricated messages from the one to the other. It was a specimen of this last-mentioned kind of amusement that I witnessed, on the morning in question.

Jim Bell, who lived (as I learned afterwards) in the northern end of the county, had visited town, for the purpose of buying two bunches "of No. 8, spun truck;" but though he found thread of numbers 7 and 9, Jim would not purchase, for he said he "would either suit the old 'oman *to a har*—or else, he'd be cussed ef he'd git *any* spun truck *at all*." So he spent the money intended for "truck," in treating to "old rye," rather than buy any other than the precise number that his wife wanted to fill her counterpane with. And the morning was not more than half gone, before Jim was in that beatific frame in which wives, "spun truck" of whatever number, and in fact, *res domesticæ*, generally, are welcome to go to the devil.

Ephraim Biddle was also in town. He resided at the other extremity of the county, and had come to the court house to consult Squire Wind, "to know for certain, how high a fence a man ud have to have, afore he could shoot enny body's mischeevous steer for jumpin' over it." Unfortunately, Squire Wind was engaged in the court room, and Eph. was compelled to fight off *ennui* with "rectified." So while Jim Bell was imbibing his "liquor at 'Our House,'" Ephraim was swallowing his, on the other side of the square, at the "Randolph 'fectionery." Neither of our worthies knew the other; but the town boys (constituting the "Devil's Own Club") determined, in solemn conclave, that they should become well enough acquainted, at least, to have a "chunk of a fight." And the "town boys" knew

the weak points developed in the personal history of both Jim and Ephraim, and with this advantage, they set to work.

Jim (who was almost as deaf as a post) stood in the doorway of "Our House," holding on with one hand, to keep himself steady. His eye was watery, and his face red as a gobbler's snout. Suddenly, a voice was heard, proceeding from a house across the square, in which the querist was concealed—

"Who stole John Strahan's spoke-shave?"

Another voice (from a masked battery in the neighbourhood of the 'fectionery,) responded—

"Jim Bell stole the spoke-shave!"

"What's that?" asked Jim, who thought he heard his own name, but wasn't certain.

"It's only Eph. Biddle," replied a member of the town gang, who made it convenient to be by; "it's only Eph. Biddle and his crowd over at the 'fectionery; makin' game, and sayin' you stole Strahan's spoke-shave."

"Who stole the spoke-shave?" resounded again, before Jim had collected his faculties for reply.

"Jim Bell!" answered a voice of thunder.

"I'll go over, by Jupiter," roared Bell, who was somewhat of a bully; "and whip the whole d—d crowd; I will, by —."

"Hold on, Jim! Hold on, old fellow," said the amiable youth at his side—"don't go over, they'll double teams on you thar! Jist stand here and give him *sass* back. Holler out, *Who marked the white-face bull? That'll take him foul; I know him.*"

Jim did as he was told, and echo gave back the roar as he yelled—

“Who marked the white-face bull?”

In an instant, a powerful pair of lungs, from behind a corner of the Court House, replied—

“Eph. Biddle stole that bull!”

“Wake up, Eph.” said one of the gang, as he shook Eph. who was dozing in a chair in the ’fectionery,—  
“wake up, thar’s old Jim Bell, a rearin’ and snortin’ like a steamboat, and swearin’ that you stole Hamby’s white-face bull!”

“He *can’t* prove it, any how,” replied Eph., with christian meekness, but wincing under an accusation which was not now made for the first time.

“I wouldn’t stand it, any how!” rejoined the friend of Eph. ; “for it’s a disgrace to your children, and people will believe the thing, ef you don’t say nothin’ to it. Holler out ‘*Who stole the spoke-shave?*’ ”

“I’ll be derved if I don’t,” said Eph., who preferred that mode of retaliating to a more decisive one; and staggering to the door, he bawled out—

“Who stole the spoke-shave?”

And then, at the instance of his amiable *town friend*, he replied to his own question, so that he might have been heard half a mile—

“Jim Bell stole the spoke-shave!”

“Stand up to him, Eph. !—that’s right!—every one of the *town fellows* is with you! Give it to him!” said the town boy.

“What’s that that fellow hollered about me?” asked Jim Bell, putting his hand to his ear, after the manner of deaf people.

“Nothin’,” responded one of the virtuous youth, who by this time surrounded him; “nothin’, *only* that you stole Strahan’s spoke-shave! Give him Jesse, now, about the bull—tell him”—here the youngster whispered earnestly to Jim.

“Look here!” thundered Bell,—“you triflin’, bull-stealin’ rogue of creation—do you want to hear what you said when they whipped you about that bull-beef?”

“Let’s have it! Let’s have it!” shouted the town-boys.

“Why, he said (as he was puttin’ on his shirt), that if he could always pay for good, fat beef, that easy, *his* family should never suffer!”

The town-boys were in perfect ecstasies, and yelled loudly. Jim himself felt a little triumphant, and slapping his hands against his sides, in imitation of a rooster, he very gallinaceously emitted a

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

“Ef I was to act out my *human* feelins’,” sung out Eph., who just then remembered that he was a member of the Hard-shell Baptist church; “ef I was to act out my human feelins, I’d come over thar, and wear you out, afore a cat could lick her tail!”

“What’s that he said?” asked Jim, with his hand to his ear; and upon being informed, immediately rejoined—“Ef you can’t act out your *human* feelins, act out your *brute* feelins—your *bull* feelins!”

Shouts of loudest merriment from the crowd interrupted Jim’s reply, and the town-boys began to “hustle” their victims closer together; “Ante up, Jim!” shouted the ardent friends of that individual—“ante

up to him, old fellow—*we* are with you!” “Don’t be afraid, Eph.!—talk to him!—you can’t be hurt in *this* crowd!” Such were the exclamations of encouragement with which the boys shoved Jim and Eph. towards each other; and really the expected combatants had made up their minds, each that he would “pitch into” the other—certain, respectively, that such warm and disinterested friends would prevent their being seriously damaged.

Just at this juncture, the sheriff, who had been sent by the court to quell the tumult, approached with rapid strides. Eph., in a panic, started off at full speed.

“Thar goes the BULL!” shouted one.

“Don’t he run like a cow?” suggested another.

And with that, Jim and his friends started after Eph. The sheriff, satisfied with having driven the crowd to a greater distance from the court-house, returned to his duties in court.

The mischievous rascals who had got up the fun between Jim and Eph., were determined that the affair should not go off without a fight; so the friends of each plied him with whiskey, insisting that honour imperatively demanded that he should fight, and declaring that he would find his antagonist a mere nothing to whip. Exhilarated by the liquor, warmed by the words of their friends, Jim and Eph. decided that a pitched battle should decide the matter. But where to fight? Court was in session—it would not do to leave town—friends ought to be at hand. Here was a difficulty; but at length Tom Culbreath suggested that Hudgins had a prime *cellar* under his grocery, and that they could take possession of it, and have their fight as pri-

vately as they pleased. Accordingly to the cellar all hands repaired, and Jim and Eph. were hurried down the steps, and in a trice the doors were closed over them. As soon as this was done, one of the boys roared out to them, that they "should never come outen thar till one or t'other hollered, even ef the day of judgment come fust!"

The crowd staid at the cellar-door long enough to ascertain that the incarcerated had gone to work to earn their emancipation.

It was some time after noon when I next saw Jim. He came to my room, his left hand wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief, and resting in the palm of his right.

"Are you the slissiter?" asked Jim.

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to present me and Ephraim Biddle for a 'fray."

"For an affray? Maybe you only want him indicted for an assault and battery?"

"Never mind; I know what I'm after—we fout willin'ly by agreement, in town, to-day—I know all about it. Ain't been indicted seven times in Georgy, without larnin' what a 'fray is. We fout this mornin', and want the grand jury to go right to work on us, so's I kin git the case tried this settin' of the court."

"Hadn't you better wait?" I suggested; "perhaps no one will take the trouble to bring the matter to the attention of the grand jury, and so you may escape."

"That's just what I don't want to happen," replied Jim, as he took off the handkerchief, and commenced blowing his hand. "He's tuk advantige of me, and

chawed up my thumb and half my hand, and he shall suffer for it, ef I have to pay some myself!"

As Mr. Bell's deafness made it very unpleasant to keep up a conversation with him, I told him to "go ahead," and tell his whole story at once, which he did very nearly as follows:—

"I come to town, 'squire, to git some No. 8 spun truck for my wife, but I couldn't find nothin' but 7's and 9's; and I'd jist a-died afore I'd got enny but jist what the old woman sent for. So I turned in to have a little spree, and hadn't got more'n three or four drinks at the outside, when this blasted rascal, Eph. Biddle, begins to holler at me that I'd stole Strahan's spoke-shave—of which *twelve men* in the state of Georgy said I warn't guilty. Well, I was smartly tore up in my mind about it, when a youngster, that seemed mighty friendly to me—I will say it for this town, there's as many friendly people here as I ever seed, for they *all* took sides, other for me or Eph. Biddle—he seemed quite friendly to me, the youngster did, and told me that Eph. Biddle had stole a white-face bull, himself. I peartened up then, and gin him as good as he sent, mind, I tell you. So one word brought on another, and at last, our friends agreed we should fight it out in Hudgins' cellar. I tell you this *is* a friendly town, for I never had more friends in a fight *nowhar*, and 'twas the same way with Eph. And so we did; we both went down into the cellar, pretty groggy, and as the crowd, and my friends in particular, wanted the fight over, I feathered in on him as soon as I found whar he was. We both come to the ground—me on top, but somehow he had contrived to get this poor thumb in his

mouth, and I tell you I thought heaven and yearth was a-comin' together every time he mended his holt. It hurt awful, but I begun to sarch for a soft place in his head with my other thumb, and sure enough, it slipped into his right eye, and so I give it the *Georgy set*, and then brought a raunch, and commenced feelin' for the strings! But thar warn't no strings, nor no eye thar; so I run my thumb in agin, and ses I, *better luck next time*; and with that I fetched another raunch, and begun to feel for the strings *agin*. No eye agin! Then, ses I, ef there's an eye in that socket, I'll fetch it this time—so I fixed everything pertickler, *by the old Georgy rule*, and fetched another raunch—but it didn't come, nor never did! Thar was no chance to git at his t'other eye, the way he was layin', and thar I had to fool at that same one better'n a hour, and he a chaw-in' my hand to a mummy all the time. And last of all, 'squire, *I had to holler*"—

“You bleated—did you?”

“I tell you *it had to come!* I never should 'a hol-lered—leastways, he'd 'a told the news fust, ef he hadn't a played it cussed foul on me. You see whar I was 'a gougin', *thar warn't no eye*, nor hadn't been for many a day—*it was gouged out ten years ago, in Georgy!* So, 'squire, I want the law run agin us both, and I'll see ef the one-eyed rascal can play any advantages in *that game*.

Of course I complied with the reasonable request of Mr. Bell, and he and Eph. were bound over for trial, to the next term.

## MRS. JOHNSON'S POST OFFICE CASE.

“WELL, 'squire, I've found you at last, and I'm mighty glad on it,” exclaimed fat Mrs. Johnson, as she burst into my room, on the morning of the first day of the term at chambers. “I'm powerful glad to find ye, for I've got a case agin a feller, and I want it fetched right up in court, so's I can go home agin!”

“What sort of a case, Mrs. Johnson?”

“It's a case,” replied the old woman, as she scooped with her pipe among the dying embers on the hearth; “it's a case! and one that'll put them as is in it, in the penitentiary—'cordin' to my notion.”

“Anybody been beating you?”

The widow expressed disdain with her eyes, and gave several emphatic, short sucks at her pipe, thereby giving the most contemptuous negative to my question.

“What is it, then? anything happened to the gals?” I asked, smiling.

“My gals can take care o' themselves,” she said, surlily.

“What is it, then? I shall have to go into the grand jury, directly, and you must make haste.”

“The grand jury?” she asked, stooping to put more ashes in her pipe.

“Yes, the grand jury.”

“The grand jury—well, Jeemes White’s on the grand jury, ain’t he? I know *him* mighty well.”

“You must hurry, Mrs. Johnson; I am very busy to-day. What is your case?”

“Well, well! You know my Patsey?”

“Yes, I believe so.”

“Her as married William Segroves, over in Georgy. Well, you see she was ailin’ smartly last month, and she know’d in reason I’d like to hear from her, so she gets Segroves to write me a letter. Segroves is a powerful good scribe, and there’s mighty few better larnt men any whar; she gits Segroves, sure enough, to write me a letter, tellin’ all about her ailment, which the doctors said it was the *milk-leg*.”

“The grand jury wants the s’lic’tur!” said an officer, putting his head in at the door.

“Hurry, Mrs. Johnson—what is your case?”

“To be sure! Well, Segroves he writ the letter, and put it in the post office at Cave Creek.”

“Well, well!”

“And now, ’squire, let me tell you. My t’other daughter, Betsey, that married Cullum, and went to Texas, she writ a letter to me, and put it into the Apple Orchard post office, in Houston county, on the very day week arter Segroves dropt his’n—or raither Patsey’s—at Cave Creek; and you see,”—

“Go on, Mrs. Johnson; I can’t stay here much longer.”

“In a minit,” replied Mrs. Johnson, as she replenished her pipe. “And sure enough, Cullum’s letter come as straight as could be, and I got it at Poplar Valley, last Wednesday was a week, and Segroves’s

ain't came yet—leastways *I've* never seen it! *Now thar!*”

“Your case, if you please, my dear madam!”

“My case?”

“Yes.”

“*Ain't I told you my case?*”

“Great Heavens! woman, is *this* your case?” and snatching up my hat, I hurried out of the room, exclaiming, as I did so, “go to Jacob Collamer with your post office complaints!”

“Jacob—who did he say?” queried the old lady of a man that entered at the moment—“Jacob—Jacob—whar does this Jacob Cumberlin live? May be, he's *the Jestes of the Pease for the Town Beat*. I'll go 'cross to the store and ax.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## A FAIR OFFENDER.

THERE is an Alabama statute cumulative of the seventh section of the Decalogue. It does not go to quite the same extent that the commandment does, but only inhibits the “*living*” in that offence which the Scripture enactment interdicts entirely. Indictments for this misdemeanor are not unfrequent in any of the counties of my circuit, and in one or two of them they constitute the leading feature of the state docket. The male and female offenders are paired off generally in the bills, and the cases are invariably well defended. Here is a fair specimen of an entry of one of these cases on the trial docket :

The State	} Solicitor for the State.
v.	
A. & F.	
John Smith,	
and	
Fanny Jones.	Grimes for deft. — Smith ; Wumble, Bright, Bingham, Pip & Snip, Vesey, Jr., and Pipes, for deft., — Fanny Jones.

The youngsters of the bar are always enthusiastically “in” for the *lady* in the case. And as their services are never otherwise given than in *pure charity*, the generous fellows deserve immense credit for their disinterestedness. It almost always happens, however, that the “defence” does not go to the “merits” of the

case. If the indictment is not demurrable, the entire energies of the lady defendant's numerous and magnanimous counsel are directed to begging, quizzing, blarneying, or bamboozling the solicitor into entering a *nolle prosequi* as to their client. This, though, has been "tried on" so often, that it has become somewhat difficult to succeed in it. Extra ingenuity is brought into requisition to "rope in" the state's representative. The latest attempt of the sort occasioned a scene somewhat as follows:

"'Squire Wheat told me to come and see you, 'bout my case," said a rather pretty girl to me, as she took a seat in the office, one day, during court.

"Ah!—your case; well, *what sort* of a case is it?"

"My name's Betsy Smith," she replied, evasively.

"Well, Miss Betsy, if your case is a state case, tell me what sort of a one it is; I haven't the docket here, and we'll talk about it."

Betsy dodged behind the wild turkey-tail which she carried by way of a fan, and then dodged out for a moment, to exhibit a pair of pouting lips and angry glancing eyes. "I think *you* ought to know," she said—"it's your business. I suppose it's some *badness* they've sworn agin me"—and then she again retired behind the fan for a second, but immediately emerged and commenced biting the tips of the feathers.

"You say Sam Wheat sent you to me. Is he your lawyer?"

"Yes, he's my lawyer, and I wanted him to come himself, but he said *I* must come, for you would be certain to do as I wanted you to; but I don't know



“ Betsy dodged behind the wild turkey-tail which she carried by way of a fan.”—  
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how it'll be. I wish people could 'tend to their own business!"

"But, Miss Betsy, *what* is your case? Have you been beating anybody a little? Or, perhaps—"

"No, tain't that! It's 'bout me and John Buce. 'Squire Wheat said you'd be sure to throw it outer court, for he never knowed a s'lisitor that wouldn't take a gal's part if she come to him herself. So you see that's the reason I come."

"Well, Miss Betsy," I replied, "that *is* a weakness most solicitors have; but unless you tell me what you've been doing, or are charged with doing, I can't tell you what I can do for you." The truth is, I *had* some faint misgivings of the character of Betsy's offence, but there is nothing like bringing one's female friends to the confessional.

"'Squire, can't you guess?" queried Betsy, as she nibbled the turkey-feathers.

"No, I can't—for I can't imagine that a pretty girl like yourself should have committed any sin worthy of a grand jury's attention."

"Pshaw, now!—pretty girls ain't no more than other people. But, ef you must know"—here the young lady crammed half the turkey-tail in her mouth, and blushed very deeply—"ef you must know, ME AND JOHN BUCE AIN'T MARRIED! Thar! it's out now!"

"You and John Buce ain't married! Why, Miss Betsy, there's no law that I know of, requiring you and John Buce to marry; and the fact is, that unless John is a devilish clever, good-looking fellow, he don't deserve such luck!"

"Lord-a-massey, 'Squire, how you talk! Looks like

you mout understand me, ef you would. I tell you, me and John Buce *ain't* married—and we *oughter been*, long ago!”

As Betsy hurriedly uttered these last emphatic words, she hid her face and hands in her apron, and commenced sobbing very energetically. The upshot of it was, that I told Miss Betsy, in the words of Scripture, to go “and sin no more.”

## A RIDE WITH OLD KIT KUNCKER;

BEING PART THIRD OF "TAKING THE CENSUS."

THOSE who have done us the honour of reading our stories about "Taking the Census"—a duty we performed in the year 1840, in the county of Tallapoosa—will probably recollect that our old friend Kit Kuncker, as he put us to bed on the night of the big frolic at his house, exacted a promise that we would visit him again, shortly thereafter; promising us, on his part, that he would ride all over the settlement with us, and more especially, that he would go with us to the house of Jim Kent, whose sister, Beck, was so ugly "that the flies wouldn't light on her face," and about whose going to mill, he assured me, there was a very pleasant story to be told.

Poor old Kit! But the other day we saw him—and how altered by the lapse of a few years! His head has become white; his figure more bent; and his laughing old face—merry still!—was furrowed with an hundred additional wrinkles. His eye, too, was dull—had lost the twinkle that used so mischievously to light up his countenance. And then, too, he walked with a staff, and when he went to mount "Fiddler Bill," he said, "Help me, 'Squire," instead of vaulting into the

saddle as of yore! “Thank you, ’Squire. God bless your Union heart—old Hickory and the Union for ever! I’m gittin’ old now, ’Squire, and can’t git about, like I used to”—the old man sighed—“Fiddler Bill is old, too,—notice how gray his face is—we’re all gittin’ old—yer Aunt Hetty as well’s the rest; and, God bless yer soul, ’Squire,” (here the old man warmed into animation,) “*she’s uglier than ever—UGLIER THAN THE DEVIL*—he! he! ya! ya! It’s wuth while coming, jist to take a look at her! With that old long bonnet on”—here the old fellow bent down on his horse’s neck, in a paroxysm of laughter—“he! he! hea! ya! ya! and her mouth skrootched up, ya! ya! the go-to-meetin’ way; I’ll be cust ef she ain’t so bad to look at, it’s enuff to fotch sickness in the family! But,” he added, wiping the tears from his eyes, “’Squire, I’m old now, yer Aunt Hetty’s old, and Fiddler Bill is old—all old! old! old! Ah, me!”

But we are digressing. It was of our Ride with old Kit, in 1840, that we began to write—and not of his chattering in 1849.

We went to old Kit’s house on the day appointed, at a very early hour, and found the old fellow waiting for us, with “Fiddler Bill” hitched at the gate.

“You can’t see yer Aunt Hetty, ’Squire,” he said, “for she’s laid up with a pain in her jaw. It’s swelled mighty bad, enny how, and makes her look so much better, ’twouldn’t be no curiosity to see her now—so we may as well ride. Another time when she’s at herself—and her ‘ugly’ out in *full bloom*, I’ll show her to you—he! he! yah! That bonnet o’ hern, too, hit’s some. ’Tain’t like nothin’ ever growed, except the

baskets the Injin wimmin makes to tote their young ones in!" And the old rascal laughed at his wife and her bonnet, until the woods rang again.

Walking our horses leisurely along the road leading down the creek to the river, Uncle Kit, tapping his steed lightly across the neck with his switch, began, as he had promised, to tell us how he obtained him.

"You see, 'squire, me and my Jim was a haulin' a load of whiskey up from Wetumpky, in the spring of '36, and we had a mighty dull old horse under the saddle. The like of him never was on the yeth for hard trottin'. He was *powerful* hard. You've set and watched a saw-mill gate jerk up and down, havn't you?—up and down, up and down, like it was goin' into fits? Well, *that was his motion adzactly*. Ses Jim, one day, 'Daddy I'm gwine to swop 'old Cuss' off, fust chance I git.' Ses I, 'Nobody's fool enough to give you anything better'n an old cow for him.' Ses he, 'You'll see.' Well 'twarn't long afore we ketcht up with a traveller—it was in the piney woods 'twixt Oakfuskee and Dudleyville—walkin' and leadin' his horse, which was Fiddler Bill. I'll tell you 'squire,"—old Kit raised his voice and gesticulated vehemently—"*he was a horse then—none o' your little grays—as Homer Hinds ses—but a reg'lar horse, with head and legs like a deer, a body like a barrel, and put up like a jack-screw. He wos jist risin' four year old, fat, and hilt his head like the Queen of Sheby!*"

"So Jim bantered the stranger purty quick for a swap—but fust we found out he was walkin' bekase he was afeard of his horse. He was a Norrud raised man and talked mighty proper—he said his horse was 'very rest-

ed'—which you might see he had been layin' by corn and fodder for some time—and had throwed him and disculpated his shoulder a' most! Then he axed us about the Injuns—this was jist afore the infernal devils began their devilment, and the thing had leaked out and was talked of, all over the country—and Jim seein' he was *afeard of them* too, let on like they was mighty thick and hostile in them woods.

“ ‘Stranger,’ says he, ‘what would you do ef you was to see a red-skin peepin’ from behind that big pine yonder—and you afeard o’ your horse!’

“ ‘God only knows,’ ses the Yanky.

“ ‘Well now I’ll tell you,’ ses Jim, ‘*thar’s* a horse under that saddle’—p’intin’ to ‘old Cuss’—‘that could take you ouden the way like goose-grease! How’ll you trade?’

“ The Yanky let on like he tho’t his horse was the most vallyble, but Jim out-talked him to deth. He praised old Cuss, ’twell I had to go behind the wagin and laugh. Bime-by ses he, ‘ain’t that a *Injun holler,*’ and with that the stranger looked white, and axed Jim how *he’d* trade?

“ ‘You must give me ten dollars to boot,’ ses Jim.

“ ‘But my horse is the most vallyble,’ ses the Yanky.

“ ‘He ain’t half-broke,’ ses Jim, ‘and I’d be most afeard to ride him—let’s see!’

“ With that Jim gits on the roan, and tetched him in the flank with the heel that was on t’other side from the stranger, and the horse bein’ naterally playful, you see, went to kickin’ up and rearin’ and squealin’; Jim holdin’ on to the mane, and the Yanky hollerin’ ‘wo! wo!’ Presently Jim come to the ground, ca-whop! And with

that he riz from the ground, complainin' mightly 'bout his side, and 'lowed he wouldn't have the horse on no terms—that ef the Injuns was to come on us of a sudden, we shouldn't have but one horse that could be rid; and then he axed me ef I had enny opydildock in the wagin box, that he could rub his side with! he! he! Jim *is* a rascal, that's a fac, but I can't tell whar he got it from, onless it's a judgement on his mammy for bein' so cussed ugly! yah! yah!

“Sein' the stranger was aggravated 'bout the Injuns, I draps in then, myself, and tells him I'd give him 'old Cuss,' even drag, for the roan; and we made the trade mighty quick, for he had the Injun ager 'twell his eyes was big as sassers! Well, we changed saddles and bridles, and while I was gearin' up Fiddler Bill, he couldn't—but 'squire, what *do* you reckon it was he couldn't do?”

“Can't guess,” we replied.

“Well, bust me wide open, *ef he knowed how to put the bridle on his horse!* I've seen men that was ig'nant, before, but he was the wust off with it I *ever* seed. He didn't know whether the bits went behind the years, or into the mouth—blamed ef he did!

“Finally, at last, he got mounted, and jogged off—you remember what I told you 'bout the saw-mill gate—well that's the way old Cuss rattled his buttons. He was the most *lonesome-lookin'* critter, a-settin' on that old horse, with his new saddle and bridle, that ever I seed! As soon as he got cleverly out o' sight, Jim gin two or three Injun whoops, and people did say in Dudleyville, whar he stopped that night, that he got thar in mighty reasonable, good time! So that's the way,

'squire, I come by Fiddler Bill . . . . . aint it Bill?" whereupon Fiddler pricked up his ears, but said nothing.

About this time, we arrived at a mean-looking shanty, and calling, were answered by a man who came out to us. It was Jim Blake.

"Here's the *sensis-taker*," said Uncle Kit.

"D—n the *sensis-taker*," was the blunt reply.

"Don't say that, Jim," returned Uncle Kit; "he's a good little Union 'squire Mr. Van Buren's sent round to take 'count of the cloth and chickens, jist to see ef the wimmin's sprightly."

"I don't care a dried-apple d—n, for him nor Mr. Van Buren nother," said Mr. Blake; "Mr. Van Buren is gittin too cussed smart, enny way—my opinion is, he's a *measly hog!*"

"Son! son!" exclaimed old Kit, deprecatingly, "don't talk that way. Van Buren's the *Union* President, and Old Hickory says he'll do!"

"I don't care who says he'll do—I'm gwine to vote for Harrison—see ef I don't!"

Uncle Kit was struck dumb, and after obtaining a list of the family with much difficulty, we rode away.

"'Squire," said the old man, after a long silence, "that fellow's talk goes to my heart. *A little more and he'd a cussed old Hickory!* and ef he *had*, by the God that made me, I'd a tore his liver out!" Old Kit was highly excited—he continued—"to think that a boy I've raised in a manner, that I've told all about old Hickory and the Union and New Orleans and the Horse Shoe, should 'a turned round and come to be a *Nullifi-*

er! Aint thar no way"—he asked, as if musing—"we could fix to git that poor fool boy straight agin?"

We soon got into the thickest of the Union Creek settlement, and from house to house, through the Smiths, the Hearn, the Folsoms, the Narons, the Dabbeses and the Rollinses, Uncle Kit carried us with a speed that was most gratifying. He joked the old women, kissed the girls and fondled the children; and where the slightest indisposition was manifested to give the desired information, he settled the difficulty at once, by the magic words, "Union—old Hickory."

"It's a blessed thing, 'squire," he said, "to have a man's friends all of the right sort. Here's my people that I brought from Georgy—cuss that boy Blake, I'll give him a reg'lar talk, next Sunday; and ef that don't do I'll make his wife quit him—all my people, as I was sayin', that love the Union and vote like one man! I tell you, it's old Union Crick that keeps the Nullifiers down in Tallapoosy!"

As old Kit was indulging in these pleasant reflections and remarks, we reached the ford of the creek, where we were to cross to get into the river settlement.

"Right here," said the old man, as we reached the middle of the stream, "was where Becky Kent ketched it; but she lives right up thar, a piece, and I'll see ef I can't devil her into tellin' you 'bout it. She's as old and as ugly—mighty nigh—as yer Aunt Hetty; but she has a mighty notion of courtin', and ef you'll sidle up to her, it'll please her so well, her tongue will git to goin', and she couldn't hold that story back ef she wanted to."

A very few minutes brought us to the residence of

Mr. James Kent, the brother of the spinster Becky. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately for our heart—the presiding goddess was not at home; and having made the proper entries on our books, from information furnished by Mr. Kent, we again mounted and pursued our way.

“Did you see,” asked Uncle Kit, “that old snuff-bottle and them nasty breshes, stickin’ in the cracks of the logs? Well, it’s on the ’count of sich, that Becky got in the crick, that time. I’ll tell you ’bout it myself, ’long as we didn’t see her.

“See, I had allers ’cused Becky of snuff, but the lyin’ heifer never would own to it. So one day, as I was ridin’ ’long the road, t’other side of the crick, I hearn a noise betwixt the bray of the jack and the squeal of the pea-fowl, and in a minit I knowed it was somebody in distress—so I hurried on. When I got to the crick, what should it be but scrawny Becky Kent, settin’ on a bag o’ corn, on her old blind horse, and him a standin’ stock-still in the middle of the ford.”

“Becky, ses I, what in natur are you doin’ thar? Why don’t you come along out?”

“Ses she, *I can’t*—don’t you see how I’m fixed?”

“Then I looked more pertickler, and seed how ’twas. The horse had stopped to drink, and Becky had let go the bridle, and when she tried to git it agin, the bag slipped furder over to the side she *warn’t* a settin’ on—so when I got thar, she had let all go *but the bag*, and she was a settin’ on one eend o’ that, leanin’ forward, and with her hands behind her, one to each side o’ the bag, a’ pullin’ agin the weight of the big eend, ’twell her face was as red as a gobbler’s snout. ’Twas a

reg'lar *dead strain*—the weight of Beck and the *little* eend of the bag, agin the *big* eend—and, I tell you, she had to lean *well* forward to keep from goin' over backwards!"

"I bulged into the crick and got purty close to Becky; but it was so funny, I couldn't fetch myself to help her, but tho't I'd devil hur a little, as she set. So ses I, making a fine bow,

"My honey, my love,  
My turkle dove,  
Will you take it amiss,  
Ef I give you a kiss?"

"But I hadn't no idee of kissin' of her—but only wanted to devil her a little. At last, I seen an old mustard-bottle stickin' from out her bosom; and ses I, Miss Becky, will you give your Uncle Kit a pinch of snuff? Ses she, help me, for the Lord's sake—I'm mighty nigh gin out—and, 'Squire, she *was* on a *tremenjus* strain! But I tho't I'd plague her some; and after cutting of some few shines, I made a motion to snatch at the bottle o' snuff! She gin a little jerk back!—the *big eend* got a start!—still she hilt her grip with both hands!—and the next thing, *somethin' riz in the air, like a small cloud of calico and dry corn-stalks!*—and the durndest *ca-slosh* on t'other side o' the horse, that ever you heerd! A—WAUGH! *What sloshin'!*"

"Horraw, Becky! rise, gall! I was lookin' t'other way! ses I, *for I knowed she was 'shamed!* I laughed, however, and she *mighty nigh* cussed!"

"Oh, you're a sweet little *mare-maid* now, ses I."

"You're a drotted old hog, ses she."

"My honey, my love, my turkle-dove, don't git mad

with yer Uncle Kit, ses I; but it all wouldn't do, and the heiffer never got in a good humour with me 'twell I met her in the road one Sunday, and persuaded her I was goin' to send Jim to see her."

"Did you send him?"

"Yes, and the fust thing the fool said to her, was, *he'd a gin his years to 'a seen her heels fly up, that time, in the crick!* he! he! yah! yah! That busted things to the devil again, and me and Becky ain't more'n half friendly now!"

After going through the entire settlement, with great ease and celerity—thanks to Uncle Kit's assistance—we took the back-track to Mr. Kuncker's. It was quite dark when we arrived. As Uncle Kit threw down our saddles in his porch, said he, "I didn't tell you, 'Squire, to-day, about how old Henry Teel larnt to make soap out'n *sal sody*, and how he sold the reseet to old Mrs. Spraggins, and what a devil of a paddlin' the old woman gin him with the battlin'-stick, when she found the soap would shrink—did I? Well, come in, and we'll take a sip of *branch-water*, and I'll norate it to you. Hello, old woman—is yer face swelled *enny better* yet?—Here's the 'Squire—the little blessed Union 'Squire—come to see you! Ef you can't git out'n bed to come yerself, make one of the gals fetch yer *old bonnet* out—*that'll be some amusement!* Walk in, 'Squire, and take a seat in yer old Union Uncle's house!"

## JIM WILKINS AND THE EDITORS.

DURING the exciting Presidential campaign of 1844, there were published in a thriving village in this State, two political papers, which (as 'twould not be proper to give the *real* names,) we will call the "Star" and the "Gazette." The "Star" was a Democratic sheet; and of course battled enthusiastically for Mr. Polk. The "Gazette," on the other hand, was thoroughly Whig, and no more—at the period to which we refer—doubted the election of Henry Clay, than it did the shining of the sun, or any other "fixed" physical fact. These two papers were edited by gentlemen of about the same age, and of not dissimilar temperaments. In fact they had, both, strong social proclivities, and were very good friends, nine-tenths of the time; there being only an occasional interruption of good feeling, when something rather *too* "spicy" appeared in the columns of one paper or the other. These disagreeable things, however, became more frequent as the political battle waxed hotter; but even *then*, at the end of every week, there was a general adjustment of all personal matters—the boys *Pickwicked*, and—shall I tell it? generally got gloriously fuddled together. They both, I believe, do better now, but *then*! ah, the headaches!

One Saturday afternoon, at the end of a particularly

spicy week between the papers—the Star having spoken of the “damask cheek of its neighbour,” and the Gazette having retorted upon the “Bardolphian nose” of the Star’s editor—the two gentlemen were seen to enter an establishment where “sugar and water *with the privilege*” might be obtained in one room, and a game of billiards played in another. They had had, perchance, an explanation, in which mutual declarations of Pickwick had been made. However, they went in lovingly, arm in arm.

Walking up to the bar,

“What shall it be?” asked Star.

“Cocktails,” said Gazette; and cocktails it was.

“Here,” said Star, touching the rim of his companion’s glass with the bottom of his own; “here is to the *Freedom of the Press*, whether the same advocate the claims of the exalted patriot James K. Polk; or takes ground for the *embodiment* of all that is ——”

“Hold on there! You’ll be on my toes directly,” exclaimed the *Gazette*; “drink simply to the freedom of the Press; though one would think it was sufficiently a *free* thing already, seeing how many take the papers without paying for them!”

“The freedom of the press, then!”

“The freedom of the press!”

Having deposited their cocktails, our worthies agreed to play a game of billiards, and passing into the back-room, closed and locked the glass door behind them, and adjusted the curtain so as to conceal themselves as much as possible. About the same time they had done this, Jim Wilkins, a strong Whig, and one of the Ga-

zette's subscribers, came in to take a stirrup cup. Jim was already quite groggy.

"I'll meet you on fair terms, but you shan't have *all* advantage," said Gazette, in a loud, excited tone.

"Well, let's toss up for choice of ball," rejoined Star, petulantly—"one of us must have the broken one."

"What's that?" asked Wilkins in the bar-room, pricking up his ears; "aint that them eddyturs?"

"It's no business of yours," replied the bar-keeper to Jim; "they're only settling some private business."

"*It is* my business," said Jim, eagerly, and he pressed closely to the door, to hear more distinctly—"it is my business!" "Go it, Gazette! *I'm* wi' ye! balls or no balls! Sticks or knives! Fight him enny way he wants to!"

Clack-lack! went the billiard balls.

"*Then* I took you, you red-mouthed locofoco!" exclaimed Gazette triumphantly.

"Stand up to him, my little coon!" shouted Jim—"them's the licks! Hoorow for Henry Clay *of* Kentucky! Open the door, or I'll bust it down! Fair play!"

"If you'll ever leave me a *cannon*," said Star, with feeling, "I'll give you the devil."

"Cannons or pocket pistols! Fight him *enny way he wants to*, my crowin' Clay-bird!" roared Jim, almost frenzied—"hoop-a-diddle!"

"Keep still, you jackass," said the bar-keeper; "they don't want your interference."

"You'll run out your string before I get another lick," said Star.

"I'll be ——— if he *ever* runs," shouted the excited

Wilkins—"ef he does I'll cut his throat myself. Stand up, my little ring tail, 'tell I git in to you." Jim violently shoved the door, and bar-keeper collared him; whereupon, there was a considerable scuffle, Jim shouting, "stick to him, little one—draw your knife—hash him!"

All this while the clacking of the balls, and the frequent violent exclamations of the players, confirmed Wilkins's illusion that a fight growing out of politics, was going on. But he could not release himself from the grasp that held him!"

At length the Gazette exclaimed:

"I give in—whipped!—let's liquor!"

The whole expression of Jim's countenance changed—his struggling ceased.

"*What's that?*" he asked, in a low, doubting tone.

"Your man's whipped," was the reply of the bar-keeper, to humour the joke.

Mr. Wilkins walked away from the door, and took a position in the middle of the room, with folded arms. Presently the editors came out, and instantly decanters and glasses were in requisition.

As they were about to drink, Wilkins stepped up, and attracting the attention of Gazette—

"Stop Jim Wilkins's paper," said he.

"Very good," was the reply.

Jim walked to the door and then walked back:

"Stop my paper—you understand."

"Certainly. But you seem excited; what's to pay?"

"It's well enough," returned Jim, white with rage and indignation; "it's well enough *after all's said and done* for you to ax *me* what's to pay! But I can tell

you! In the fust and fomost place, you let that feller," pointing to Star, " whip you like a ——! In the second place you hollered like a dog, and then you *treated* to git friends again! I say, *stop my paper!* I won't read arter no sich a cowardly, no count, sow-pig of an eddy-tur!" And Jim took himself off in high dudgeon.

"The freedom of the Press for ever!" shouted the Star.

"For ever!" responded Gazette.

And the frolic the boys held that Saturday night, was a regular old-fashioned affair. For a month afterwards, you might have squeezed brandy out of the pores of either, as you do the juice out of a fresh orange.

## COL. HAWKINS AND THE COURT.

SOME years ago, I knew an individual whose *sobriquet* was "Col. Hawkins," and who was the most perfect specimen of the dare-devil frontier-man, that I ever saw, at least in Alabama. His real name was Jim Fielder—to which his neighbours frequently added the expressive prefix "Devil." And he *was* a devil, fearing neither God, man, nor beast, and if not invulnerable, possessing at least a tenacity of life that was most astonishing. He had been once struck down with a broadaxe, and his brain absolutely cloven to a considerable depth, and for several inches in length; yet he made no particular difficulty of surviving, and that, too, with all his faculties uninjured.

The "Colonel" being what, in his region and times, was called a cow-driver, had cultivated the art of equitation, until he and his favourite bay, whom he named "*Hell*," had become a perfect centaur. No feat was too difficult for them. I have seen them myself do things which would make the gallant Col. May's blood run cold. *Hell* was the most perfectly trained animal that I ever saw; followed his master like a dog, and when the Colonel got drunk and lay in the road, would stand by him and guard him for hours.

"Col. Hawkins" used to be very fond of attending

the circuit courts of his county, at which, after a time, he became an insufferable nuisance. The sheriffs were always afraid of him; the tavern-keepers dreaded him; and the judge never could get hold of him. In one of his mad freaks, I have seen him, while court was in session, mounted on "Hell," charge up to the steps, and into one door of the court-house, dash furiously along the aisle, and, with a tremendous leap, clear the steps out of the other.

I remember well the first session at which I ever saw him. Court was held, temporarily, in a two-story wooden building; one end of which rested on the ground; the other (the front) being on brick-work, or blocks, two or three feet high. A judge was presiding, whose distinguishing trait was a tyrannical petulance—a judicial wasp, whose sting was ever protruding. His Honour, however, met his match in "Col. Hawkins," and, no doubt, thinks of him to this day with emotions of horror.

For the first day or two of the court, our hero, being rather sober, behaved remarkably well; but about the middle of the week he got on a regular frolic, and immediately turned his attention to the disturbance of the court. For this purpose, he had prepared a number of loaves of bread, and collecting all the scraps of the kitchen of his tavern, he proceeded to "fort" himself *under* the court-house. His citadel was impregnable on one side, by reason of the house having one end on the ground; and all the other approaches the Colonel industriously fortified by building walls of large rocks; leaving only a single entrance, and a few port-holes

through which he might cast his missiles at any adventurous besieger.

Here it must be remarked, that the town was particularly populous *in the dog way*—if that be not a solecism—and Jim being aware of the fact, had provided himself with a hunting horn, an instrument on which he was a most capital performer. There were in the village, at the time, I think, three full packs of hounds; and as to the curs, though I never took *their* census, I can certify that they were multitudinous.

Prepared now, at all points, the Colonel took his place within his “fort,” and waited until a sound of bustling from above indicated that the court was transacting business. Then, *toot, toot, to-too, to-too—toot, toot toot!* went his horn.

Three “several and distinct” simultaneous howls from different quarters of the town, responded to the blast!

*Toot! toot! to-too! to-too! toot! toot! toot!*

Again three dire howls responded; but this time they seemed converging to a common centre—Jim’s *subcuvian* fortification.

“My God, Mr. Sheriff,” said the little tiger on the bench, “what is all that blowing and howling about?”

“I s’pose,” replied the Sheriff, with a wild look, for he knew the Tartar he had to deal with, “I s’pose it’s a comp’ny of hunters going out after deer.”

“Wal”—the Judge invariably sounded the *e* in *well*, a short—“Wal, my God! do the hunters in this country *hunt on the public square?*”

Toot! toot! toot! to-to-to-to-to-to-hoot! went Jim’s horn again; and the hounds, with a multitude of their

half-brethren "of low degree," having by this time assembled under the house, sent up a long, a loud, and a most deafening response. Jim then gave them all some bread and meat-scrap, in token of their approval. He then blew "another blast," and again fifty or sixty canine throats belched forth the hideous sounds!

"My God! Mr. Sheriff, I fine you ten dollars," said the irritated Judge—"Go and stop that noise."

The Sheriff went down, and having ascertained the strength of the Colonel's position, endeavoured to coax him out.

"Come out, Jim, old fellow, and I'll stand a treat; I will, by George!"

"Toot! toot!" was the reply; and then the howl from the dogs, who began "to let themselves out."

The Judge fined the first deputy, up stairs, five dollars, for the new attack upon his nerves.

Several adventurous special deputies at length went under, to take our hero "by storm;" but they very soon returned with bruised heads and defiled clothing. Jim, with inimitable *sang froid*, held the horn to his mouth with one hand, while with the other he sent his rocks with terrible effect at his assailants. His allies, too, the dogs, gave him occasional sly assistance, by nibbling at the more exposed parts of the persons of the invaders; and these being obliged to go "upon all-fours," under the house, these "attacks in the rear" were in the highest degree vexatious and unpunishable.

Toot! toot! toot!

Howl! howl! howl!

The contagion spread to the crowd assembled on the public square,

“And each—for madness ruled the hour—  
Would try his own expressive pow’r.”

Yell after yell went up from the crowd! All was confusion; and as peal after peal of the odd and mingled discord floated up, roar after roar of unsuppressed laughter shook the court-room!

The Judge was pale with rage. Every fibre of his frame trembled with excitement; but he could only fine—so he fined the Sheriff an hundred dollars for reporting the Colonel’s fort impregnable, himself invincible, and his forces determined to stand to him, *to a dog!* He then adjourned court, “until the nuisance could be abated.”

As soon as the Colonel perceived that he had stopped all legal proceedings, he suspended his blasts, and dealt out double rations to his forces. From one of the port-holes in front, observing that the Judge was strolling about on the square, and that the Sheriff was consulting with a dozen or so of friends, he watched his opportunity, horn in hand, he slipped out, unperceived except by friends, and reached his steed, which was tied in the bushes near by. Mounting “Hell,” he “blew a blast so loud and long,” that every hound responded at once, and in a moment more, dashed in upon the square, with his followers in full cry! Here he went, “like mad,” now clearing an old woman and her cake-stand at a jump, and now bounding lightly over a group of a half dozen on a fallen log. Ye gods! how the crowd scattered! Espying the Judge, he dashed up to him—circled round him, in Cumanchee style, and blowing his horn the while, evoked the most hideous howls from his troop! Round and round he

dashed—the judge petrified in the centre, pawed, mouthed, and smelt of by the hounds, and stunned—overpowered, by their hideous din! Never before (I speak metaphorically) was the ermine so villanously defiled!

Having accomplished his purpose of “bedeviling” a Judge, who had the reputation of being a martinet, Jim retreated, in good order, from the square to the thicket at the back of the court-house. He knew what would follow, and fully prepared for it. He had procured him a whiskey-barrel, *minus* one head, and, a foot or so above the bung-hole, had cut an opening about six inches in diameter. By small cords he had attached to the outside of the barrel two large bundles of fodder, a fragment of old stove-pipe, and three superannuated coffee-pots.

As soon as Jim had left the square, the Judge ordered the Sheriff to summon a *posse*, and take him, at all risks—and the Sheriff instantly summoned twenty or thirty of the hundreds who had horses hitched on the square, and ordered them into line to receive his directions. The Judge borrowed a pony, to go along and see his mandate executed.

Jim, who had been watching their operations slyly, as soon as they seemed nearly complete, blew a blast, mounted “Hell,” and drawing the barrel up after him, placed it over himself; and taking the reins through the hole, rode leisurely on, till in view of the Sheriff’s squad, when, with a loud toot, a howl from his dogs, the rustling of his fodder, the clangour of his coffee-pots, and the sonorous *gong*-notes of his stove-pipe, he

charged at full speed upon the Sheriff and his *posse comitatus*!

Talk of *May*! Talk of *Murat*! There was never a charge so reckless or effective as Jim Fielder's charge upon the sheriff and his squad.

Toot! toot! toot! bang! clang! bang! howl! howl! howl! and he was in their midst! The horses of the squad, maddened with fright, reared and plunged, and either threw their riders, or dashed off with them precipitately from the field. The horses hitched about at racks and trees, participated in the panic, and in five seconds there was a universal *stampede*.

The Judge's pony dashed off with a speed that was highly creditable to his short legs and Indian origin; and after *him* the Colonel dashed, with all his dreadful din, in full blast! On, on, on! at a killing lick! Down, down the hill to the old tan-yard!—where suddenly Judge and pony find a "tight fit" in an ancient, but not inodorous vat!

Satisfied—almost—with his victory, our hero charged back to town—putting to flight everything equine, of which he came in view, and leaping his horse into the piazza of a grocery, pitched his barrel through the window upon the head, and other frangible property of the proprietor—like lightning passed in at one door and out at another—and whooping at the top of his voice, rode furiously out of town.

## THE ERASIVE SOAP MAN.

THE itinerant fellows who frequent our villages, during the sessions of the Courts, and on all other occasions of popular assembling—vending their small wares, a la the Razor-Strop man—are sometimes very amusing. We noticed one of 'em, last week, crying his *erasive soap* to as simple a crowd as we have observed in some time. He was a sharp-eyed fellow, with a sanctified look, black whiskers, and a still blacker and enormous straw hat.

“Gentlemen,” he said, or rather sang—“gentlemen, I offer you a splendid article, a superb article, an incomparable article—magical, radical, tragical article!” [Here he displayed a cake of his soap.] “Magical, radical, tragical, *erasive soap*! Yes, in its effects upon its inventor most tragical! Shall I tell you how? It was invented by a celebrated French chemist, after twenty years of toil, labour and privation. In just fifteen minutes, two seconds and a half after the discovery, he fell into the arms of death, and his name became immortal! You can draw your own conclusions, gentlemen!

“Magical, radical, tragical, e-ra-sive soap! Dime a cake! Hand me the money!—served me right—there's the soap! Yes, there's a man has got a cake of

the incomparable, inappreciable, infallible, invaluable, magical, radical, tragical, e-ra-sive soap!

“Gentleman, you’d open your eyes, if I were to tell you half the wonders performed by this in-com-pa-rable article.—It cleans oil-spots, removes stains, hides dirt, brightens good colours and obliterates ugly ones!—such is the virtue of the all-healing, never-failing, spot-removing, beauty-restoring, health-giving, magical, radical, tragical, e-ra-sive Soap!” The vender wiped his brow, heaved a sigh, and recommenced, standing at ease against a piazza-post.

“Why, gentlemen, when I first became acquainted with this inextollable gift of divine Providence to erring man, I had an obstruction of the vocal organs, an impediment of speech, that bid fair to destroy the hopes of the fond parents who intended me for the bar or the pulpit. I was *tongue-tied*—but I came across this precious compound—swallowed just half an ounce, and ever since, to the satisfaction of my parents, myself, and an assembled world, I have been volubly, rapidly, and successfully, interminably, unremittingly, most eloquently, sounding the praises of the incomparable, infallible, inimitable, inappreciable, never-failing, all-healing, spot-removing, beauty-restoring, magical, radical, tragical, erasive soap!

“Ah, gentlemen, a world without it would be naught! It takes the stains from your breeches, the spots from your coat, removes the dirt, and diffuses a general cheerfulness over the character of the whole outer man! True, gentlemen, I’ve worn the forefinger of my right-hand to the first joint, in illustrating the efficacy of this ineffable compound; but I hold that the

forefinger of one man—yea, or the forefinger of TEN MEN—are as nothing when compared with the peace and welfare of society and the world!

“Oh, magical Soap! oh, radical Soap! oh, tragical Soap! What wonders thou dost perform! The frightened locomotive leaves its track (*as it were*) on thy approach! The telegraphic wires tremble and are dumb in thy presence!

“Why, gentlemen, it clears the complexion of a nigger, and makes a curly-headed man’s hair straight! It removes the stains from the breeches and the spots from your coats—in like manner, it purifies the conscience and brightens the character! If you’re a little dishonest or dirty, try it! If your reputation or clothing is a little smutted, I’ll warrant it! For ladies whose slippers—I mean these little brown, yellow, white, blue, and many-coloured *slippers*—have become soiled, it is the only cure, panacea, medicamentum, vademecum, in all globular creation. Then come up, tumble up, run up, and jump up, like Hung’ry patriots, and buy my incomparable, infallible, ineffable, inappreciable, coat-preserving, beauty-restoring, dirt-removing, speech-improving, character-polishing, virtue-imparting, all-healing, never-failing, magical, radical, tragical, compound, ERASIVE Soap!”

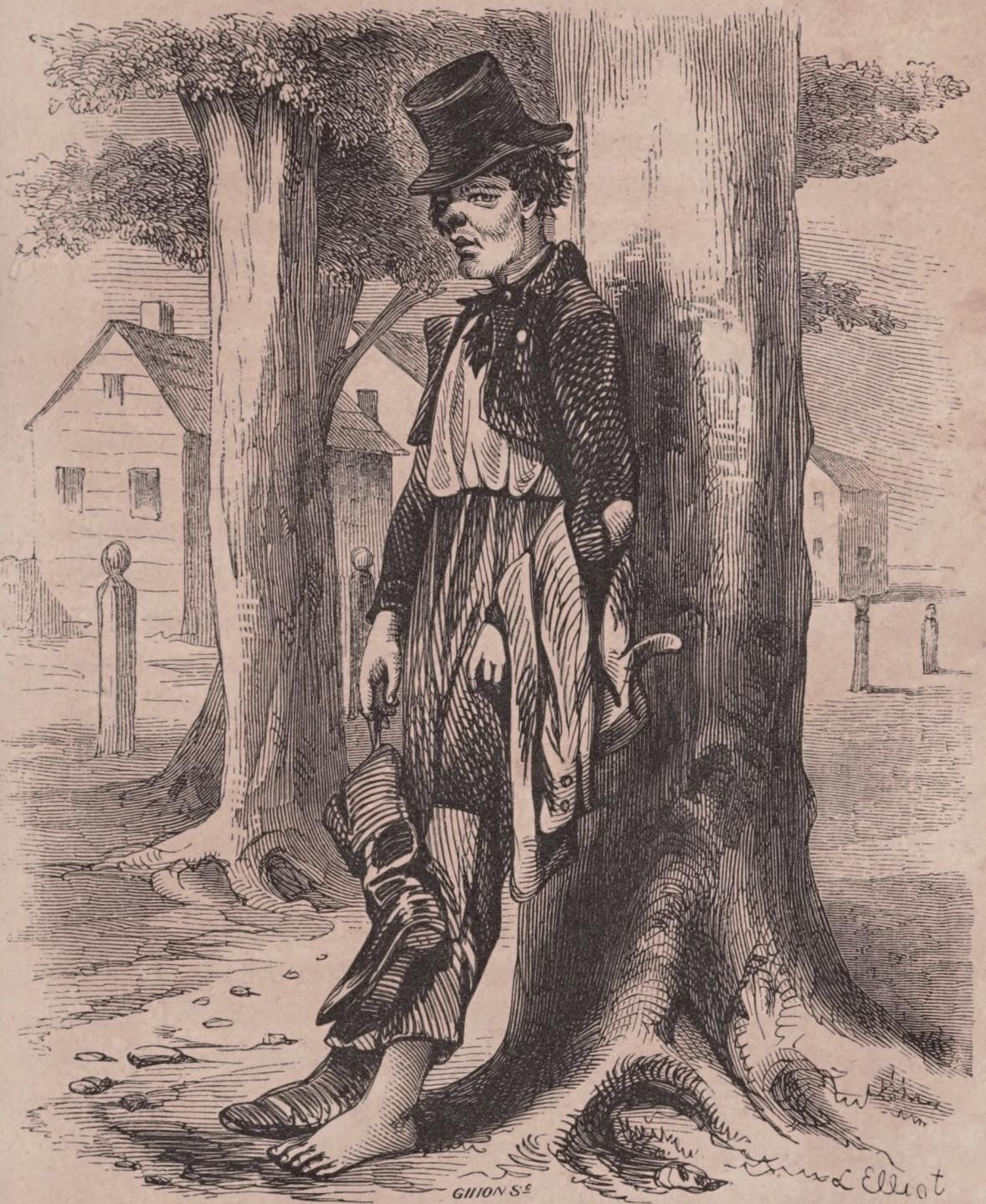
Here Hard-Cheek’s oratory was interrupted by a shower of dimes from boys, men, and hobble-de-hoys, and the “show” was considered “closed.”

## CAPTAIN M'SPADDEN,

THE IRISH GENTLEMAN IN PURSHUTE OF A SCHULE.

I WILL endeavour to chalk out for our readers, a rough sketch of Captain M'Spadden, an Irish gentleman who visited our town, not long since, while on a pedestrian tour through the piney woods, in search of a location for a "bit of a schule."

We were not looking for Captain M'Spadden. He came among us unexpected, unannounced. Living fish sometimes drop from the clouds; and there is no particular reason why M'Spadden might not have made his entry in the same manner—for *he* was an *odd fish*—except that the weather was quite fair at the time; no vapour at all competent to the transportation of an Irishman, weighing an hundred and odd pounds, having been seen for several days previously. It was therefore presumed (in the absence of the possession of any quadrupedal chattel by Mac), that he was on a pedestrian tour for amusement or business. Be this as it might, when first observed, the Captain was leaning against a tree at one corner of the public square. He had under one arm, a pair of corduroy breeches; under the other an invalided boot. Mac himself, was a thin "bit ov a crathur," with a light gray eye, white eye-brows, and de-



CAPTAIN McSPADDEN,

“The Irish Gentleman in purshute of a Schule.”—Page 112.



licate, fair features. The restlessness of his glances, and the convulsive twitches of his facial nerves, showed that the poor fellow was suffering from incipient *delirium tremens*. As old Tom Martin would say, he had “swallowed some monkey eggs, all along wid his bitters, and they’d hatched a brood of live young divils to kape him in company.”

Mac’s drapery was unique. He had on a marvelously dirty and ragged shirt, over which was a coat evidently cut for a much smaller individual than himself; the waist was just under his arms, while the extremity of the tail fell but a few inches below the small of the wearer’s back. His pantaloons, mud-coloured, were long-waisted and short-legged. On his left foot was the mate of the boot under his arm; his right foot was bare, and as red as a beet. His silk hat had a turn-up of the rim behind, and a mash-in of the crown before, and the absence of all gloss, and many indentations, showed that it had been a hat of many sorrows. Still it had a jaunty, impudent air, that showed that Mac considered himself “one of ’em”—and as it perched itself over its owner’s left eye, any one could see that it was a hat of considerable character.

One of the Captain’s conceits was, that he was pursued by a woman who claimed to be a relative, and demanded a provision for her support. With this distressing idea in his mind, Mac leaned against a tree, as I have said, and addressed, alternately a group of little boys that were standing around him, and his imaginary female persecutor.

“Whist!—aisy now!—be aisy!—I tell ye;” he said, addressing the apparition; “divil fly away wid the

thing I have to give ye—for be the same token, it's *me own breakfast* that I haven't tasted the smell ov yet, this blessed bright mornin'."

"Arrah, boys!"—this was to the youngsters; "I'll form ye into a nate class, for sport, ye see. Come now, stand up, there! Be the Saints, I'd a jolly little schule, down below here. Heads up! an' I'll flog the whole class for amusement, and niver a cent for your affekshanate parints to pay."

The boys laughed, shouted, and broke ranks at this announcement; and Mac, scowling over his shoulder, again spoke to his feminine tormentor, as if in reply:

"Wud I give ye a dollar to buy a dacint gown wid?—ye say! Be me sowl, an it's a nice word that dhrops so swate from yer mouth! Wud I give ye a dollar?—an wud a dog shaik his tail, that had niver a stump to wag, at all, at all!

"Avaunt and quit me sight—  
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold!  
There is no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with—and d—n ye, be off!"

Just at this time a huge cross bull-dog (who no doubt felt an interest in remarks so personal to his species), walked up to Mac, and nosed him most impertinently. The Captain squirmed round the tree, looking thunderbolts all the while, and the bull-dog followed, with still inquiring nose, and bristles all erect.

"Begone! ye baste! It's Captain Bland M'Spadden, of the Royal Irish Greys, that's now willing to tache a dozen or so ov young gentlemen, arithmetic and manners, at two dollars the quarther—begone!"

“Danger knows full well  
M'Spadden is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions (be J—s, its throe!) lithered in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible!”

“Be St. Patrick, the ugly baste will tear me in paces!”

But the dog was merciful; and on concluding his examination, merely held up one hind leg significantly—as much as to say “*that* for you!”—and walked away.

“Captain M'Spadden,” said a bystander, as Mac vainly essayed to set himself properly upon his pegs:—“Havn't you been crowding drinks, mightily, of late—rather pressing the figure—eh?”

Bland looked around, and his eye fell on a tall, handsome, judicial-looking personage.

“Did I undherstand,” replied Mac; “did I undherstand *yer Honour* to say, wud I taik a glass of whisky wid ye?”

“By no means,” was the reply; “but here's a dime to buy yourself something to eat.”

“*To ate*, yer Honour? an me a dying wid the cholery? Bedad, it's the physic I'm afthur, to dhrive the bloody *faand* out ov me sitem wid!”

“Did you ever have the cholera, Mac?”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Mac; “did iver I have the cholery? Did a fish swim? Be J—s, its fourteen times the nasty crathur has tuk the Gorjin knot upon me enthrils, and I faal the premonethory simtims rootin, this blessed minit, in me stomik, like pigs in a paa field. The cholery, indade!”

Captain M'Spadden now marched into the grocery,

walked up to the bar, and looking the dealer in the face, asked,

“Did iver I see that eye, afore?”

“Quite likely,” replied Tap.

“May be it’s only me word for luck ye’d be takin’, this pleasint mornin’, for a dhrop ov the corn corjil—and me a sufferin’ in me bowils, wid the cholery?”

“I’ll take the *money*,” quoth Tap, handing out a decanter, but keeping his hand upon it; as if waiting for payment.

Mac threw himself in a tragic attitude, and drawing down his white eye-brows, until they overhung the tip of his little red nose, he exclaimed,

“Hath a dog moneys? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats? Holy faathers? I’ve but a bit ov a kine (coin) here, but the physic I must have, to be sure. Wud ye tell me where I can get a bit ov a schule to tache asthronomy, and Shaikspair, and manners, all for two dollars a quarthur?”

“D—n your duckets and your ‘Schule’ too,” replied Tap; “hand over a picayune.”

Mac handed over the money, and drank his whiskey; and just as he was replacing the tumbler on the board, the female spectre peered over his shoulder, and he dropped the glass and broke it.

“Shadders avaunt!” shouted the Captain; “Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, little dogs and all—sick ’em boys! Hoot, away, ye ugly famale witch! I’ve the cholery, I tell ye, an it’s ketchin’ enthirely!”

“You’ve broken my tumbler,” said Tap, complainingly.

“Shaik not thy gaury locks at me; thou canst not

say *I* did it!" replied the Captain; "it was the sha divil that's tazin' the soul out ov me body!"

"Did you ever teach school?" asked Tap, as M'Spadden blundered into a chair.

"*Did I iver?* Did the blessed Saint iver kill snakes? Why, man, I'd a delightful little schule below here—fifteen or twenty's as many boys as a wakely crathur, like meself, can do his duty by the flogging ov, and he to bate the big boys wid a stout shillaly—an I was tachin 'em illigint; and ye may kiss the cross, the little darlints loved me, inthirely; but it got broke up be an axident, be gorra."

"How came that?"

"Ye'll taik' notice, I was dozin' in me chair, one swate afthernoon, dhramin' away all about nothin', an the little darlints that loved me as mother's milk—for I tached 'em arethmetic, an astronomy, and manners all, illigint—the little darlints, ye see, put a quill full ov snuff into me nostril, all for the fun. Holy J—s! but I was in thrubble wid the snazin', an cryin', an sputterin'; an the little darlints all tickled wid the sport. So, as soon as me eyes come to, I tuk the biggest ov the boys by the heels, inthirely, and I flogged the whole schule wid his head an shoulders an arms. Be J—s, they roared, an we kept up the sport an the fun, till divil the sound head was in the schule, barrin' me own that was full ov snuff."

"Then the parents drove you off?"

"Faix! They *bate* me away," said Mac sorrowfully; "the ign'rant spalpeens, that couldn't *undherstand a joke!*"

“But,” he continued, “the divil’s been in it, iver since I lost my commission in the Royal Greys.”

“Let’s hear ’bout that,” said an honest inquirer after truth, as he sat lazily back, in his chair, with his broad-brimmed hat between his knees—“let’s hear ’bout that.”

“I’d tell ye in a minit,” replied Mac, “but—I’m monsthrous dry.”

This objection to the narration having been removed by a half tumbler of ‘corn corjil,’ Mac proceeded as follows, Broadbrim resting his face on his hands, in an attitude of deep attention:

“Ye’ll notice,” quoth the Captain, “I’d a company in the Royal Greys—ye’ve heard of the Royal Greys, belikes?—no?—thin I’ll tell ye, ’twas the clanest, natest, gintaalest ridgment in the kingdom, an its meself was the aquil ov the best in it. So one day, we’d a grate revue, an the Quane was out, an Prince Albert (may his sowl rest in purgathory, amen!) in her carriage to see it.”

“Did *you* ever see the Queen of England?” asked Broadbrim, as in doubt.

“Did *I* iver see the Quane? Did you ever put a petatie in the ugly hole in yer face? So the Quane was out, as fine as a flower, to see the revue. By an by, the Juke of Wellington comes to me, an ses he, ‘Mac, the Quane has kitcht a sight ov yer good looks, and wants ye to present yerself before her.—Thair’s luck for ye, me boy’—and the Juke slapped me on the shouldhers.”

“Was that the great Duke of Wellington, you’re talking about? Did you know *him*?”

“No less, be the cross! The Juke an me was as inthimate as brothers; so we went to where the royal cortiz was, an thair was her majesty, in the royal carriage, as lively as bricks and full ov fun. Ses she, ‘Captain M’Spadden, ye’ve a fine company!’—‘Yer most grashus and amyable majesty!’—ses I, gettin’ upon me knaas.

“‘Wouldn’t ye like a bit ov promoshun, Captain M’Spadden?’ says her majesty.

“‘Yer most adorable majesty has guessed the sacrit of me heart,’ ses I.

“‘It’s the best lookin’ lad, ye are,’ Captain,’ said her majesty, ‘I’ve seen this season.’

“‘I shall be at charges for a lookin’ glass, yer most heavenly majesty, since yer majesty ses so; but its little the advantage I have ov yer most grashus majesty, in regard of looks,’ ses I.

“That last shot did the bis’ness for the Quane, but the Prince, ye’ll notice, was as savage as a tiger, judgin’ be his looks.—So I went back, an ses the Juke to me, ‘Mac, me boy, it’s all over wid ye—didn’t ye see Albert’s looks? He’s as jalous as the divil, and ye’ll have to lave the Ridgement to-morrow!’ An bedad, so I had; an here I am in purshute ov a bit ov a schule to tache fifteen or twenty boys grammar, an astronomy, an manners, at two dollars a quarther”—and here Mac “soothed away,” into a gentle slumber, as he sat, with a conscience apparently at ease.

“I’ve hearn tales, and seen liars,” said Broadbrim, as he rose to order a glass of whiskey; “and I have

hearn 'stretchin' the blanket,' and 'shootin' with the long bow;' and I always thought we was great on that, in this here Ameriky, but I find it's with liars, as with everything else, *ef you want an extra article you must send to furrin parts!*"

## THE ELEPHANT IN LA FAYETTE.

OUR county of Chambers has a very curiosity-loving population, and when the bills are stuck for a public execution of any sort, in any of our villages, no sort of weather can keep our people away. "Magicians" charm, and "Circuses" entrance them—but a Menagerie almost throws them into spasms of delight.

Some months ago, Raymond's fine collection of animals was shown in La Fayette, with the unusual attraction of lion-tamers, male and female. On this feature of the exhibition, the public voice was loud, enthusiastic, and eloquent, for several days before the Menagerie arrived. When it came, we visited it, in company with our waggish old Irish friend, Tom Martin—the same who told the story of the "Double-Headed Snake."

The elephant was the great point of attraction, as usual. Many were the remarks elicited by his immense size and docility.

"I want his hide and frame for a corn crib," said a fellow from Pan-Handle Beat.

"Save me his years for skearts to my old wagin saddle," remarked another.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated a sallow girl, with a

dirty blue ribbon around a yellow neck, "was it *borned* with that ugly *snake thing* stuck to its nose?"

"Its got a 'most the least *har* to as much *hide*, that I ever seed," quoth Jerry Brumbelow.

"Whar do they raise 'em?" asked some honest searcher after knowledge.

"Not here—not here in this country," replied Jim M'Gaffey, with a knowing look.

"Whar, then?"

"That animal," said Jim, who was very drunk, "that animal wasn't raised in the island of Ameriky; it come all the way from *Ireland*."

"Give us your hand, my friend," exclaimed old Tom Martin, with an ironical air; "give us your hand for the throe word ye're tellin' the boys. Don't ye see the creatur's *fut*? Sure 'twas made for the *Bogs* of the ould counthry! This thing, tho', is but a heiffer, as ye may say. What would ye say if ye could see a gini-wine *Irish Bull*? Tut!"

"*Satis! jam satis!*" soliloquized a corpulent lawyer, as he walked up; unconsciously latinizing the spirit of Tom Haines' remark on a similar occasion. \*

The group adjourned to the vicinity of the lion.

"Why didn't they shurr (shear) that critter's fore parts, as well as his hind ones?" asked some one.

"You see," said his keeper, "he's got a breast complaint, and we were afraid of increasing his cold."

"Well, by granny, I *did* notice he was *hoarse* when he hollered a while ago."

"Whar did *he* come from, Jim?" asked one of the crowd.

\* Vide "Georgia Scenes."

“From Ireland, too, be Jasus,” said old Tom, taking the word out of Jim’s mouth.

“Didn’t he, M’Gaffey?”

“I judge he did,” said Mac.

“I’ll take my *corp’ral* of it,” returned Martin; “*the grooves ov Blarney is full ov ’em!*”

Presently the crowd was ordered back, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer entered the cage with the lion, tiger, and other animals.

“That takes Billy’s horns smooth off to his skull—don’t it?” said Tom Hussey.

“Is it a *rail* woman in thar?” asked a skeptical dirt-eater.

“Why, you see,” said Jim M’Gaffey, “it’s a rail woman, but she’s got great sperret. Some people, tho’, think these show people ain’t regular human.”

“No more they ain’t,” said old Tom.

“What ar they, then?”

“*Airish* to be sure!”

“Ain’t the Irish human!”

“Divil the taste!” responded old Tom, “*they’re all subjects ov the Queen ov Great Britain!*”

“That’s a fact,” said Jim M’Gaffey; and the point was settled.

Mrs. Shaffer shook her whip at the tiger, which dashed by her and crouched in a corner of the cage, growling furiously.

“Take care, bare-legs; the old boy’s rattlen’ his chain—as my old woman tells the children, when they cry,” said John Davis.

“I say, John,” observed a half-worn man in a

slouched hat—"I ain't no objection to that woman showin' *her legs* that way; but if Betsey was to ——"

"Let Betsey's name alone, you good-for-nothing," interrupted a sharp-nosed female, with one child in her arms, and another at her knee, "let Betsey's name alone." It was the blessed Elizabeth herself—"and come and tote Jake. Here they've been scrougin' and runnin' over the poor child all day—and you a-jawin' thar! It's only the Lord's mercy the elephant didn't tromp on him, and squash him to death. Come along!"

The hen-pecked meekly obeyed; took Jacob into his paternal arms; and we—ceased to take notes.

## THE DIRTIKEN.

MR. FERDINAND VICKERS is one of the natural curiosities of Chambers county. As he pertinaciously gives the Irish sound to the *E* in his christian name, the good people of La Fayette have adopted his pronounciation, and abbreviated his name. They call him "UNCLE FARD."

Uncle Fard is about sixty years old; but his tall, vigorous frame shows, as yet, no symptom of shrinking. He is hard-featured, raw-boned, and very erect; and as for his *voice*, the notorious Ben Hardin's would no more compare with it, than a lady's whisper with the roar of a water-fall. Nature has bestowed upon him lungs as strong as a smith's bellows, and throat exactly to match them.

He generally wears his shirt open in front, exposing his pillar-like neck and brawny dark chest; and perhaps to this habit he may be indebted, in his old age, for the health and strength of the organs within. By a parity of reasoning, however, he would be very subject to cold in the face; for Uncle Fard wears a beard generally, very much of the length, colour, and general appearance of the bristles of a shoe brush. His rough, uncouth appearance often invites the raillery of the village wags, but it has been generally observed that

the best of them were forced to retire from the field before his quaint, original wit, and his superior powers of sarcasm.

No man, within my acquaintance (and I have once or twice found it so to my cost), can more effectually *rasp* an assailant. He has so much discrimination in ascertaining the tenderest spot, and keeping it galled! So much for "Uncle Fard."

Young Coats is not at all like "Uncle Fard." He is about twenty years old, but not larger than a well-grown boy of fourteen. He has the complexion of a pumpkin, thin legs, a protuberant belly, a shrill voice, and not the remotest prospect of ever being compelled to use a razor. In short, he comes so well up to Judge Longstreet's description of "Rancy Sniffle," that he might well pass for that worthy's twin brother.

But the jewel enclosed in this rather inelegant casket—the *soul* of Coats—makes amends for all physical deficiencies. Coats has the concentrated valour of a dozen fices, and struts and swaggers through a crowd as though he would say, "Take care! ta-ke care! I'm dangerous—I am!"

As a natural result of this fire-eating temperament, when Captain Oliver Hazzard Perry Hamilton came to La Fayette, recruiting under the ten regiment law, for the army in Mexico, Coats threw himself forward in defence of his country, received six dollars and a drilling, got drunk in the evening, and thought, as he staggered to his boarding-house at night, how comfortable it was to have plenty of good victuals and a nice bed; and so thinking, and jingling five dollars and sixty-odd cents in his breeches pocket, he hastened to avail him-

self of those comforts, in the order mentioned, as speedily as practicable.

Now it came to pass, that on the day after Coats's enlistment, Uncle Fard came to town to make some purchases of sugar and coffee and the like; to which, having made the indispensable addendum of a "drink" at Billy Hunter's, he started for his horse, which was hitched in the rear of Mr. Crayton's store; but the weather being warm, and Uncle Fard disposed to friendly chat, he accepted an invitation to rest awhile in the shade of the store piazza. Presently young Coats came up to the group sitting there, and Uncle Fard inquired "who that sickly youngster might be?"

"A United States' soldier," was the answer.

"A *United*—granny's cat!" exclaimed Vickers in the voice of a Numidian lion—"he an't got the strength to fight the muskeeters off of hisself, ef he was in a swamp!"

"Hear that, Coats?" asked an amiable bystander—"hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Why," resumed Uncle Fard, beginning a conversation with Coats, "why, that the man that took you as an able-bodied recruit, don't know no more about manhood than a bull yearlin' does about the acts of the 'postles. Why, bless my soul, you an't fit for nuthin' in the world but *beaver bait*!"

Coats' eyes kindled, and his sallow cheeks grew the colour of a half-burnt brick. Raising himself up, said he—

"No man shall talk that way 'bout me; I'm little,

but dod drot my upper leather ef *any man* shall crowd my feelings' that way!"

"Pshaw! pshaw!" growled old Fard; "keep still, you poor, ager-ridden, clay-eatin' offin' [orphan] or your Uncle Fard 'll *pinch* you—as I was gwine to say—"

Here Coats became furious.

"Clear the way, gentlemen—let me go—cuss his old liver, I'll have his heart-strings, or bust!"

But some one held Coats, so that he couldn't strike Vickers, who, turning coolly to the proprietor of the store, remarked in the most quiet manner imaginable—

"Billy Crayton, *hit* 'll fight!"

A yell from the crowd followed this sally, and the poor recruit's excitement knew no bounds.

"Hit!" he exclaimed; "who dars to call me *hit*? Dern his old gray har, it shan't purtect him! I'm jist as good as ever was wrapped up in a human hide, and nobody shan't call me *hit*."

With this, Coats made an effort to raise a chair to strike Uncle Fard, but a spectator placed his foot on one of the rounds and held it down.

"Let him alone, gentlemen," said old Fard; "let's see if *hit* can raise the chair."

Coats was now minus his coat, and dashed at the old man with the spring of a wild-cat, but Uncle Fard quietly took both the young man's hands in one of his own, and grasping them tightly, addressed him paternally:

"Child! child! *what's* the use of gittin' so mad for *what little fightin'* you can do? Why, baby, I can hold

you up, by one ear, between me and the sun, and tell you adzactly *what you had for breakfast this morning!*”

Poor Coats, exhausted by his fruitless struggles, was now quiescent, and still in the hard grasp of old Fard, appealed to the crowd. “Gentlemen, I’m reglar ’listed in the ’nited States’ sarvice, and’s got orders agin raisin’ rows, but this ain’t no way to treat a feller—I’ll leave it to you all ef it is.”

One of the crowd now advised Uncle Fard “to release Coats, as it was quite unpatriotic in him to take an American soldier prisoner.”

“*American!*” repeated Vickers, with boundless contempt in his expression; “*American!* he’s no American. This here boy was raised on *dirt*—I won’t own any sich for Americans. I’ll tell you what he is—”

“What? what?” asked the recruit, foaming and snapping—“tell it out, you old Lord-forgotten scoundrel!”

“You are,” said Uncle Fard, very gravely and slowly, “you are a DIRTIKEN!”

Coats’s reply was drowned in the uproarious laugh at his expense, but being released, he hid himself from Fard, in the crowd. At this juncture, Lieutenant M’Millian, a recruiting officer, but not of the company to which Coats belonged, came up. Uncle Fard, not knowing this, got an introduction to him, for the purpose of rallying him on the appearance of his recruit. However, the old man misunderstood the Lieutenant’s name.

“I say, Leftenant M’Hellion,” he began, “you certainly ain’t agwine to take that *critter* that was here a little bit ago, to Maxico? I tell you, Leftenant, I was

at Autossee and Caleebee and the Horse-shoe—hit's now been thirty years and the rise—and, I'll tell you, sir, it took a man with *hands*, sir, to carry up his corner, in them scrapes. What would any poor pursley-gutted, deer-legged critter, like Coats, a'done *thar*?—say, Leftenant M'Hellion!”

At this moment, Coats, who had overheard part of Uncle Fard's remark, was seen trying to raise from its bed in the ground, before the door, a stone of about half his own weight, no doubt with the intention of projecting it at his annoyer.

Uncle Fard, as it was growing late, remarked that he would go home, and that he thought by the time he got there, “the critter would have eat every sign of dirt from round that rock.” So the old man picked up his bundles and walked round the corner to his horse. Coats left off his labour and betook himself to the “grocery,” where after imbibing a much larger quantity of whiskey than one would have supposed his brain had strength to bear, commenced enlarging on the subject of his manhood and courage:

“I'll tell you, gentlemen, some on you may know sumthin' about what made me 'list in the army. As for old Jenks's a-whippin' me about that 'fair with his gal, I wan't afeerd o' *that*! I'm as good as ever fluttered, and can whip old Jenks as quick as a sheep can flop hit's tail! Twan't that made me 'list with Captin' Hambleton. Well, it's honourable I reckon to fight for the country, and no man shan't say nothin' *agin the army* before me. I'm little, but I've got as good grit as anything that ever weighed a hundred and seven pounds and three-quarters! Old Fard Vickers can't

scare me, and ef 'twan't that he is as old as he is, I'd kick the old rascal into doll-rags!"

Old Fard had been peeping in at the back-door some little time, having slipped around to mend his drink before starting.

Walking in, he addressed Coats in the most friendly manner:

"Son, son, let's quit this romancin'. You know old daddy was only in a joke."

Coats pouted, and said, "he'd be drot if he liked any sich jokes."

"Come, come, son," said old Fard coaxingly; "your gran' pappy knows you can whip him—he's old now, and you are young and much of a man ef you are little. Let's drap funnin' and take a drink."

Coats swelled with pride at the admission he supposed to have been extorted by his valorous conduct, and smiled his acquiescence in the proposition to drink.

"Sonny," said Vickers, as soon as they had kissed tumblers and imbibed; "sonny, I was *altogether* a jok-in' out yonder afore Billy Crayton's door—cause, you see, I knowed all the time you *would do* to fight the Mexicans, fust rate."

"Well, horse, I would."

"To be sure," said old Fard; "I could take five hundred men like you, son, and *take the city of Mexico*, no matter how strong the walls was."

The young soldier opened his eyes with surprise, and looked also as if he desired to know *how* that could be done.

"You'll observe," continued Fard, as they sat down together, at a small table, "you'll observe, I'd take you

all on to Orleans fust, and from thar on to Corpus Kristy, and so on, to Maxico, by the nighest route, a travellin' mostly of a night. Well, when we got thar, or close by, about the dusk of the evenin', I'd march you all up in thirty foot of the walls, without any guns ——”

“Without any guns!” repeated Coats.

“Yes, without guns; and then I'd form you and give the order ——”

“What order?”

“Why, the order, DIG AND EAT! And I judge, by mornin' the whole ridgiment could dig and eat their way through under their walls, and so into the city, like so many gophers! Don't you think you could come it?” asked he maliciously.

This was too much for Coats. He rose from his seat, completely crest-fallen, and sneaked off. Old Fard, with a chuckle, climbed upon his horse, adjusted his sugar and coffee, and fetching three cheers for the “Dirtiken Ridgiment,” rode off.

## AN INVOLUNTARY MEMBER OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

PASSING through Notasulga, on my way to Chambers, I was accosted by friend Halley who keeps a “Resurat” at this interesting point. He insisted on my taking a “hasty” steak at his establishment; and notwithstanding it would have suited General Scott, in the expedition with which it was prepared, yet, on honour, a better one could not have been obtained this side of the “Rialto.” Shade of Nagle! Though living, still but a shade!—but it was refreshing in its reeking juiciness!

With the steak aforesaid comfortably under hatches, the lad who was “hauling” me, and myself were quietly and slowly jogging along, a mile or two from Notasulga, when a masculine voice, from the roadside, hailed us with—

“Me fren’s!”

We stopped and inquired what this indubitable Patlander desired:

“May be,” he said with a brogue absolutely unctuous, “may be you’d have no objections to givin’ a man with a sthrained ancle and niver a sound spot on his body, a cast as fur as the nixt stage stand—would ye?”

As it was only a mile or two, I assented, and the Emeraldler hobbled up and tucked himself somehow into the bottom of the buggy.

“Ochone!” he commenced lamenting, as soon as stowed—“ye’ve brought disgrace on yerself, Dennis Maguire, and what’s more, on your blessed Almy Mather, old Thrin’ty Collidge, Dooblin! Ye have, ye divil, ye have! Ye’ve done it in this fray counthry too, whare among all the intilligent Amerikens, ye’ve not met an ould acquaintance, or one that could spake a word nath’ral to yer ears, barrin the pigs!—Ochone!”

“You are an alumnus, then, of old Trinity?” said I.

“Your mother’s darlint may say that and spake the truth, inthirely, altogether.”

“When did you graduate?”

“Bedad! that’s more’n I can tell!”

“Why not?”

“Why, faix! I warn’t there at the time ov it.”

“Then I suppose you didn’t graduate?”

“Thru, enthirely!”

“Well, how long did you remain at the University?”

“Something betwixt three and six months, and I may say I was dhrinkin’ in the strame of knowledge as fast as iver ye see a boy, when one divil’s day the young gintleman I was wid, took the supposition inthirely that I was wearing a pair ov his new breeches, and so he kicked me down stairs—and divil a step my faalins’ would iver let me go back: and so I left old Thrin’ty forever!”

I soon ascertained that my Irish friend had only been at Trinity, in the capacity of servitor to some wild

student, and commenced catechising him as to how he had been wounded. After a vast deal of circumlocution, he informed me that he had fallen into a deep railroad excavation. I suggested that he might have been drunk at the time.

“Dhrunk I thought ye said—divil a bit! At the particklar time we were spakin’ ov, I was in a wakin’ drame, and thought I was walkin’ on Collidge Green, when all ov a suddint, my centhre ov gravity got out ov place inthirely, and down I dropped all ov a heap. DHRUNK! Why, praps, you didn’t observe that at tha particklar time, I was a mimber of the Timp’rance!”

“A member of the Temperance Society?”

“To be certain! and without disgracin’ yer family, you may say I had been for some considherable time afore.”

Nagle, Halley, or somebody else, had stuck a flask of “Otard,” between the cushions and back of the buggy, and being reminded thereof, I drew it out with the remark that I was sorry Dennis couldn’t join in the potation. How was I surprised then, when he said, stretching out his arm—

“A taste ov the flavour ov that same, if ye plase!”

“Why! The devil! Father Matthew!—what do you mean?”

“Mane! Divil a bit ov Praste’s pewther or silver was iver in my hands, at all, at all,” (Drinking.) “Faix I got into the Timperance agin my will complately. Mither Riddle, ye see, paid off the boys inthirely, on Saturday night. And what with one little bit or another, and *lending Barney’s wife the balance,*

when I kim to the grocery divil a rap did I have at all. So Joe Rouse—Purgathory resave his sowl!—kept no books, owin' to which “your humble”—winkin' humo-rously—bekim an INVOLUNTHARY mimber ov the Timp'-rance Society for several days inthirely—

“HERE'S YOUR HILTH, SIR!”

## A LEGISLATIVE ELECTION.

The following little story was suggested by the announcement of the election of Mr. Eastman, a Nashville editor, as Clerk of the Tennessee House of Representatives. Our friends Downman and Hale will, we trust, not be offended by the publication; they know how true is the narration, and how heartily we all laughed at it, at the time

EDITORS in Tennessee fare better and are better appreciated, than in Alabama. At our last session, three or four (of both parties) received their *quiet-us*. Among them was Bob Downman, a glorious fellow, of "infinite jest" and *flesh*. He was a candidate for the Solicitorship of his circuit, and was beaten by the lamented Forney, of Lowndes—now, alas! no more.

"How was it, Bob, that they beat you so bad?—that you only got seven votes?" asked Sam Hale, who had just got the same sort of treatment.

"Pshaw!" replied Downman, "there isn't a reliable *memory* in the whole Legislature. I was just as good as elected—had eighty-five votes pledged *dead certain*—and I would have gone home, but I thought I would stay *and take my commission along*."

"Tell us about it," quoth Sam.

"Just this way. I had the names of eighty-five *certain* on my memorandum—and I was really afraid all

marked 'probable' would vote for me, and give the other boys no showing. You observe, I didn't want to *hurt feelings*."

"Go on," said Hale, maliciously forcing Bob to the point.

"Well, when the Senate went into the Hall of the House, I took a stand in the lobby and pulled out my pencil and book and waited for the call.

"I didn't expect many votes *high up in the alphabet of the Senate*, so when the clerk called 'Mr. President?' it didn't set me back any, to hear in reply—  
'Mr. Forney!'

"'Mr. Abercrombie?—Mr. Forney!'

"'Mr. Beckett?—Mr. Forney!'

"'Mr. Buford?—Mr. Forney!'

"'Mr. Cocke?—Mr. Forney!'

"'Mr. Dent?—Mr. Forney?'

"I didn't *much* expect any of these, so I only drew a long breath; but presently it got right down among my 'dead certain' ones—and 'twas 'Mr. E.?—Mr. Forney! Mr. F.?—Mr. Forney! Mr. G.?—Mr. Forney!'—and—ah! from that time *out*, through the Senate and the House, it was—*with seven honourable exceptions*—Forney! Forney! Forney! down, *plumb*, to Young of Marengo!

"Along at first, I'd scratch out the name of one of the '*certain*,' as he'd vote against me, and think I'd enough left any how. But they soon dropped so fast that I couldn't keep up, and so fell to cursing my luck, to be beaten by some confounded mistake—for I knew there *was* one *somewhere*!"

“A mistake! Haw! haw!” roared the Sumter Falstaff.

“You may laugh if you choose,” said Bob, “but it *was* a mistake, as was very soon shown me.”

“How?”

“Why, as soon as the election was over, out came Jimmy Williams, of Jackson, and said he, ‘My friend, I congratulate you on your triumphant election!’

“‘Triumphant!—be hanged!’ said I.

“‘Why, isn’t your name *Forney*!’

“‘Forney!—THE DEVIL!’

“‘Well, *we all* thought that was your name—you were the man we were voting for!’

“So you see, Sam,” remarked Downman in conclusion, “I lost my election by making a favourable and agreeable impression on one hundred and odd gentlemen, without insisting that each should take down my name!”

“That’ll do,” said Hale; “and I’ll go and do you up in an epigram.” And he did; but like most of Sam’s epigrams, that is rather too unctuous.

## AN ALLIGATOR STORY.

AMONG the novelties of the season, one of the most striking is the "Alpha and Omega Pills," of which I observe that the advertiser says: "The *name* of these pills, though novel, is *sufficient* in discharging all their duties." This being the case, if I find any friend in need of a cathartic, I will just *mention* them to him; that being sufficient according to the advertisement.

It is a pity but they had had so sovereign a remedy on the Alabama river, in the summer of 1836, when, if the following anecdote is founded in truth, it was rather sickly:

Tom Judge, of Lowndes—I think it was Tom—was coming up the river, once, from Mobile, when a gentleman from some one of the Northern States going to settle in Selma, walked up to him and inquired if there were any alligators in that stream. Tom took the dimensions of his customer with his eye, looked him coolly in the face, *ascertained that he was soft*, and then dolorously sighing, answered—

"NOT NOW!"

Spooney supposed he had awakened unpleasant emotions, and commenced an apology.

"No matter," replied Tom; "I was only thinking of my poor friend, John Smith, who was taken suddenly

from us, in the summer of '36. I was reminded of him by the association of ideas—the same season all the alligators disappeared from the river!”

“Was your friend drowned?” asked the green 'un.

“No; he died of that most horrible of all Southern diseases, the *Congestive Fever*.”

After a pause, Spooney essayed again:

“What caused the disappearance of the alligators?”

“*They died of the same disease*,” replied Tom, looking at the stranger with a most sepulchral expression.

\* \* \* \* \*

The young adventurer didn't get out of the boat at Selma, nor until he reached the head of navigation, where, it is related, he took vehicular conveyance for more salubrious regions!

## THE RES GESTÆ A POOR JOKE.

[“ We tell this tale as ’twas told to us.”]

OLD Col. D., of the Mobile District, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities, which were fully appreciated by the people of his district. Many of his freaks are still fresh in the memory of the “old ’uns” of Mobile; and all of them will tell you, that the Colonel, though hard to beat, was once terribly taken in by a couple of legal tyros. It is George Woodward, I believe, that tells the story; but, however that may be, it is in keeping with others related of the old gentleman.

It seems that Col. D. had had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to, and was not on speaking terms with them, although all of the three were professionally riding the Circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Colonel’s irascible nature, determined, as they left one of the Courts for another, to have some sport at his expense, by the way. They accordingly got about a half hour’s start in leaving, and presently they arrived at a broad, dark stream that looked as if it might be

a dozen feet deep, but which, in reality, was hardly more than as many inches. Crossing it, they alighted, pulled off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch for the "old Tartar."

Jogging along, at length, up came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they had just had a swim; and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like fluent translucent tar. The Colonel was awfully puzzled.

"Is this plaguy creek swimming?" he growled, after a pause of some moments.

No reply was made; the young men simply mounted their horses, and rode off some little distance, and stopped to watch our hero.

The Colonel slowly divested himself of boots, coat, pantaloons and drawers. These he neatly tied up in his silk handkerchief, and hung them on the horn of the saddle. Then he remounted, and as he was a fat, short man, with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he then bestrode his steed, with the "breezes holding gentle dalliance" with the extremities of his only garment.

Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the creek. Half a length—and the water was not fetlock-deep! Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and a half—and the stream no deeper! Thirty feet further, and a decided *shoaling*!

Here Col. D. reined up. "There must," he said, "be a thundering swift, deep channel between this and

the bank—see how the water runs! We'll *dash through!*"

A sharp lash made the horse spring half over the remainder of the "watery waste;" and another carried horse and rider safely to the opposing bank. The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep.

A wild yell from the "young 'uns" announced their appreciation of the sport, as they galloped away.

"I'll catch you, you young rascals," was ground out between Col. D.'s teeth; and away *he* galloped in hot pursuit, muttering dreadful vengeance on his fugitive foes.

On—on—they sped! "pursuer and pursued!" The youngsters laughed, yelled, screamed—the Colonel swore with mighty emphasis, while his shirt fluttered and crackled in the wind, like a loose flying jib!

On!—on!—and the pursued reached a farm-house on the road side. Their passing startled a flock of geese from a fence corner, which as the Colonel dashed up, met him with out-spread wings, elongated neck, and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly, and the Colonel, in a moment, was upon the ground, in a most unromantic "heap," with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around!

The white-headed children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster—as it seemed to them, and then returned to report progress. After a little, the father of the family came out, and the affair being explained, assisted Col. D. in making his toilet; the Colonel swearing, and the countryman laughing all the while.

Dressed and remounted, our hero started off with



“His horse swerved suddenly, and the Colonel, in a moment, was upon the ground, in a most unromantic ‘heap,’ with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around!”—Page 144.



woful phiz, but before he got a hundred yards, he was called back by the countryman.

“Here’s somethin’ you’ve dropped,” said the man, handing the Colonel his brown wig.

“Ah, yes,” growled D.; “another item in the *res gestæ* of this infamous affair.”

“What’s that you call it—*res jesty*? That’s a quar name to me. What do you do with it?”

“My friend, it is one of the set of circumstances all relating to the same infernal rascally trick ——.”

“You don’t take my meanin’—I jist wanted to know what’s the name of that *harry* thing in your hand, that I thought you said was a *res jesty*.”

“Ineffable blockhead!”—the Col. waxed wrathful—“most asinine of mortals! It was the vile conspiracy against me that I was about to explain. THIS IS MY OLD WIG! The *res gestæ* is a set of circumstances, as I was saying—in short—d—n it!—you’ll never understand—in short, the ‘*res jesty*’ as you call it, in this particular case, taken all in all, constitute a D—D POOR JOKE!” And the Colonel put on his wig, groaned at the good Samaritan, and decamped.

## OUR GRANNY.

EVERYBODY has a Granny ; at least, we never saw anybody that had not one. They appear to be as necessary as parents—else why their universality ? In every village, town, or city, (we speak now within the range of our own observation,) you will find a “Granny Jones,” or a “Granny Smith,” or a “Granny Mitchell,” or a “Granny Elliot.” There is no getting along without them ! Science has voted them useless—a nuisance ! “Intelligent people” curl their noses at them ! We all say, “your granny !” in derision or contempt ; and yet there—or rather, here—they firmly remain, useful, God-serving, garrulous handmaidens of Diana. So we really believe that Grannies are a part of the “fitness of things,” and that to make war upon them, is to strive against nature. We, for one, are more than willing they should remain ; for we have always found them good old people, and they do so treasure up the past, that with their queer recollections, and fanciful legends, they are enabled to beguile most pleasantly the tedious hours of a sick-room.

All mankind, and all womankind too, know what are the special functions of a granny ; so it is unnecessary to expatiate particularly thereon. We may say, however, that the practice of our venerable friends

is not restricted, by any means, to the principal duty and business of their lives. If they preside at births, the natural sympathy and connexion between the extremes of life, brings them appropriately to the chambers of disease and death.

Kind souls! how they languish with the sick! And with what reduced and insinuating and commiserating accents they recommend their BAYB'RY ROOT, and BALM TEA, and ALLY-CUMPANE, and multitudinous other domestic nostrums and decoctions! And how miraculous are the cures which these simples have effected, under their "OWN DEAR EYES!"

Our granny is "Granny Mitchum,"—and she is an "exception," (as the saying is,) "to ALL grannies." She can sit up with the sick a greater number of consecutive nights; walk more lightly across the floor; look wiser; heave deeper sighs; turn up her eyes higher at the wonderful; tell the age of more people, and the exact colour of more dresses—than any granny of them all.

She excels, too, in pantomime. The sick man is sleeping; she would not wake him, for the world—but it is absolutely necessary that some particular thing should be done, for his comfort. Straightway, she catches the eye of the drowsy maid across the hearth—she points to the fire—makes a motion as if throwing on wood—twists her mouth dreadfully—contracts her brow—stirs an imaginary cup with her finger—and ends by looking at the sufferer and giving a series of nods. All this means—GIT THE BALM TEA, WARM IT, PUT SOME SUGAR IN IT, AND HAND IT TO ME! Let Gran-

ny Mitchum alone for communicating her ideas, either with or without the aid of her tongue!

And then she is always so careful. SHE never treads on the cat's tail, causing an hideous squall just as the baby has dropped off to sleep! On the contrary, she looks daggers, pokers and brick-bats, at whoever does; and soon our Granny establishes most wholesome police regulations in whatsoever household whereinto she happeneth to come.

Granny Mitchum is short, fleshy, squab. True, ALL grannies are so, but in these the strong points of granny-hood, the old soul, to our partial eye, seems remarkable. Her old face is round and wrinkled, and her eyes are moist; and there is a mole or wart on her upper lip, concerning which she relates some very remarkable stories. As for her figure, it resembles an egg with the small end downwards—with the trifling exception, that a WAIST is made, a few inches below her shoulders, by the tight-drawing of her apron-string. It seems as if the old lady were trying to cut herself in two; but as it is the way with all grannies, and as we have never known a case among the tribe, of complete bisection, we rather suspect that Granny Mitchum will preserve her unity to the end of time.

Our Granny has a deep-seated horror of pert, lively young ladies; even if she were "in at" their swathing, she likes them not. It is perhaps the only unamiable trait in her character. There's that Bolina Eastus—the SASSY HEIFER, that thinks "some of the greatest fools she ever saw, were among the OLDEST"—she haint no use for HER, at all. Sich an owdacious thing, stickin' out her mouth and shakin' her shoulders at old people!

It's WELL FOR HER, SHE ain't her mammy! And Granny winds up with a very uncharitable expression of opinion about all BOOK-LARNT young ladies.

Granny Mitchum has always been the TELEGRAPH of our village; and we will do her the justice to say, that her wires seldom break, and her posts never are blown down. She is always "in operation," and if your despatches are not transmitted by lightning, they at least go "on the wings of the wind." From house to house, speeds our granny, delivering her budget, always making the trip "inside of schedule time," and never in any weather, or from any accident, "LOSING A MAIL." Her "intelligence" is almost invariably correct. Once, only, was our Granny mistaken, and then in this wise:

Mr. Snodgrass had moved into our town, from a neighbouring county in Georgia, and had brought with him the notion that he was considerably in advance of the civilization of our place. He had an idea—which—we hardly know how to express it—in fact, an idea AGAINST GRANNIES. It was wrong (so all of our people thought), but still it was true, that Mr. Snodgrass would not employ a granny. He thought it safer, more sensible, and decidedly more fashionable, to supersede the Granny with the Physician; and when at length, it became necessary, in the progress of his domestic affairs, to call in one or the other, he said he would have NO NASTY OLD WOMAN about him, and forthwith sent for the Doctor.

Granny Mitchum heard all about the matter, and immediately prognosticated that Mrs. Snodgrass's baby would be a boy, and that she would have a BAD TIME. Immediately, too, upon the announcement of the birth

—confiding in the verity of the premises whence she had drawn her conclusions—she circulated the report, that the infant *was* a boy and the mother in a *bad way*. It turned out, however, that the child was NOT a boy, and that Mrs. Snodgrass did considerably better “than could have been expected.” Granny Mitchum met these uncomfortable facts, simply by demonstrating that the laws of nature had somehow got topsy-turvy, in favour of Mrs. Snodgrass; and that the baby OUGHT to have been a boy, and that its mother OUGHT to have approached the grave so nearly, that only the miraculous decoction of Granny Mitchum, herself, could have saved her.

We will not wish our granny long life, for who ever heard of a granny’s dying?—but we trust that she may witness a thousand more Malthusian facts—and that whenever she comes in competition with the gentlemen of the faculty, she may force them “to haul in their horns, and give up that there’s other people knows something, besides theyselves;” for we know that such a consummation would bring to her heart such a degree of felicity, as neither wealth nor honours could bestow.

## THE GOOD MUGGINS.

THE "Good Muggins" is somewhat of a loafer. At home, he attends to but little else than the county elections; and it is a matter of wonder to all his acquaintances how his family are fed and clothed. His single care is the preservation of the Nation—and whether he be Whig or Democrat, the *penchant* for political discourse is his most prominent characteristic. He always has the earliest political intelligence, and though he but imperfectly understands the movements and measures he discusses, he will have no other topic of conversation.

The "Good Muggins" is apt to be a subscriber to some leading political journal—until his name is stricken from the list for non-payment. No one can tell to what extent the National Intelligencer and Washington Union have suffered by "Good Mugginses." We only know that it is immense!

It is astonishing how many persons of consequence the "Good Muggins" is intimate with. If he happen to have emigrated from Tennessee, you will certainly find that he was on familiar terms with the late President, and that he was often the bed-fellow of Governors Jones and Brown. The personal history of each is also

what he knows by heart. They don't seem big men to him—HE KNEW THEM SO WELL!

In like manner, he is the confidential friend of all the prominent men in our own state. He can tell where NAT TERRY is to spend next summer, and at the proper time will tell you what DAVID HUBBARD'S projects are. As for "NED DARGAN—Ned is a good fellow!" he ejaculates—he and Ned are like brothers! "GEORGE GOLDTHWAITE," too, he can tell all about; but the fact is, "George" is not the man that the "Good Muggins" is apt to take to. The Judge is a natural enemy of the "Muggins" tribe, and often cools any incipient ardency towards himself, at the first approach.

The members of Congress are always obnoxious to complaint, on the part of "Muggins." He is either grumbling at the "cart-loads of documents" sent him by Frank Bowden; or, "he wants to know why the devil old Billy King hasn't sent him a document, or written him a line, this session!" It is either too much, or too little, for "Muggins," all the time. *However, his friends in the Tennessee Delegation send him all he wants, from Congress; and it's a matter of no importance to him what the Alabama members do!*

The particular "Muggins" in our eye is very fond of attending the session of the Legislature. The only difficulty, ever in the way, is the expense; and this he obviates by attaching himself to some young gentleman who is a candidate, before the Legislature, for a county Judgeship, or a Solicitorship, or something of that sort. He is not a candidate himself—no, sir—no, *sir!* They wanted to make him take an office in Tennessee—in fact, had pretty much to quit the State, on that account!

He only wants SMITH made County Judge of Russell ; and if the Democratic party is true to itself, and to the principles of '98, and if there's any truth in what the *Union*—the *Nashville Union*—says, Smith must be elected. SMITH! Did you *never* hear of Smith?—splendid young man! Met Hilliard, last summer, on the stump, and made him feel very small! SMITH! there ain't another young man in the South, like him! Self-made, too! If he (Muggins) is a judge of talent, Smith has got it, and that in great gobs!

A couple of members walk into the *Rialto*, to eat oysters. The "Good Muggins" follows them, and as they sit down, with a smirk, wishes to know if the one with the black whiskers isn't Mr. Jenkins, from Bunkum? "No!" Muggins stands at ease, and remarks upon the resemblance which, he insists, exists between the whiskered member and the aforesaid Mr. Jenkins. At length, he is invited to take a seat and a plate; and although he alleges he has just been taking a dozen with Ned Dargan, he accepts with an expression of condescending amiability. Pending the oysters, "Muggins" ascertains that the gentleman in black whiskers is a member from Lauderdale. Ah! just the man he's been hunting; has heard he was a little wrong on the Senatorial election. Would request him, as a personal favour, to give up CLEMENS and vote for Fitzpatrick. He ("Muggins") will take great pleasure in introducing him to Fitz, and vouches that he, Fitz, is a first-rate, clever fellow. By the way (picking his teeth), does Black-Whiskers know Smith—Smith, candidate for County Judge of Russell? S-p-l-e-n-d-i-d fellow, Smith! Black-Whiskers *must* vote for Smith, and put

“Muggins” under eternal obligations to him. And then if Black-Whiskers should ever want anything done in Russell, just call on him—for he, “Muggins,” can just do anything he wants to, *in that little strip of territory!*

The scene between “Muggins” and “Black-Whiskers” ends, by the latter’s pitching the former, head-foremost, out of the room, with an emphatic caution to keep his distance thereafter! “Muggins’” opinion of Black-Whiskers, after that, is that he is “*low down*” and no Democrat. The man that wouldn’t vote for *Smith*, could not be true to the principles of ’98—*Smith*, the man that was an over-match for Henry W. Hilliard!

A week’s stay in Montgomery put “Muggins” on the most brotherly terms with all the distinguished visitors in the city. Now you see him thrusting his phiz between the faces of an ex-Governor and a Senator, and joining in the conversation, “whether or no.” Anon, he passes his arm under the coat and around the waist of a Judge of the Supreme Court, whom he draws to his side, with affectionate tenderness. He gives all the candidates for United States Senatorship, his “private opinion” of their duties in the premises, and always tells them exactly what the *Tennessee* Legislature would do under the circumstances—but he winds up, by suggesting that their influence must be brought to bear for *Smith*! And thus “Muggins”—the most vulgar and disgusting specimen possible, of ignorance, impudence, and loquacity—forces his way among the big bugs, who never imagine that at home he is considered a trifling, idle creature, so near the verge of vagrancy

that divers hints have been thrown out, touching the revival of nearly-dormant statutes.

We had thought that we would depict "Muggins," woe-begone, on his homeward journey, anticipating the jeers of "Burrell," and brooding over the defeat of Smith! But we sat down to chalk a rough outline of an individual, to represent a growing class—a recent species of the genus "Loafer." Having done this imperfectly, we must take leave of the "Muggins" family.

## JEMMY OWEN ON THE SENATORIAL ELECTION.

(SESSION OF '49—'50.)

A GATHERER of "unconsidered trifles" might make many a laugh by turning his attention to the proceedings of the *street* sessions of the Legislature, this winter. The week or two we were "on hand" furnished some droll incidents and what Jemmy Williams, of Jackson—God rest him, at home, in Bunkum—would call amusing "categories."

Imagine Jemmy Owen the Doorkeeper, in the barber's shop under the Madison House, undergoing the tonsorial operation, at the hands of Peter. Enter, a member of the House, whom Jemmy knows to be a Democrat, but whose "wing" is not known to the Doorkeeper. It is the evening of the day of King's election as Senator, and the one preceding Clemens's.

*Loquitur* the member. "So Jemmy, we couldn't make an election for the second seat to-day."

*Jemmy.* "Whist! Did *iver* ye see the likes? We will make it *to-morrow*?"

*Member.* "Quite likely. *Clemens is a dev'lish smart young man!*"

*Jemmy.* “He’s the eye ov a hawk and a face like yer sweetheart’s, inthirely!”

*Member.* “Handsome fellow. How the devil, tho’, are they going to get over that nomination? Fitzpatrick is an old leader of the party.”

*Jemmy.* “Since iver I’ve been door-kaper? He’s a grate leader and his lady’s a Quane. *And then there’s the nomination to be sure.*”

*Member.* “But I’ll swear North Alabâma *ought* to have a Senator, and Jere is as smart as a steel-trap, and he’s very acceptable to the North.”

*Jemmy.* “Be Jasus, he’s acceptable to *anybody*. Faix! Jere’s a boy will do to *thrust.*”

*Member.* “Well, who’ll be elected?”

*Jemmy.* “Belikes the hates will be broken.” Jemmy said this as if to avoid a direct expression of opinion.

*Member.* “It *never* will do” (musingly, and Jemmy watching his expression intently) “to break up the organization of the party; but—d—n!—Jemmy, Fitz is *almost* obliged to be the man!”

*Jemmy.* “Be this or be that, I’m thinking that way meself.”

*Member.* “Well, who’re you for?”

*Jemmy.* “Hasn’t old Ben got the name of the blessed Saint?—Fitz-*pathrick!*” And a wink assisted to express the doorkeeper’s preference, more definitely.

*Member.* (Seriously,) “But, Jemmy, Col. Clemens has also an Irish name—Jer-e-miah! Isn’t it?”

*Jemmy.* (Thoughtfully,) “Be sure it is—be sure it’s an old counthry name! Whist, Peter! wait a minute! Now I think ov it, that’s the name of one of the ould

kings of Ireland. Be Jasus, ye can look in his face, too, an' see the rale blood ov it. Yes, yes, Jere'll make the Sinnatur we'll all be proud of!" Jemmy was certain he was on the right tack, this time.

*Member.* "The democrat that votes for Clemens, to-morrow, will damn himself with the party in the Legislature, to a moral certainty." This was said with great gravity.

*Jemmy.* (In astonishment, and with dilated eyes.) "And—and—that's a fact!" (Recovering himself.) "And he'll deserve it too—and to be d—d into hell, to boot."

*Member.* But the *people*—the people of N. Alabama and the whole State—will sustain him; that's equally certain."

*Jemmy.* (Turning white and red alternately,) "God forbid, sir, God forbid, I should say a word agin it. It's the pable, the holy pable, sir, that's grater, sir, than the Legislatur—grater, be the Lord, than anything but the House of Rep'sentatives. Yes, be the Lord—and they *will* sustain Jere. *I know it.*"

*Member.* "Look here, Jemmy, this is a serious matter. The party have determined to ascertain the position of every Democrat connected with the Legislature," (here Jemmy looked frightened,) "in regard to this matter. Answer distinctly—are you in favour of Clemens or Fitzpatrick?"

*Jemmy.* (Very much confused, stammering, and putting on his cravat with nervous jerks.) "Well, thin—divil's in it—you see, sir—be Christ, I hardly know—but it's this way"—and here he shook his head rapidly, as if to reinstate a fallen idea, properly, upon

its legs—it's this way, just. I'm Doorkaper to the House, and the Sinnit's no controwl ov me, in God's worl'. *Whichever way a majority of the House goes,* I'm that way. I've been Doorkaper these fifteen years, an' niver was agin the House yet—and small blame to me. No sir," (growing more emphatic and determined); "I'll stick to me House. 'The Sinnit may go to the devil—I never liked it, since Arm'stead Thomas laughed because me big shandylare fell and broke into smithereens! No, sir, I'm with me House, sir; and if any man gits more'n that out ov me the night, he'll rise betimes in the mornin'." Exit Jemmy, shaking his head, and wondering whether the conversation would ever be repeated. He *Rather* feared it would be!

## MONTGOMERY CHARACTERS.

### THE GRAND SECRETARY.

ON the pavement, in front of the Exchange Hotel, you will frequently see a gentleman standing; with folded arms and shoulders thrown back. His attitude is soldierly; and so are the buttoning of his dark frock coat and his Napoleonic bust. His face is florid, and his eye liquid; and the expression of the whole at once amiable and dignified.

A gentleman passes. Instantly the military front bends in recognition, with the stateliness and gracefulness with which the lofty pine yields before a steady breeze. And now a lady trips in view. On the second, the arms are disengaged, and the right one, with gentle and graceful sweep, is approximated to the castor of our friend, which in due time is elevated, as he majestically and graciously, with wreathed lips, inclines himself to within three feet of the curb-stone.

This is the GRAND SECRETARY. You will find few men of forty-odd, in Montgomery, so handsome as he—fewer so amiable—and not another so accomplished. Of almost doubtful nationality—having been born in the West Indies and early removed to and educated in the U. S.—he unites in himself the suavity and vivacity

of the French, and the manliness, patriotism, and enterprise of the Yankee. He speaks the language of love, more elegantly than Louis Napoleon—German, like emptying a keg of nails on the floor—and English with the purity of Addison and the volubility of Mrs. Partington. Besides, he is an accomplished musician; composes excellently, and plays charmingly. The piano, harp, flute, and violin, all acknowledge a “master’s hand,” in his. But his sweetest performances are on that powerful *wind instrument* the Press! His advertisements are really enrapturing!

Our friend is the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge—the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter—the Grand Secretary of the Grand Council—and the Grand Secretary of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance—of the State of Alabama. The arduous duties of all these Grand Secretary-ships he performs with a fidelity and accuracy that have won for him a high appreciation by his brethren. He is also “Stationer-in-chief” to the Exchange Hotel, in the basement of which he sells books of all descriptions, stationery and *bijouterie*. Here he is at home—floating, as it were, on a sea of literature, amid the froth of love-songs, lithographs, fancy envelopes, visiting cards, and valentines.

The Grand Secretary is a ladies’ man. His devotion to the sex is unbounded. His former occupation, in Tuscaloosa—teaching music—made him extensively acquainted with the fair of the State; and there is about him, an irresistible attraction—an electricity—a mesmeric charm—an affinity—an impressibility which binds him to ten thousand female hearts, and them to

him. Either he is positive and the ladies negative, or, *vice versa*.—Whenever an approximation is attained, a current is immediately established; but the ladies are never “shocked” by his battery of compliments. His voice, particularly when conversing with the ladies, exhibits singular flexibility and softness, and betrays the foreigner only in the extreme delicacy of its intonations. Verily, in the first efflorescence of his youth, the Grand Secretary must have been a delightful and dangerous fellow!

It remains only to add, that the Grand Secretary has been a citizen of Alabama for more than twenty years, during the greater part of which he resided in Tuscaloosa; and that his course “as a man and a Mason” has endeared him to a circle of friends larger than most men can boast, and has established for him a reputation, which we trust will ultimately make his fortune.

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NED H—K.

A JOLLY old cock is Ned. No one lives more happily or harmlessly, than he. He has no enemies—not one; and his face is always radiant, and his heart merry. To be sure he has had his troubles, but he has met them like a man, never sacrificing flesh to sorrow, nor wasting time in deploring the loss of spilt milk.

Ned must be considerably over fifty, but we take it, that his chronology, of late years, is not altogether reliable; for it is with difficulty he can be made to own even that figure. He must have been at least fifty when we first knew him; and that has been more years than

would make a little girl a marriageable woman. But however that may be, he certainly is an Irishman, albeit he claims North Carolina as his “native State;” for, says he, “in a free country, mayn’t a man *choose* the State of his nativity!”

Our friend was a merchant in Montgomery for many years, during which he made much money and spent it—principally in endorsing for friends. He had a peculiar philanthropy—that of setting up in business every young man he took a liking to; and the rascals generally left him “the bag to hold.” Still Ned was not to be deterred from following the dictates of his good warm heart; so that he was “murdered” time and again. It is a curious sight, his “map” of *protested Bills of Exchange*—amounting to over a MILLION OF DOLLARS—which hangs up in his comfortable little room. Ned is fond of showing this to his visitors, in proof of his invincible energy. How he has managed to get up this mass of debt, one can hardly imagine; but he has done it somehow, and there are the “evidences” pasted on linen of the area of one of Mitchell’s largest maps.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Ned. Three or four years since, he was arrested, in Baltimore, and confined in jail, on a fraudulent claim. He was severely afflicted with rheumatism at the time; and one would have supposed, that pain and imprisonment would have soured him against his whole race. Not so, however. He spent the few hundreds he had, in *paying out the small debtors*, and besides assisted by his advice—Ned is a pretty good lawyer in commercial matters—those whom he could not aid with his purse. The old gen-

tleman gained his case, and was released after an imprisonment of several months.

A marked trait in Ned's character is his *superstition*. Whether he brought it from Ireland or North Carolina, we could never ascertain. At any rate, he has it, and generally travels with an old HORSE-SHOE in his pocket, as a talisman. We had a tumble in company with him, some years ago, in a railroad train that ran off the track and down a steep embankment. The car was inverted and the passengers projected, head first, against the ceiling. Ned was terribly cut and bruised; but his first thought was of a poor woman whom he assisted to get clear of the wreck—and his next was of his *horse-shoe*. "How *d—d* imprudent," he exclaimed, "not to've brought my shoe along—and *the road in such bad order too!*" From Montgomery to Boston, "Ned H——k and his Horse-shoe" are known to all railroad conductors, stage drivers, steamboat captains and hotel keepers.

Ned is the HISTORIO-GOSSIP of Montgomery. He can relate you all that is worth knowing about every man, woman, and house in the city. He has files of all the city papers, running a long time back, and his memory is a ready index by which he can turn to any desired matter of information. In short, if not the "oldest inhabitant," he comes nearer possessing that intangible individual's extensive fund of facts, than any other man we know.

Mr. H——k is, unfortunately, a bachelor, but to make up for it, he constitutes all his fellow citizens his family. His warm-heartedness beams out upon all, and his benevolence is a constantly, silently descending dew that refreshes all around. If he have any

faults or bad habit, it is sitting up rather late at the "Rialto," "Exchange," or "Hall." He does so love to hear a good story from a friend who has just come in on the cars—he knows all that travel by railroad, steamboat, or stage coach—that sometimes he will linger over his punch till near midnight. Generally his habits are very methodical and correct, and we hope, and do not doubt, that he will be a hale, lively little man (slightly shrivelled) in the year of grace 1875.

As there are a good many widows of our acquaintance that would be all the better off, if they could catch such a prize as Ned, we may remark, that his physical man is remarkably neat and trim—not tall or stout, but sinewy and well proportioned. His face, if not very handsome, is a very happy one, with a look of keen intelligence and a sparkling of gray eyes, that we should suppose to be very attractive to the sex.

---

THE COLONEL.

"I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he loiters o'er the ground,  
With his cane."

THE first time we ever saw "THE COLONEL," he was standing at the corner of the granite block opposite the Madison House. He appeared to be waiting for some one; for every two seconds he raised and let fall on

the pavement his ebony cane, with a "pish" that indicated disappointment. His tall, thin, and yet elegant form, sharply-chiselled and intellectual features; together with his very plain but unimpeachably genteel attire, led us, at first, to the conclusion that he was a clergyman. The fretfulness of the "pish," however, and a modest pair of whiskers, extending from the ear to the angle of the jaw below, somewhat militated against this supposition; and we "awaited further developments."

Presently a dapper fellow, with an irresistible look of good-nature, came hurriedly up the street:

"Is she up, Mike?" asked the Colonel, twirling his cane nervously.

"Yes—the Sam Dale—fish and oysters!"

"Fish?—eh?—what sort?—in ice?—pompano?"—and the Colonel's face was radiant, and he turned up his coat cuffs in ecstasy, and then turned them back, for very joy.

"No!—not pompano!" was the reply.

"Sheephead, eh?—mighty near as good." Then the Colonel smacked his lips.

"Not Sheephead—guess again."

"BY JOVE, what then?"

"Redfish," said Mike.

"*Red-fish!*" ejaculated the Colonel, and he curled his upper lip in frightful contempt, and making his ebony cane hum through the air, he added with ineffable disdain—"d—n Redfish!"

No words can express the concentrated expression with which that "D—N" was given. It did not mean that *Redfish* might go to perdition, if they chose—but

something—a great deal—*more!* Every letter had its separate force of expression, and the aggregate word as it writhed like a hissing serpent through his contemptuous lips, was most intensive bitterness. It was a curse and a sneer worthy of John Randolph, of Roanoke:—

“D—N REDFISH!”

The Colonel is a *bon vivant* of the most exquisite and cultivated taste. In him, a first-rate natural capacity was improved by extensive European travel. While amateuring through the galleries of the continent—he is no mean connoisseur, and his opinions as to matters connected with art have great weight in Montgomery—he devoted his ample leisure to gastronomical study and inquiry. He returned with a stock of knowledge and experience which he has since constantly exercised for the benefit of his friends and himself. In painting, sculpture, *and* gastronomy, his is the umpirage, from which there is no appeal. “The Colonel” says so—and all Perry and Main streets endorse the irreversible dictum. And, it is but sheer justice to say, that his power is judiciously exercised—to his exertions and his suggestions, Montgomery owes much of what she boasts in beauty and improvement.

The Colonel was in attendance on the last session of the Legislature which was held at Tuscaloosa. After the passage of the “Removal” measure, he took, of course, an active part in securing “the location” of the Capitol to Montgomery. Wetumpka was the only really-contesting opponent, and the Colonel industriously went to work against Wetumpka. One morning the members at the “Indian Queen” found about their rooms—as if casually dropped—*bills of fare* from

Montgomery and Wetumpka. The one from Montgomery ran somewhat thus: Bill of Fare, at the Montgomery Hall, Tuesday Nov.—1845. Soup—*Oyster*. Boiled—*Turkey*, with oyster sauce. Roast—*Pig*. Entrees—*Oyster-Pie*, &c. Desert—*Plumb-Pudding*, *Tarts*, *Pies*, and *Jellies*. Fruit—*Oranges*, *Apples*, *Pine-apples*, *Raisins*, *Almonds*, &c. Wines—*Champagne*, *Madeira*, *Sherry*, &c., &c. The other was in this style: Bill of Fare, at the Wetumpka Hotel, Tuesday Nov. —, 1845. Soup—*Cowpea*. Boiled—*Bacon and Greens*. Roast—*'Possum*. Entrees—*Tripe and Cow-Heel*. Dessert—*Fritters and Molasses*. Fruit—*Per-simmons*, *Chesnuts*, *Goobers*. Wines—*Black Malaga*.

The Colonel always thought that these Bills of Fare “settled the hash” for Wetumpka. He argued that his gastronomical finesse took every wavering vote; for, he would remark, if a man does not know where to go, and you spread a good dinner before him, isn't it natural he should go to *the dinner*? “Egad,” said he, “I saw *one* fellow poring over the Montgomery Bill, and every time he'd come to “oysters” he'd lick his chaps—and when he reached the “wines,” he laid down the paper and rubbed his hands in perfect delight. I know I got him.

The Colonel does the agreeable to strangers, with great tact and politeness. With them, he is eminently the *well-bred* man. His civilities always come in proper shape and proper time. He knows who will be agreeable to you, and he introduces. He knows who will *not*, and he does *not* introduce. He will not suffer you to be bored; he will walk with you, drive you, dine you, talk politics with you, or show you the

city—just as he knows by intuition, will suit your mood at the time. And he does all with a true courtesy and gentility, that makes you “easy in your pantaloons” and delighted with your companion.

We do not know that we should mention that the Colonel is tried, sometimes, by severe attacks of the *gout*, but that he cherishes a singular notion in regard to it: which is, that no one of the physicians in Montgomery has any considerable or competent idea of the peculiarities of that dreadful disease. *They*, in some of its phases, do *not* “exhibit” rich viands with champagne sauce; while the Colonel is impressed with the belief, that the most generous and nourishing diet is the least that will enable a man to resist the attacks of the excruciating enemy.

There were two unfortunate topics—we barely allude to them—on which the Colonel and ourself disagreed in days gone by; the grading of the capitol grounds, and the mode of dressing ducks. It is our misfortune to adhere to our original opinions, but we do so with deference and—we may add—with something like doubt. If those opinions had been formed when the Colonel’s taste and judgment were better known to us, it is very possible that we should have expressed them with much greater hesitancy. As it is—and according to agreement—“by-gones shall be by-gones;” and we trust that the Colonel’s only enemy, *the gout*, will allow him to enliven the large circle that looks so much to him, for enjoyment, during the present session.

THE END.



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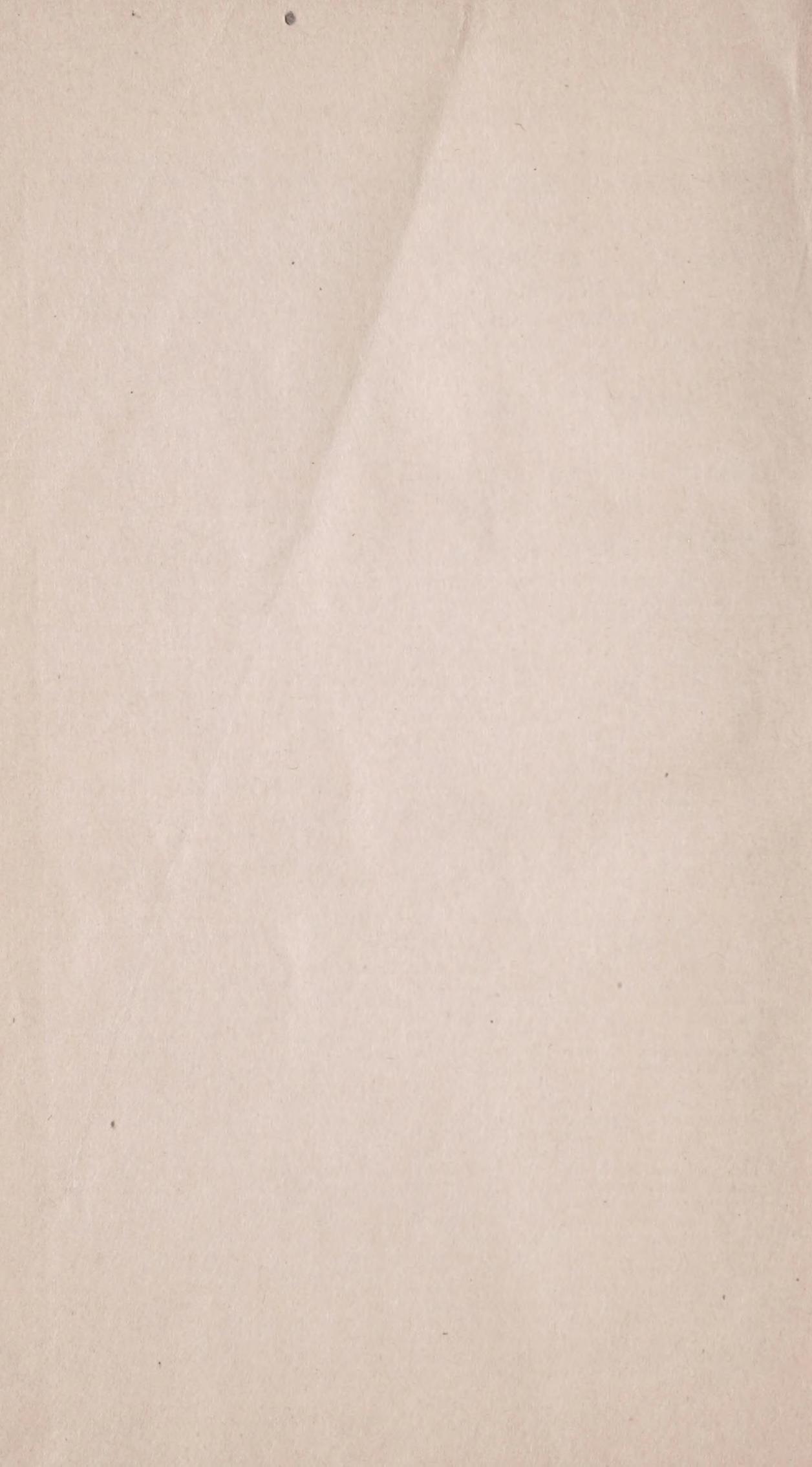
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